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THE
BOOKLOVERS
MAGAZINE

VOLUME II
JULY - DECEMBER
1903

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
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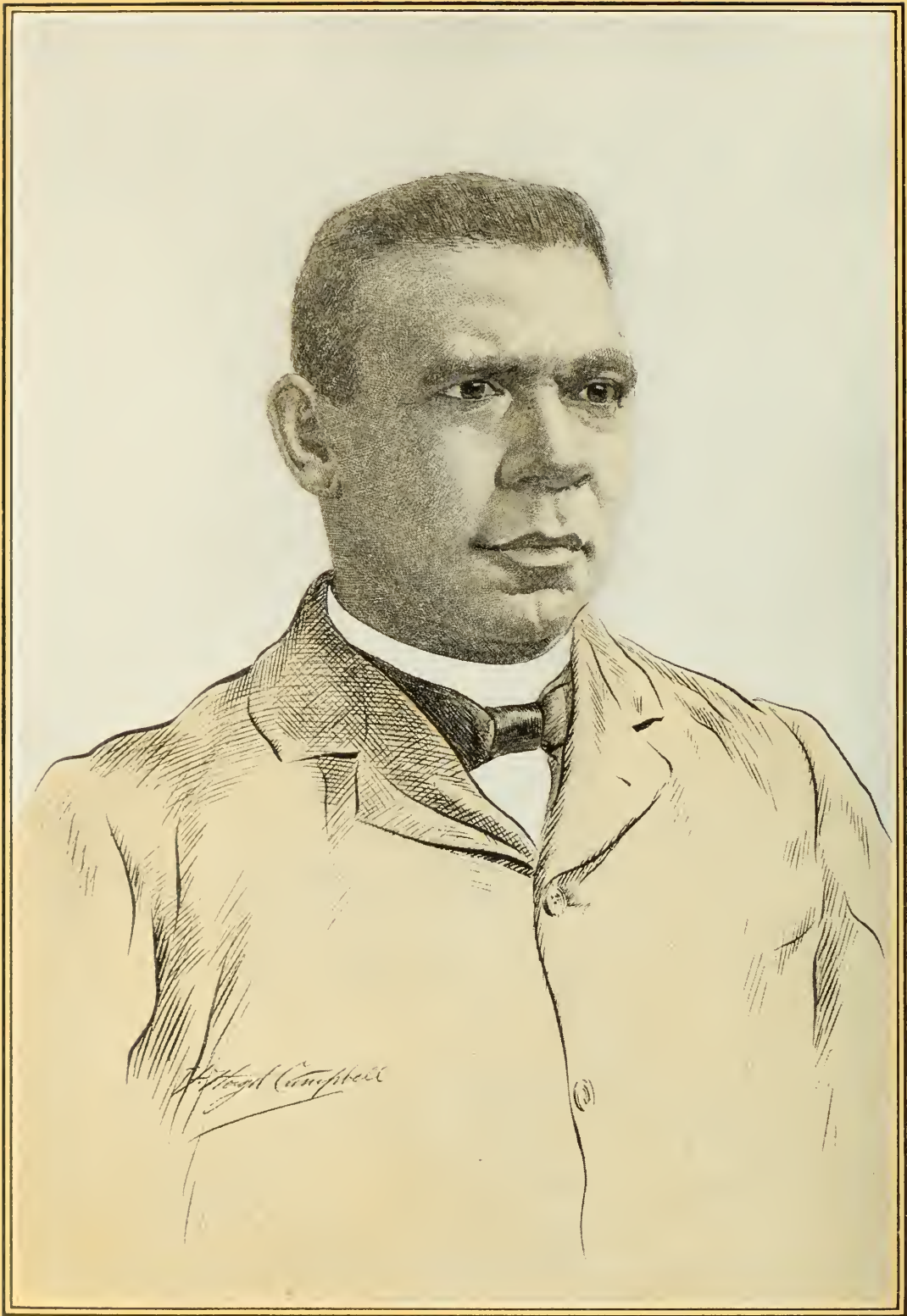
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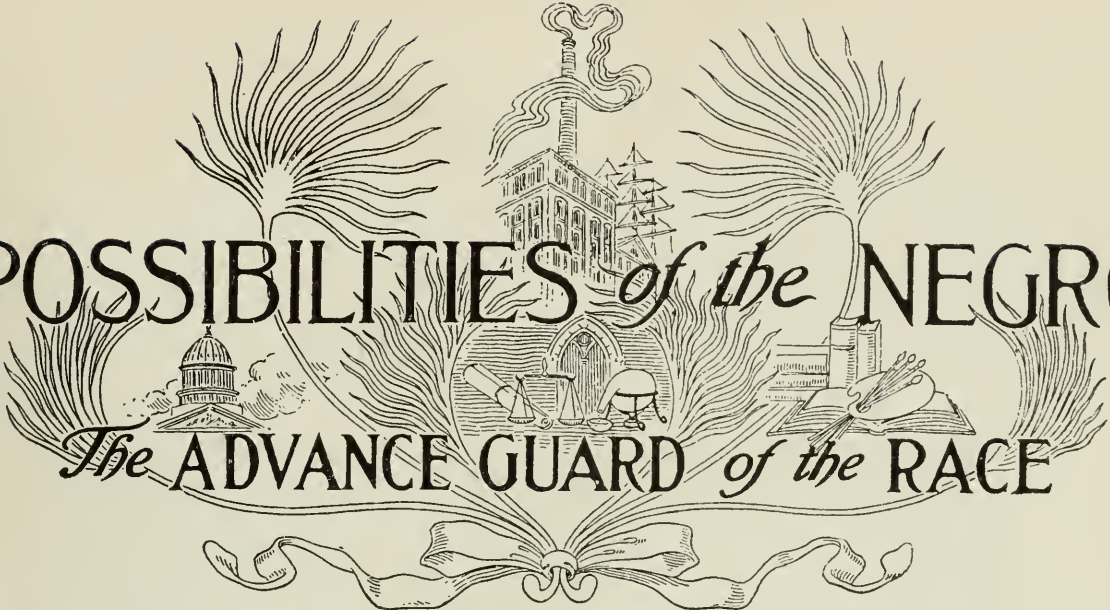
JULY
1903
VOL II NO I

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE
THREE DOLLARS A YEAR
TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A NUMBER
PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
THE LIBRARY PUBLISHING COMPANY
1323 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA
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From photograph by Gutekunst

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON



POSSIBILITIES *of the* NEGRO

The ADVANCE GUARD *of the* RACE

It is usually considered that Negroes are today contributing practically nothing of importance to American civilization; that only one or two individuals of Negro blood have so risen above the average of the nation as rightly to be judged men of mark. Nor is this assumption to be wondered at, for in the world of work men are not labeled by color. When, then, the average American rushes to his telephone there is nothing in the look of the transmitter to tell him that it is part product of a Negro brain; when the whizz of the engine weaves cloth, drags trains, and does other deeds of magic, it does not tell the public that the oil which smooths its turning is the composition of a black man; if the medical student reads in DaCosta of the skilled surgeon who recently sewed up a hole in a living man's heart he will not read that the surgeon was colored; the wanderer amid the beauties of the Luxemburg is not apt to know from the dark hues of the "Raising of Lazarus" the still darker hues of its painter; and it was a Texas girl who naively remarked: "I used to read Dunbar a good deal until I found out that he was a nigger."

Such ignorance of the work of black men is natural. A man works with his hands and not with his complexion, with his brains and not with his facial angle; and the result of his work is human achievement and not necessarily a "social problem." Thus his work becomes gathered up and lost in the sum of American deeds, and men know little of the individual. Consequently the average American, accus-

tomed to regarding black men as the outer edge of humanity, not only easily misses seeing the colored men who have accomplished something in the world common to both races, but also misses entirely the work of the men who are developing the dark and isolated world of the black man.

So here I am seeking to bring to mind something of what men of African blood are today doing in America, by selecting as types ten living Negroes who in ability and quite regardless of their black blood have raised themselves to a place distinctively above the average of mankind. Just how far they have risen I am not attempting to say, for human accomplishment is a thing difficult to judge; and peculiarly difficult in the case of people whose ability and worth is a matter of hot questioning between friends who exaggerate and foes who persistently belittle. I do not say, then, how much of genius or transcendent ability these men have; I do say that measured by any fair standard of human accomplishment they are distinctively men of mark, and that they all have enough black blood in their veins to disfranchise them in Alabama.

Of the fields of endeavor conspicuously open to Americans there are four chief groups: the field of commerce and industry, in which this land has gained worldwide preëminence; the field of political life, in the governing of a continent and seventy millions under republican forms; the field of the learned professions—law, medicine, preaching, and teaching; and, finally, the paths of literature and art, as expressive of

the mighty life of a new world. In these four lines of striving the men I notice work.

In commerce and industry the Negro started as the dumb-driven tobacco-hand and cotton raiser—the bottom of the system, without apparent initiative or mechanical ingenuity. Yet today partial records of the United States Patent Office show that 357 patents are known to have been

apparatus, four electric railway improvements, two electric brakes, a telephone system, a battery, and a tunnel construction for electric roads. His telephone transmitter was assigned to the Bell Telephone Company, and is in use by them. Many of his other inventions have found wide currency, as for instance, the electrical controller system used on the Manhattan Elevated Railway. Mr. Woods was



From photograph by Eddowes Brothers

GRANVILLE T. WOODS

ELECTRICIAN

granted Negroes, covering all fields of mechanical contrivances. Foremost among living Negro inventors are Woods and McCoy. The latter is the pioneer in the matter of machinery lubricators; the former is a skilled electrician. Granville T. Woods has patented thirty-five devices; they began with a steam boiler furnace in 1884, and include four kinds of telegraphing

born forty-four years ago, and although he had his difficulties, yet a man with so rare a gift of mechanical ingenuity could hardly be kept back by the handicap of color.

On the other hand, in the world of commerce and business, where men work elbow to elbow and come in close personal touch, there is room for the very effective bar of race prejudice, especially on account of the

large part conscious selection plays. A business man may be looking for talent, but he does not look for it in his black office boy or porter; and even if signs of it appear, he is usually certain that he must be deceived—that it is the “imitative” gift only. Consequently the Negro, being a small consumer, is almost shut out of the white business system, and can only enter the business field among his own people,

bellum times drove them out of business and gave their sons no opportunity to enter the new system save as menials. Today it is the small retail business and coöperative enterprise of various kinds that is opening new fields which the Negro is entering.

In 1881 a Virginia Negro organized a mutual benefit insurance society in Richmond, with a capital of \$150 and one hundred members. Today the “True



Photograph by Gilbert and Bacon

EDWARD H. MORRIS

LAWYER

and then in the face of ruthless and skilled competition. For such reasons the Negro business man has developed slowly, and has only reached conspicuous success in cases where special circumstances gave him a chance to stand against competition. The skill of the Philadelphia and New York caterers gave them a chance before the war, but the large capitalism of post-

Reformers,” under the presidency of Mr. W.L. Taylor, the successor of the originator, has 50,000 members and \$223,500 in real estate; it has paid \$2,000,000 in insurance claims, and has established, besides its main business, a bank, a real estate department, a weekly newspaper, an Old Folks’ Home, five grocery and general merchandise stores, and a hotel. Such a phenomenal growth,



From photograph by Gutekunst

HENRY OSSAWA TANNER
ARTIST

when one considers the material and the opportunity, means unusual ability of management; and it seems fair to rate the president and chief director of this remarkable business as a person of more than average ability according to any standard. To be sure, the organization has undoubtedly stormy times ahead, and yet it is already over twenty years of age, and weathered with conspicuous success the storm of 1893. The savings bank department was opened in 1889 with \$4000 capital. Today the bank has 10,000 depositors, and had done a business up to December, 1900, of \$7,426,450.92. The real estate department was established in 1882. It now owns fifteen halls, three farms, two dwellings, and one hotel, and holds fourteen halls on lease. The *Reformer*, which is their weekly paper, has a circulation of 8000 copies. A farm for the Old Folks' Home has been bought for \$14,000, and a small town laid out. The latest department is the mercantile and industrial association; this association conducts stores in Richmond, Washington, Manchester, Portsmouth, and Roanoke, and these stores did a combined business of \$75,000 in 1901. They are rated as "O. K." by the mercantile agencies, and are on a strictly cash basis.

Turning now to the field of political and social activity we may note a long line of Negroes conspicuous in the past, beginning with Toussaint L'Ouverture, American by influence if not by birth, and going past Alexander Hamilton, whose drop of African fire quite recently sent Mrs. Atherton into hysterics, down to Purvis, Nell, Douglass, and Bruce. All these are dead, and today, strange as the assertion may seem, the leading Negro political leader is Booker T. Washington. Mr. Washington is not a teacher; he has spent little time in the class-room; he is not the originator or chief exponent of the educational system which he so fervently defends. He is primarily the political leader of the New Commercial South, and the greatest of such leaders since Appomattox. His ability has been shown not so much in his educational campaign, nor in his moral earnestness, as in the marvelous facility by which he has so manipulated the forces of a strained political and social situation as to bring about among the factors the greatest

consensus of opinion in this country since the Missouri Compromise. He has done this by applying American political and business methods to an attempted solution of the Negro problem. Realizing the great truth that the solution of this vexed question demands above all that somehow, sometime, the southern whites and blacks must agree and sympathize with each other, Mr. Washington started to advertise broadly his proposed basis of agreement so that men might understand it. With this justification, he advertised with a thoroughness that astonished the nation. At the same time he kept his hand on the pulse of North and South, advancing with every sign of good will and generosity, and skilfully retreating to silence or shrewd disclaimer at any sign of impatience or turmoil. The playing of this game has been simply wonderful, the success phenomenal. To be sure not all men like the outcome, not all men fail to see the terrible dangers of this effort at compromise. Some have felt it their duty to speak strongly against Mr. Washington's narrow educational program, and against the danger of his apparent surrender of certain manhood rights which seem to be absolutely essential to race development and national weal; and above all, against his failure to speak a strong, true note for justice and right; but all this is beside the object of this paper. Of Mr. Washington's great ability as a politic leader of men there can scarce be two opinions. He is manifestly one of the greatest living southerners, and one of the most remarkable of Americans.

It must not be thought that with this new political leadership the old political activity has stopped. The Negro is not eliminated from politics and never will be; he is simply passing through a new phase of the exercise of his political power. Here and there in the legislation of the land his work and influence may still be felt. It has been said several times in various places that the keenest and, in many respects, the most able member of the last Illinois legislature was a Negro lawyer, Edward H. Morris. Mr. Morris represented the richest legislative district in Illinois, the First; on some occasions he presided over the deliberations of the House; he was chairman of the important committee on elections, member of five or six of the other

leading committees, and also a member of the steering committee of the Republican party. Born in Kentucky forty-five years ago, he was admitted to the bar at the age of twenty-one, and since then, in the severe competition of a great city, handicapped by color, he has become one of the strong members of the western bar, with a practice of at least \$20,000 a year. Many people will qualify their admiration for the

of the civil-rights legislation, his winning of the suit between Cook County and the city of Chicago, and also of the test case over the taxation of the net receipts on insurance companies.

Continuing in the field of the learned professions it should be noted that no single sign of Negro progress has been of such marked significance as the rise of the Negro physician in the last ten years. The



Photograph by Scott

DANIEL H. WILLIAMS

SURGEON

unquestionable ability of Mr. Morris by a wish that he was less closely identified with the Chicago political machine, or that his great skill as a lawyer had not been used to free tax-collector Gunning from the toils of the law, or to draw up that marvel of ingenuity, the Illinois municipal ownership bill. On the other hand, Mr. Morris may point with real satisfaction to his defence

really striking fact about the recent post-office case at Indianola was the driving out of a successful Negro physician, who was crowding the white physicians to the wall, at the same time with the post-mistress. It was but a short time ago that a Negro led his class at the Harvard Medical School, and another one in Philadelphia passed the best medical examination in many years

under the State authorities. By far the most conspicuous of Negro physicians, for his skill as a surgeon and his unique contributions to science, is Dr. Daniel H. Williams, of Chicago. Dr. Williams, born in Pennsylvania in 1858, is attending surgeon to the Cook County and Provident hospitals in Chicago, and was formerly at the head of the Freedman's Hospital in Washington. In 1893 Dr.

suture ever recorded." So said the *Medical Record*, of March 27, 1897. The case attracted the attention of the medical world, as have several other cases of Dr. Williams. It was only last summer that the *Charlotte Medical Journal* of North Carolina published a violent article against Negro physicians, stating that the formation of the Negro head was such that they could never hope to gain efficiency in such a pro-



Photograph by Edmondson

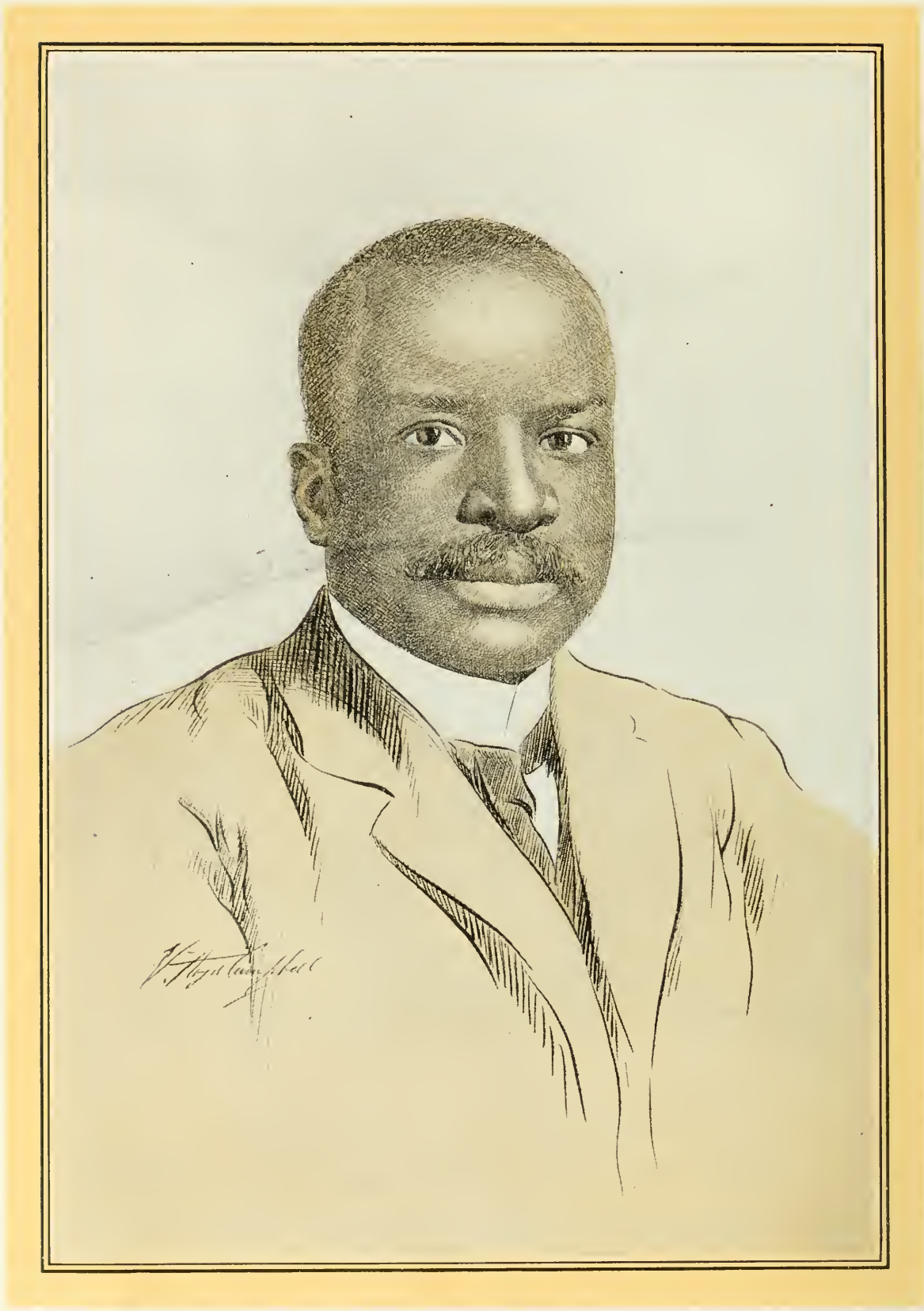
CHARLES WADDELL CHESNUTT

NOVELIST

Williams operated upon a stab wound of the heart which had pierced the pericardium; the operation was successful, and the patient was known to be alive three years afterward. "Official records do not give a single title descriptive of suture of the pericardium or heart in the human subject. This being the fact, this case is the first successful or unsuccessful case of

fession. About the same time the editors, *Doctors Register* and *Montgomery*, were writing the following letter to Dr. Williams in blissful ignorance of his race:

"We have just read a paper of yours entitled 'A Report of Two Cases of Cesarean section under Positive Indications with Termination in Recovering' that was recently published in *Obstetrics*. You are



From photograph by Scurlock

PROFESSOR KELLY MILLER
MATHEMATICIAN

an attractive writer. Is it possible for us to get you to do a little editorial writing for us?"

Turning now to the professions of teaching and preaching we must expect here a limited development in certain directions: for the Negro teacher is almost invariably confined in his work to Negro schools where the pay is small, the tasks excessive, and the grades low. No matter how much promise a Negro student may show, the path of scholarship is closed to him in most cases: he can practically never be made assistant or tutor with time for study and research. Thus a man like Kelly Miller can only by dint of extraordinary exertion rise above the average of teachers. He was born two years after the Emancipation Proclamation, and early showed even in the wretched country schools of South Carolina a mathematical mind of unusual keenness; but few careers are open to a Negro in mathematics, be he ever so skilful. To be sure, he studied at the Naval Observatory and in the post-graduate school of Johns Hopkins—politely unwelcomed. Eventually he became a professor in Howard University—at a small salary, with much work, and in a position where prospective revenue from students did not attract text-publishers to his really good work in mathematics. Despite all this he rose slowly, steadily—as a writer on mathematical subjects, as a student of race problems, as a social leader of that group of 90,000 black folk at the nation's capital, who are in many respects the advance guard of nine millions. His subtle, forceful articles have been read in the *Forum*, the *Outlook*, and the *Dial*; his voice and peculiar power of argument and expression have been heard before many noted clubs and gatherings, and his recent monograph for the United States Bureau of Education is of exceptional value. Far beyond, however, this record of tangible work stands the forceful personality of a clean-hearted, clear-witted man—an inspirer of youth, a leader of his people, and one who is coming slowly to be recognized as a notable American.

The Negro in this land has produced many ministers of religion of considerable power, from Richard Allen and James Varick to Lemuel Haynes and Highland Garnett. But I have chosen as typifying

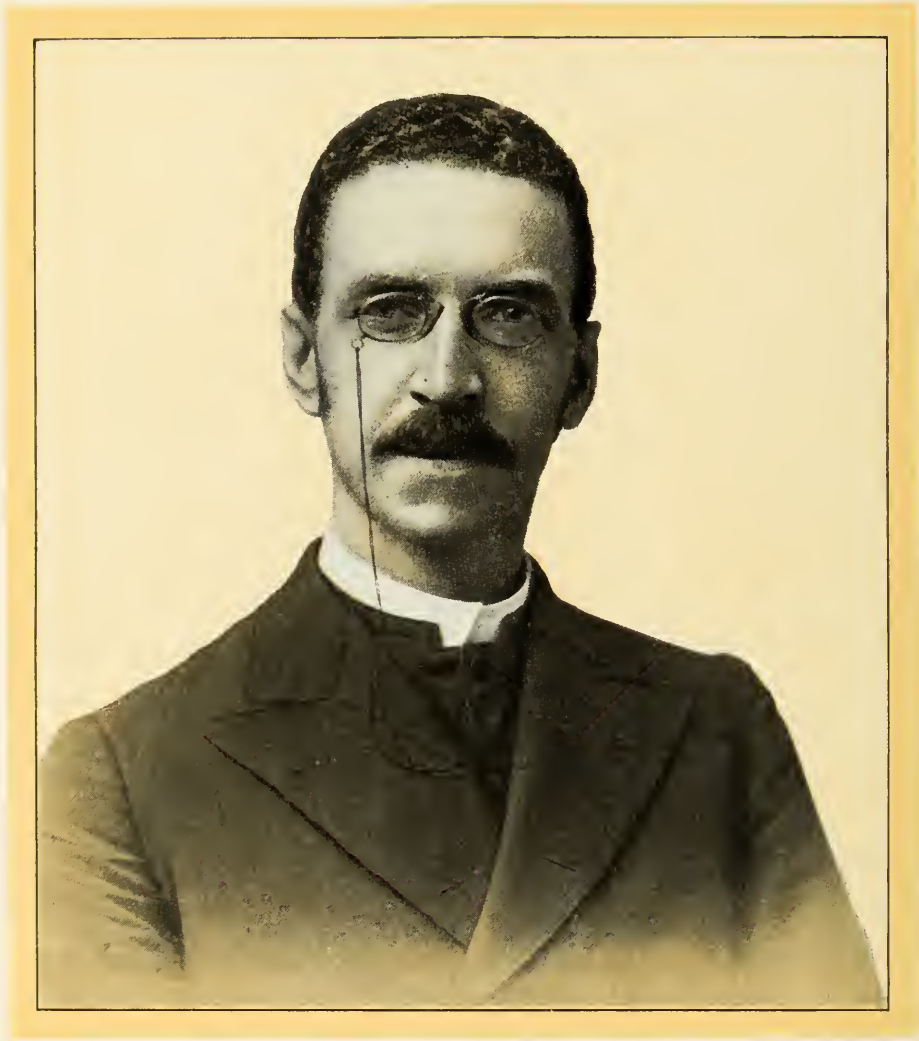
the Negro minister, not one of its forceful orators and organizers—one of that peculiar dynasty of the socio-religious Negro church who have built up this powerful organization—but rather a moral regenerator, an inspirer of ideal Christian living, such as the world, even in its most callous days, has ever recognized and honored. Of such sort were Daniel Payne, the Little Father of a million African Methodists, and Alexander Crummell, the master Christian. These have passed, and their mantle of moral earnestness and impeccable character falls worthily on Francis J. Grimke. In Washington there stands a small red church on Fifteenth Street, well worth your visiting. It was one of the earliest tangible protests of the better part of the Negro world against noise and emotionalism in religion. The children of its founders and their children's children have worshiped here until it has grown to be in a special sense the moral center of black Washington. Here, if you sit of a Sunday morning, you will see immediately the perfect earnestness and moral fervor of the tall, thin preacher whose stern, carved lineaments are so impressive; and you will hear a simple, clear-cut sermon with fearless conclusions. It will be easy for you to see the influence for goodness and truth and purity that now for full twenty-one years has gone forth from these lips and out from these low doors; perhaps some time in life you may learn how the influence of this one man, and of her whom God joined to him, has in the course of half a century of life, through the medium of a pure home, a righteous church, and unquestioned personal integrity, so built itself into the lives and hearts of a myriad of men and women as to make the world visibly better for their living.

The late Dr. McCosh considered Mr. Grimke, when studying at Princeton, "as able and promising a student as any we had," and the same kind of testimony has followed his life work as pastor, as school commissioner of the District of Columbia, as trustee of Howard University, and as preacher at Hampton and Tuskegee. "I do not really know whether I have done anything worth mentioning or not," he said once; "I have thought of but one thing—the work, in which I have been deeply, profoundly interested. I have

longed with all my heart to be of service to our poor, struggling race, and have labored as best I could to help it in the effort which it is making to rise. No one has felt more keenly than I have the wrongs that have been perpetrated upon us and are still being perpetrated upon us in this country. In spite of all the tremendous odds against us, I am not disposed, however, to become despondent. I have faith

faintest doubt as to the outcome, if we will trust in God and do our level best." So are the souls tuned who will yet make the Negro race the salt of this poor earth.

Thus we have striven in the world of work. But the Negro, as the world has yet to learn, is a child of the spirit, tropical in birth and imagination, and deeply sensitive to all the joy and sorrow and beauty of life. His message to the world, when



Photograph by Rice

FRANCIS JAMES GRIMKE

CLERGYMAN

in God; faith in the race; and faith in the ultimate triumph of right.

‘ Be strong !

It matters not how deep entrenched the wrong,
How hard the battle goes, the day, how long.
Faint not, fight on ! Tomorrow comes the song.’

It is in this faith that I am living and moving and working. I have not the

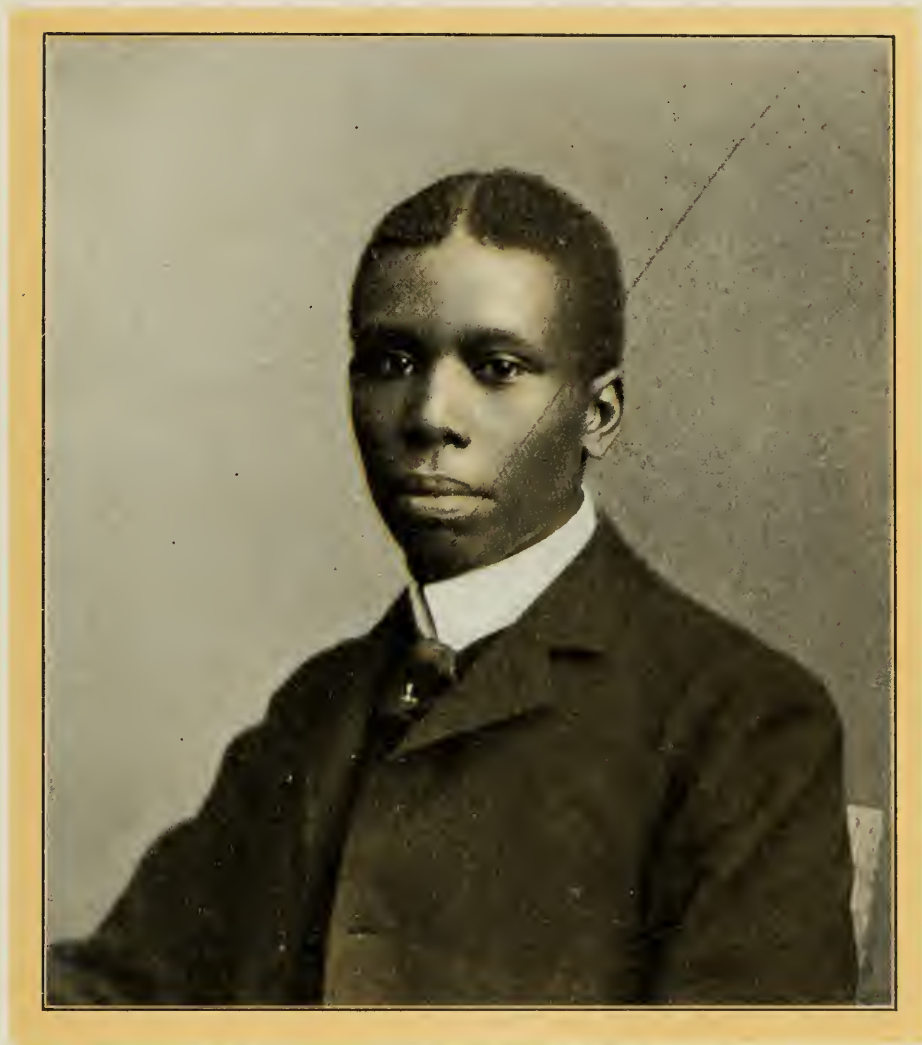
it comes in fullness of speech and conscious power, will be the message of the artist, not that of the politician or shop-keeper. Already now, and in the past, have flashed faint forerunners, half-conscious of the message in them, choked at times by its very fervor: Phillis, the crude singer, Aldridge, the actor, Burleigh, and Rosamond Johnson. Over the sea the masters

have appeared—Poushkin and Dumas and Coleridge Taylor—aye, and Robert Browning, of whose black blood the world but whispers. Here in America three artists have risen to places of recognized importance—Dunbar, the poet; Chesnutt, the novelist; and Tanner, the painter.

Widely different are these men in origin and method. Dunbar sprang from slave parents and poverty; Chesnutt from free

a year for scribbling about black folk? Of the dozens of colored men who, if encouraged, might have thought and painted and sung, these three alone pressed on, refusing lightly to be turned aside.

So out of the heart of Dunbar bubbled the lyrics of lowly life—in inimitable rhythm and beauty, with here and there a tinge of the sorrow songs. Tanner painted slowly, carefully, with infinite pains and alluring



Photograph by Baker

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

POET

parents and thrift; while Tanner was a bishop's son. To each came his peculiar temptation—to Dunbar the blight of poverty and sordid surroundings; to Tanner the active discouragement of men who smiled at the idea of a Negro wanting to paint pictures instead of fences; and to Chesnutt the temptation of money making—why leave some thousands of dollars

color, deeply original and never sensational, until his pictures hang in many of the world's best galleries. Chesnutt wrote powerfully, but with great reserve and suggestiveness, touching a new realm in the borderland between the races and making the world listen with one short story.

These are the men. But already you are impatient with a question, "How much



From photograph by Newton

PROFESSOR W. E. BURGHARDT DU BOIS
SOCIOLOGIST

Negro blood have they?" The attitude of the American mind toward the mulatto is infinitely funny. Mixture of blood is dire damnation, cry the men who did the mixing, and then if a prophet arise within the Veil or a man of any talent—"That is due to his mixed blood," cry the same men. If, however, we study cases of ability and goodness and talent among the American Negroes, we shall have difficulty in laying down any clear thesis as to the effect of amalgamation. As a matter of historic fact the colored people of America have produced as many remarkable black men as mulattoes. Of the men I have named, three are black, two are brown, two are half white, and three are three-fourths white. Many of those with white blood had one or two generations' start of the others, because their parents or grandparents were natural children of rich Southerners, who sent them North and educated them while the black men toiled in the fields. Then, too, the mulatto is peculiarly the child of the city; probably two-thirds of the city colored people are of mixed blood; and it is the city that inspires and educates the lowly and opens the doors of opportunity. If we choose among these men the two of keenest intellect, one is black and the other is brown; if we choose the three of strongest character, two are yellow and one is black. If we choose three according to their esthetic sensibility, one is black, one is yellow, and one is three-fourths white. And so on. Let wise men decide from such cases the exact effect of race mixture, for I cannot.

But what has this to do with the main point? The fact remains that these men, all of them, are representatives of the American Negroes, and whether they represent the five million black, or the four million brown, yellow, and white hosts of this group, they all equally represent those who suffer from caste proscription, from political disability, and wanton narrowing of opportunity. And against this injustice their lives make eloquent and ringing protest.

W. E. Burghardt Du Bois

(Atlanta University)

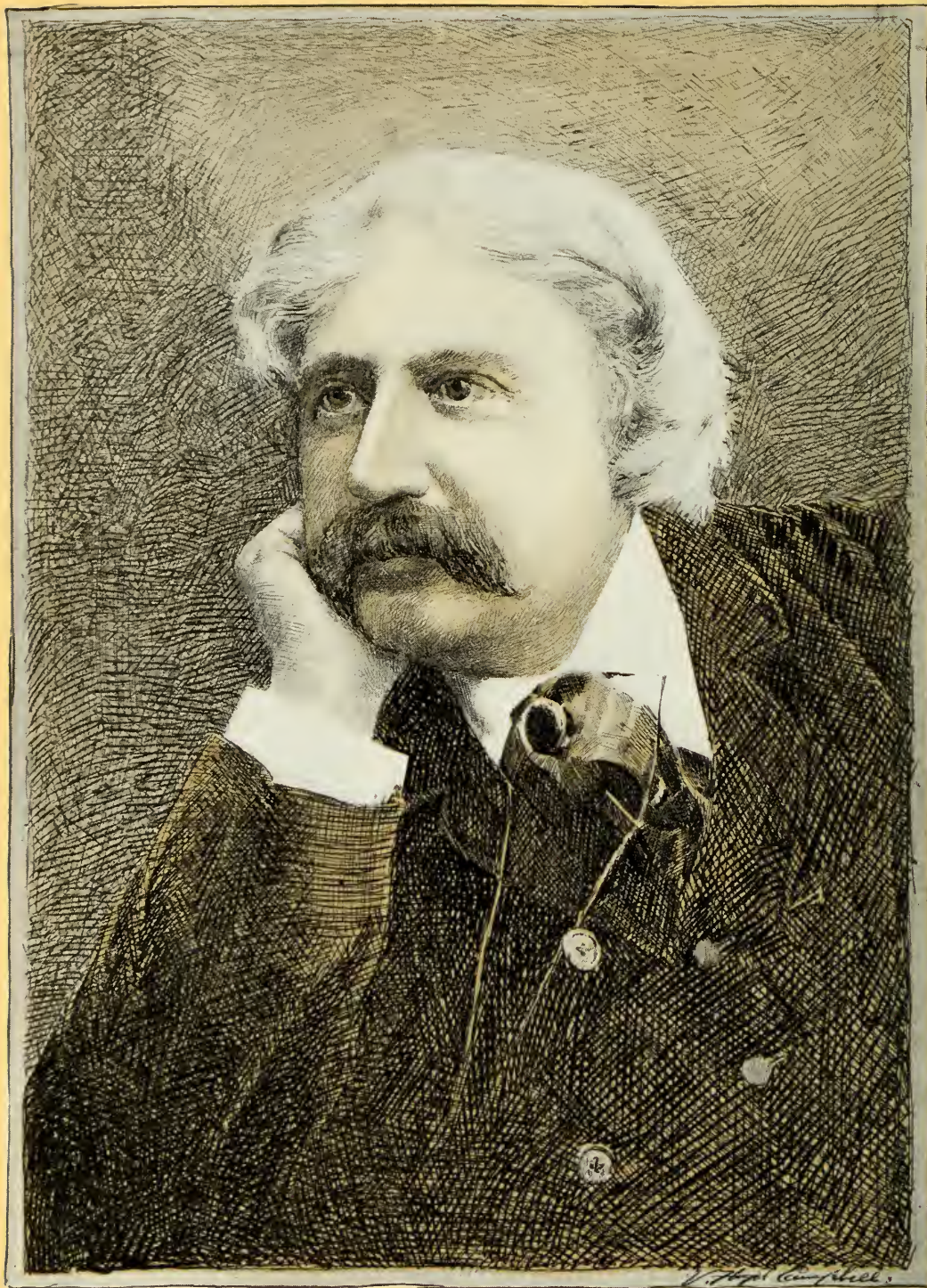
A Note on Dr. Du Bois

A survey of the notable achievements of men of Negro blood would be sadly incomplete if it failed to include a word regarding the career of the author of the foregoing article. His influence in promoting the highest interests of his race is hardly less potent than that of the distinguished principal of Tuskegee Institute.

In preparing for his life-work Dr. Du Bois enjoyed the largest opportunities which the highest type of education can offer. He is a Harvard man with the added advantage of the impress of a great German university. Since 1896 he has held the chair of sociology in Atlanta University.

It would not have been surprising if this broadly cultured scholar had developed a sense of detachment from the interests of his race, but instead he has dedicated his best powers most unreservedly to the service of his people. The race discussion has hitherto been characterized by a superfluity of prejudice and a dearth of exact information. The most sweeping generalizations have been made by the "car-window sociologists." But now the investigations of Dr. Du Bois have applied the methods of exact statistical science to the examination of the Negro problem. The rhetorician with his theory is at last confronted by the scientist with his facts. Furthermore, this man who has the facts is competent to interpret them. He understands the view-point of the white race as thoroughly as he knows the needs of the Negro.

His recent book, *The Souls of Black Folk*, reveals the range of his power. As you read, you recognize the impartial historian, the sober statistician, the fearless critic of men and systems. But you discover also a man of fine poetic temperament who is able to step aside from economic discussion to lead you "within the Veil, raising it that you may view faintly its deeper recesses—the meaning of its religion, the passion of its human sorrow, and the struggle of its greater souls." His economic science is not invalidated by his poetic strain, and the imaginative touch in his work reveals the secret of the influence of this scholarly leader upon a people whose emotions are strongly developed.—EDITOR.



From photograph by London Stereoscopic Co.

FRANCIS BRET HARTE
FROM HIS LAST PHOTOGRAPH



Bret Harte and the Argonauts

BY ALBERT E. HANCOCK

Of all the States in the Union Virginia and California, perhaps, present the most effective backgrounds for the canvases of fiction. There is something about both that makes an unusual appeal to the imagination, something distinctive yet strikingly American. Virginia always suggests the fine old traditions of the expiring aristocracy, and California, with its rare natural scenery, illustrates that rapid, almost feverous, development which has been so conspicuous in the growth of American civilization. Moreover, there is a certain tone in California life which gives to that commonwealth an artistic distinction.

In 1848 California was an undisturbed paradise, thinly populated by Spanish rancheros, Jesuit priests, and flat-faced Indians, all of whom passed their lives in a sort of languorous inactivity. Then the peace of that ambitionless ease was broken by the cry of Gold! Gold! Gold! and alien immigrants hurried into her valleys with the eagerness of a crowd dashing to a fire. Cities and towns were built under rush orders, and for a decade the eyes of the world were

TENNESSEE'S PARTNER

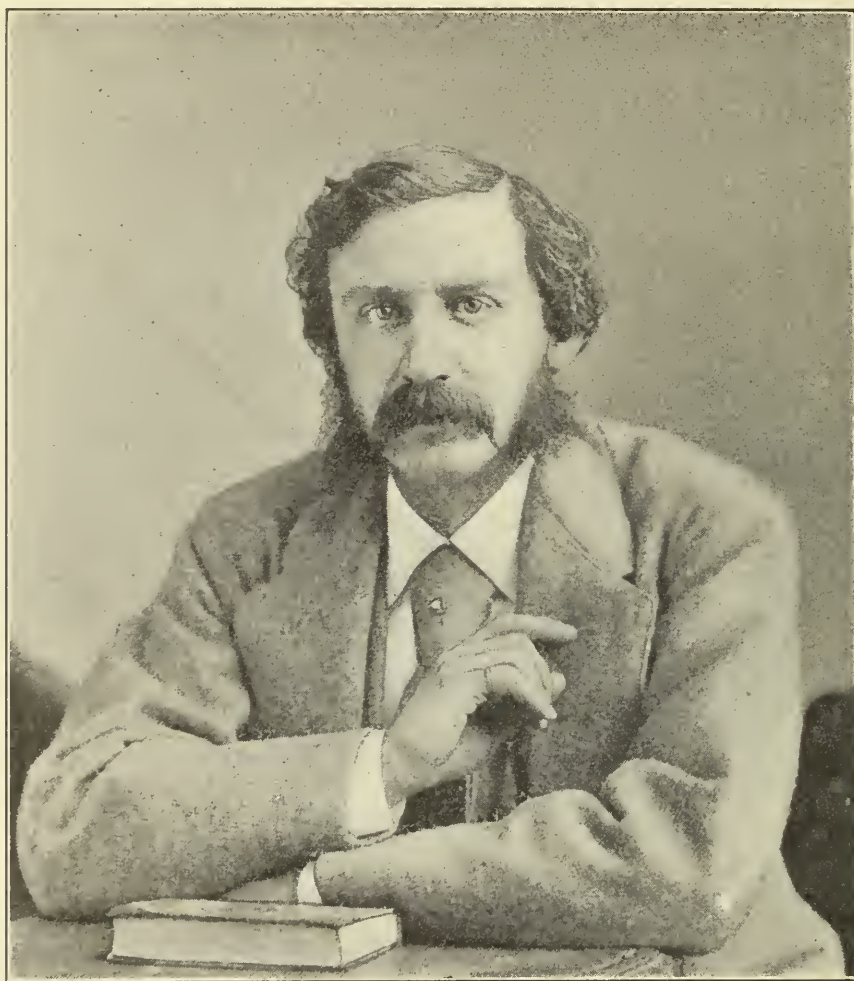
BY BRET HARTE

I do not think that we ever knew his real name. Our ignorance of it certainly never gave us any social inconvenience, for at Sandy Bar in 1854 most men were christened anew. Sometimes these appellatives were derived from some distinctiveness of dress, as in the case of "Dungaree Jack"; or from some peculiarity of habit, as shown in "Salteratus Bill," so called from an undue proportion of that chemical in his daily bread; or from some unlucky slip, as exhibited in "The Iron Pirate," a mild, inoffensive man, who earned that baleful title by his unfortunate mispronunciation of the term "iron pyrites." Perhaps this may have been the beginning of a rude heraldry; but I am constrained to think that it was because a man's real name in that day rested solely upon his own unsupported statement. "Call yourself Clifford, do you?" said Boston, addressing a timid newcomer with infinite scorn; "hell is full of such Cliffords!" He then introduced the unfortunate man, whose name happened to be really Clifford, as "Jay-bird Charley"—an unhallowed inspiration of the moment that clung to him ever after.

But to return to Tennessee's Partner, whom we never knew by any other than this relative title; that he had ever existed as a separate and distinct individuality we only learned later. It seems that in 1853 he left Poker Flat to go to San Francisco, ostensibly to procure a wife. He never got any

directed toward California with the absorbing interest of an audience watching a play on the stage. In time the nuggets on the surface were exhausted, mining became an ordinary industry, and the surplusage of population turned to the steadier and more remunerative tilling of the soil. Then the state was transformed into a veritable garden—a land of beauty, of sunlight and song, which might well vie with Italy.

farther than Stockton. At that place he was attracted by a young person who waited upon the table at the hotel where he took his meals. One morning he said something to her which caused her to smile not unkindly, to somewhat coquetishly break a plate of toast over his upturned, serious, simple face, and to retreat to the kitchen. He followed her, and emerged a few moments later, covered with more toast and victory. That day week they were married by a Justice of the Peace, and returned to Poker Flat. I am aware



Photograph by Sarony

BRET HARTE IN 1872

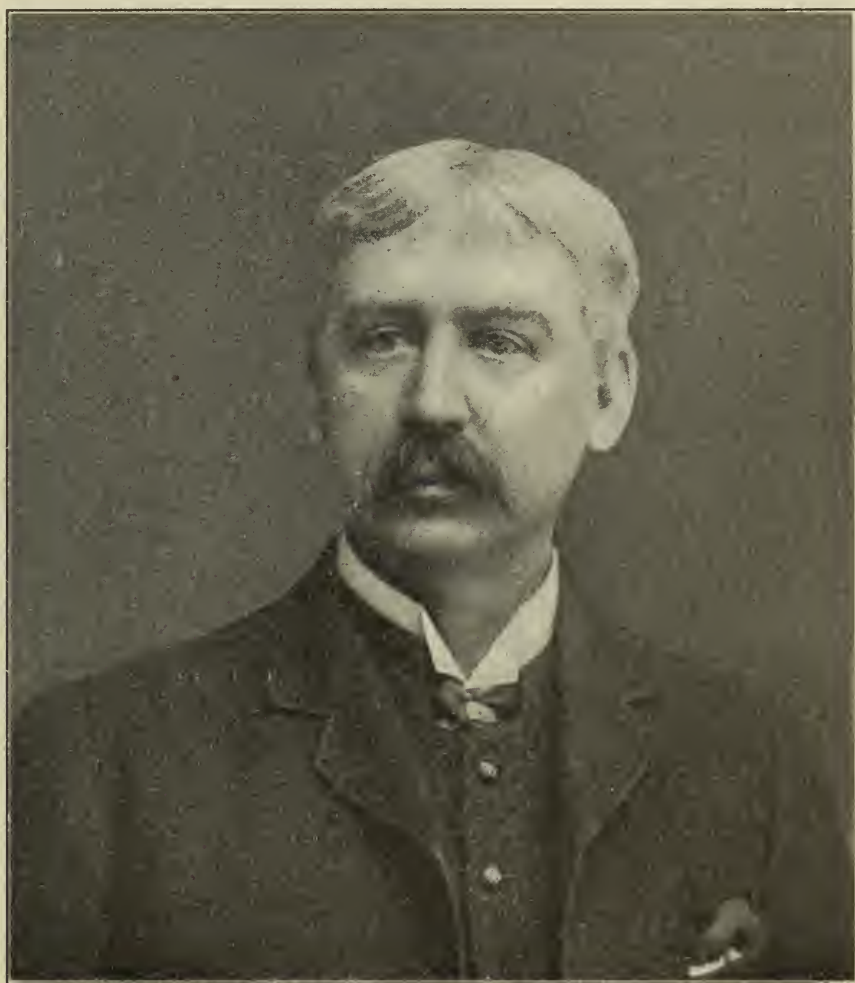
But those pioneers of '49—the Argonauts of the western world—in that remote country acted all the parts of a drama whose theme was an ineradicable human lust. For a brief space their play was intense, exhilarating; suddenly they vanished, leaving scarcely a trace

that something more might be made of this episode, but I prefer to tell it as it was current at Sandy Bar—in the gulches and bar-rooms—where all sentiment was modified by a strong sense of humor.

Of their married felicity but little is known, perhaps for the reason that Tennessee, then living with his partner, one day took occasion to say

of their existence. In 1853 at Poker Flat there were two thousand people, a hundred stores, five hotels, seven gambling dens, and when, one day, a circus came to town, fifteen hundred tickets were sold at twenty dollars apiece. At present there are only half a dozen tumble-down shacks in the place, and less than a dozen persons remain to suggest to the imagination the lawless tumult that once reigned supreme upon this spot.

something to the bride on his own account, at which, it is said, she smiled not unkindly, and chastely retreated—this time as far as Marysville, where Tennessee followed her, and where they went to housekeeping without the aid of a Justice of the Peace. Tennessee's Partner took the loss of his wife simply and seriously, as was his fashion. But to everybody's surprise, when Tennessee one day returned from Marysville, without his partner's wife—she having smiled and retreated with somebody else—Tennessee's Partner was the first man to shake his hand and greet him with affection.



Photograph by Downey, London

BRET HARTE IN 1886

The Argonauts were a strange medley of culture and riff-raff. As a rule they were young men who, restless at the slow gains of business or desperate in the losing struggle with fortune, took chances with an unknown fate. Some of them ran away from the querulous

The boys who had gathered in the cañon to see the shooting were naturally indignant. Their indignation might have found vent in sarcasm but for a certain look in Tennessee's Partner's eye that indicated a lack of humorous appreciation. In fact, he was a grave man, with a steady application to practical detail which was unpleasant in a difficulty.

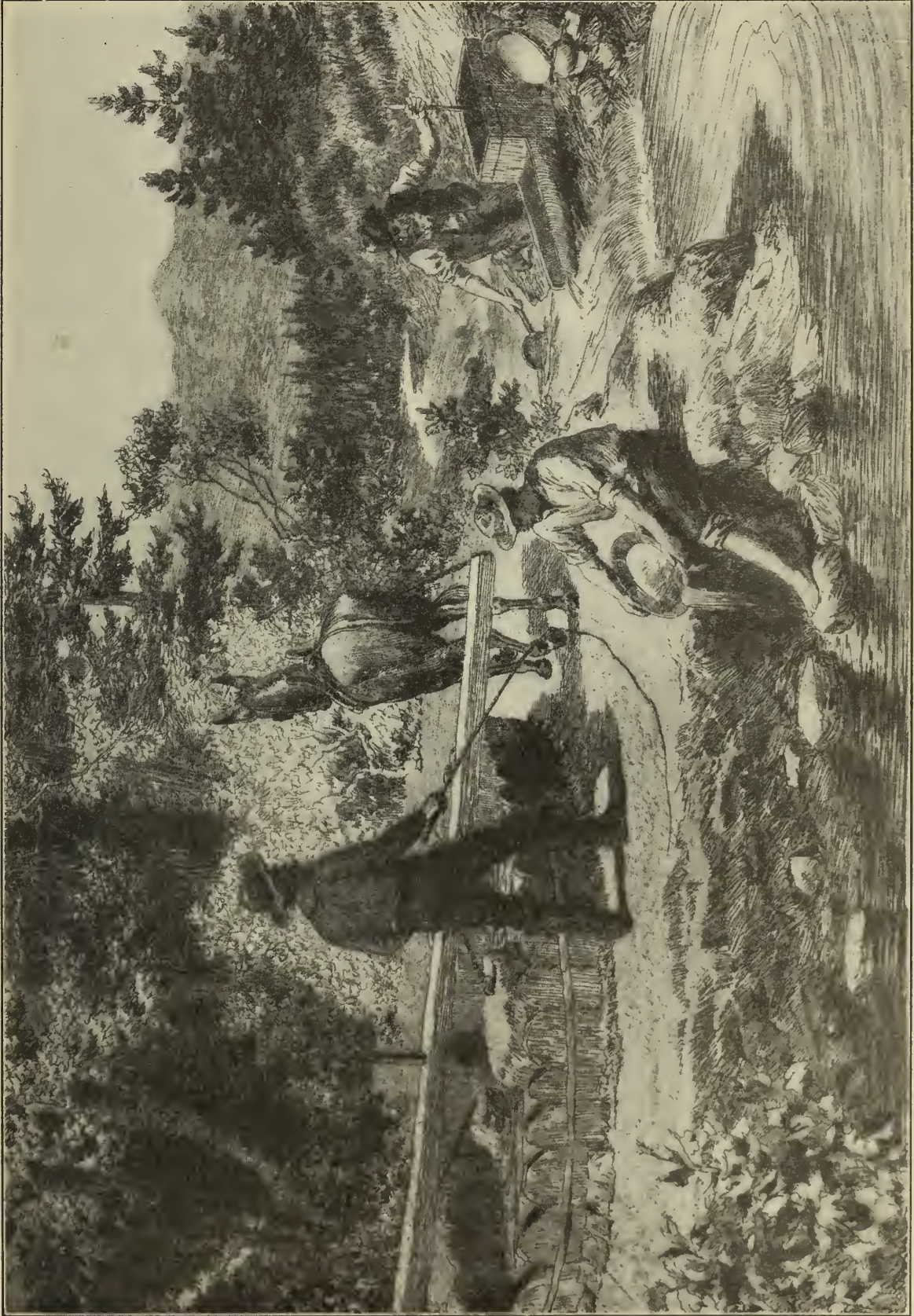
tongues of their wives, some from the warrants of sheriffs. Some of them secreted in their breasts locks of hair and pink-tinted portraits, while here and there was one who could scan his Greek with scholarly accuracy or quote his Byron with fluent ease. The ex-judge, the ex-colonel, and the ex-convict, clad in red shirt, coarse trousers, and high boots, sat at the same table and gambled away their gold-dust with the indifference of men who cared little, apparently, about laying up treasures on earth, but who, on the slightest provocation, would snatch their weapons and send their companions to a premature reckoning of their treasures in heaven.

Few women were out there in the earlier days. In the absence of women that sentiment of chivalry which is expressed in tenderness and devotion, and which is always strong in men of blood and brawn, spent itself in the loyalty of comradeship. In the romance of that life not the lover but the partner played the principal part, and the fidelity of man to man was often as beautiful as the heroics of love. Later when prosperity increased the women came on its trail, and then that rough and ready society took on the last vices of the profligate world. Previously there had been the clashings of the instincts of selfishness and cupidity, the brute struggle for the survival of the strongest. These were bad enough. But when the women, the dance hall, the gilded saloon with the unspeakable annex began to dominate the life of the mining camp, the colors of the picture became gaudy and the details obscene. It was a spectacle from the realistic reproduction of which the true artist would shrink. Rich though it might be in variety and incident, if such a life were to become fit material for literature, there was necessary the interpretative vision and the master's refining

Meanwhile, a popular feeling against Tennessee had grown up on the Bar. He was known to be a gambler; he was suspected to be a thief. In these suspicions Tennessee's Partner was equally compromised; his continued intimacy with Tennessee after the affair above quoted could only be accounted for on the hypothesis of a copartnership of crime. At last Tennessee's guilt became flagrant. One day he overtook a stranger on his way to Red Dog. The stranger afterward related that Tennessee beguiled the time with interesting anecdote and reminiscence, but illogically concluded the interview in the following words: "And now, young man, I'll trouble you for your knife, your pistols, and your money. You see your weppings might get you into trouble at Red Dog, and your money's a temptation to the evilly disposed. I think you said your address was San Francisco. I shall endeavor to call." It may be stated here that Tennessee had a fine flow of humor, which no business preoccupation could wholly subdue.

This exploit was his last. Red Dog and Sandy Bar made common cause against the highwayman. Tennessee was hunted in very much the same fashion as his prototype, the grizzly. As the toils closed around him, he made a desperate dash through the Bar, emptying his revolver at the crowd before the Arcade Saloon, and so on up Grizzly Cañon; but at its farther extremity he was stopped by a small man on a gray horse. The men looked at each other a moment in silence. Both were fearless, both self-possessed and independent; and both types of a civilization that in the seventeenth century would have been called heroic, but, in the nineteenth, simply "reckless." "What have you got there?—I call," said Tennessee, quietly. "Two bowers and an ace," said the stranger, as quietly, showing two revolvers and a bowie-knife. "That takes me," returned Tennessee; and with this gamblers' epigram, he threw away his useless pistol, and rode back with his captor.

It was a warm night. The cool breeze which usually sprang up with the going down of the sun behind the *chaparral*-crested mountain was that evening withheld from Sandy Bar. The little cañon was stifling with heated resinous odors, and the decaying driftwood on the Bar sent forth faint,



*From Picturesque California
Courtesy of the J. Dewing Company*

PRIMITIVE MINING IN CALIFORNIA

touch. By a fortunate chance a man with just such qualifications was ultimately found among the Argonauts. His name was Francis Bret Harte.

If you had seen him in London during the latter years of his life, you would never have suspected him to be one of those frontiersmen who lived under the rule of Judge Lynch. He affected a monocle; he dressed with the splendid fastidiousness of aristocracy; he had the taste of an epicurean, exactingly nice about all things. There was about his features a natural repose and distinction, as if he were descended from a family of old and high renown. His manners were those of a polished cosmopolite. You might easily have mistaken him, in his Astrakan coat, for a French count of the second empire. And yet at heart he was a plain, simple American. You are sure of that when you read his works.

It was in 1853 that, at the age of twenty-four, he left his Albany home, set sail for Panama, crossed the isthmus, and took ship again for San Francisco. He was one of those gold seekers who could scan their Homer; for his father was a teacher of Greek and had given his son a classical education. Bret Harte went into the fields of Tuolumne County and worked a claim with but little result. Becoming discouraged, he turned to other things, and in the next fifteen years he rose in the scale from express messenger and school-teacher to journalist and editor of the *Overland Monthly*. In 1867 he published a story that brought him fame, and no manuscript of his thereafter was ever refused by a publisher. By the sketches now associated with *The Luck of Roaring Camp* he gave to literature a local color that was unique to California. The East first recognized his value, and while he was still a prophet unhonored in his own country clamored for a sight

sickening exhalations. The feverishness of day, and its fierce passions, still filled the camp. Lights moved restlessly along the bank of the river, striking no answering reflection from its tawny current. Against the blackness of the pines the windows of the old loft above the express-office stood out startlingly bright; and through their curtainless panes the loungers below could see the forms of those who were even then deciding the fate of Tennessee. And above all this, etched on the dark firmament, rose the Sierra, remote and passionless, crowned with remoter passionless stars.

The trial of Tennessee was conducted as fairly as was consistent with a judge and jury who felt themselves to some extent obliged to justify, in their verdict, the previous irregularities of arrest and indictment. The law of Sandy Bar was implacable, but not vengeful. The excitement and personal feeling of the chase were over; with Tennessee safe in their hands, they were ready to listen patiently to any defence, which they were already satisfied was insufficient. There being no doubt in their own minds, they were willing to give the prisoner the benefit of any that might exist. Secure in the hypothesis that he ought to be hanged, on general principles, they indulged him with more latitude of defence than his reckless hardihood seemed to ask. The Judge appeared to be more anxious than the prisoner, who, otherwise unconcerned, evidently took a grim pleasure in the responsibility he had created. "I don't take any hand in this yer game," had been his invariable, but good-humored, reply to all questions. The Judge—who was also his captor—for a moment vaguely regretted that he had not shot him "on sight," that morning, but presently dismissed this human weakness as unworthy of the judicial mind. Nevertheless, when there was a tap at the door, and it was said that Tennessee's Partner was there on behalf of the prisoner, he was admitted at once without question. Perhaps the younger members of the jury, to whom the proceedings were becoming irksomely thoughtful, hailed him as a relief.

For he was not, certainly, an imposing figure. Short and stout, with a square face, sunburned into a preternatural redness, clad in a loose duck "jumper" and trousers streaked and splashed with

of him. So eastward he went, where, as a writer and a lecturer, he established his financial fortune. After he became known the world over as a master of the short story, he removed to London and there resided until his recent death.

Thirty years ago he was most widely known as the author of *Plain Language from Truthful James*, immortalizing Ah Sin, "the heahen Chinee." This was one of those catchy, opportune poems, mere doggerel in truth, which phrase a fact or condition of momentary interest. But it gave him advertising notoriety; for the question of Chinese immigration at that time was on everybody's tongue. Harte wrote the lines for their political and not their literary effect, and he meant to insinuate that the Chinaman was as imitative as the monkey, and being more sly, patient, and painstaking, would inevitably surpass the Caucasian, not only in the tricks of the card-table but also in the rivalry of competitive labor. The other sayings of Truthful James nowadays seem rather flat and forced; a contemporary popular mood must have given him a borrowed vitality. We must turn elsewhere to justify the author's title to permanent recognition.

Bret Harte deserved his great reputation. He was not, in the large sense, an overwhelming genius. He was an artist who, like Cellini or Teniers or Meissonier, wrought exquisitely and perfectly within certain definite bounds. When he stepped beyond he was mediocre. The world today cares little about his satires of fashionable society, some critics declaring that in these he is only an imitator of Saxe and Præd. Few people have read with keen relish his attempts at long fiction, but everybody, even Max Nordau with his pessimistic view of all things modern, will admit that he is an absolute master of the short story, and that his tales of the mining camps

red soil, his aspect under any circumstances would have been quaint, and was now even ridiculous. As he stooped to deposit at his feet a heavy carpet-bag he was carrying, it became obvious, from partially developed legends and inscriptions, that the material with which his trousers had been patched had been originally intended for a less ambitious covering. Yet he advanced with great gravity, and after having shaken the hand of each person in the room with labored cordiality, he wiped his serious, perplexed face on a red bandanna handkerchief, a shade lighter than his complexion, laid his powerful hand upon the table to steady himself, and thus addressed the Judge:

"I was passin' by," he began, by way of apology, "and I thought I'd just step in and see how things was gittin' on with Tennessee thar—my pardner. It's a hot night. I disremember any sich weather before on the Bar."

He paused a moment, but nobody volunteering any other meteorological recollection, he again had recourse to his pocket-handkerchief, and for some moments mopped his face diligently.

"Have you anything to say in behalf of the prisoner?" said the Judge, finally.

"Thet's it," said Tennessee's Partner, in a tone of relief. "I come yar as Tennessee's pardner—knowing him nigh on four year, off and on, wet and dry, in luck and out o' luck. His ways ain't allers my ways, but thar ain't any p'int in that young man, thar ain't any liveliness as he's been up to, as I don't know. And you sez to me, sez you—confidential-like, and between man and man—sez you, 'Do you know anything in his behalf?' and I sez to you, sez I—confidential-like, as between man and man—'What should a man know of his pardner?'"

"Is this all you have to say?" asked the Judge, impatiently, feeling, perhaps, that a dangerous sympathy of humor was beginning to humanize the Court.

"Thet's so," continued Tennessee's Partner. "It ain't for me to say anything agin' him. And now, what's the case? Here's Tennessee wants money, wants it bad, and doesn't like to ask it of his old pardner. Well, what does Tennessee do? He lays for a stranger, and he fetches that stranger.

will live as long as men are interested in the early history of the Golden Gate.

His literary bailiwick was a patch of territory about sixty miles east of Sacramento, and his most successful characters were drawn from that isolated group of human beings who gleaned and gambled away the richest fruitage of the desert. He was, I have said, a supreme artist, and he has revealed this passing phase of life with the temperament of one endowed with the highest talents of insight and expression.

In the first place Bret Harte had the perceptive quickness of a poet. His eye was trained to see; his senses were alert to catch the fine shadings of color, odor, and sound. He felt the wild joys of mere physical being. The azalea, the scented pine, the rapid rush of water, the measureless sweep of evergreen mountain slope, meeting and melting into the paradise blue of the sky, affected him like a symphony. His terse style is suggestive rather than descriptive, and it gives to the reader the vague haunting sense of the inexpressible. Nature in California presented to him a spectacle of impassive vastness. The silence of the first dawn seemed to hang over her hills, still vibrant with the primal echoes of the Creator's voice, and, like a god, nature seemed to enjoy a benignant calm that regarded the intrusions of man with imperturbable unconcern.

Bret Harte, however, was far more a humanist than a poet of nature, and even on such a stage of natural grandeur, he won for man a superior sympathy and admiration. It is easy enough for realism to paint vice and human depravity; it is a far more difficult task for art, without departing from truth, to discern and harmonize with evil the hidden virtues of the ribald and the unregenerate. But this Bret Harte

And you lays for *him*, and you fetches *him*; and the honors is easy. And I put it to you, gentlemen, all, as far-minded man, and to you, gentlemen, all, as far-minded men, ef this isn't so."

"Prisoner," said the Judge, interrupting, "have you any questions to ask this man?"

"No! no!" continued Tennessee's Partner, hastily. "I play this yer hand alone. To come down to the bed-rock, it's just this: Tennessee, thar, has played it pretty rough and expensive-like on a stranger, and on this yer camp. And now, what's the fair thing? Some would say more; some would say less. Here's seventeen hundred dollars in coarse gold and a watch—it's about all my pile—and call it square!" And before a hand could be raised to prevent him, he had emptied the contents of the carpet-bag upon the table.

For a moment his life was in jeopardy. One or two men sprang to their feet, several hands groped for hidden weapons, and a suggestion to "throw him from the window" was only overridden by a gesture from the Judge. Tennessee laughed. And apparently oblivious of the excitement, Tennessee's Partner improved the opportunity to mop his face again with his handkerchief.

When order was restored, and the man was made to understand, by the use of forcible figures and rhetoric, that Tennessee's offence could not be condoned by money, his face took a more serious and sanguinary hue, and those who were nearest to him noticed that his rough hand trembled slightly on the table. He hesitated a moment as he slowly returned the gold to the carpet-bag, as if he had not yet entirely caught the elevated sense of justice which swayed the tribunal, and was perplexed with the belief that he had not offered enough. Then he turned to the Judge, and saying, "This yer is a lone hand, played alone, and without my pardner," he bowed to the jury and was about to withdraw, when the Judge called him back. "If you have anything to say to Tennessee, you had better say it now." For the first time that evening the eyes of the prisoner and his strange advocate met. Tennessee smiled, showed his white teeth, and, saying, "Euchred, old man!" held out his hand. Tennessee's Partner took it in his own, and saying, "I just dropped in as I was



accomplished. Old Kentuck, in *The Luck of Roaring Camp*, to the casual eye was simply an uncouth shaggy animal; yet Harte saw that he needed only the touch of a baby's hand to arouse in him the divine tenderness of the paternal instinct, and it was his artistic genius which gave to that instinct the natural grotesque expression. "He wrestled with my finger—the d——d little cuss." Jack Hamlin, by general repute, was a blackleg, and yet in the depths of his nature there was a sense of pity and loyalty to friend that enabled him to rise to a great renunciation. And Miggles, poor Miggles, who had sold her beauty to loveless ruin, when the soul's final test came could take up her cross and spend her life in the service of an imbecile paralytic. Bret Harte has that insight which unerringly penetrates behind the veil and flashes its light into the darkness where the spirit of goodness, cabined, cribbed, confined in the dungeon of unholy environment, languishes for release. And he does this not as a sentimental apologist, but as a dispassionate believer in the ineradicable divinity of man. He has such a faith in man as a loyal wife cherishes for a convicted husband. Against the evidence of outward fact he still believes.

This is his merit as a man. As an artist, within his limitations, he has again and again touched the highest reaches of imaginative creation. It may all be true that his plots are melodramatic, that he cannot develop a character, that he cannot sustain himself for a long continuous effort; but, in spite of these things, he does see life in the broad wholeness of its double aspect. The profoundest creators are all face to face with the fact that life is a riddle—a paradox of humor and pathos. Only a shift in the point of view is needed to change the smiles into tears. He, therefore, is the greatest master of the mystery of human nature who

passin' to see how things was gettin' on," let the hand passively fall, and adding that "it was a warm night," again mopped his face with his handkerchief, and without another word withdrew.

The two men never again met each other alive. For the unparalleled insult of a bribe offered to Judge Lynch—who, whether bigoted, weak, or narrow, was at least incorruptible—firmly fixed in the mind of that mythical personage any wavering determination of Tennessee's fate; and at the break of day he was marched, closely guarded, to meet it at the top of Marley's Hill.

How he met it, how cool he was, how he refused to say anything, how perfect were the arrangements of the committee, were all duly reported, with the addition of a warning moral and example to all future evil-doers, in the *Red Dog Clarion*, by its editor, who was present, and to whose vigorous English I cheerfully refer the reader. But the beauty of that midsummer morning, the blessed amity of earth and air and sky, the awakened life of the free woods and hills, the joyous renewal and promise of Nature, and above all, the infinite Serenity that thrilled through each, was not reported, as not being a part of the social lesson. And yet, when the weak and foolish deed was done, and a life, with its possibilities and responsibilities, had passed out of the misshapen thing that dangled between earth and sky, the birds sang, the flowers bloomed, the sun shone, as cheerily as before; and possibly the *Red Dog Clarion* was right.

Tennessee's Partner was not in the group that surrounded the ominous tree. But as they turned to disperse attention was drawn to the singular appearance of a motionless donkey-cart halted at the side of the road. As they approached, they at once recognized the venerable "Jenny" and the two-wheeled cart as the property of Tennessee's Partner—used by him in carrying dirt from his claim; and a few paces distant the owner of the equipage himself, sitting under a buckeye-tree, wiping the perspiration from his glowing face. In answer to an inquiry, he said he had come for the body of the "diseased," "if it was all the same to the committee." He didn't wish to "hurry anything"; he could "wait." He was not working

can see his characters in that puzzling complexity which calls at once for merriment and infinite pity. Shakespeare had this conception of life, and so had Cervantes when he sent his Don Quixote—the buffoon and the hero in one—off on his ludicrous quest. And Bret Harte, in his minor way, had the same feeling that it was only the standpoint which made life divertingly comic or pitiably tragic. The instances of this are almost as numerous as his stories; *Tennessee's Partner* is only one of its best illustrations. The man called "Tennessee" is hung on Marley's Hill as a criminal. To Jack Folinsbee he is only a thief gone to his just deserts, and Jack, with the crowd, follows the body to the grave, jauntily playing on a mimic trombone, while the dead man's partner, the sole mourner at the funeral, gives to the last remains of the desperate rogue the devotion of a comrade faithful in disgrace and in death. The mining camp had got rid of a pestiferous felon; Tennessee's Partner had lost his only friend, and the laughter and the tears were merely matters of point of view. The burial was the last act in the tragicomedy of life.

So, we may say that while Bret Harte occupies a unique position as the imaginative historian of the Argonauts and the days of '49 in California, his greatest merit as a humanist is his preception and revelation of the dual significance of life. He knows that life is a riddle—at once a comedy and a tragedy—a mystery which every man must read through the prejudices of his own personal temperament. For his own part, even amid the depravity of a mining town, he is an optimist—an optimist with a sane knowledge of the facts to the contrary.

Albert E. Haverford

(Haverford College)

that day; and when the gentlemen were done with the "diseased," he would take him. "Ef thar is any present," he added, in his simple, serious way, "as would care to jine in the fun'l, they kin come." Perhaps it was from a sense of humor, which I have already intimated was a feature of Sandy Bar—perhaps it was from something even better than that; but two-thirds of the loungers accepted the invitation at once.

It was noon when the body of Tennessee was delivered into the hands of his partner. As the cart drew up to the fatal tree, we noticed that it contained a rough, oblong box—apparently made from a section of sluicing—and half filled with bark and the tassels of pine. The cart was further decorated with slips of willow, and made fragrant with buckeye-blossoms. When the body was deposited in the box, Tennessee's Partner drew over it a piece of tarred canvas, and gravely mounting the narrow seat in front, with his feet upon the shafts, urged the little donkey forward. The equipage moved slowly on, at that decorous pace which was habitual with "Jenny" even under less solemn circumstances. The men—half curiously, half jestingly, but all good-humoredly—strolled along beside the cart; some in advance, some a little in the rear of the homely catafalque. But, whether from the narrowing of the road or some present sense of decorum, as the cart passed on the company fell to the rear in couples, keeping step, and otherwise assuming the external show of a formal procession. Jack Folinsbee, who had at the outset played a funeral march in dumb show upon an imaginary trombone, desisted, from a lack of sympathy and appreciation—not having, perhaps, your true humorist's capacity to be content with the enjoyment of his own fun.

The way led through Grizzly Cañon—by this time clothed in funereal drapery and shadows. The redwoods, burying their moccasoned feet in the red soil, stood in Indian-file along the track, trailing an uncouth benediction from their bending boughs upon the passing bier. A hare, surprised into helpless inactivity, sat upright and pulsating in the ferns by the roadside, as the *cortège* went by. Squirrels hastened to gain a secure outlook from higher boughs; and the blue-jays, spreading their

Bret Harte as a Parodist

The supreme proof of the fact that Bret Harte had the instinct of reverence may be found in the fact that he was a really great parodist. This may have the appearance of being a paradox, but, as in the case of many other paradoxes, it is not so important whether it is a paradox as whether it is not obviously true. Mere derision, mere contempt, never produced or could produce parody. A man who simply despises Paderewski for having long hair is not necessarily fitted to give an admirable imitation of his particular touch on the piano. If a man wishes to parody Paderewski's style of execution, he must emphatically go through one process first: he must admire it, and even reverence it. Bret Harte had a real power of imitating great authors, as in his parodies on Dumas, on Victor Hugo, on Charlotte Brontë. This means and can only mean that he had perceived the real beauty, the real ambition of Dumas and Victor Hugo and Charlotte Brontë. To take an example, Bret Harte has in his imitation of Hugo a passage like this:

"M. Madeline was, if possible, better than M. Myriel. M. Myriel was an angel. M. Madeline was a good man." I do not know whether Victor Hugo ever used this antithesis; but I am certain that he would have used it and thanked his stars if he had thought of it. This is real parody, inseparable from admiration. It is the same in the parody of Dumas, which is arranged on the system of "Aramis killed three of them; Porthos three; Athos three." You cannot write that kind of thing unless you have first exulted in the arithmetical ingenuity of the plots of Dumas. It is the same in the parody of Charlotte Brontë, which opens with a dream of a storm-beaten cliff, con-

wings, fluttered before them like outriders, until the outskirts of Sandy Bar were reached, and the solitary cabin of Tennessee's Partner.

Viewed under more favorable circumstances, it would not have been a cheerful place. The unpicturesque site, the rude and unlovely outlines, the unsavory details, which distinguished the nest-building of the California miner, were all here, with the dreariness of decay superadded. A few paces from the cabin there was a rough enclosure, which, in the brief days of Tennessee's Partner's matrimonial felicity, had been used as a garden, but was now overgrown with fern. As we approached it we were surprised to find that what we had taken for a recent attempt at cultivation was the broken soil about an open grave.

The cart was halted before the enclosure; and, rejecting the offers of assistance with the same air of simple self-reliance he had displayed throughout, Tennessee's Partner lifted the rough coffin on his back, and deposited it, unaided, within the shallow grave. He then nailed down the board which served as a lid; and, mounting the little mound of earth beside it, took off his hat, and slowly mopped his face with his handkerchief. This the crowd felt was a preliminary to speech, and they disposed themselves variously on stumps and boulders, and sat expectant.

"When a man," began Tennessee's Partner, slowly, "has been running free all day, what's the natural thing for him to do? Why, to come home. And if he ain't in a condition to go home, what can his best friend do? Why, bring him home! And here's Tennessee has been running free, and we brings him home from his wandering." He paused, and picked up a fragment of quartz, rubbed it thoughtfully on his sleeve, and went on: "It ain't the first time that I've packed him on my back, as you see'd me now. It ain't the first time that I brought him to this yer cabin when he couldn't help himself; it ain't the first time that I and 'Jinny' have waited for him on yon hill, and picked him up and so fetched him home, when he couldn't speak, and didn't know me. And now that it's the last time, why—" he paused, and rubbed the quartz gently on his sleeve—"you see it's sort of rough on his pardner. And now, gen-

taining jewels and pelicans. Bret Harte could not have written it unless he had really understood the triumph of the Brontës, the triumph of asserting that great mysteries lie under the surface of the most sullen life, and that the most real part of man is in his dreams.

This kind of parody is forever removed from the purview of ordinary American humor. The wild sky-breaking humor of America has its fine qualities, but it must in the nature of things be deficient in two qualities of supreme importance—reverence and sympathy. Can any one imagine Mark Twain, that admirable author, writing even a tolerable imitation of authors so intellectually individual as Hugo or Charlotte Brontë? Mark Twain would yield to the spirit of contempt which destroys parody. All those who hate authors fail to satirize them, for they always accuse them of the wrong faults. The enemies of Thackeray call him a worldling, instead of what he was, a man too ready to believe in the goodness of the unworldly. The enemies of Meredith call his gospel too subtle, instead of what it is, a gospel, if anything, too robust. And it is this vulgar misunderstanding which we find in most parody—which we find in all American parody—but which we never find in the parodies of Bret Harte.

The skies they were ashen and sober,
The streets they were dirty and drear,
It was the dark month of October,
In that most immemorial year.
Like the skies, I was perfectly sober,
But my thoughts they were palsied and
sear,
Yes, my thoughts were decidedly queer.

This could only be written by a genuine admirer of Edgar Allan Poe, who permitted himself for a moment to see the fun of the thing. Parody might indeed be defined as the worshipper's half-holiday.—By *G. K. Chesterton* in *The Pall Mall Magazine*.

tlement," he added, abruptly, picking up his long-handled shovel, "the fun's over; and my thanks, and Tennessee's thanks, to you for your trouble."

Resisting any proffers of assistance, he began to fill in the grave, turning his back upon the crowd, that after a few moments' hesitation gradually withdrew. As they crossed the little ridge that hid Sandy Bar from view, some, looking back, thought they could see Tennessee's Partner, his work done, sitting upon the grave, his shovel between his knees, and his face buried in his red bandanna handkerchief. But it was argued by others that you could n't tell his face from his handkerchief at that distance; and this point remained undecided.

In the reaction that followed the feverish excitement of that day, Tennessee's Partner was not forgotten. A secret investigation had cleared him of any complicity in Tennessee's guilt, and left only a suspicion of his general sanity. Sandy Bar made a point of calling on him, and proffering various uncouth, but well-meant kindnesses. But from that day his rude health and great strength seemed visibly to decline; and when the rainy season fairly set in, and the tiny grass-blades were beginning to peep from the rocky mound above Tennessee's grave, he took to his bed.

One night, when the pines beside the cabin were swaying in the storm, and trailing their slender fingers over the roof, and the roar and rush of the swollen river were heard below, Tennessee's Partner lifted his head from the pillow, saying, "It is time to go for Tennessee; I must put 'Jinny' in the cart"; and would have risen from his bed but for the restraint of his attendant. Struggling, he still pursued his singular fancy: "There, now, steady, 'Jinny'—steady, old girl. How dark it is! Look out for the ruts—and look out for him, too, old gal. Sometimes, you know, when he's blind drunk, he drops down right in the trail. Keep on straight up to the pine on the top of the hill. Thar—I told you so!—thar he is—coming this way, too—all by himself, sober, and his face a-shining. Tennessee! Pardner!"

And so they met.

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S. Eytinge, Jr., in *Every Saturday*

“Ah Sin was his name”

An Appreciation by an Old Friend

Nobody else has drawn such vivid backgrounds of California scenery as those which appear in Bret Harte stories. The untidiness and squalor of the mining camp, as well as the grandeur and beauty of the natural scenery, are faithfully reproduced by the master hand. With the solitary editor of the *Bugle*, the reader hears the tapping of the woodpecker on the shingled roof of his forest office. As the funeral *cortège* of Tennessee moves along the

skirts of the wood, “the redwoods, burying their moccasoned feet in the red soil, stand in Indian file along the track, trailing an uncouth benediction from their bending boughs upon the passing bier.” And a touch of animated nature falls where we see the picture of a hare, “surprised into helpless inactivity” by the procession, sitting “a right and pulsating in the ferns by the roadside” as the slender column moves by. We catch again the resinous odor of the redwoods and the plaintive sougning of the pines, the dank perfumes of the salt marsh, and the harsh

call of the rain-crow, as we turn the magician's leaves.

The multitudinous phases of the rough, reckless life of those early days are reproduced with faithfulness in Harte's pages; of these he might truly have said, "All of which I saw, and a part of which I was." A man who has spent years in drifting among the solitudes and the scanty settlements of California during its period of social and industrial formation must needs have a pouch full of recollections and impressions unless he be a very dunce. And Bret Harte was an exceeding close observer of men and things; he was endowed with a memory as plastic as wax to receive and as firm as steel to hold. . . .

Harte's personality was gentle, winning, lovable. His familiar conversation had all the grace and charm of his literary work, and, although he was a good talker, unlike many another of his kind, he was a good listener. Looking back upon one's intimate acquaintance with him, one might truly say that he was always a student of men. He listened that he might see through the eyes of other men. If he was disposed to hypercriticism in his tastes and in his judgment of the work of others, he was unsparing in his criticism of that which flowed from his own laborious pen. At work he required the nicest adjustment of materials and surroundings. One or two disturbances would so interrupt the movement of his thought that his task must be laid aside until a more convenient season. It can be truthfully said of him that he never let go to the printing-press anything with which he was not completely satisfied. The manuscript which he sent out and the proofs which he had read and corrected with many pains were alike illustrated with interminable interlineations and changes.

Broad and catholic in his views of life, Bret Harte instinctively looked for the good that is in mankind. It is not true, as has been injuriously said of him, that he suffered one virtue to outweigh a thousand vices. He bade us regard the virtue; and he did not seek to hide the vice. One of his German translators, Ferdinand Freiligrath, said of him that he mined for gold, "the gold of love, of goodness, of fidelity, of humanity . . . which remains forever uneradicatèd from the human heart"; and

the good old poet adds: "That it is which drew hearts to him wherever the language of Shakespeare, of Milton and Byron is spoken."

In his peculiar field he had few imitators, no successors. The short stories on which his permanent fame will rest are flawless in their finish and so felicitous in their construction that no word could be added or taken away without marring the effect of the whole. No other American writer has evinced such a perfect art as this. No other American or English writer can paint so broad a picture on so small a canvas as that which Harte has used.—*Noah Brooks*, in *The Book Buyer*, June, 1902.

Bret Harte

By Ina Coolbrith

Overland Monthly, September, 1902

A stir of pines in the forest,
A klink of picks in the mine,
And smoke from the tent and cabin
Under the oak and vine;

The peaks of the great Sierras,
Awful, and still, and white,
Piercing the clouds of sunset,
Touching the stars of night;

And the subtle scent of the laurel,
Pungent, that fills and thrills,—
The breath of the wonderful laurel
On the wonderful Western hills.

Men, of the brood of giants,
Lusty and young and strong,
With heart-pulse set to the rhythm
And lilt of a brave new song;

Mighty of nerve and muscle
As the hero-knights of old,
Fighting the New World battles
On the Field of the Cloth of Gold.

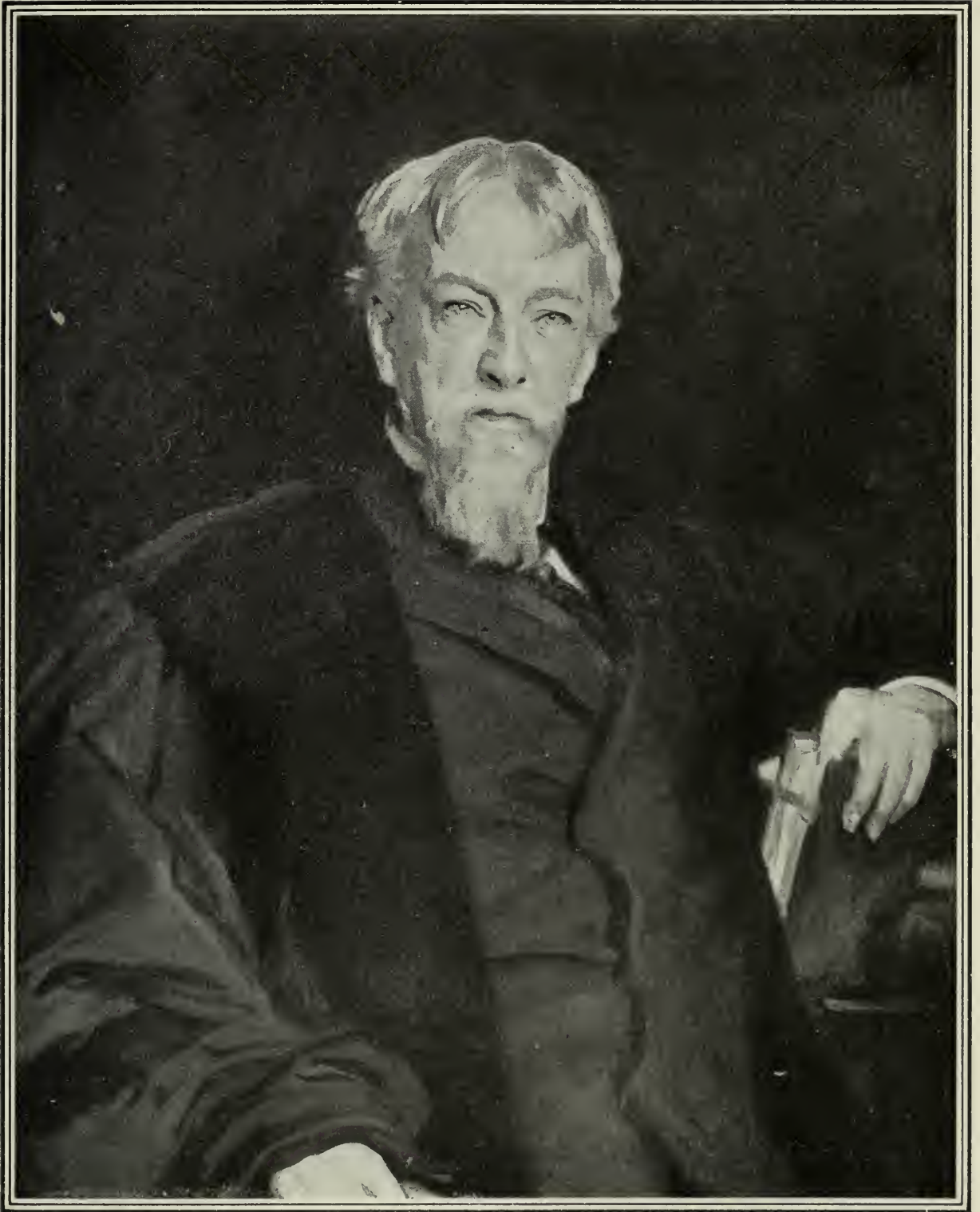
And O the scent of the laurel! . . .
There's a new moon low in the west,
And the night is a brooding mother
With the tired world on her breast.

And these are her dreams and visions.
*Who spake of a face that lay
Under the English daisies,
In a silence, far away?*

THE SARGENT PORTRAIT OF DR. MITCHELL

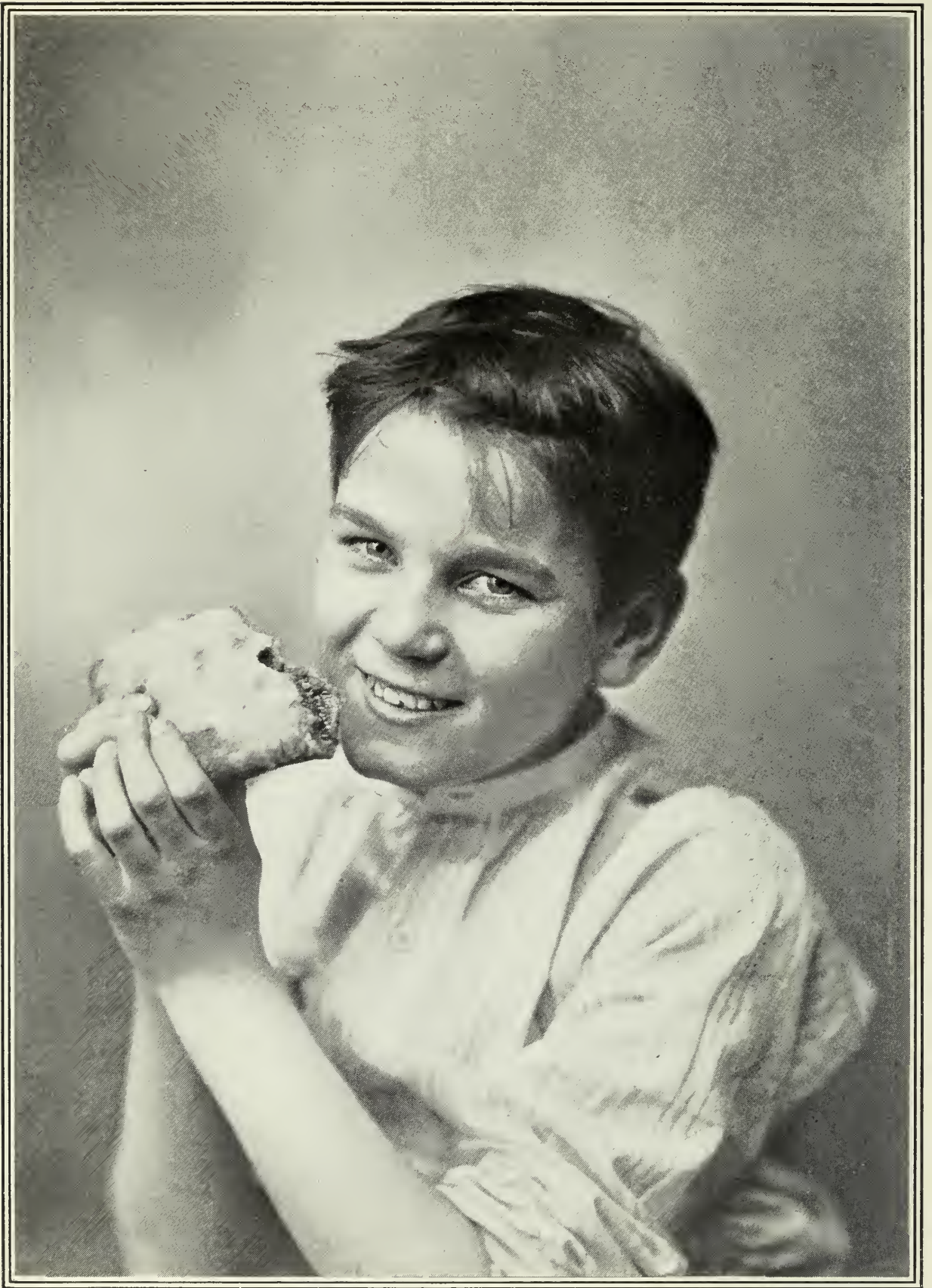
On the opposite page is presented the first reproduction of the portrait of Dr. S. Weir Mitchell by John S. Sargent. The painter and his subject are of equal distinction. Dr. Mitchell holds a position of undoubted eminence in both medicine and letters, and to Mr. Sargent is conceded by competent critics, both American and European, the highest rank in portraiture. The portrait faithfully reflects the artist's recognition of the qualities of mind and heart that are represented in the face of his sitter. The painter conveys admirably the impression of strength, wisdom, and kindness, and has not omitted the humorous twinkle in the corner of the eye that no one who has had the good fortune to know Dr. Mitchell can have failed to notice. The pose is characteristic and dignified.

The coloring, from the very nature of the subject, is dark, except for the flesh tints, the gray hair, and just a hint of red in the faint line of the cravat. The work shows the sure touch, the faculty of definite expression of what he sees, that are the distinguishing qualities of Mr. Sargent's best work. The portrait was painted during the month of May in the Philadelphia studio of Mr. John Lambert.



From the painting by John S. Sargent

DR. S. WEIR MITCHELL



Photograph by Bertha M. Lothrop

BETWEEN MEALS

· PICTURES · AND · ART · TALK ·

Etching enthusiasts have often deplored the undeniable fact that this art has not met with its just measure of popularity in America, despite the temporary gleam of encouragement that greeted it some years ago. The cause may lie no deeper than in the whim of fashion; it may be in a genuine, if unreasonable, dissatisfaction with the limitations of etching and an unwillingness to accept its necessary conventions. Or, perhaps, it lies in a certain impatience which the uninitiated feel at the postage-stamp variety of etching connoisseur—the collector with his talk of trial proofs and remarques and first and second states and destroyed plates, interested in an etching only for its rarity, not for its beauty.

In whatever ground the objections are rooted, the best answer to them lies in a study of such a comprehensive collection as that recently exhibited by Mr. Max Williams, of New York, in Pittsburg, and at the McClees galleries in Philadelphia. The skeptic is speedily converted into the enthusiast as the sense of the power and scope of the art, of its delicacy and freedom and precision, is impressed on him anew. Whistler is inevitably the most conspicuous figure in the exhibition. His famous Venetian set, from which one of the most masterly examples, *Tragetto*, is reproduced in this number, occupies the place of honor. *Rotherhite*, one of the Thames series etched in the sixties, affords in its massing of shades an interesting contrast to the delicacy and economy of line of his later work. It has been said that a Thames bargeman, with short pipe and jacket, is the only human figure in which Whistler evinces any interest. Sir Seymour Haden is well represented by a series of landscapes, straightforward, decided, rich in contrast. One of his most characteristic but least-known subjects is here given, *Wareham Bridge*, a spontaneous and sympathetic work.

Nor are earlier masters forgotten. The supreme technique of Rembrandt and the almost morbid intensity of Durer find a place beside the picturesque fantasy of the ill-fated Méryon or the delicate, if not

wholly satisfying, tenderness of the landscapes of Claude. A good example of the ease and completeness of the sketchy, light-handed method is afforded by Detaille's *Cuirassier*, in a trial proof—the inverted head shown was etched out in the later states—while Millet and De Gravesande are not forgotten. It is to be hoped that the revival of interest of which the success of this exhibition is a symptom will go far to raise the art of etching to its rightful place in public esteem.

* * *

There was recently published in a popular magazine a series of pictures by Henry O. Tanner representing the artist's conception of four *Mothers of the Bible*. The inspiration for this series is easily traceable to the remarkable portrait of his mother painted by Mr. Tanner in 1897, now hanging in the home of his parents in Philadelphia, which is reproduced in colors in this number of THE BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE. The portrait is little known, and has not been exhibited, but it is a strong work, recalling inevitably Whistler's portrait of his mother. Differing from that famous picture in its color scheme, it is in a low key, mostly of browns. Qualities and characteristics manifest in the portrait are also manifest in the *Mothers of the Bible*. Always of a religious turn of mind, and a student of sacred history—his father is a Bishop in the African Methodist Church—Mr. Tanner treated those pictures with the same reverent care that he has given to the more personal portrait. When they appeared they attracted attention and provoked discussion, for they differed materially from the ideals of any previous painter. Especially was this the case in respect to the Madonna, who has none of the idealized beauty that is traditionally associated with almost all pictures of her throughout the history of art. Mr. Tanner has depicted her as a plain, typically Jewish woman, with only a great and holy mother-love glorifying her face. It is a fine and reverent conception, and while it may not satisfy some aesthetic tastes, it does credit to the artist's sense of fitness.



From the painting by Frant Dvořák

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THE FOUR ROSES

Miss Elizabeth Wentworth Roberts' series of paintings dealing with Emerson and the Emerson country, the first of which was reproduced in the February BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE, are attracting much attention. They are the fruit of a summer's residence in the old Emerson house in Concord. Miss Roberts is a young Philadelphia artist whose career has been almost uniformly successful, but who has accomplished her ends by untiring industry and an immense amount of hard work. Her early studies in this country were principally under the direction of Henry R. Poore. Thence she went to Paris, where she worked for two years at the Academy Julian, and privately under the instruction of Jules Lefebvre. For six years this continued, and she then devoted herself to the study of Botticelli in Florence. Much of her work has a strong religious tendency. With youth, enthusiasm, talent, and high artistic aims, her career will doubtless justify the expectations aroused by her recent notable work.

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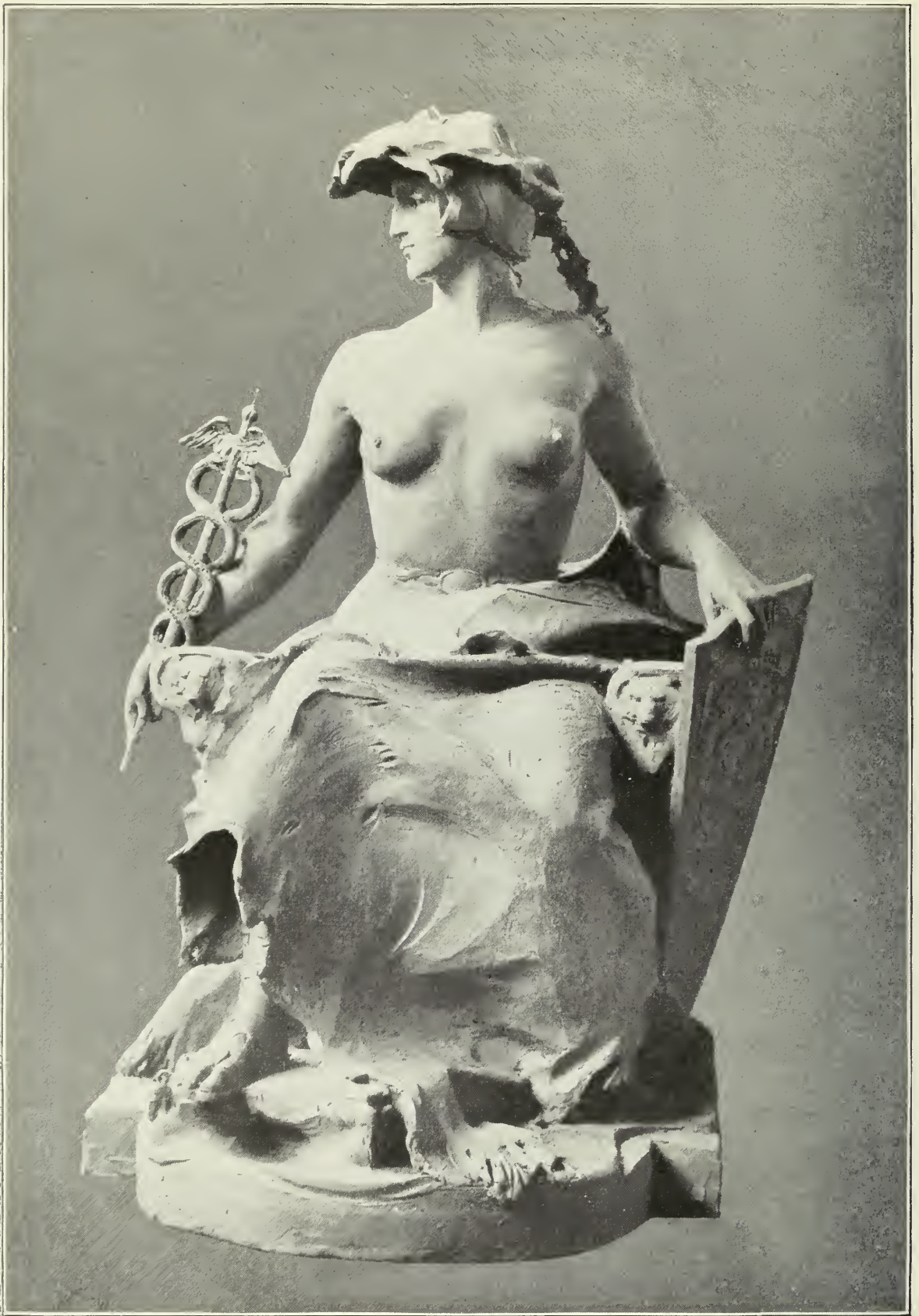
The past few years have witnessed the development in France of a method of color etching which is bidding fair to absorb the energies of artist and collector alike, to the exclusion of the severer black and white form of the art. By making the use of color possible, the new process confers on an art hitherto confined within somewhat strait limits opportunity for unlimited expansion. There are some technical variations in the methods followed; some etchers use a single plate, applying the color with a brush or cloth; others use one plate for the shadows and another for the colors, while in still a third process a separate plate is made for each color. Two examples of the new method are here reproduced, Osterlind's *The Dancer* and Muller's *Playmates*. Other artists who are using it are Charles Huard, Robbe, Délâtre, and Houdard. There are not wanting critics who consider the new development treason to the past work of the masters who found black and white adequate for all their needs and refused the adventitious aid of color. But the movement is already far more than a mere fad and gives promise of wide development.

The *Four Roses* of Frant Dvořák shows striking mastery of the broader effects of color. The artist came to this country in 1889, an absolute stranger with no recommendation. He spoke no English, and trusted solely to his art for his support. He obtained several portrait commissions in Philadelphia and secured the support and recommendation of the late Mr. A. J. Antelo. Many commissions came to the young painter through Mr. Antelo's influence, and later through the success of his exhibit at the World's Fair in Chicago. From this point success seems to have followed him continuously. He has since been enabled to return to Paris, the artist's haven. He has exhibited in the Salon in Paris and has obtained honorable mention there. The picture reproduced here belonged to Mr. Antelo, and was purchased at the sale of his gallery by its present owners.

* * *

The present visit of Mr. John S. Sargent to this country, from which he has been absent several years, is of especial interest as regards the mural decorations that he has undertaken for the Boston Public Library. It is universally acknowledged that the second instalment in the series of paintings comprised in his great scheme suffers in no respect by comparison with the first. His own words in regard to the general plan were that he intended to represent "the triumph of religion—a mural decoration illustrating certain stages of Jewish and Christian history." The first series of paintings carried the idea from the polytheistic theogony of Egypt to the Mosaic period, closing with the stupendous group of Moses with the tables of the law, supported by Joshua and Elijah, with the prophets both of lamentation and hope on either hand. The new work is called by Sargent himself *The Dogma of the Redemption*. The word "dogma" is significant; it shows a deliberate design to portray the Crucifixion, the Act of Redemption on the part of Jesus Christ, as a definite accomplishment with all its spiritual significance, rather than simply to depict one episode in the epic of Christianity.

To convey an adequate idea of so huge a composition is not possible, but its main features may be briefly described: In the



Alexander Stirling Calder, sc.

QUEEN OF THE RIVERS

MODEL FOR STATUE OF MISSOURI FOR LOUISIANA PURCHASE EXPOSITION

centre of a high, arched panel is the figure of Christ upon the cross. Behind and above Him are seated crimson-robed figures representing the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost in glory, each with two fingers raised in benediction. Around the circle of the arch are doves, each with a nimbus above the head, representing the seven gifts of the Spirit. The emblematic stole of priesthood hangs from the shoulders of the Christ, falling also across the figures of Adam and Eve, crouching in a panel below the arms of the cross. Each holds a chalice to catch the blood dripping from His hands. The woman kneels forward to the cross, but with head averted. The man, with one arm extended, looks away; about his feet is coiled the serpent, the rest of whose body is crushed beneath the pierced feet of the Saviour. The lower end of the cross is terminated by the representation of a pelican, a familiar symbol of the sacrifice. This is the central design, and angels and other symbolic figures flank it at length to right and left. The color scheme is deep blue and crimson, with notes of gold and silver here and there, and the whole has a subdued richness of tone that seems to have felt the softening influence of centuries. The principal figures are thrown forward in bold relief, emphasizing their importance, and adding greatly to the artistic effect. There are, in the conception, evidences of a deep religious feeling, combined with a supreme power of imagination, and in the execution there is the exhibition of extraordinary technical skill. It is a noble work that Mr. Sargent has undertaken, nobly accomplished so far, and it is the earnest hope of all lovers of American art that he may live to complete his splendid project.

* * *

The statue personifying the State of Missouri, which is reproduced on the opposite page, was executed to the order of the Commissioners of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition at St. Louis by Mr. Alexander Stirling Calder, who received the award after a competitive trial in which were engaged many of the well-known sculptors of the country. The accompanying photograph was made from the original model in the sculptor's studio. The reproduction for the Exposition will

be in staff, and the figure will be of heroic size. Mr. Calder has also in hand for the Commissioners a statue of Philippe Renault, one of the pioneers of New France. Mr. Calder is a son of Alexander Calder, himself a well-known sculptor, and his talent, therefore, has come to him by inheritance. He studied for some time in Paris, where much of his important work was accomplished. He has exhibited frequently and has won many honors. He has recently executed a memorial fountain for the University of Pennsylvania, and has done much in the line of minor decorative sculpture and architectural ornament. His decorative sense is unusual, and his imaginative power has a wide range.

The sculptor thus sets forth the symbolical significance of his latest work: "Seated in a chair whose supports are decorated with fasces, Missouri holds in her right arm the Caduceus, the emblem of commerce, adopted by the State as being appropriate to the most commercially enterprising of the Western States. Her left hand rests on a shield bearing the State arms, intertwining below with the fleur de lis, emphasizing the French origin of the State, 'Missouri' being the French spelling of Missouri, the native name for the great muddy river. Tobacco leaves and flowers are dressed in the head of the statue, while a deer skin covers the lower part of the figure. The wave line of the base is a decorative suggestion of the great rivers that flow through the State. In the whole statue the thought has been the symbolizing of the alert vigor of the powerful young queen of the rivers, adopting civilization and culture."

* * *

It is reported from Genoa that several famous paintings belonging to the collection in the Rosso Palace there have been totally ruined by unscientific treatment. The paintings included two Van Dykes, a Carlo Maratta, a Pris Bordone, a Valerio Castelli, and two Guido Renis. They were intrusted for renovation to a professional cleaner, who applied an alkaline solution which completely destroyed them. It is stated that the Van Dykes were among the most valuable specimens of his work. The loss is incalculable.



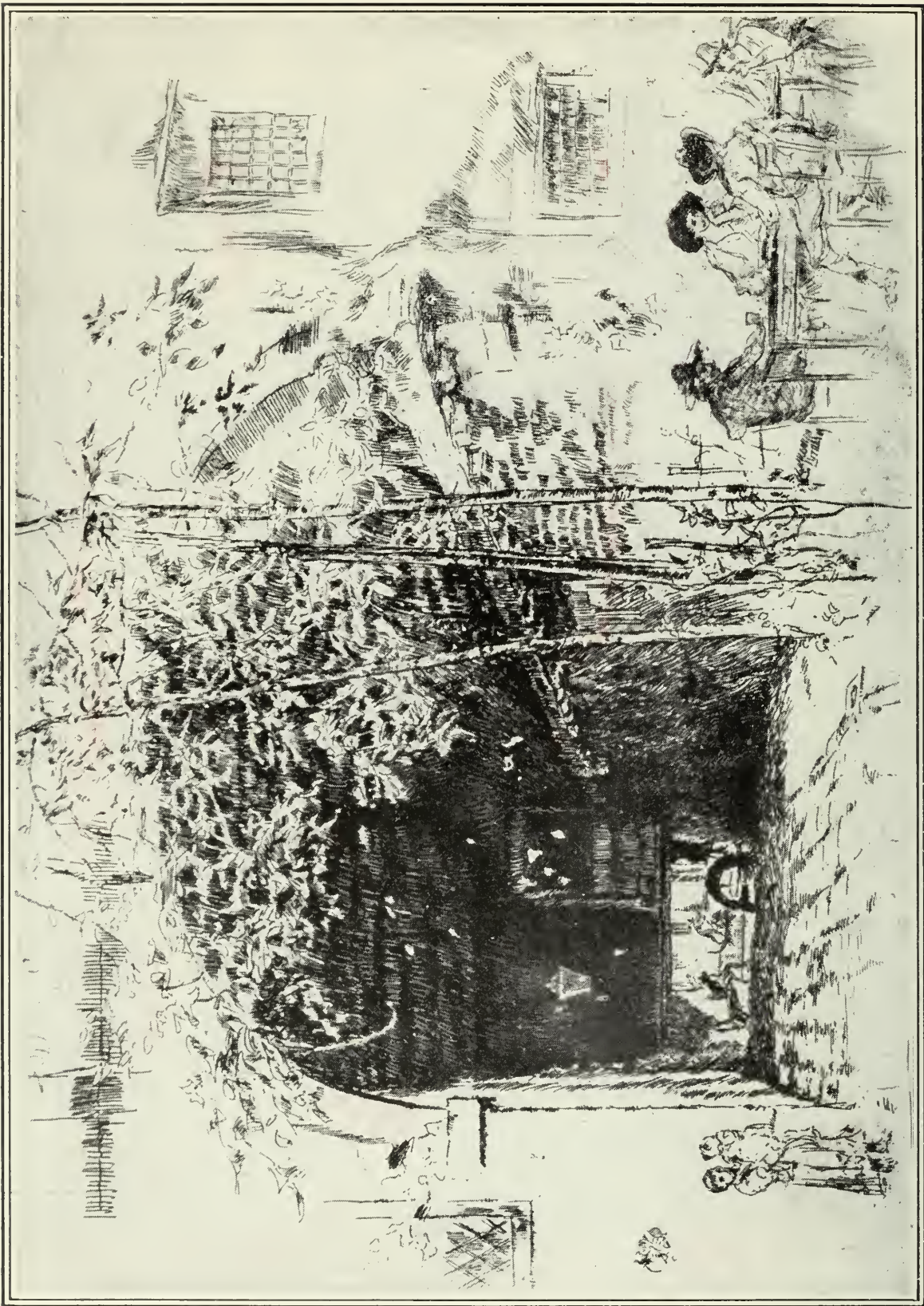
From the etching by Osterlind

THE DANCER



From the etching by Muller

PLAYMATES



From the etching by Whistler

TRAGETTO



From the etching by Whistler

ROTHERHITE



From the painting by Henry O. Tanner

AN ARTIST'S MOTHER



From the painting by V. Baldoncoli

THE OLD MUSICIAN



From the etching by Seymour Haden

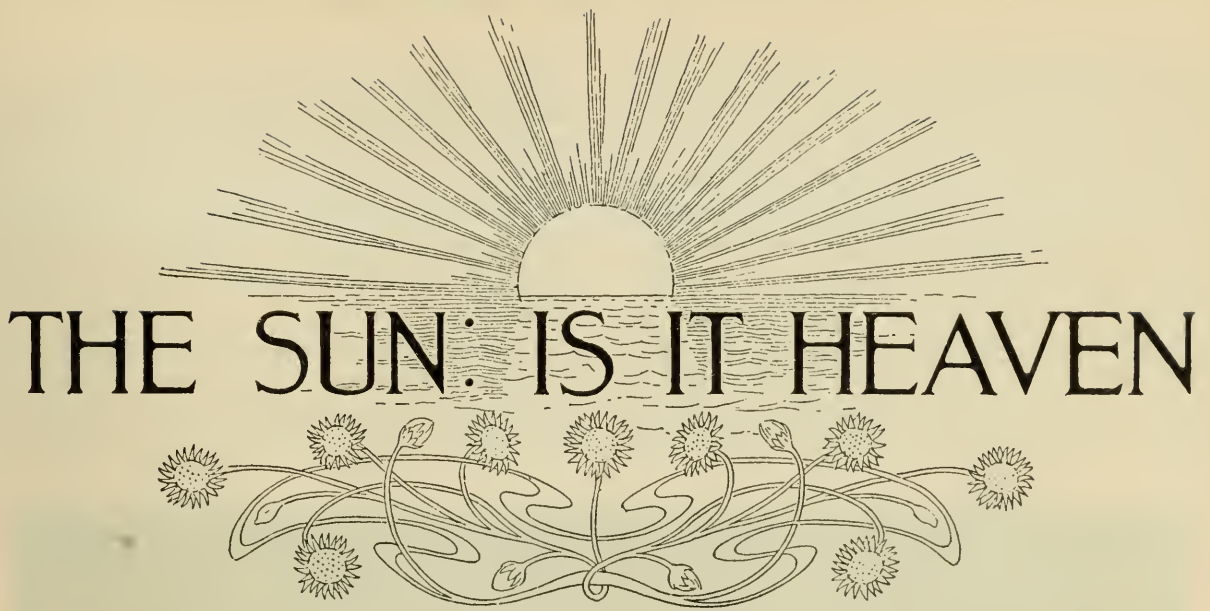
WAREHAM BRIDGE
FIRST STATE



From the etching by 'Detaile

THE CUIRASSIER
TRIAL PROOF





In the entire universe there are but three elementary substances: spirit, matter, and electricity; from these triune substances are produced all the diversified forms and organisms of nature. We know as much about the elemental atoms or forces of one as of another. All things are electric magnets from atoms to suns and world, from the molecule to man; and all in a state of intense vibration and magnetic attraction—forever in ceaseless activity and commotion under the laws of electric action and reaction, attraction and repulsion. Thus the universe is a vast electric organism creating its own cosmic force, lighting and heating itself from its own electric fires, and bound together by invisible electric bands. All things visible come from the invisible. An invisible atom, an electric force, a wave of light, a magnetic vibration, are elements from which are evolved all the material forms of creation.

I hold that the suns are not hot, nor burning, gaseous spheres, but are the self-luminous, perfected worlds of the universe and the future abode of man. I claim that man is the product of planetary forces, and the planets are the hatcheries of human souls, and the suns the places of their development and growth to perfection. These are questions of paramount importance, profoundly interesting and intensely practical. I contend that the suns are inhabitable and present the most favorable conditions for the highest development of human life, and the only places in the universe comparable with our ideal of a future perennial residence. I contend that the

sun is not hot, that its rays are not hot, and do not directly heat the earth; that the sun furnishes the electric power, and the earth heats itself. Its rays are wireless electricity from the sun's photosphere or corona, which is convertible into electric light, heat, and all vital force.

This light, heat, and vital force is generated in the dense atmosphere of the earth near its surface, where it is needed for animal and vegetable life. The sun's electric rays, not heat, come from the sun's photosphere, which is the surplus of its electricity gathered in a brilliant circle of light many miles above its surface. It is then shot by the laws of electrical repulsion from the sun, and drawn by electrical attraction to the earth, where, coming in contact with the earth's opposite electrical polarity and the resistance of its atmosphere, these electric sun-currents burst into new-found light and heat down near its surface. This it does in exactly the same manner that two wires oppositely electrified and brought together produce the arc and incandescent light. The earth and sun have used wireless telegraphy since creation began.

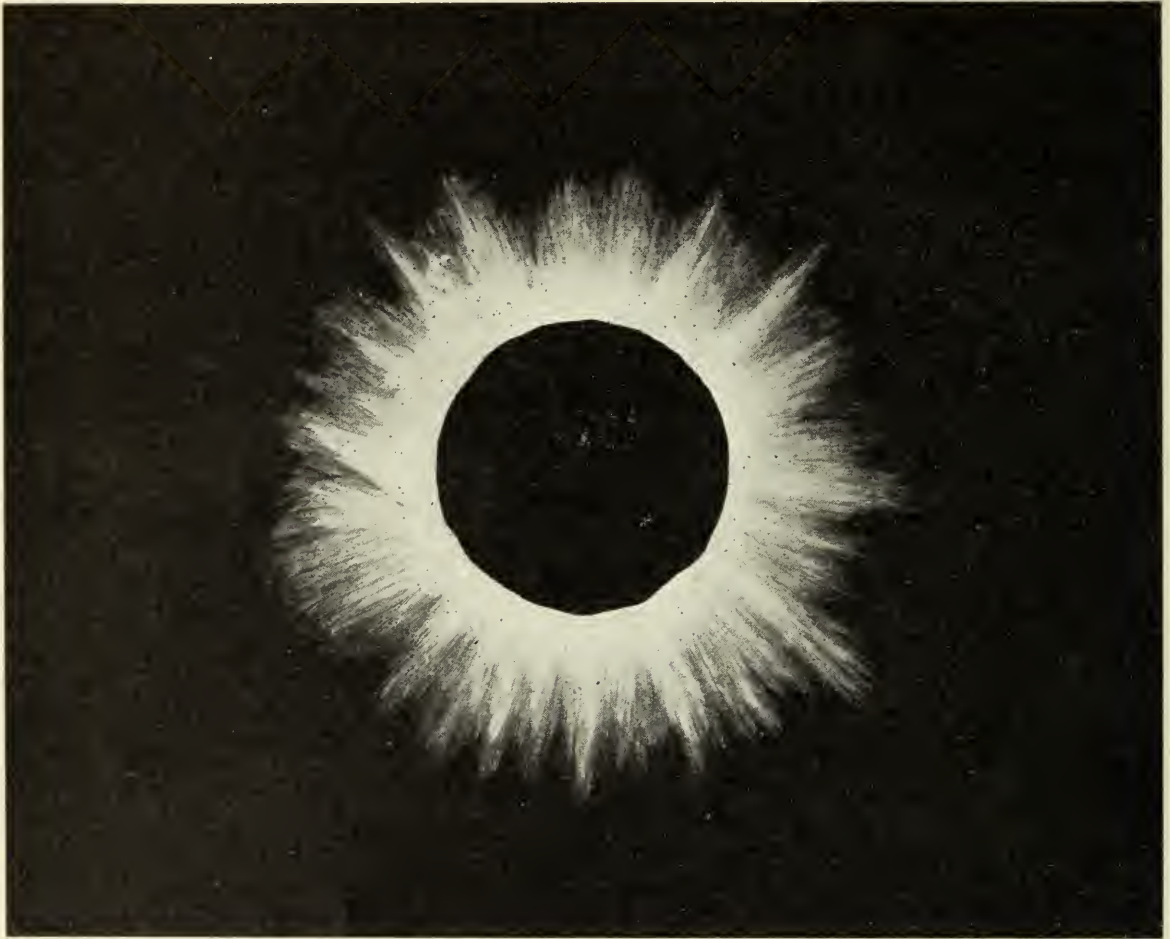
Heat is not from the sun or from space, as is proven by the flight of meteors; for when the meteors strike our atmosphere they have an opposite polarity to the earth, and they create friction and generate heat and soon blaze into white light and heat. Most of them are consumed before they reach the earth, and the remainder are fused into stone and obdurate metals. The electric currents of the sun generate

heat in the same way, by contact of opposite polarities, which produces friction and heat.

Heat cannot come to the earth through the intense cold of the upper atmosphere of the earth, which increases with its altitude; nor through the ninety-three million miles of frigid ether, four hundred and sixty degrees colder than ice. No heat could penetrate such cold. It is impossible to force an atom of heat from the sun to the earth, or from one sun or planet to another.

But the earth, lacking a sufficient surplus of electricity to extend its beautiful, gorgeous, rainbow-tinted aurora from the poles to the equator, must content itself with its rich halos and gorgeous streamers of electric splendors at its frigid poles, occasionally extending them half-way to the equator.

Our sun, the great central magnet and electrical dynamo of the solar system, is 1,300,000 times larger than our earth; its diameter is 865,000 miles, being 108 times



TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE SUN, 1882

All heat must come in the form of electricity which is convertible into heat.

The sun's photosphere, that beautiful circle of rainbow light which shoots forth the electric currents which give light and life to our planet, is like our aurora borealis and australis, which is the earth's surplus of electricity thrown off to our north and south poles. The earth's aurora is the earth's imperfect attempt to form a photosphere like the sun.

that of the earth, and it is 745 times larger than all the planets. So vast is its size, that could the earth be placed in the centre of the sun, our moon, which is 240,000 miles from us, would be about half-way to its outer surface.

It has an electric field, or globe, of magnetic ether reaching out over six thousand million miles into space from it in every direction, extending beyond the orbit of Neptune. From this ethereal realm of

atoms and electricity, diffused through this vast void of cold darkness and space, the sun draws its great electric, life-giving energy and power.

It only gives as it receives. It only builds into worlds and planets as it is built upon and replenished from its vast magnetic sphere; thus preserving the law of action and reaction which are equal, and maintaining the conservation of energy. This law of the conservation of energy has

recent knowledge of electricity demonstrated its convertibility into light, heat, and vital force, by friction and contact with an opposite electricity. Then it became plain that the heat and light we receive was not in the sun, or from the rays of the sun, but were generated in the atmosphere of the earth by its resistance and the coming together therein of the opposite electricities of the sun and earth. Then as the earth and planets return to the sun a



COMPARATIVE MAGNITUDES OF SUN AND EARTH

misled our astronomers, so that in order to account for the vast supply and loss of light and heat energy in the sun they have erroneously proclaimed it a burning globe.

They could see no way to account for the enormous light and heat supply of the sun unless it was a great blazing, burning globe, an incandescent gaseous sphere, consuming itself, and shrinking its enormous diameter constantly to make up for its loss of power. This was natural until the more

portion of the electricity supplied, and all the atoms and electricity of the solar system go to and from and return again to the sun like an endless chain, they demonstrate nature's perfect machinery of perpetual motion and power. Thus the scientific shibboleth of the conservation of energy is disposed of without God's burning up 18,000,000 of his most brilliant and beautiful spheres, or wasting 100,000,000 times more heat of our sun than is used.

There is no waste, or loss of light, heat, and vital energy in the sun or the universe. What is lost in one place is regained in another, and all is used over and over again eternally; just as the atoms and electricity of our bodies have been used over and over a million of times, and will be to all eternity. Not an atom of matter or a volt of electricity has been destroyed since the universe began. The sun sends its rays by a wireless telegraphy to earth, and Mar-

proportion should have an atmospheric cushion at least twenty thousand miles in thickness surrounding it. In this atmospheric belt, and near the ether of space, is nature's reservoir for the surplus electricity of suns and planets. Here shines and glows the sun's rainbow-tinted photosphere or corona, with vast openings (sun-spots) at intervals, through which its inhabitants gaze out on the wonders of creation. The physical aspect of the sun's surface is simi-



A TYPICAL SUN SPOT

coni and Tesla in sending electricity without wires simply imitate nature. Their transmitters and receivers are attuned to each other like the sun and the earth, which send their electric energy from one to the other in perfect harmony and accord.

The earth has two hundred miles of atmosphere surrounding it, as ascertained by the flight of meteors. The sun has one hundred and eight times the diameter of the earth, and by the law of analogy and

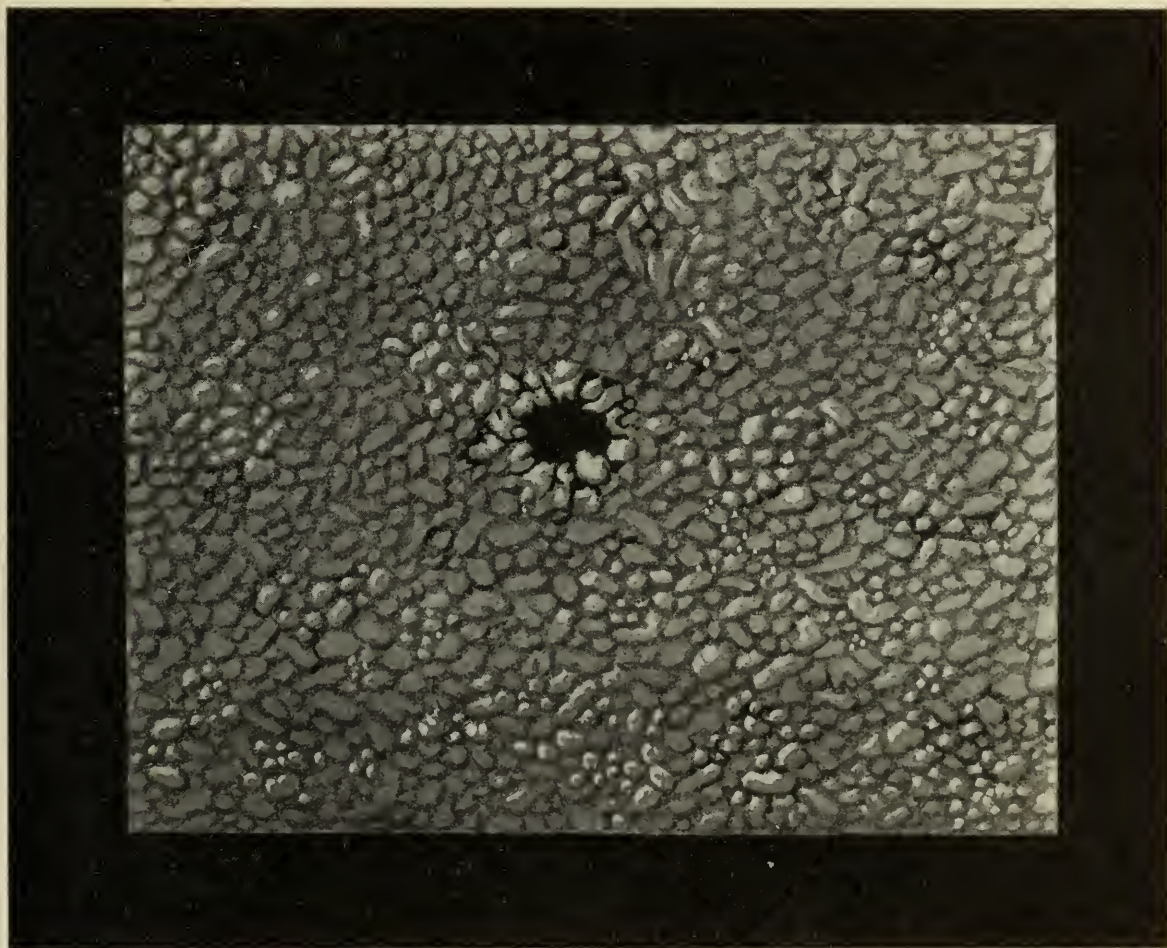
lar to that of the earth in the tropics, only vastly more gorgeous and beautiful. And the physical aspect of the bending auroral sky of luminous coronal grandeur and brilliancy must surpass all powers of imagination or description.

My theory of electrical creation does not necessarily conflict with many phases of the nebular hypothesis; but I insist that if the universe began in nebula, electricity gathered it, and the nebula was extremely cold,

instead of being "a fiery mist, or intensely heated gas." The electric theory does not conflict with the supposed law of gravitation, which, I contend, is electro-magnetism or universal electric attraction. And it accepts the law of evolution by electric development, and shows how all things came from atoms and electricity.

The nebular hypothesis, that the universe began in a white heat, is purely speculative and fallacious. There is no

miles. By the law of proportion its heat would extend less than three thousand miles up into its atmosphere around the sun's surface, and its photosphere would be from ten thousand to twenty thousand miles above, near the frigid cold of space, just as our aurora borealis is in the upper regions of frigid space at our poles. However, the sun's photosphere might cause the heat to extend much higher. Electricity is convertible into heat, but is only



SURFACE OF THE SUN, HIGHLY MAGNIFIED

considerable heat in the universe except in the atmosphere of suns and worlds, and that only a few miles above their surfaces.

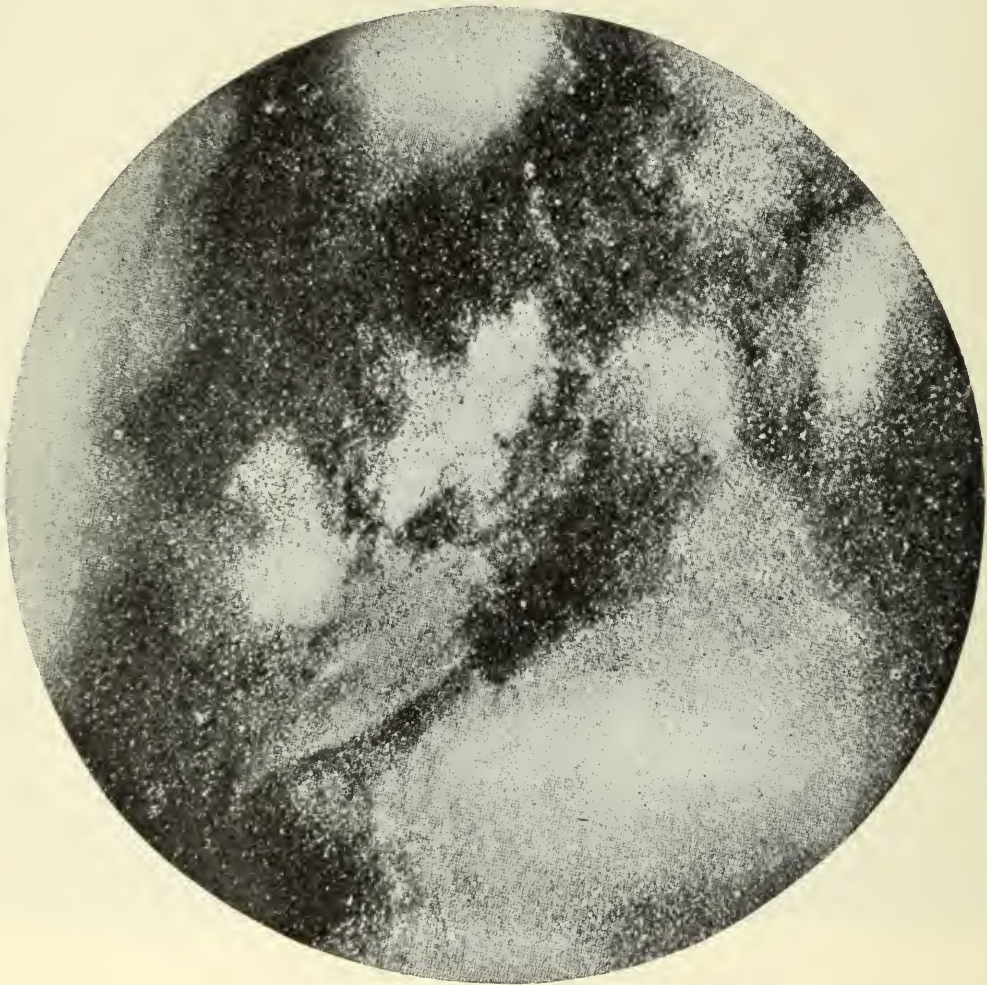
The heat of the earth at the equator reaches upward only fifteen thousand feet, which is less than three miles, and is the highest point of heat on earth; then extreme cold gradually approaches the earth's surface until it reaches it at 60° of north and south latitude. I believe the heat extends above the sun's surface but a few thousand

so converted where needed. Heat is needed only in the atmosphere of suns and planets near their surface, where it is necessary to sustain animal and vegetable life. It is not needed in space, and nature does no useless and nugatory things; and, therefore, there is no considerable heat in space, and never was; and the universe did not begin in nebulous heat.

On the contrary, the universe began in supreme cold. All ether and space is at

absolute zero, being four hundred and sixty degrees colder than crystal ice, and has always been so. All the energy of the universe could not heat to white heat a nebulous mass the width of the solar system (six billions of miles) and the thickness of the diameter of the sun (eight hundred and sixty-five thousand miles). Even if it were possible, the heat would disappear in frigid space so quickly it would not last an hour. It needs no mathematics to demonstrate this fact.

tion, and ruin. Heat is needed only for animal and vegetable life, and then only in moderation. Excess of heat means decay and death. All animal and vegetable life exists and flourishes only on the surface of suns and planets in a magnetic atmosphere that produces moderate heat. There alone is heat needed, and there alone is heat found, including heat engendered in local volcanic action in the crust of their surface. And there excessive heat destroys all animal and vegetable life.



THE MILKY WAY

Electricity, the cosmic protean force of the universe, has its dwelling-place and home in the dark, cold ether of space. There it gathers its virgin radiate atoms for world-building and sun-feeding, and for the growth of all organic life forms. Cold, in the formation of suns and worlds, is more important than heat, for cold is a centralizing, cohesive, sphere-moulding force, while heat is repulsion, diffusion, dissolu-

Nebular light in space may be produced, as Lockyer says, by meteorites bombarding each other; but I contend there is little or no heat in nebula. It is nebulous luminosity we see, or reflected light; but nebula is without heat, for no heat could exist in the severe cold of the attenuated ether of space.

Heat can exist only where there is an atmosphere, and then it must be constantly

supplied with fuel to overcome the law of constant repulsion and diffusion. Cold is the absence of heat and exists everywhere. It overcomes disintegration and preserves the universe. It enforces the universal law of the electric attraction and cohesion of atoms and worlds.

Cold must predominate to preserve the universe. There is a billion times a billion more cold in the universe than heat. There always has been and there always will be. The heat of the sun, compared

adjusting themselves to permanent spherical solidity. These were largely local and temporary convulsions. All parts of the earth have also been subjected to the torrid heat of the tropics on account of the earth's shifting its poles slowly and gradually through the past ages. All parts of its surface have been covered with water many times by the shifting of its land and sea surface. Especially was this the case while it was settling down to its present density under the law of electrical attrac-



A STAR CLUSTER

with the cold that surrounds it, is as a mustard seed to Jupiter. The earth's heat, in comparison to the cold that surrounds it, is as an orange to the solar system.

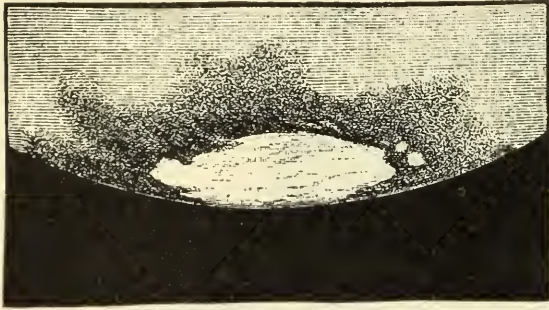
Then what folly to talk of the universe having begun in white heat, and the earth having been a molten world, and the suns great burning spheres. There were periods when the earth had greater internal convulsions, caused by electrical conditions

tion, and before it attained its present specific gravity.

By this wise arrangement of the electric machinery of the solar system, the sun's rays are focused and centred on each planet, and the electric heating and lighting capacity of the sun current is increased a thousand-fold without any loss of power—just as a thousand square feet of polished mirror could focus and concentrate light and heat on an eight-foot circle.

This is a wonderful saving, and a wise and economical provision in nature. Far-off Uranus and Neptune, and little Mars and Mercury, have each the electric currents from the sun doubled and concentrated a thousand times, so that the light and heat supply of the sun is never wasted, and will never be exhausted.

Size does not count: it is electric energy which draws and attracts the sun's electric rays, which are convertible into light and



SOUTH POLE OF MARS

heat. And they are so converted in the atmosphere of planets when they come in contact with their negative electricity. So it is not weight or gravity that attracts, as those who accept gravitation assume, but electrical conditions. As we have seen, a pound of iron unmagnetized has no attracting power, but when magnetized it will lift or attract double its weight. It is so with the heavenly bodies: their electrical condition and attracting force is the measure of their electric supplies from the sun. This enables Uranus and Neptune, which are the farthest from the sun, to have as great a supply of electricity for light and warmth as Venus and Mercury, which are nearer the source of supply.

There is an unanswerable fact that proves the sun's corona is cold, like our aurora, and that is the unquestioned fact that comets have passed through it three hundred thousand miles without being affected in the slightest. These comets were excessively cold, and the corona must have been cold, or there would have been a disastrous explosion.

There are many reasons why the sun and all the planets were not formed from one vast circling nebula, such as: their great variations in distance from the sun and from each other; their great difference in diameter, in density, or specific gravity;

and above all, their great difference in diurnal motion, or revolution on their axes; and especially the reverse diurnal motion of Uranus and Neptune, which destroys the entire theory.

It is a law of motion that anything thrown off from a body in motion retains the motion of that body. But Jupiter is eighty-eight thousand miles in diameter and revolves on its axis in ten hours, while our earth, only one-tenth in diameter, takes twenty-four; and Venus is said by some observers not to rotate at all, but always to present the same side to the sun. No two planets have the same density. Mercury is sixteen times heavier than Saturn, and the earth's density is four times that of Jupiter, and eight times that of the sun; and while the earth at the equator revolves one thousand miles an hour, and the sun forty-three hundred miles an hour, Jupiter revolves about nine thousand miles an hour.

No two of the planets have the same inclination of equator toward orbit, or the

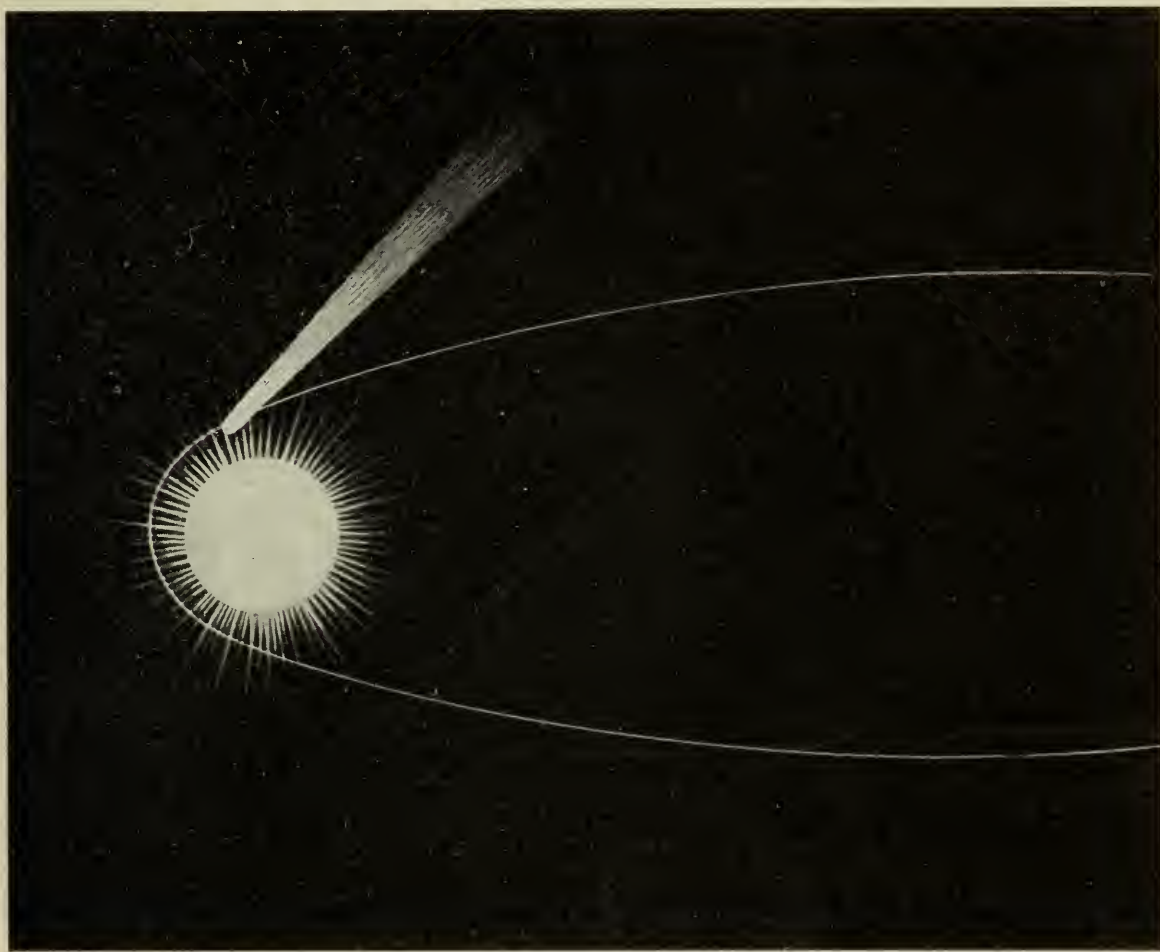


SWIFT'S COMET

same number of moons, or the same flattening at the poles; and Saturn has rings unlike any of the others. And it was, we are told, the ring of Saturn that caused La Place to establish the nebular-ring theory, he supposing it to be a solid ring of matter, when it is a cloud of many small moons, or meteors, circling round Saturn. But why these remarkable differences and contradictory conditions in the solar planets, if they all came from the same vast mother nebula?

of opposite polarity unite, and this is called chemical affinity; molecules of like polarity will not unite, and this is called chemical repulsion. Magnets attract only when their poles are reversed, and suns and worlds do the same. Now the sun, as a great central magnet or electric generator, has the power both to attract and to repel. The planets are kept in their orbits by both the sun's attraction and its repulsion.

Nature's curriculum of eternal processes



COMET OF 1843 CLOSE TO THE SUN

An electrician will take two horseshoe magnets and place their positive and negative poles together, and they will draw each other and cling together until a superior force overcomes their mutual attraction. He will then take the same magnets and reverse them and place their like poles together, and they will not cling, but will repulse each other. Suns and worlds do the same. Positive and negative poles cling together. In chemistry, molecules

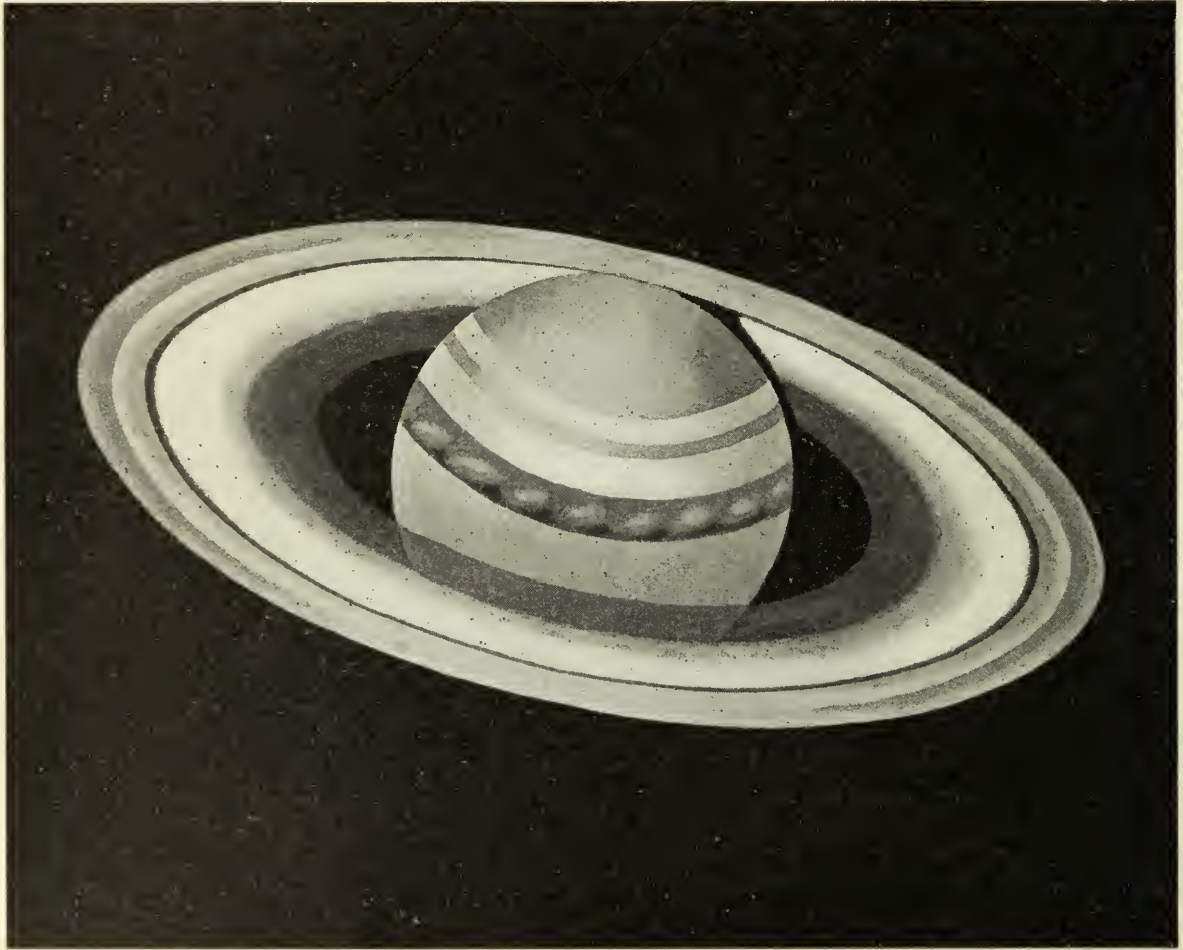
is continuous change and evolution by the perpetual motion of electric energy in atoms and worlds. And her processes of renewal and purification are so perfect that our most luscious fruits and vegetables, and our most beautiful and fragrant flowers, come from the rank manure of the farmer's stable. Hence no one should call earth dust dirty or mud impurity. Every atom is clothed with the electric garments of light and life, and are the same as make all

human forms, with all their fascinations of beauty and loveliness.

There are, I conceive, three reasons why the earth throws off its surplus electricity toward the poles. First, because the rays of the sun fall more slantingly on the earth near the poles, and it is more difficult for them to penetrate the atmosphere and reach the earth's surface, so that they glance off into the upper atmosphere more readily there than elsewhere. Sec-

natural reservoir for its reception, and from thence much of it returns to the sun.

These conditions do not apply to the sun. The sun is not flat at the poles, but is a perfect circle. The revolution of the sun on its axis is not so rapid in proportion to size as the earth's. Its circumference is two billion seven hundred million, and it turns over at its equator four thousand three hundred miles an hour. The earth is only twenty-five thousand miles in cir-



SATURN, FEBRUARY, 1884

ond, because the diurnal motion of the earth on its axis is much greater at the equator than at the poles, which tends to diffuse the sun's electric rays or currents and throw them off to the poles where there is no motion. Third, because cold is the native home of electricity, and it has an affinity for the frigid poles, which warmer parts of the earth do not possess; and the further fact, because of the flattening of the earth at the poles there is a

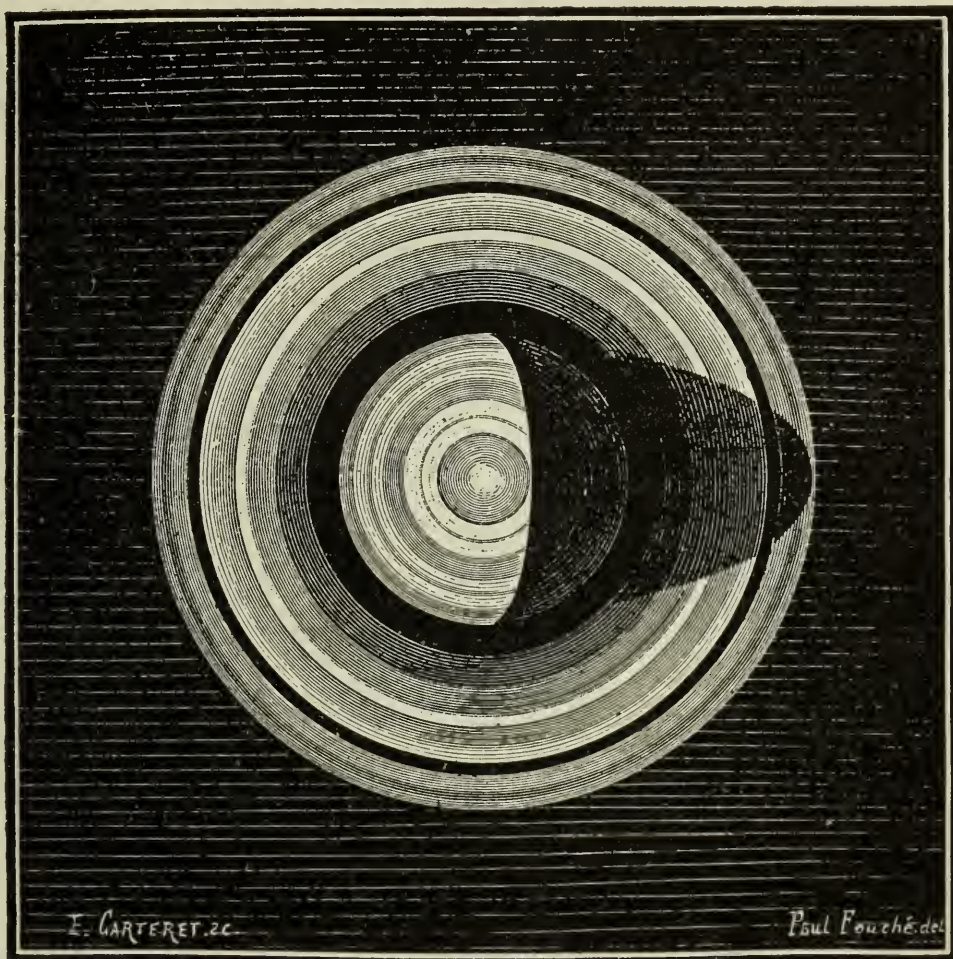
cumference, and turns over at the rate of one thousand miles an hour. The sun, while one million three hundred thousand times larger than the earth, turns over only about four times as fast as the earth, and being the central electric generator, and receiving its electrical supply from all sides of its electric field, the whole solar system, it has a vast surplus of electricity to form its auroral photosphere, and from thence to supply the electric needs of all the

planets. There is greater electrical potentiality in the upper atmosphere of the sun than there is on the earth, and hence its electric corona. The atmosphere of the earth increases in electrical power the higher we go into its altitudes. The mountain-tops are noted for their electrical potentiality during storms.

My theory of the sun's outer envelope or photosphere is that it is a bright electric circle or belt many miles in thickness and

with an abundant supply for all; that it is beautifully rich and luminous with all the varied hues of a million rainbows, with mighty arches of flaming light, and sapphire domes, and streaming banners of varying colors of orange and gold and purple, waving and flaring out into space thousands and millions of miles, as the electric currents speed on their life-giving mission to the earth and the planets.

What is the physical geography of the



SATURN'S RINGS, FROM THE FRONT

of varying density, on the outer rim of the sun's atmosphere, and perhaps ten thousand to twenty thousand miles above its surface; that it is composed of the surplus electricity thrown off from the sun after it had used what it needed for its own heat and vitalizing life; or that it is the reservoir of electricity drawn there by the sun's attracting power as a great central magnet, and which the sun draws from, as well as the planets, and which is always stored

sun? Has it mountains, lakes, and rivers? Has it trees, and shrubs, and flowers? Has it variegated landscapes of hill, and copse, and valley? Has it bending heavens of luminous light, and rainbow-tints of gorgeous beauty? Has it peerless cities of smiling grandeur, inhabited by noble denizens of angelic goodness, with all the graces and fascinations of human personalities, with loving hearts, pure lives, and joyous, aspiring souls? I believe it has all

of these, and more than I could paint with all the glowing sweep of fancy or the gorgeous flowers of rhetoric. It is like our earth, only more beautiful, more glorious, and more divine.

I contend, therefore, that the sun is inhabited. There are no waste places in the universe, and nature is ever economic of space and power. Great and brilliant worlds were never made simply to be burned up for the benefit of a few little, insignifi-

cant worlds like ours. As all things on the earth have come from the sun, all things in the sun must have much the same elements, controlled by the same laws, but in larger abundance and perfection. As the creator is always greater than the created, and the sun is our creator and the life-giving source of all earthly life and power, it must be the great reservoir of all the activities of the solar system, and must have space and power for all its organic life.



SUN-FLAMES SEEN IN 1885; 142,000 MILES HIGH



THE MAKING OF WORLDS

The fact that our sun is the centre of the solar system, and the great electric life-giving centre, is strong proof that it is the spiritual centre of its family of worlds, and all things indicate that it has conditions a thousand times more favorable to all life and growth than all the planets combined, and by the law of evolution and proportion should have billions of the highest forms of creative life.

Nature's laws are uniform, and divine wisdom is the perfection of simplicity. The laws that govern an atom of matter are the same that govern all matter, all suns, and all worlds.

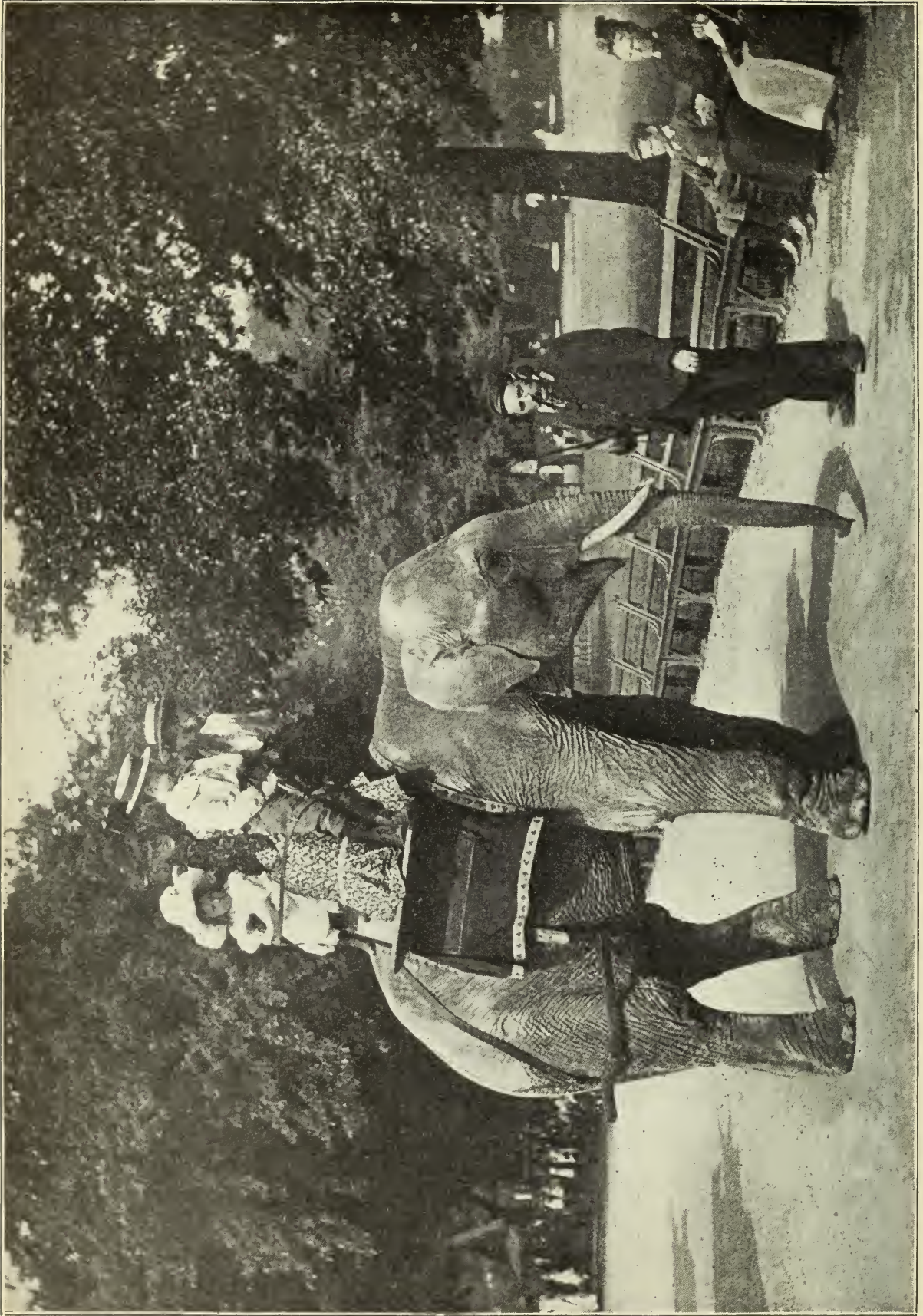
The planets are human hatcheries, and the suns the places of their maturity and perfection. The worlds are God's human nurseries, and the suns His perennial orchards of eternal life and fruition. I believe that souls are born in this world, that this is their first theatre of action, and where they take on the habiliments of earth-dust or star-dust, for all things originally came from the sun and will finally return to the sun. The seed that is planted here will ripen in the brighter realms of the sun. In other words, the earth and planets are the birthplaces and nurseries of human souls. They have

their origin in the divine miracle of earth life; they are the product of planetary forces. Man's body is the visible manifestation of invisible atoms and forces, woven around an invisible, spiritual body. And when the visible manifestations drop away into their invisible elements, the soul asserts its eternal energy and soars away to the central source of all light and life.

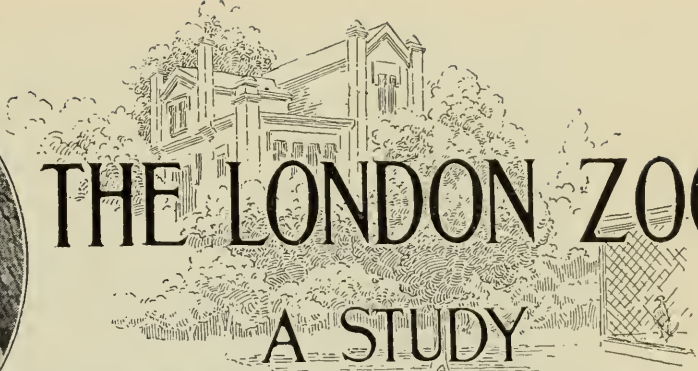
Geo. W. Warder

NOTE.—The foregoing article sets forth in condensed form the novel theory of the sun and its relations to the planets which Mr. Warder has developed at length in his recent books, Invisible Light and The Cities of the Sun. The ambitious purpose of the author challenges attention. In a prefatory sentence he remarks that the exposition of his original theory of the universe is an endeavor "by scientific deductions to create new ideals of man's future life, and to give it habitation."

—EDITOR.



ELEPHANT-RIDING IN THE ZOO PARK



THE LONDON ZOO

A STUDY

IN ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPHY

Note:—The photographs which illustrate this article were made by Mr. W. P. Dando, the writer of the paper, who is a specialist of high rank in animal photography. He is a Fellow of the Zoological Society of London and a Director of the great Zoo, where he spends a large part of his time making observations and photographic studies of the animals.—EDITOR.

The idea of founding a zoölogical society in London was no doubt originated by Sir Thomas Stamford Raffles. From the *Memoir* written by his widow, it appears that in 1816 Raffles "meditated the establishment" of a society on the principle of the Jardin des Plantes in Paris, which finally he succeeded in forming in 1826, under the title of The Zoölogical Society of London. From fifteen members and admissions of only four visitors in 1826, the society has grown to the present period when it has about three thousand members, five hundred fellows, a record of over forty-five thousand visitors in one day, and an income of £30,000 a year.

The amount of food required to feed the animals at "The Zoo," as the society's gardens in Regent Park are popularly called, is enormous. A *chef* at a first-class restaurant has not so many different tastes to cater for. It is astonishing to think that more than 1,338 tons of food, equalling about 3,000,000 pounds, are required annually to feed the animals. The provender amounts to 1,168,400 pounds; the fish, 35,000 pounds; the fresh meat killed at the society's abattoir, 916,400 pounds. Carrots alone work out at 173,550 pounds. The menu is made up of 59 varieties of food with "Liebig," 9,530 fowls' heads, and 35,000 eggs just thrown in by way of a luxury. These figures do not include the enormous amount of food given to the

animals by the visitors. Over five hundred "bags of food" is the average daily sale at the refreshment counters; and on a busy day twelve thousand buns, three thousand cakes, and thousands of rolls are purchased and taken away by the visitors, mostly for feeding the animals, while in addition tons of food are brought in from outside. I doubt if the feeding of the animals by the public is a privilege which should be allowed, as it is acknowledged by the society's officials that numbers of animals die annually through overfeeding by visitors with unsuitable food.

But it is my present purpose to describe and illustrate a few of the most popular and the rarer animals to be found in the society's menagerie, all the illustrations reproducing photographs from life.

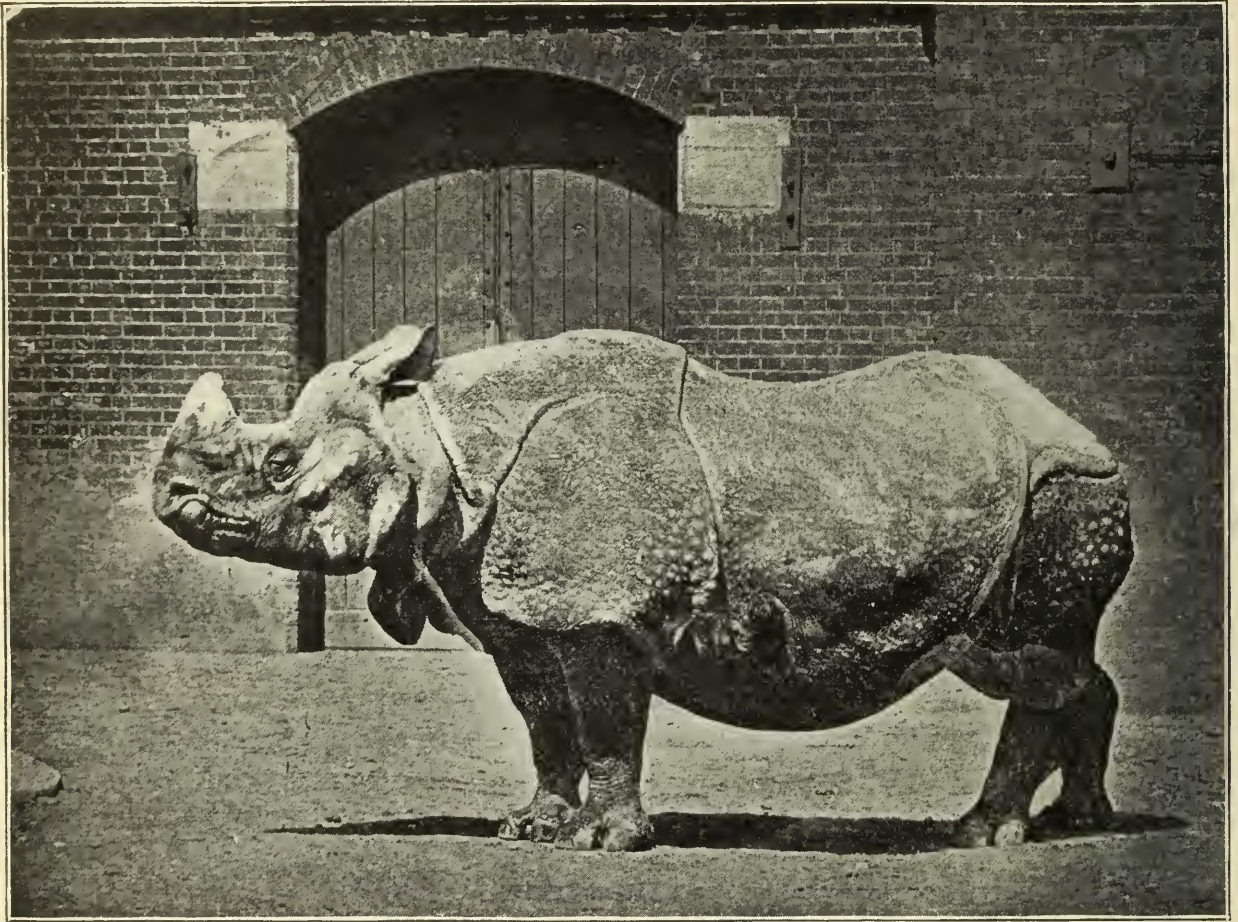
As proof of the care and attention given to animals at the Zoo, no better illustration can be afforded than Jim, the fine Indian rhinoceros which was presented to the society in 1864. Considering the enormous weight of this animal he is remarkably straight on his feet. Contrary to popular belief, the skin of the rhinoceros is not bullet-proof; in fact, it can be pierced easily with a pointed knife. There are five species of the rhinoceros—three Oriental and two African. The *Rhinoceros unicornis*, though known to the ancients, was seen for the first time by Europeans in 1513, when one was sent to the King of

Portugal from India. Although the appearance of these animals is clumsy, when necessary they can run with great swiftness, and in their wild state they show considerable ferocity when provoked.

Until lately Jingo, the tallest African elephant in captivity, was housed in the same building with Jim. Jingo was a grand specimen, which had been brought up at the Zoo from a "baby," twenty-two years ago, and stood nine feet seven inches high. Having about eight years

Kordofan, and were presented to the society by Colonel Mahon, the gallant soldier who relieved Mafeking. It will be observed that the legs of the animals curiously form the letter M, the initial of their generous donor. The other giraffe illustrated is a much taller animal.

Another of the big animals which attracts considerable notice is Guy Fawkes, the hippopotamus, born in the menagerie, November 5, 1872, her birthday suggesting a name for her from the celebrated would-



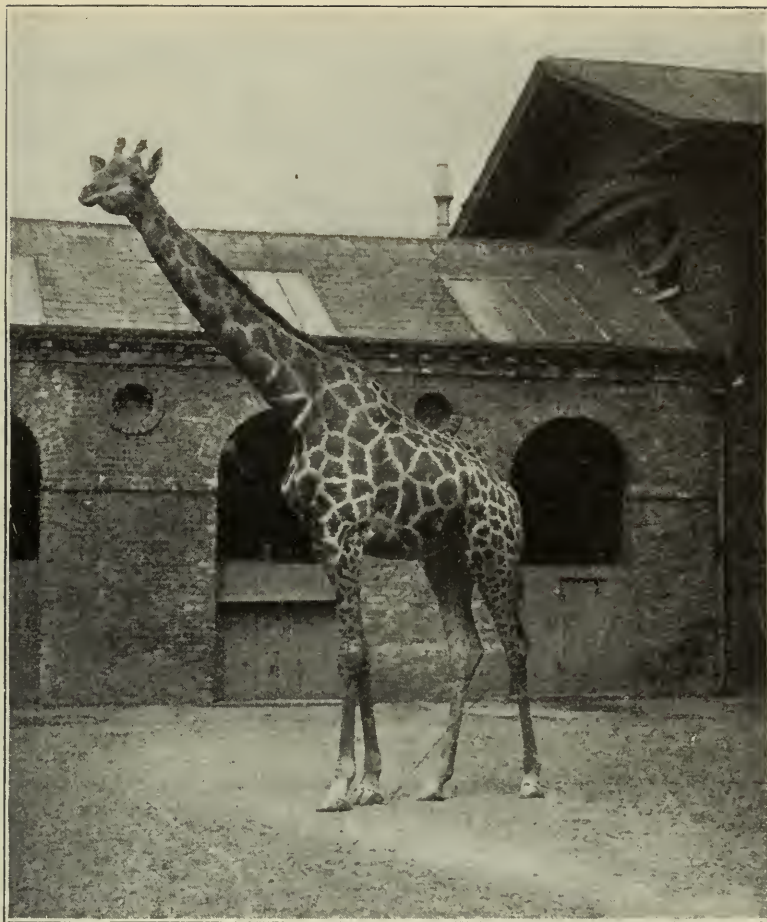
JIM, THE OLDEST INHABITANT

more to grow, Jingo gave every promise of reaching Jumbo's enormous height of over eleven feet. Mr. Bostock's purchase of Jingo, and the animal's death from seasickness—or, what is more likely, homesickness—are well-known events of recent occurrence.

The giraffe house, at present, contains three very interesting specimens of these costly animals, which the society has purchased on more than one occasion for about £1000 each. The two giraffes which are illustrated together are from

be wrecker of Parliament. The animal is a very fine specimen, and is a great attraction during the summer months when she is let out into her outside quarters. These are provided with a tremendous tank holding about a million gallons of water, in which this enormous animal can totally submerge herself.

The King has always taken great interest in the Zoo. The record year for admission to the Zoo was the one in which His Majesty, then Prince of Wales, deposited the animals collected on his tour through



THE TALLEST GIRAFFE IN THE ZOO



GIRAFFES PRESENTED BY COLONEL MAHON



GUY FAWKES



LORD KITCHENER'S HYBRID ZEBRA

India. The total number of visitors was 915,764, and the income for the year was £34,955.

The beautiful zebras are the admiration of all visitors to the Zoo. The animal shown in the illustration was originally kept at Windsor, and was presented to the late Queen Victoria by Emperor Menelik, who at the same time gave a pair to President Grévy, of France, after whom this species is named. The King last year presented this beautiful creature to the Zoo with two other Grévys, and these three,

on all four legs and also on the loins, and the "gridiron" markings extend upwards from the root of the tail. These are the only characteristics of the zebra which are noticeable, the great mane of the zebra being lacking, as are other prominent features.

At the Zoo the wild Indian swine, presented by the King, attract much interest. They are now fully established there. Since the herd of swine, which the King used to keep at Windsor, was abolished, many litters have been seen at the Zoo.

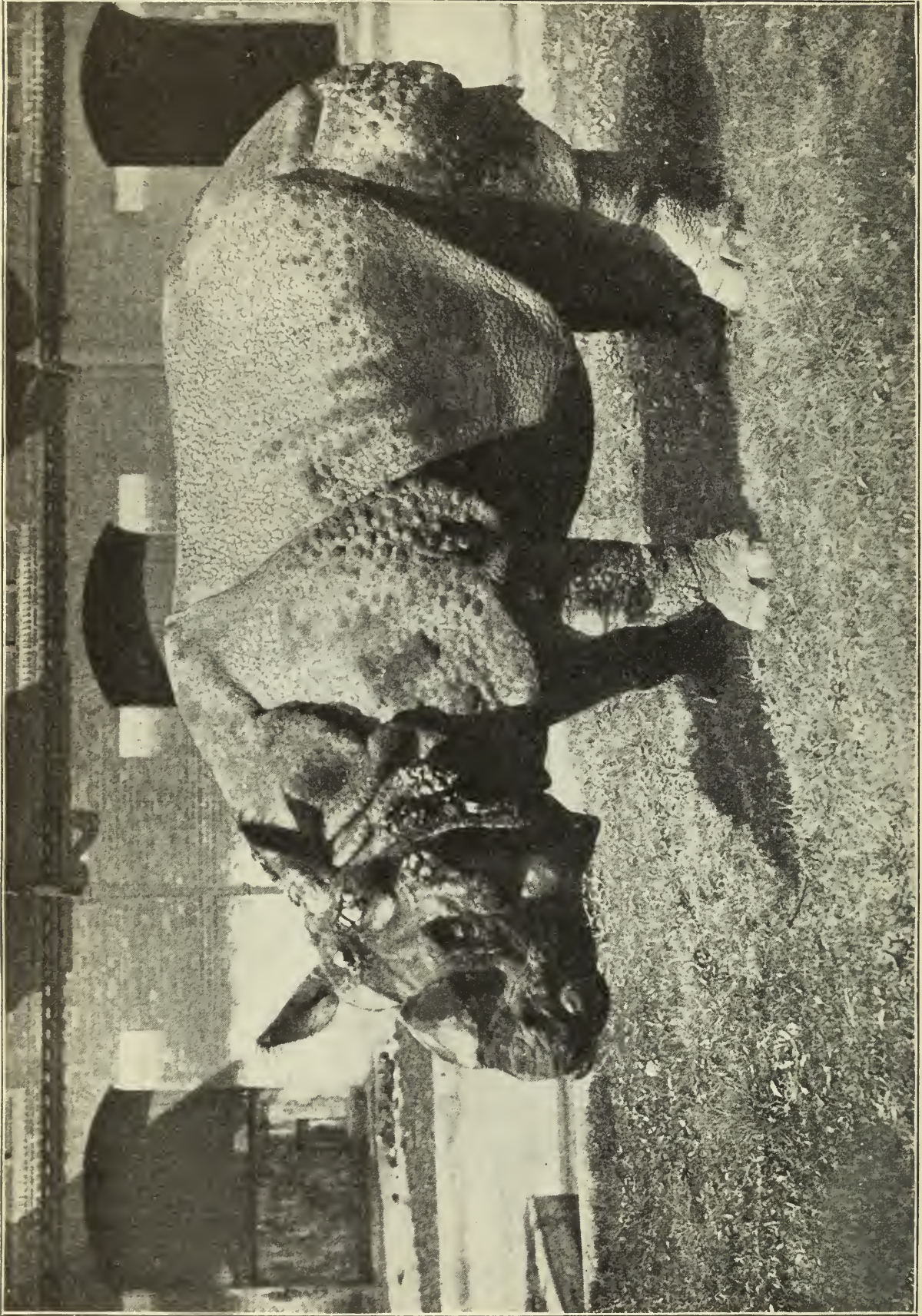


GREVY ZEBRA PRESENTED BY THE KING

excepting one owned by the Duke of Bedford, are the only specimens in captivity. All four are females.

A most interesting animal at the Zoo is the hybrid zebra, a cross between a stallion horse and a Burchell zebra mare. This unique animal was sent over to the King by Lord Kitchener, who discovered it among the remounts placed at the General's disposal during the Transvaal war. The animal is very savage and wild, no doubt through want of proper exercise. The zebra markings are distinctly visible

All the wild swine, with perhaps one exception, are marked lengthwise with stripes when born; and, curious to relate, although domesticated pigs show no signs of these markings, when they revert to the wild state, as they have done in South America and Africa, the young are generally striped when born. The Indian wild swine are very savage if cornered, and will "go for" anything—man, horses, elephants—even though severely wounded. The boars weigh about 270 pounds each, and are very ferocious.



ANOTHER BIG FELLOW IN THE ZOO



ROCKY MOUNTAIN GOAT



INDIAN WILD SWINE

We are proud that we have a very fine specimen of the Rocky Mountain goat at the Zoo, the only one in Europe ever brought over alive. The specimen in the Philadelphia collection, I understand, is not as fine as the one at our Zoo. These animals are solitary in their habits. They are about as large as full-sized sheep, and have long white hair, well suited to harmonize with their snowy surroundings. The hair, which is very abundant around the throat and neck, stands erect like a mane down

Of all the animals at the Zoo the marsupials hold the record for being "born in the menagerie." My photograph of the wallaby with young shows the head of the young one protruding from the pouch, with which all the native animals of Australia are provided. I can find no reliable testimony as to how the young are placed in the pouch after their premature birth. And no information on this subject is forthcoming from any of the keepers at the Zoo, although for years they have been close



SULTAN

the centre of the back. These goats range all through the Rocky Mountains, and it is with the utmost difficulty that hunters reach their haunts, as they usually inhabit the most inaccessible places. Although they have the credit of being extremely agile among their native mountains, the lazy and stiff manner with which the specimen at the Zoo hobbles about on the very poor imitation of rocks with which it is provided, gives the impression that they are very dull and stupid animals.

observers and have had exceptional facilities; not one of them knows how or when the transition takes place.

The lion house contains some very fine specimens, two only of which can be shown. Sultan and his companion Mona were photographed upon the tree trunk which is placed inside the spacious den. Another splendid lion is Duke, a very handsome animal captured by Grogan and Sharp, those plucky explorers and authors who made the first journey in Africa from

south to north. This fine specimen was brought to the Zoo as a cub in September, 1898, and is another example of the care and attention given to any animals deposited in the society's gardens.

The ape house at the Zoo, built at the cost of £7000, and opened to the public last year, is quite a new departure in the housing of apes and monkeys. The main feature of this edifice is the entire separation of the part appropriated to the public from that in which the anthropoid apes are

to handle and talk to Mickie, the pet chimpanzee, and to see him go through his performance of taking the keys out of his keeper's pocket, selecting the right one, and proceeding to unlock the door of his cage—never by any chance offering to put the key in upside down. Mickie can make O and X with a pencil on a slate; he plays at guessing which hand the larger piece of apple is in; he sits up, with a basin and spoon, and eats as rationally as any "grown up"; and does things which seem



MONA

lodged. An extra thick plate glass screen forms the division and runs the entire length and height of the spacious building. Up to the present time the new scheme has proved most successful, as an even temperature can be kept up in the animals' quarters no matter what the outside temperature is; and this is not varied by the constant opening and shutting of doors. The public, that used to feed and handle the favorites in their old quarters, was at first greatly disappointed at not being able

to point to reason as much as to instinct. But the plate glass screen has stopped Mickie's attraction as one of the most intelligent apes in captivity. There were two other chimpanzees in the ape house which were exceedingly amusing, for, although quite young, their blows, measured movements and actions, were extremely ludicrous, and served again to point to a power of reasoning, or to an instinct far and away beyond anything exhibited by the more agile-tailed monkeys. This pair of comic duelists were



WALLABY WITH YOUNG



JIM AND SUSAN

named Jim and Susan. Poor Susan (who is represented on the right of the illustration) died suddenly, and poor little Jim has to do a comic turn all by himself.

The new ape house also had as an inhabitant a proboscis-monkey (*Nestor notabilis*) which was the first specimen ever seen alive in Europe. It was a weakly creature when it arrived and did not live

Borneo apes do not live long in captivity, and adult specimens are very difficult to obtain. Two fine ones were lost at the Zoo within twelve months, and the society has not been able to replace them. The ape house also contains specimens of the silvery gibbon and a hoolock, both very rare and very healthy. In our Zoo, also, there is a splendid collection of birds and



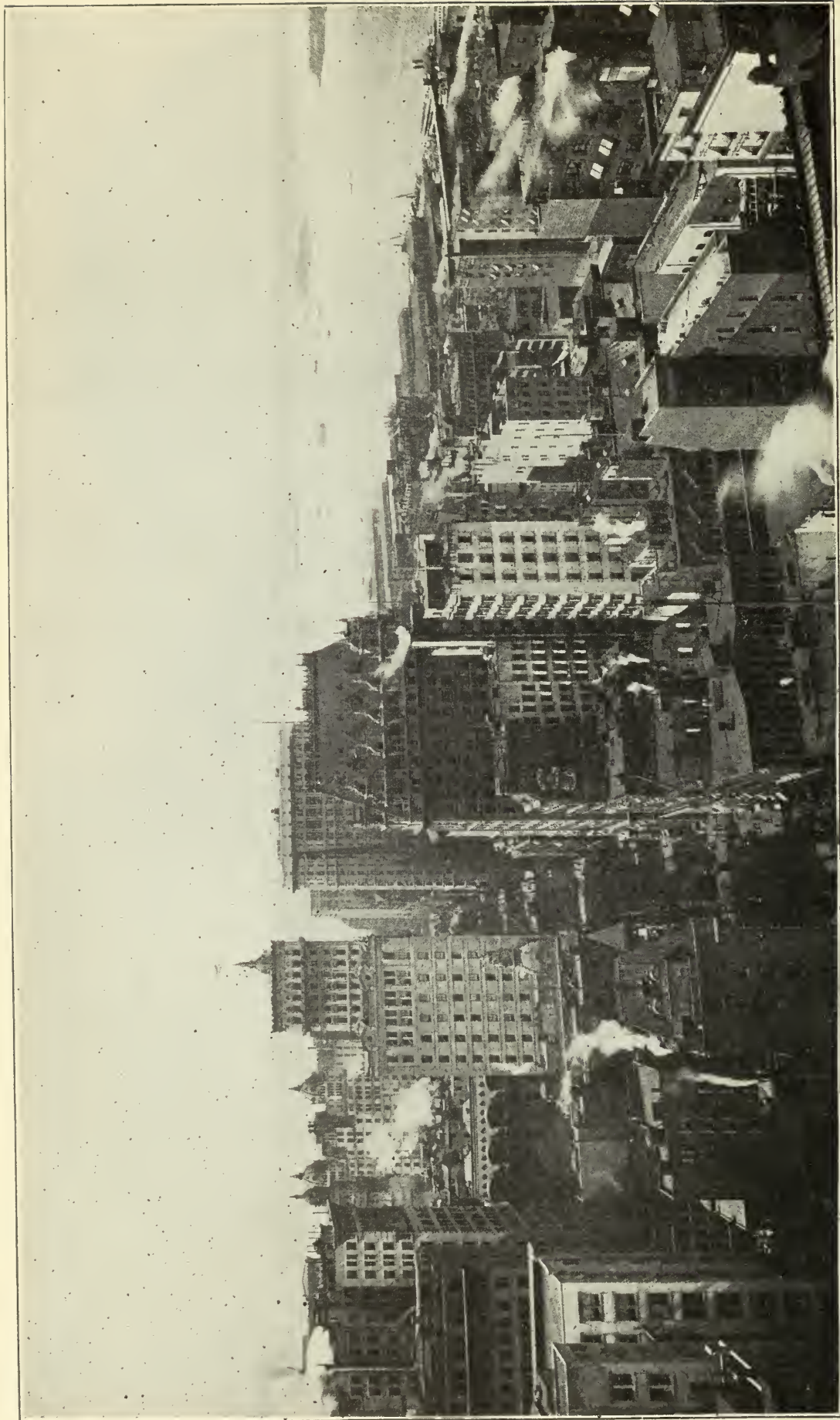
MICKIE

many weeks. It was no doubt the rarest monkey ever seen in captivity, and it proved beyond doubt the gross exaggeration of the drawings illustrating this monkey that are found in most of the works on natural history, and the errors that were performed in setting up some of the stuffed specimens seen in natural history museums.

Ourang-outangs have been well represented at the Zoo, but unfortunately the

reptiles. The exhibit of birds is generally recognized as the largest and finest in the world.

J. P. H. H. H.



VIEW OF NEW YORK SOUTH FROM ST. PAUL'S

THE GREATEST GROUP OF SKY-SCRAPERS IN THE WORLD—"THE EMBODIMENT OF THE SUPERB CONFIDENCE OF A NATION AND ITS ARCHITECTURAL SYMBOL."



ARTISTIC ASPECTS *of the* MODERN OFFICE BUILDING

The modern office building was an entirely new problem laid before the architects of America. The conditions that were to be met were growing imperative and still lacked answer, when a radical change in construction not only gave the true solution, but proved to be the architectural opportunity of a generation. It has been an inspiring task to take these new conditions and mould about them an expressive and beautiful form.

Twenty-five years ago the increasing value of land in the centre of the larger cities began to show itself in the greater height of the buildings erected for business purposes. At first there was a gradual and slight extension upward of the old type of structure, but a limit was quickly reached beyond which the extra expense of heavier construction outweighed the rental saved, and beyond which human endurance in stair-climbing had an end.

The steel-skeleton and the elevator suddenly opened up a field of untried possibilities. There was now no assignable limit to the number of stories which might be built, one upon another, at a reasonable cost, any one of which might be easily and quickly reached from the entrance hall on the ground floor.

The consequences that were to follow were so various and so contrary to the precedent of architecture that they could not be comprehended all at once, and as they were realized one by one, at first as possibilities, so radical were they that it was a triumph of intellectual as well as mechanical daring to put them into execution.

First among the signs of a great revolution, buildings appeared which soared up into the air and sunlight to a height three or four times that of the surrounding masses of stone and brick. The "skyscraper" had come into existence. Height was from the first their notable characteristic. Then, since the skeleton carries the walls, story by story, and the walls carry less weight than in the smallest of dwelling houses, these could be made thin and light, and the weight of the entire structure was greatly reduced. All this tended toward airiness and delicacy of treatment. An increase in the size of windows, answering a demand for brighter offices, led still in the same direction.

Strange to say, at first few among our architects seem to have appreciated the new conditions as an incentive to originality. Every means was used to mitigate the apparent height of the new buildings; every means was used to hide the mighty skeleton, and to give to the walls the appearance of sustaining their own entire weight, as well as that of the floors and roof, as in buildings of the older type. Instead of expressing, emphasizing, the vital characteristics of the new building, instead of celebrating its *raison d'être* in a fitting and beautiful garb, the architect did his utmost to make it look like what it was not. The result was naturally hypocritical, incoherent, and hideous.

There were office buildings that wore the guise of feudal castles, and office buildings in which it seemed that the roof of a two-story building of classic design had



PRUDENTIAL BUILDING, BUFFALO

A FRANK AND STRAIGHTFORWARD OFFICE BUILDING IN WHICH FUNCTION AND CONSTRUCTION HAVE GIVEN CHARACTER TO THE DESIGN; THE WALLS ARE SEEN TO BE ONLY SCREENS, AND THE ORNAMENT HAS BEEN FITLY DESIGNED FOR THE ENRICHMENT OF FLAT SURFACES AND PANELS.

been lifted a hundred and fifty feet above the original cornice line and the space filled in with vast walls of an entirely different character, different in material, in construction, in the style and arrangement of openings, and in ornament. The prestige of the old architecture was strong enough to control in large measure the outward form of these buildings, and, indeed, continues to do so to this day. The inevitable logic of physical circumstances compelled designers to accept a new ideal of construction, but few among them believed that this called upon them to forsake old ideals of beauty and to discover a new type as individual and personal as that of a rose or poppy, and differing from the beauty of other buildings as rose or poppy differ from larkspur or golden rod.

Nevertheless, certain architects felt this call and have lived and worked by it. Louis H. Sullivan said, some half dozen years ago, of the tall office building, that "to the artist nature, its loftiness is its thrilling aspect." This was the right note; recognize the function and constructive basis, the character of the building, as the motive of the only beauty that can really belong to it, or seem to belong to it, and the first step is won. But a building may be sincere and functionally true, yet be the baldest of prose architecture; for instance, the average factory building.

Art must add the imperial touch of emphasis; "to the artist nature its loftiness is its thrilling aspect." Now the artist nature must so clothe the loftiness that it shall be irresistibly thrilling to any nature sensitive to such things; that is the business of the artist, his function in society. With this in view, there will sooner or later appear the perfect office building, or better yet, and quite as possible, several equally admirable works, as different as are the various famous cathedrals. Experiment and partial success must alternate with prosaic barrenness until some true solution dawns in the intelligence of a man to whom the promptings and endeavors of others are the atmosphere in which he is to awaken to the work of lyrical accomplishment.

Today is no time to dogmatize; nevertheless, in looking along the line of half-success, we can clearly see that there are points at which victory has been more com-

plete than in others; some, again, where we have been clearly baffled. Of the middle section, that above the second or third story, as the case may be, and extending to within a few stories of the roof, we can find many examples of good treatment in a negative sense, in which, if there is no clear expression of construction, there is no false pretense. In a few cases success has been quite complete; the expression of the vertical members of the steel frame has been taken as a decorative motive, the walls are clearly seen to be screens only, not walls at all, in the old sense, and the decorative ornament has been fitly designed for the enrichment of flat surfaces and panels. Moreover, the comparative lightness of these screen-walls has been given pleasing expression in terra cotta and brick, which lend themselves admirably to this end. At the roof the traditional demand for a frieze, and the unwillingness of designers to let well enough alone, has done plenty of mischief, but it is rather in the first three stories that he who runs may read the wildest tales of nightmare-blundering in solid granite.

Here, of course, has been the strongest tendency to adhere to old forms, which, then, have been repeated at the roof with strange effect. On the other hand, one excellent designer, in his effort to free himself from tradition, let a façade, otherwise seemingly unsupported across its whole width, appear to rest on an immense sheet of plate glass! A simple external expression of the girder which actually carried the weight developed at that line would have remedied this, and saved an otherwise admirable and original work.

The difficulty of the problem at this particular point lies in the fact that, while the mind instinctively looks for heavier walls and piers to support the increasing weight near the earth, yet because of their position and the uses for which they are destined, the lower stories demand larger openings than the upper. This, in order to secure sufficient light for the interior, and also because in many cases the windows are to be used for the display of goods. Admitting, then, the almost paradoxical nature of the requirements, the fact remains that no completely satisfactory treatment has been found. On the one hand, we have buildings in which the



HARRISON BUILDING, PHILADELPHIA

AN EXCELLENT EXAMPLE OF THE ATTEMPT TO ADAPT THE ARCHITECTURAL MOTIVES OF ANOTHER AGE TO MODERN NEEDS, AND TO BRING THE CHARM AND BEAUTY OF A CHATEAU OF OLD FRANCE INTO OUR DAILY SURROUNDINGS.

solidity and weight of the lower units satisfy the eye, but in which at the same time they are out of character with the greater proportion of the superstructure, and are, moreover, like stage properties, seeming to carry a weight which they really do not, but which is carried, as is evident above, by steel columns. This group of buildings includes the greater part of those designed strictly as office buildings and those in which the first floor is used for banking purposes. On the other hand, we have a class in which the lower floors are frankly treated to secure a maximum of light and display space, and here almost inevitably, it seems, there is a sense of inadequacy and bareness.

The perfect office building is, then, still an ideal of the future. Yet the natural sense of discouragement felt in the thought that among so many opportunities not one has been fully grasped is but a form of our national impatience. If we look at the other side of the account, we can hardly realize how much has been gained until we compare one of the recently completed buildings with the best of those dating from the eighties. Impressive in height they surely are, and each year shows a steady advance in the expression of the lightness and airy brightness that belong with this. So far have we gone in this direction that we hear of "window-frame buildings," in which the outer "walls" are not even screens, but are reduced to a mere sheathing of the iron columns as a fireproof covering. The columns are of fireproof steel and the sheathing walls are of glass.

Again, look at a group of them from a distance—see how they rise like great towers in the midst of the city. At their feet the old city lies dull and grimy; only here and there a spire or tower rises to break the monotonous level of roofs, and only the white ribbon of a sunlit street or the green trees of some little park relieves the smoky grey of the desert of houses. Out of this, aggressive, vigorous, as if of a more powerful and robust race, stand these giants of modern construction. Other buildings may hide a few of their lower stories, but their clean vertical lines spring out of the confusion below into a region that belongs to them almost alone, and in which their bearing is that of the super-

confidence and force of the nation of which they are the embodiment and the latest symbol. Have we not already, in the largest sense, found memorable expression?

Or, forget all their details in the growing dusk and look open-mindedly at them again; now sparkling all over with lights from within and so vast of height that the cornice is almost lost in darkness; men will not soon forget this! Surely, something of poetry already clings to them.

Functionally, moreover, the modern office building is as perfect as anything that man has made. The framework is light, economical of space and material, and yet is perfectly rigid. The floors and walls are fireproof and practically soundproof, weigh but little, comparatively speaking, and the arrangement of rooms and halls is such that every room bears out the impression of brightness and airiness that belongs to the whole building. Then, again, the elevator system, the lighting and heating plants, and the plumbing systems all come near to the ideal of a maximum performance with a minimum of material.

Nor can we afford to forget the far-reaching influence that this evolution has had in setting a new and higher standard throughout the physical side of architectural work; one which shows in smaller operations quite as clearly as in the larger. The office building of moderate size, the modern hotel, the store building, and even the dwelling house, all owe to the stringent demands of the sky-scraper more than to any other single cause a long series of discoveries and inventions in method, material, and design in which simplicity and economy are combined with completeness and efficiency. Thus, the modern office building has not only given us a new ideal and a new motive in the art of architecture, but it also stands as the exponent of man's highest achievement along certain lines of physical endeavor. To the least fixture the building carries the impress of this spirit of mechanical perfection, characteristic of a time and people to whom performance is the criterion of all things.

Albert W. Barker.



CORN EXCHANGE BUILDING, NEW YORK

A SKY-SCRAPER MASQUERADING AS A FOUR-STORY BUILDING, IN PLACE OF ACCEPTING AND EMPHASIZING ITS DISTINCTIVE CHARACTERISTIC OF HEIGHT.



BROADWAY CHAMBERS, NEW YORK

NOT RADICAL IN SPIRIT, BUT EXPRESSING ITS CHARACTER WITH CONSERVATIVE MODERATION AND DIGNITY; ESPECIALLY HONEST IN THE TREATMENT OF THE MIDDLE SECTION.



ST. PAUL BUILDING, NEW YORK

A PLAIN FRAUD AS TO THE NUMBER OF STORIES, WHICH PUTS IT ENTIRELY OUT OF SCALE ; NEVERTHELESS IT HAS A DIGNITY DUE TO THE SIMPLICITY OF ITS LINES.



PARK ROW BUILDING, NEW YORK

IN THIS GIANT A FRANTIC EFFORT HAS BEEN MADE TO DIVERSIFY THE FACADE. EVERY KNOWN DEVICE—COLUMNS, PILASTERS, CORNICES, BALCONIES, BROAD WINDOWS, NARROW WINDOWS, CARYATIDS, MINARETS—HAS BEEN USED IN AN ATTEMPT TO COVER THE SURFACE WITHOUT REPETITION.



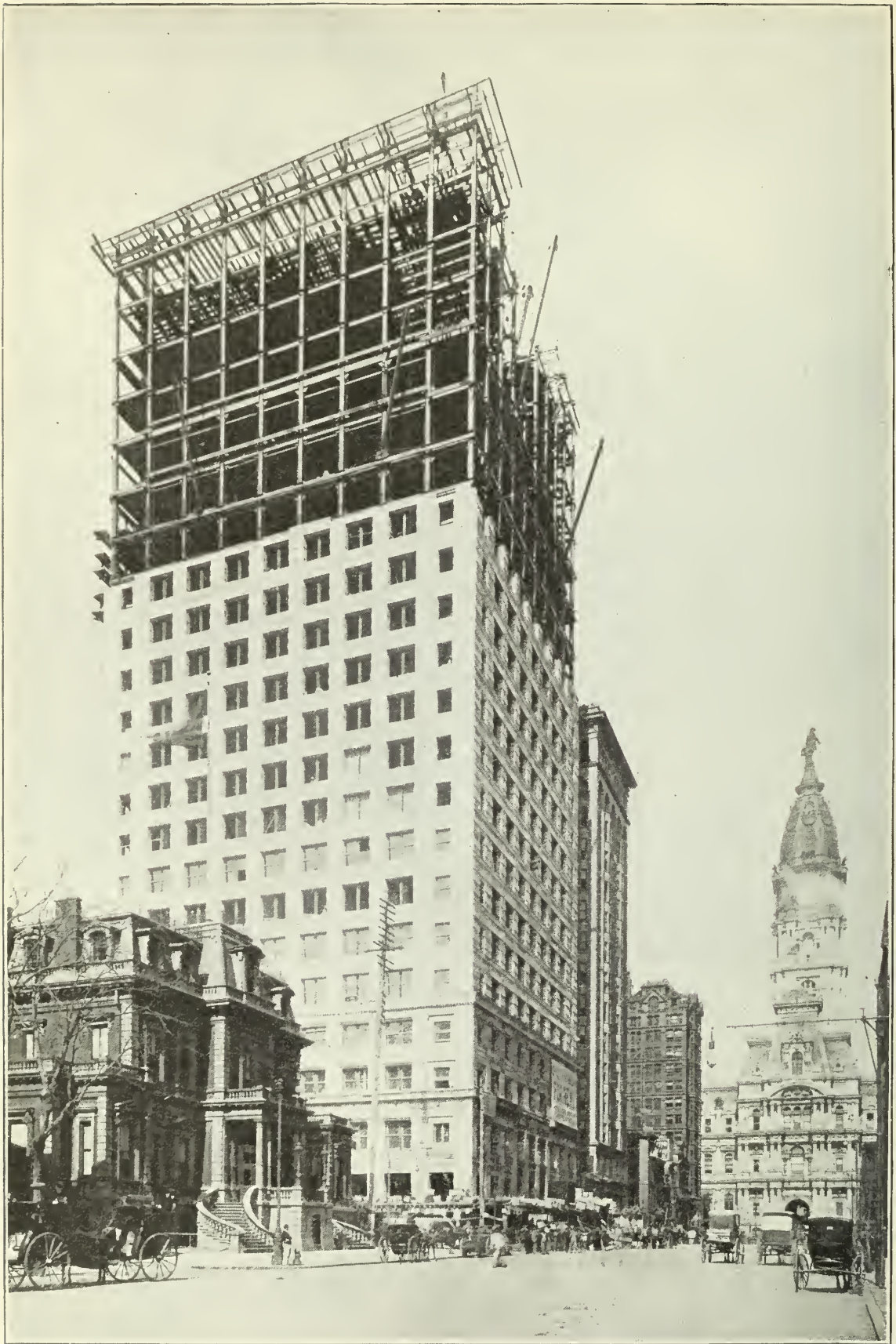
TACOMA BUILDING, CHICAGO

THE FIRST BUILDING WITH STEEL CONSTRUCTION ERECTED IN CHICAGO, SHOWING THE LARGE WINDOW AREA WHICH ALMOST FROM THE FIRST HAS BEEN CHARACTERISTIC OF THE MODERN OFFICE BUILDING; A DESIGN MARRED BY THE LACK OF PLANE SURFACES.



MISSOURI TRUST BUILDING, ST. LOUIS

THE LIGHT-WELL IS ACCEPTED AS AN IMPORTANT FEATURE IN THIS DESIGN; INSTEAD OF BEING HIDDEN AWAY AS A NECESSARY EVIL IT IS USED TO GIVE INTEREST TO THE FACADE.



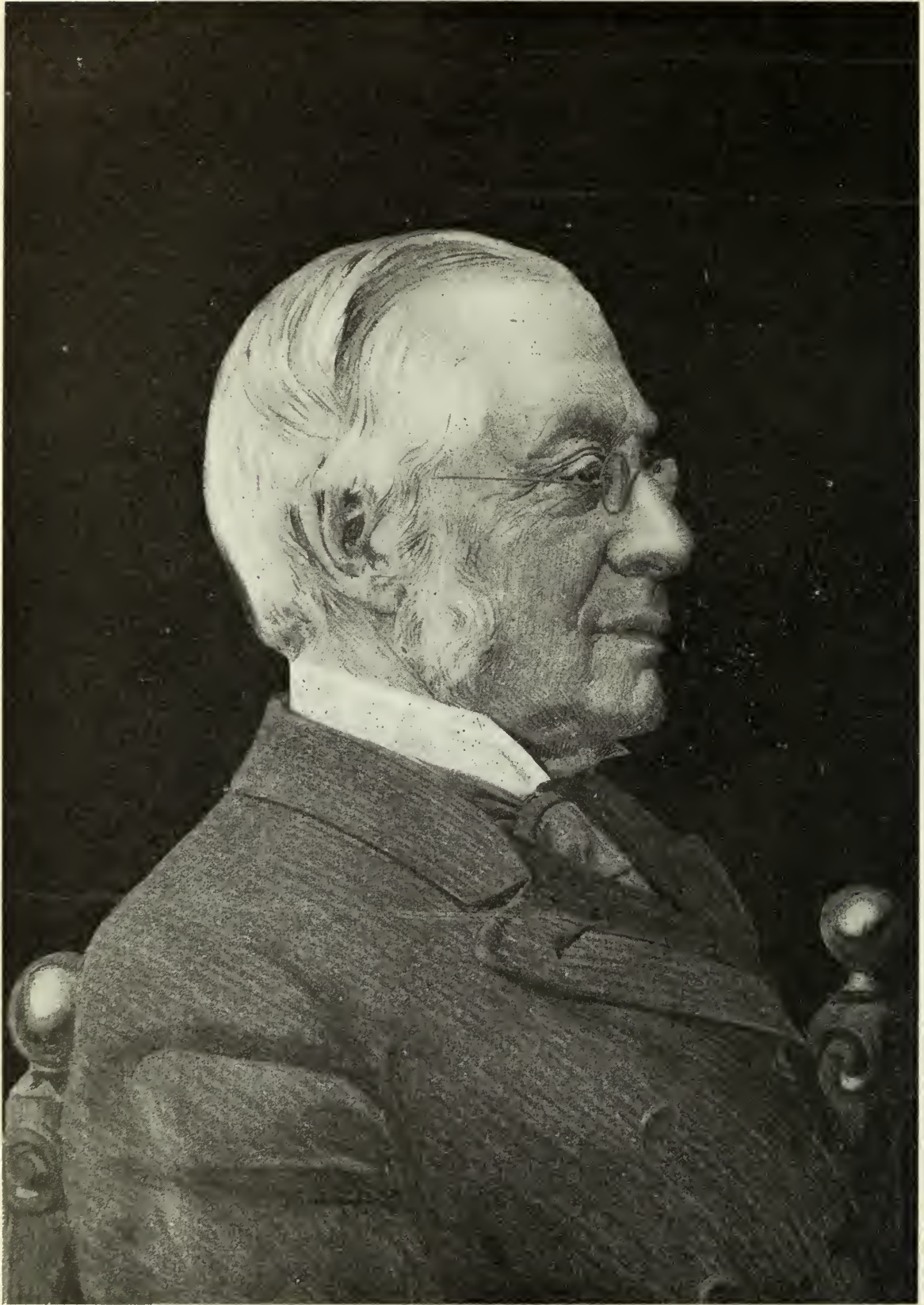
LAND TITLE AND TRUST BUILDING, PHILADELPHIA

SQUARE-BUILT THROUGHOUT, DEVOID OF CHARM EITHER OF FORM OR COLOR, IT HAS ITS OWN VIRTUE: IT IS FRANK, AGGRESSIVE, AND TRUE TO ITS PURPOSE; ONE WORD MARKS IT—UTILITY.



ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, NEW YORK

THE CONTRAST OF THE OLD CITY AND THE NEW—ON THE ONE LIES AN ATMOSPHERE OF REPOSE; IN THE OTHER THE URGENT PULSE OF LIFE BEATS FAST, AND ITS GLOW AND FORCE ARE IMAGED IN ITS TOWERING BUILDINGS.



From photograph by Notman

CHARLES W. ELIOT

PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION

A PARLIAMENT OF EDUCATION

A great man, an inspiring environment, and an elaborate institutional device for promoting professional and patriotic ends—these are to be the outstanding features of the greatest educational assembly of the year, the forty-second annual session of the National Educational Association, which meets in Boston, July 6-10.

The great man is Charles W. Eliot, president of Harvard University since 1869. Indifferent to adverse precedent, the Association singled him out to preside at a meeting held in the city where he has only one rival as first citizen—Edward Everett Hale. His personality will dominate the administrative and pedagogical aspects of the convention. As presiding officer at the great evening mass meetings in Mechanics' Hall, he will introduce speakers with his customary felicity of characterization and terseness of speech, and will himself contribute to the discussion a formal presidential address on the "New Definition of the Cultivated Man." President Eliot personifies that type of culture and aristocracy of which Boston is proud, an aristocracy based on character rather than on money or family, and a culture which unites spiritual with intellectual attainments. He will stand before twenty thousand delegates and receive the homage which is due prodigious industry, unswerving loyalty to personal and professional ideals, candor seldom equalled, and conspicuous constructive and organizing talent.

Other large personalities will be much in evidence. William T. Harris, United States Commissioner of Education, with a quiet demeanor and strictly intellectual type of personality, is always a powerful influence, whether in expounding principles of psychology and philosophy, or dealing with practical issues; and in formal or informal debates he is a fencer whose foil goes straight to the mark or disarms an opponent of his weapon. No one gives a more distinct impression of intellectual agility, of power to dissect an argument, to objectivize truth and walk around it, and view it on all sides to see whether it indeed be truth. President G. Stanley Hall, of Clark University, is a prolific and suggestive contributor, always stirring up

conventional folk by his unconventionality, plainly making known his own opinions, cross whose beliefs they may, and coming to the problems of education with the prestige of one whose training in problems of psychology and pedagogy has been exceptionally ample and thorough. Another speaker of authority is Nicholas Murray Butler, formerly editor of the *Educational Review*, and now president of Columbia University. He, too, comes to the debate with a reserve of theoretical knowledge which practical educators have to respect. While such men as Eliot, Hall, and Butler stand for the higher institutions of learning, it is from the normal schools, high schools, and state and city superintendents that the working rank and file of the association are drawn, and these will be represented by a group of notable men.

Confident of the result and admitting his superior skill the educators of Boston, who might naturally have been entrusted with this duty, early left administrative control of the coming convention to President Eliot, and last fall he at once picked out a working group of six young men—Mr. E. R. Warren, chairman, and Mr. Charles Francis Adams, treasurer—upon whom he knew he could rely for unlimited time and labor, and this executive committee of lieutenants has worked out with his advice and that of local educators the elaborate scheme of entertainment. This plan had the advantage of giving the general his choice of lieutenants, men who can make a business of it for a time. It centers responsibility both before and during the convention, and it relieves the school superintendents and teachers from exhausting extra labor.

Turning to environment, what will the delegates find at Boston, and what will they take away? To many attending the convention its formal sessions will be its least valuable feature. From South, West, and Interior hundreds are coming to see not only Boston but New England for the first time. They will attend the many summer schools—at Harvard, Woods Hole, and Martha's Vineyard. They will reverently travel to historic shrines inseparably identified with

the political and historical development of the nation. Concord and Lexington, Salem and Cambridge, the haunts of Hawthorne, Emerson, Whittier, Longfellow, Lowell, Prescott, Motley, John Fiske, Margaret Fuller, Louisa M. Alcott, and Mary E. Wilkins will be sought out by thousands of the delegates. Thus, apart from what they gain in professional ways, they will take back to their homes an intensified Americanism and a broader culture. Viewed in this larger way the gathering has its splendid potentialities. It will make for nationalism as against provincialism.

Boston will bestir herself to provide something more than the antique and historic. Musicians from her Symphony Orchestra and the Cecilia and Handel and Haydn choruses will furnish choice concerts. The presidents of all her learned societies and best municipal agencies are serving in something more than a perfunctory manner on President Eliot's advisory committee, the plan being to put all of the city's resources at the service of the visitors. Harvard University, though not in session, nevertheless will keep open house for the benefit of the teachers. The Massachusetts Institute of Technology gives over one of its buildings as an administrative center. The Girls' Latin School is to serve as a club house for the women. Museums, art galleries, historical collections will be open—and free. In short, the disposition is to put at the disposal of the host of teachers all the facilities and treasures which the city and the citizens have for making a sojourner's stay in the city broadly educational; and the program has been arranged so that the afternoons will be free for this form of instruction. Boston, in effect, has said, "Here I am, most ancient and most intelligent of cities of the first class. Here I have stored up priceless treasures—take and use them."

From persons to environment — and now from environment to program and mechanism as a demonstration of American capacity for organization. Slowly but surely during the thirty-two years since under its present name the Association first assembled in St. Louis those leaders most responsible for the success of the association have built up a program for the annual gatherings which, however

much the speakers may change, is remarkable for the thoroughness with which the entire field of education is covered. For instance, at the coming assembly, in addition to the five large evening meetings, when topics of general professional or national interest will be discussed, there will be held at the morning sessions more than thirty meetings under eighteen departmental subdivisions of the association, at which two hundred and fifty speakers will be heard in formal papers or speeches, not to mention others who will participate in the supplementary round-table conferences.

Obviously, in planning this elaborate and carefully articulated program, much responsibility falls upon the heads of several departments. Hitherto they have worked very much in independence of each other and without preliminary conference with the president. One of the radical innovations of President Eliot was his prompt summoning to Boston, six months in advance of the convention, fifteen of the departmental heads, and with them undertaking the task of co-ordinating the program and enlisting the speakers best fitted to deal with specific subjects. The result is apparent.

Hitherto at conventions the assembling of so many teachers and school officials has been utilized by publishers and makers of school apparatus for a display of text-books and school paraphernalia. Nothing of the kind will be permitted at this convention. It is to be an educational conference and not a commercial venture, and all aspects of commercialism in connection with it are to be eliminated.

Coming more directly to the program itself it is seen to be full of suggestion to a thoughtful citizen. That the times demand a new definition of the term culture, and fresh efforts to conserve culture after it is redefined, is shown by President Eliot's choice of theme for his presidential address. The vital importance to the nation of adequate educational facilities in the South is shown by giving over one of the popular evening sessions to Governor Aycock, of North Carolina, and some of the administrative officials of the Southern Educational Board. Manual training and technical education have the center of the stage at another great mass-meeting; and school

gardens, city school yards, and the surroundings of rural schools, at another such session.

The ever-increasing interest in suitable religious education, whether in Sunday-schools or week-day schools, is met in a departmental session when Bishop J. L. Spalding, the eminent Roman Catholic prelate and thinker, Professor George A. Coe, of Northwestern University, who so rapidly is coming to the front as an authority on the psychology of religion, and Commissioner Harris, will discuss the theme. Mr. R. W. Gilder, of the *Century*, will champion the kindergarten as an uplifting influence in the home and community. Nature study will have the championship of Rev. William J. Long, whose ideas of animals and their intelligence have recently called forth rather bitter condemnation from John Burroughs. The vexed matter of the length of the college course necessary to gain the bachelor's degree, and the time of preparation for professional schools, will be argued by Presidents Eliot of Harvard and Butler of Columbia University.

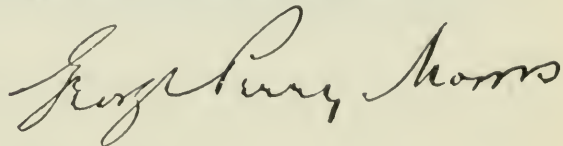
Symptomatic of the new outlook of the nation beyond itself toward the trade of the world, and a sign of the demand that our schools fit our children and youth to enter better in competition commercially with youth trained in German and French schools—England's competition we have little reason to fear—is the topic of "Trade Schools" to be discussed both from the manufacturer's and from the educator's point of view, and as to the technique of their organization and the probable relation of trades-unions to them. Furthermore, a report will be presented by a committee of ten experts, appointed at the last meeting, who will formulate a commercial course for American high schools.

Such themes as these are prophetic of a new day in esthetics and in politics in this country. We are to be keener lovers of beauty, and are to train our youth more and more in handicrafts that will minister to the beautiful. We are to capture the markets of the world by adding to our natural talent for business and industry, and to our unrivalled natural resources, the best trained body of artisans and business men in the world, not excepting the Germans. And hereafter our political foreign policy is to reflect our trade policy, which is

to be one of expansion and reaching out to the ends of the earth.

One cannot glance over these and the many other themes to be discussed by this convention without being deeply impressed with the inclusiveness of the word education, as it is defined by American educators, and also with the area of territory from which professional experts can be drawn to discuss technical problems. The East may furnish the president and the meeting place this year, but the participants in the convention and its governing personalities under normal conditions are principally from the Interior and West. The inhabitants of the Mississippi valley shape the politics of the country now, and their educators control the National Educational Association. New England in the earlier years of its history furnished a disproportionate number of officers because of her acknowledged primacy in matters educational. But that day is past. Education in the Interior and West has great commonwealths back of it, from kindergarten to university. In New England the colleges and universities are dependent on private benefactions; and, as President Eliot has recently intimated, in such competition between donors the state-backed systems must win.

Appraised independently of its technical or professional value, an assemblage which brings together twenty thousand influential molders of opinion from every state and territory in the union, and enables them to rise above sectional points of view to the plane of national unity and kindred oneness as citizens of a nation, is to be rated as a valuable medium for the unification of opinion in matters political and ethical as well as pedagogical. Its heroes are men of peace and wisdom. Its enthusiasms are not the passions of a thoughtless mob but the sentiments of disciplined minds and seekers after the ideal. It will be worth going many miles to see the spectacle when the vast audience of teachers rises to its feet to salute its president and begin the vital discussions of the convention.



(The Congregationalist)



Courtesy of Collier's Weekly

A CLOSE CALL



THE BEST NEW THINGS FROM THE WORLD OF PRINT

Three Remarkable Inventions

One after another, almost within the space of a single year, Mr. Peter Cooper Hewitt, of New York City, has given the world three remarkable electrical inventions. Any one of them would be sufficient to make a man famous; the three have placed Mr. Hewitt in the very front rank of present-day inventors and scientists. So high an authority as Lord Kelvin, the greatest of living electricians, said after his recent visit to this country:

“What attracted me most in America was the work of Mr. Peter Cooper Hewitt and his vacuum lamp.”

And the public at large is quite as deeply concerned as the scientists, for the new inventions have an intimate importance for every man, woman, and child in the country.

Briefly, this is their essence and significance:

First.—The new electric lamp.

On an evening in January, 1902, a great crowd was attracted to the entrance of the Engineers' Club in New York City. Over the doorway a narrow glass tube gleamed with a strange blue-green light of such intensity that print was easily readable across the street, and yet so softly radiant that one could look directly at it without the sensation of blinding discomfort which accompanies nearly all brilliant artificial lights. The light was different from anything ever seen before, grateful to the eyes, much like daylight, only giving the face a curious, pale green, unearthly appearance. The cause of this phenomenon was soon

evident; the tubes were seen to give forth all the rays except red—orange, yellow, green, blue, violet—so that under its illumination the room and the street without, the faces of the spectators, the clothing of the women lost all their shades of red; indeed, changing the very face of the world to a pale green-blue. Here was an entirely new sort of electric light. The familiar incandescent lamp, the invention of Thomas A. Edison, though the best of all methods of illumination, is also the most expensive. Mr. Hewitt's lamp, though not yet adapted to all purposes served by the Edison lamp, on account of its peculiar color, produces eight times as much light with the same amount of power. It is also practically indestructible, there being no filament to burn out; and it requires no special wiring. By means of this invention electricity, instead of being the most costly means of illumination, becomes the cheapest—cheaper even than kerosene.

Second.—A new, cheap, and simple method of converting alternating electrical currents into direct currents.

The apparatus now in use is cumbersome, expensive, and wasteful. Mr. Hewitt's new converter is a mere bulb of glass or of steel, which a man can hold in his hand. A three-pound Hewitt converter will do the work of a seven-hundred-pound apparatus of the old type; it will cost dollars where the other costs hundreds; and it will save a large proportion of the electricity wasted in the old process. By this simple device, therefore, Mr. Hewitt has in a moment extended the entire range of electrical development. Every electric

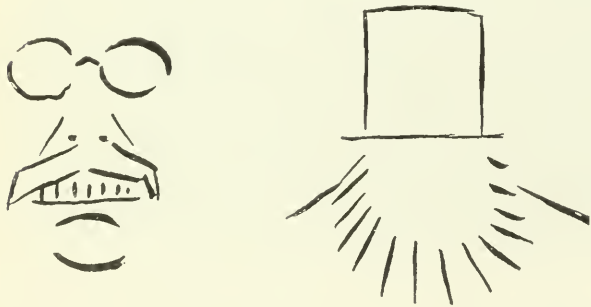
railroad, every lighting plant, every factory using electricity, is intimately concerned in Mr. Hewitt's device, for it will cheapen their power, and thereby cheapen their products to you and to me.

Third.—The third invention is in some respects the most wonderful of the three. Technically, it is called an electric interrupter or valve.

The chief demand for an interrupter has come from the scores of experimenters who are working with wireless telegraphy. Who has not read with profound interest the news of Mr. Marconi's success? Who has not sympathized with his effort to perfect his machine, to produce a tuning apparatus by means of which messages flying through space could be kept secret? And here at last has come the invention which science most needed to complete and vitalize Marconi's work. By means of Mr. Hewitt's interrupter, the simplicity of which is as astonishing as its efficiency, the whole problem has been suddenly and easily solved. Mr. Hewitt's new interrupter may, indeed, be called the enacting clause of wireless telegraphy. By its use the transmission of powerful and persistent electrical waves is reduced to scientific accuracy. The apparatus is not only cheap, light, and simple, but it is also a great saver of electrical power.—*Ray Stannard Baker, in McClure's Magazine.*

Humors of the Pencil

Any emotion can be shown in eight lines so convincingly that there can be no doubt as to what is intended. The slightest turn of one or more of these lines will change gladness to misery. A few lines will suggest President Roosevelt so that



no one could mistake the intention, even though the picture does not look like him.

An old-fashioned plug hat and some straggly whiskers suggest Mr. Kruger. Instead of being portraits they are merely symbols that mean certain people—symbols which newspaper readers become familiar with and which never fail to suggest the people they stand for.

Just as certain symbols mean famous men, so other symbols stand for imaginary people. For instance, a fat man generously besprinkled with diamonds, gorgeously adorned with side-whiskers and a silk hat, is the symbol used to express "capital" or "trust." An anxious-looking man loaded



down with bundles stands for a suburbanite. Old maids always wear spectacles and ringlets; family men usually are wheeling a baby-carriage; club-women are shown with high foreheads, contracted brows, and ample avoirdupois. Uncle Sam is always the tall, gaunt gentleman with an old-fashioned beaver hat, a wisp of beard trimmed à la capricorn, and trousers a few inches too short. Just why the United States should be so represented nowadays is past



finding out, unless it is because we dislike to give up our old traditions. The modern Uncle Sam should be a clean, up-to-date, aggressive business man with million-dollar bills sticking from his pockets and a copy of the Monroe Doctrine embossed on his shirt-front. Then he would be typical of us.

A cartoonist is seldom a good judge of what will strike the popular fancy. Frequently the drawing that he labors over and considers exceedingly successful will never bring forth a single word of commendation, whereas some little feature that he regards as inconsequential may appeal to popular favor with mighty force and unanimity.

An instance in my own experience proves how true this is. At the beginning of the campaign of 1896 I was working hard and conscientiously on political cartoons. People looked at them and occasionally said pleasant things. But one day I inadvertently drew a dog—a rather ungainly but good-natured canine, merely to supply a needed detail in the composition of the cartoon. The next day, with similar pur-



pose, I drew another dog that looked like the first dog. A subscriber wrote in and asked what the dog meant. The third day, just for fun, I drew the dog again. He was wisely listening to something

Mr. Hanna was saying. A dozen letters swooped in and a dozen persons demanded to know what the dog meant. The dog then became a fixture, and with each day the letters from anxious inquirers grew in number, until a perfect avalanche descended upon the office. "What does the dog mean?" "Why is that dog always around watching the progress of the campaign—now with McKinley, now with Bryan, and now with Hanna?" "What is the deep-hidden significance?"

In a month it seemed to those around that particular newspaper as though the Presidential campaign had become almost totally eclipsed by the mystery of the dog.



Thousands of letters came in from all corners of the country. If a day passed when the dog failed to appear there was a storm of solicitous inquiries from mothers and children, and even from men whose thoughts might presumably have been upon larger affairs. One day when Mr. Cleveland accidentally rocked on the dog's tail there was a flood of letters suggesting various remedies, and great relief the next day when the dog appeared with no visible sign of disaster beyond a bandage wound around the injured member. When people spoke of me it was as author of the dog, whereas I aspired to a more honorable thing. All of my serious work apparently counted for naught, and I really began to fear that forevermore I should be known only through my association with the homely, good-natured creature that inhabited my cartoons.—*John T. McCutcheon*, in *The Saturday Evening Post*.

How Mosquitoes Pass the Winter

It is well known that mosquitoes hibernate in the adult state; a certain number of these unpleasing insects pass the winter in various retreats—in slaughter houses, granaries, cellars, etc., and in the spring they resume active life and multiply their kind. Hibernation, however, does not always take place in the adult form only; the larvæ can also pass the winter with safety. This has been shown by the observations of Mr. John B. Smith made during the winter of 1901-1902 and at the end of 1902. The winter cold does not regularly destroy aquatic larvæ. They will bear a considerable degree of it; they have been seen surrounded with ice, the water having frozen around them, and after the melting of the solid envelope they still lived. The same larvæ may be alternately frozen up and melted several times in the course of the winter. Certain species hibernate in the adult state; others in the larval state also; others only in the larval state, and some hibernate in the egg. But many have hibernating larvæ; with many the larvæ pass the winter under the ice, or in the ice, without the least injury. It may easily be seen that cold will not kill mosquitoes, for numbers of polar explorers

have noted the abundance of the insects in the regions of ice; and it is well known that the mosquitoes are one of the plagues of the summer in the moist parts of Alaska. —*Revue Scientifique*, translated for *The Literary Digest*.

A Labor Cabinet

The Independent Labor party in the British House of Commons is becoming more conspicuous with every parliament. Of those represented in the illustration on the opposite page Mr. John Burns and Mr. J. Keir Hardie are well known both in England and America. It is about ten years since they first secured seats as representatives of the people. They have rigidly held aloof from party affiliation, though from the very nature of their cause they find themselves more in sympathy with the Liberal party than the Conservative, particularly when the Liberal party is out of power. Messrs. Shackleton, Bell, and Crooks are more recent acquisitions to the ranks of the parliamentary labor party, Mr. Crooks having in fact come in only during the past winter when he achieved one of the most notable electoral triumphs on record by converting an enormous Conservative majority into a substantial minority. All the labor members are intelligent representative workingmen of the best class, clear-headed, of simple tastes and habits, and well able to hold their own in debate.

Dangerous College Tendencies

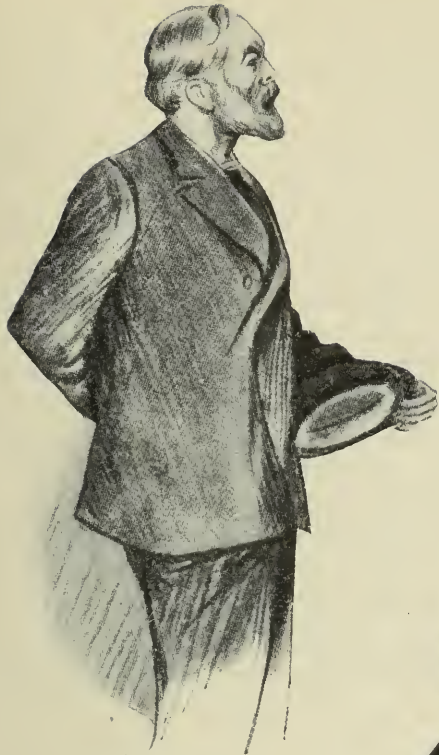
The peril of the small college is the peril of all colleges, the temptation of advertising. All boasting is self-cheapening. The small college can do good elementary work in several lines. It can do good advanced work in a very few. If it keeps its perspective, if it does only what it can do well, and does not pretend that bad word is good work, or that the work beyond its reach is not worth doing, it is in no danger.

The great college can draw the best teachers away from the small colleges. It has the best teachers, the best trained, the best fitted for the work of training. But in most cases the freshman never discovers

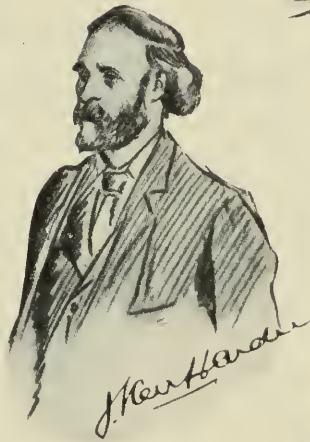
this. There is no worse teaching done under the sun than in the lower classes of some of our most famous colleges. Cheap tutors, unpractised and unpaid boys are set to lecture to classes far beyond their power to interest. We are saving our money for original research, careless of the fact that we fail to give the elementary training which makes research possible. Too often, indeed, research itself, the noblest of all university functions, is made an advertising fad. The demands of the university press have swollen the literature of science, but they have proved a doubtful aid to its quality. Get something ready. Send it out. Show that we are doing something. All this never advanced science. It is through men born to research, trained to research, choicest product of nature and art, that science advances.

The spirit of advertising leads some institutions to tolerate a type of athlete who comes as a student with none of the student's purpose. I am a firm believer in college athletics. I have done my part in them in college and out. I know that "the color of life is red"; but the value of athletic games is lost when outside gladiators are hired to play them. No matter what the inducement, the athletic contest has no value except as the spontaneous effort of the college man. To coddle the athlete is to render him a professional. If an institution makes one rule for the ordinary student and another for the athlete it is party to a fraud. Without some such concession, half the great football teams of today could not exist. I would rather see football disappear and the athletic fields closed for ten years for fumigation than to see our colleges helpless in the hands of athletic professionalism, as many of them are today.

There is something wrong in our educational practice when a wealthy idler is allowed to take the name of student, on the sole condition that he and his grooms shall pass occasional examinations. There is no justification for the granting of degrees on cheap terms, to be used in social decoration. It is said that the chief of the great coaching trust in one of our universities earns a salary greater than was ever paid to any honest teacher. His function is to take the man who has spent the term in idleness or dissipation, and, by a



John Burns



H. J. Shedd



Richard Bell



W. Crooks

From *Black and White*, by arrangement

few hours' ingenious coaching, to enable him to write a paper as good as that of a real student. The examinations thus passed are mere shams, and by the tolerance of the system the teaching force becomes responsible for it. No educational reform of the day is more important than the revival of honesty in regard to credits and examinations.

The same methods which cure the aristocratic ills of idleness and cynicism are equally effective in the democratic vice of rowdyism. The rowdy, the mucker, the hair-cutting, gate-lifting, cane-rushing imbecile is never a real student. He is a gamin masquerading in cap and gown. The requirement of scholarship brings him to terms.—*David Starr Jordan*, in *Popular Science Monthly*.

Democracy versus Caste

Literature is, after all, only the reflex of a national life; and to this day the national life of Scotland differs essentially from that of England. The theory of society in the geographical area called England remains, among many changes, dominantly one of caste. Scotland, on the other hand, is essentially a democracy. The consequence is that the classes in Scotland are being perpetually kept in a state of solution and sediment; whereas in England they tend to assume the character of a hard crust. In Scotland the strong, generating impulses come from the bottom. In England the influence is from the top downward.

This shifting of the social centre of gravity has had a remarkable influence on the literature of Scotland, for, with a few exceptions, notably that of Scott, the producers of that literature have come from the people. There has been no parallel to the class which we call English men of letters. The characteristic creative literature of Scotland has, in the main, come from the soil or from the wage-earning class—from Burns, the ploughman; Hogg, the shepherd; Carlyle, the stonemason's son; and even the universities, democratic as they always have been, cannot boast of the literary lineage of the simple, but thorough, parish school. In England, on the other hand, it is "the classes" who have produced the best writers, on the

whole, from the days of Chaucer, the professional courtier.

I think it is to this fact that we owe the distinctive feature of the most characteristic Scots literature—the quality of intimateness. It is unnecessary to describe to a generation which has read *Margaret Ogilvy* and *The Little White Bird* exactly what is meant by intimateness in literature. It is easy to understand how this art tends to become puerile and mawkish, and how many opportunities it offers for ridicule, such as Mr. Crosland has bestowed upon it. But intimateness has done this for Scotland; it has made its literature part of the average man's life in a manner which has no parallel in England, with perhaps the sole exception of Dickens, who illustrates my proposition of the great value to a writer of coming freshly from the people without the intervention of that intellectual caste feeling which makes a man be sparing in his emotional means.—*J. M. Bulloch*, in *The Lamp*.

Where Froude Was Wrong

It is never wise, and seldom decent, to interfere between man and wife. You cannot hope to know the real facts, even if you condescend to collect gossip. If Mr. Froude had only been content to leave the matter alone, and do his plain duty as an honest and discreet editor of the *Reminiscences* and *Letters and Memorials*, we should have been spared a "pluister" and splutter which still endures.

The time for repose had come at last,
But long, long after the storm is past
Rolls the turbid, turbulent billow.

Froude's notion, that Carlyle prepared the *Letters and Memorials* in a spirit of deep, abiding remorse, as of a man self-convicted of horrid selfishness, is extremely far-fetched. What, in Froude's opinion, was the head and front of Carlyle's offending? His devotion for Lady Ashburton. But nowhere else does Carlyle state his admiration for this gracious lady so strongly and so unabashedly as he does in these very *Memorials*. It does not weigh upon his mind or poison his memory one atom. What cut Carlyle to the heart was the sadness of his wife's life, he being of grim necessity absorbed in his *French Revolu-*

tions, *Cromwells*, and *Fredericks*, whilst she, thriftiest of wives, was grappling with narrow means and ungracious circumstance. He longed to let the world know how brilliant was her wit, how lively her pen, how great her courage. As for Mrs. Carlyle, she knew well enough, be her grievances what they might, that she had by her marriage secured for herself the very fittest audience for her peculiar humor to be found in all Europe. Carlyle never, from first to last, ceased to admire his wife's somewhat bitter tongue, though the "cauldness" of the blast sometimes made even him shiver. Was it nothing to have such constant appreciation from such a man? Suppose she had married a fool—no difficult thing to do, according to the Carlylian statistics! Poor fool! Her health was bad and her mode of drugging herself portentous (and she a doctor's daughter), but until her last years her vitality remained amazing.

Take a day at random, August 13th, 1855; she is fifty-four, and what does she do? She is up betimes, and catches the eight o'clock Chelsea boat, "with a good tide," for London Bridge Station, where she buys herself a third-class return ticket to Brighton, which place she reaches in an open railway carriage "without the least fatigue." On alighting at Brighton she plunges into the sea, and after the bath walks along the shore to an inn, which, as usual, she finds noisy and dirty. She continues her stroll along the cliffs till she reaches Rottingdean, four miles off. She falls in love with Rottingdean, and fixes upon a cottage as the very place she has long been searching for as a summer retreat. She dines at the little inn, devouring two fresh eggs, a plateful of home-baked bread and butter, and a pint bottle of Guinness. She lies on the cliffs for an hour and a half, and then walks back to Brighton, and searches up and down its streets for the agent, whose name and address she had got wrong. At last she finds him, and almost commits herself to the cottage. She travels back to London Bridge, walks to St. Paul's, where she gets a Chelsea omnibus, alighting at a shop near home to write the agent a letter, and then on foot to 5 Cheyne Row. The next day she complains of a little stiffness. This is suspiciously like "rude health." Had anyone

ever ventured to be "wae" for Mrs. Carlyle to her face, I wish I could believe she would not have replied with one of her favorite Annandale stories: "Damn ye!—be wae for yersel."

It must, I think, be admitted that it was Froude who, in cricketing phrase, "has queered the pitch."

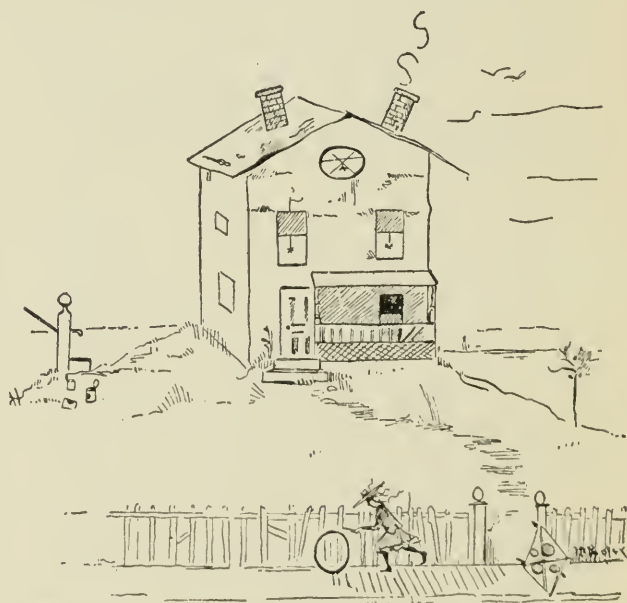
The mischief once done, it was certain and right that an attempt to undo it should be made. If we were to have so much, a little more material of an explanatory and mitigating nature may perhaps be welcomed.—*Augustine Birrell*, in *The Nineteenth Century*.

"How We Saved for a Home"

A Young Couple Did it in Ninety-five years

How did we do it? Simply by going without everything we needed. When I was first married my salary was thirty dollars a month.

My mother-in-law, who lived with us, decided to save enough out of my salary to build us a home.



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When the cellar was finished, I became ill and lost my position, and had to mortgage the cellar to make my first payment.

Although we went without food for thirty days the first year, we never missed a monthly payment.

The taxes, interest on mortgage and monthly payment on house were now three times the amount of my earnings.

However, by dispensing with the service of a doctor, we lost our father and mother-in-law, which so reduced our expenses that we were able to pay for the parlor floor and windows.

In ten years seven of our nine children died, possibly owing to our diet of excelsior and prunes.

I only mention these little things to show how we were helped in saving for a home.

I wore the same overcoat for fifteen years, and was then able to build the front porch, which you see at the right of the front door.

Now, at the age of eighty-seven, my wife and I feel sure we can own our comfortable little home in about ten years and live a few weeks to enjoy it.—*H. M. Perley, in Life.*

The Lost Art of Singing

The indulgent English audience has no artistic necessities to be outraged by the incompetent singer, who is generally sure of applause if his performance, while false for the artist, has been true for the sentimentalist. Meretricious ways of moving us must then be sternly discountenanced if we are to have art and not music-hall performances. What should we say of the violinist who snapped a string to express pathos or despair, and why do we tolerate the same class of expedients in a singer? So popularity wedded to spurious sentiment have combined to rob us of good singing. Today we have either the declaimer or the *diseur*; we have no longer the *cantante*. We roar, scream, or warble, we talk or we declaim, we pour out sentiment and "classical taste"—but we do not sing. We are all accustomed to voices completely strangled in the throat, with no resonance, no limpidity. Our baritones, it would seem, must burst a blood vessel when taking *sol*, our contraltos have two voices—one below and one above "the break of the voice." What should we say to a "new" *Stradivarius* which had the *timbre* of a 'cello for half its extension and blossomed out into a violin *timbre* for the remainder? Has the cornet, which takes the solo part in the orchestra, one uniform voice, or three or four different voices, according as it sounds a low, a middle, or a high note? Are not

the effects of all instruments obtained by greater and less intensity of sound, not by difference of structure and register? The vulgar idea is that vocal *effects* are obtained by inequality of production; but they are effects like those of our new *Stradivarius*, the effects of an imperfect string or an imperfect wind instrument. An art may die of too much popularity, and this moment has come when the *cantante*, instead of interpreting great traditions to an audience, waits upon their ignorance, like some Latter-Day minister on his congregation.—*M. A. Tucker, in Nineteenth Century.*

The Influence of American Wealth on Divorce

The bulk of those who spend (not necessarily who make) huge incomes here have but a shallow emotional soil to work upon. Their souls seem undeveloped, their minds are incredibly uncultivated. A real "intelligent foreigner"—it may have been Mr. James Bryce, or it may have been Matthew Arnold—after a round of fashionable house-parties, once threw himself into our easy-chair with a sigh of relief, and delivered himself of what our Whitman would have termed a yawp—though a cultivated one. He had been from palace to palace—from Trianons to Georgian residences, from copies of Chenonceaux to imitations of the Hermitage—and he swore (he did swear) that in all that time he had not seen the outside of a book or any one who talked as if he had seen the inside of one. Wonderful tapestries there were, and great pictures, and even beautiful gardens, and bronzes and ormolus and jades—and the women wore exquisite frocks. But, even the men who create our fortunes seem occasionally to have sunk the higher powers of their mind in a fixed capital with the other assets of the trust—they have no mind left for circulation in society. And it is easier to be a connoisseur in bric-à-brac and pictures, or understand the points of horses, than to buy and understand good books.

Hence their minds are shallow. And, to our mind, this shallowness of their sinning is the cheapest sin. Humanity—though it may not dare proclaim it—has some respect

for an eternal emotion, though illicit; for even an ungovernable passion, though wrecking lives. But for adultery, ever careful of the forces of law, a Francesca who turns up smiling with her Paul at the next dinner party, a Lovelace who waits for the last husband's settlements, a Helen who goes to Paris with her husband—it has nothing but contempt. Passions which do *not* wreck lives are simply nasty.

That is why, as it seems to us, the spending of great fortunes, without responsibility and without intelligence, by persons without a mind for the higher enjoyments of life, is in great part a cause of our numerous divorces. The newly rich, the idle spenders, are like a shallow soil too quickly fertilized, too suddenly exposed in the forcing-house of prosperity. Shallowness of nature brings ennui of life. And that is why (as we hold) our public opinion—and our religious opinion—should have even less patience with a world that sins in play than with those who sin in truth.
—*Harper's Weekly*.

The Satirist of the Girl Proposition

Of the *Fables in Slang* we have now four volumes and several hundreds of them, forming a splendid triumph on terms which might well have warranted defeat after the first twenty or thirty. But our life, our good, kind, droll, ridiculous American life, is really inexhaustible, and Mr. Ade, who knows its breadths and depths as few others have known them, drops his net into it anywhere, and pulls it up full of the queer fish which abound in it. There seems never a doubt of a catch in his mind, and so far there has been no failure. The form of these fables helps itself out with capital letters such as the nouns and other chief words of the old printings of Æsop used to wear, and there is a mock moral tagged to each, but each is really a little satire, expressing itself in the richest and freshest slang, but of a keenness which no most polished satire has surpassed, and of a candid complicity with the thing satirized—our common American civilization, namely—which satire has never confessed before. I am trying to get round to saying a thing I find difficult—that is, how the author deposits his varying people in their varying



HANDICAPPED

WHAT'S BOTHERING THE PROFESSOR?
HE CAN'T REMEMBER HIS OWN NAME.
WHY DOESN'T HE TRY WRITING IT DOWN?
HE DID THAT BUT COULDN'T READ HIS OWN WRITING.
—*Brooklyn Life*

situations without a word of excuse or palliation for either, in the full confidence that so far as you are truly American you will know them, and as far as you are truly honest you will own yourself of their breed and more or less of their experience. I will not load up this slight paper with any statement or analysis of them; everybody has read them, and knows what they are, and how, while they deal with any or every phase of our motley yet homogeneous existence, they deal chiefly with its chief interest, as it is, or as it has been, which the author calls *The Girl Proposition*.

He gives that name to his latest volume of fables, but it is the nature of nearly all. Somehow, more or less, they centre in it. Sometimes it is the old-girl proposition: the relation of husbands and wives in marriage and divorce; but mainly it is the young-girl proposition, as it should be in a republic so pastoral as ours, where the inno-

cent love-making, innocent however vulgar, of youthful unmarried people is the national romance. He divined that this was the great national concern, or else he has recognized it as such without being at the pains of any previous inspiration; and he has made it the ever-fascinating theme of his fables, as he had made it the theme of those earlier stories of his which one can hardly call novels. But even when the girl proposition is not the theme of his allegory, it is so joy-givingly true to the circumstance and character which no one can deny, that when the fable comes with each successive Sunday paper, and you sit down to it, you are sure of five minutes away from all the tiresome unreality and pretense of the workaday week, and experience something of the bliss of looking at your own photograph, either as you once were or as you are now.—*W. D. Howells*, in *North American Review*.

A Dream of Empire

If I were a German, and permitted myself to indulge in dreams for the future, I should create in my thoughts a great Austro-German Empire, with twin capitals (it may be) at Hamburg and at Constantinople, with ports on the Baltic, on the North Sea, on the Adriatic, the Ægean, and the Black Sea—an Empire, a Confederation which should eventually extend its influence through Asia Minor and Mesopotamia to the vicinity of the Persian Gulf. This continuous empire from the mouth of the Elbe to the mouth of the Euphrates is surely as glorious a dream as any great nation might caress. This empire might not include all the northern parts of Asia Minor; it might have to leave outside its limits Syria and Palestine; Greece, continental and insular, for the memory of its past and the hope of its future, should always be an independent State; Arabia and Egypt must be left to the influence of England; Tripoli and Barca to France and Italy—mainly to the latter Power. But this new Confederation of the Nearer East would be, on a larger scale, a repetition of what Germany now is—an Empire of many confederating States, large and small, with a common fleet and army for extra-territorial purposes, a common foreign and

fiscal policy. The Kingdom of Poland might be reconstituted. The Kingdoms of Bohemia and Hungary become in reality kingdoms, with kings similar to those who rule over Würtemberg, Bavaria, and Saxony; and in like manner there would be Kingdoms of Servia, Bulgaria, Albania, and Macedonia, a Republic of Constantinople, like the Republic of Hamburg; a Free City of Smyrna, like the Free City of Bremen; a Government over Mesopotamia, like the Imperial State of Alsace-Lorraine. Roumania's connection with this new German Empire might be that of a friendly, but independent, ally, similar to the position occupied by Greece.—*Sir Harry Johnston* (of Uganda) in *The Berlin Finanz Chronik*.

Irving as Dante

Judged by its own standard, this "immense production"—that is quite the fitting expression—may probably be counted a success, but why this particular author (Sardou) and, more especially, this particular actor (Irving) should choose so low a standard is not easy to say. M. Victorien Sardou is a dramatist of great and varied talents—the author of many extremely clever society comedies which attracted all Paris for at least a dozen years. How comes it that at the end of a brilliant career the imaginer of *Patrie*, *Rabagas*, and *Les Pattes de Mouche*, should turn out such bald, lifeless, undramatic work as *Robespierre* and, now, *Dante*? It is not that story and incident are wanting, it is that they are presented in so unconvincing a fashion as to lose all effect; it is that the old power of characterization is scarcely visible. Then Sir Henry Irving. Here is an actor acknowledged to be the Head of our Stage, one held in honor and beloved by all theatre-goers. He has been a most distinguished performer in our great national drama, in eccentric comedy, in melodrama. The father in *The Two Roses*, Shylock, Don Quixote, these and many others attest that in spite of marked physical peculiarities and exceptionally strong mannerisms he can cover a wide range of great parts. What is he doing in this second-rate, artificial drama, composed, apparently, as a frame-work for scenery,



DANTE ON THE MODERN STAGE

SIR HENRY IRVING AS DANTE; MISS LENA ASHWELL AS PIA

—*The Sketch*

dresses, properties, and the wonders of the electric light?

But let us take what M. Sardou has been pleased to give, and make the best of it. The atmosphere is undeniably good. Scenery (also from France), appropriate dresses, the brilliant glare of an Italian sun, the heavy, fever-laden miasma of Maremma, the groupings and movements of supernumeraries, these are all admirably true, and all bring before the audience the

age and the place. So far, praise may be unstinted, but, then, so far there is no drama in our sense. It is a salmagundi of exciting episodes set in beautiful scenery, but it is not a play. The chord of humanity is not once struck. No one this side of the footlights cares a pin what becomes of anyone the other side. I had almost forgotten to say that Beatrice once appears—in a vision by no means well contrived.

Sir Henry is charming in the quiet

scenes and well represents the righter of wrongs. His voice is in good state, and is used with discretion. His appearance is a perfect picture—he is every inch the traditional Dante. Miss Lena Ashwell gives a beautiful performance of the mother in the prologue, and of the daughter afterwards.

No, whatever else it may be, *Dante* is not a play.—*London Pilot*.

The World Beyond Our Senses

Beyond all that the eye may see, that ear may hear, that hands may feel, outside of taste or smell—outside of any native sense—there lies an unseen, unheard, unfelt universe whose fringe we are just beginning to explore.

A flash, so to speak, from this suprasensual world came with the discovery of the Röntgen rays. It is now eight years since we first learned that we may look straight into our bodies and see our bones, that in this light even great books of philosophy become quite clear—transparent, even; and the wonder has a little died. But they are still called X-rays, for we still do not know what they are nor where they belong.

What is tolerably sure is that there is a wide gap between the Röntgen light and common light, and the gap seems to lie far above the shortest little light waves hitherto known. It is in the form of minute waves, more than microscopic undulations in the all-pervading ether of space, that physicists nowadays conceive light. And it is a difference in wave length merely that makes what we call color. The red and the orange are long waves, not more than 33,000 to 40,000 to a linear inch; the indigo and violet waves are only about half as long, from 50,000 to 60,000 per inch. In between are the yellow, green, blue, and all their insensible gradations.

It was Sir Isaac Newton's first notable discovery that white light is a compound of all the others, and that a sunbeam may be broken up into its component colors by means of an ordinary three-cornered prism. Old Sir Isaac called it a spectrum, and the name has held.

Curious-minded men were not long in finding out that beyond either end of the

visible spectrum curious things go on. For example, if a thermometer be held below the red end of this artificial rainbow, in the "infra-red," as it is called, it gets hot, although there is very little heat in the visible part of the spectrum. The quite unbearable heat you get with a burning-glass is due to these invisible heat rays, and not to the light at all.

So, too, with the other end of the spectrum, the beyond-the-violet end. When Daguerre and others found that upon certain delicate salts, like nitrate of silver, light has a chemical action, they opened the way for an exploration of the ultra-violet. A large part of the waves which affect a photographic plate do not affect the eye at all. These are the so-called actinic or chemical rays. They seem to have healing powers, for under their influence cancers disappear, and many skin diseases may be similarly treated. Their rôle in nature, too, is immense, for it is these rays which in the green leaves of the plant turn the carbonic acid and water into sugars and starches: the first of those conversions of the inert materials of the air and the soil into food; the first step toward the organization of life.—*Carl Snyder, in Harper's Magazine*.

The Secret of Success

"What is the secret of success?" asked the Sphinx.

"Push," said the Button.

"Take pains," said the Window.

"Never be led," said the Pencil.

"Be up to date," said the Calendar.

"Always keep cool," said the Ice.

"Do business on tick," said the Clock.

"Never lose your head," said the Barrel.

"Do a driving business," said the Hammer.

"Aspire to greater things," said the Nutmeg.

"Make light of everything," said the Fire.

"Make much of small things," said the Microscope.

"Never do anything offhand," said the Glove.

"Spend much time in reflection," said the Mirror.

"Do the work you are suited for," said the Flue.

"Get a good pull with the ring," said the Door-bell.

"Be sharp in all your dealings," said the Knife.

"Find a good thing and stick to it," said the Glue.

"Trust to your stars for success," said the Night.

"Strive to make a good impression," said the Seal.—*Life*.

Is There Life on Mars?

How far is it possible to draw any conclusions at all from the apparent artificiality of the markings upon Mars, in the absence of an intelligible explanation of what the artificiality may mean? So long as their purpose cannot be explained, we ought not to deny that they may be natural, even though nothing like them had ever been observed in nature. The essence of Mr. Lowell's argument is that nature is haphazard; a geometrical construction on a grand scale must be due to man's intelligence, because upon earth natural geometry is found only in small things, in the forms of crystals and the patterns on the scales of insects. But we need go no further than the moon to find an example

of natural geometry on a scale as large as that of Mars. Any one who has looked through the smallest telescope is familiar with the bright streaks that radiate from Tycho and some other of the grander craters. They have precisely the more remarkable characteristics of Martian canals, radiating six or eight from a point, straight like the spokes of a wheel, regardless of the inequalities of the ground. There is no explanation of them, though we can examine the moon at close quarters. It is rash beyond legitimate scientific boldness to deny *in toto* a natural explanation for geometrical markings not unlike these, on a world more than a hundred times as far away. We dare not assume in our dilemma that human knowledge covers the whole range of nature's operations. The special question, how we are to recognize life on another world, is small compared with the general, what we are to recognize as life. But it is of more immediate interest to our limited powers of conception, because in asking it one tacitly assumes that the life is to be such as ours, recognizable by works which we can conceive ourselves constructing if we were placed in a similar position. And if evidence of what we may call human design is to be found anywhere outside our earth, we should look for it first upon Mars. The things that have been discovered in



THE CANALS OF MARS
—*Knowledge*

the last few years may even give rise to the hope that we are at last on the right track through the tangle, but it is a pity for people to shout as if they were already out of the wood.—*Arthur R. Hinks*, in *The Monthly Review*.

The Greatest Hoard of Gold

Nearly one thousand, three hundred tons of gold lie today in the vaults of the treasury of the United States—the greatest hoard of the yellow metal ever gathered in the history of the world. Four hundred tons of this gold are piled, like bags of salt, within the four walls of the sub-treasury in Wall Street, New York. Outside the treasury hoard, there is in circulation through the country a nearly equal amount of gold coin, making more than two thousand, five hundred tons of gold in the United States, bearing the imprint of the eagle. The value of this coin is more than one billion, two hundred and sixty million dollars.

One of the remarkable things about this gold is that, despite the fact of its forming one-half of the country's circulating money, it is rarely seen in the course of ordinary business. One may live in New York or Chicago or San Francisco without seeing a single gold coin for a year. This is in striking contrast to conditions abroad, where gold is everybody's coin. The gold sovereign of England is as current as the five-dollar silver certificate of this country. There, a man with a small income may not have a piece of paper money (the five-pound Bank of England note is the smallest) in his hands for months. What becomes of all our American gold? The mines of Colorado, California, Alaska, and other gold-producing regions of the West add eighty million dollars a year to our hoard of gold, and three-fourths of this output goes to the mints. The yearly coinage of gold actually approaches in value the entire circulation of silver dollars.

The treasury holds in trust, against outstanding gold certificates, four hundred million dollars in gold coin. These gold certificates range from twenty dollars to ten thousand dollars. They are issued from the treasury in exchange for gold coin or bullion, and are just as good as gold.

The Englishman wears his pockets out carrying gold coin around with him; the American prefers to have his money in the form of representative paper that can be folded compactly in his waistcoat pocket. In the sub-treasury at New York, recently, I picked up a handful of gold certificates of the value of three million, six hundred thousand dollars; the bundle could be stowed away in one's hip pocket, but it represented seven tons of gold. Stored away in the vaults of the building at the time was a hoard of gold coin of the value of two hundred million dollars. In one vault, no larger than the bedroom of a New York flat, was an aggregate of seventy-eight million dollars in gold. This was stored in little white bags stowed away in scores of steel boxes, covering the four walls of the vault from floor to ceiling. Every box was sealed, and some of the seals were dated several years back. The first thought, at sight of this gold hoard, is that it is idle money, but it should be recalled that all of it is in circulation by proxy in the form of gold certificates.—*Frank Fayant*, in *Success*.

Society for Sale

Shopkeepers sell their goods, "Society" sell their friends! The following advertisements, which are quoted from a well-known London newspaper, deserve more attention than they have received:—

"A LADY OF TITLE, moving in the BEST LONDON SOCIETY, is prepared to introduce a LADY OF MEANS. Luxurious home in the West end; carriages kept. Terms must be liberal. The highest references offered and taken. Address Box . . ."

"A WELL-KNOWN LADY, titled, is willing to chaperon a COLONIAL or AMERICAN lady. Would instruct one unaccustomed to the habits and behaviour of GOOD SOCIETY. Liberal terms required. Address, in confidence, care of. . . ."

"A LADY.—A member of one of the oldest county families, having a beautiful place in the country, would receive a young lady during the winter months, and introduce her to the society of the neighbourhood. Good hunting, hospitable county. An unique opportunity."

"A WEST-END DRESSMAKER who desires to extend her connection wishes to meet with a lady, or ladies, who would introduce business. Liberal commission offered. The strictest confidence may be relied upon. Address. . . ."

"An old-established firm of WINE MERCHANTS (City) is desirous of obtaining WEST-END ORDERS. A high percentage given to ladies or gentlemen introducing business."

"To NOBLEMEN or gentlemen of POSITION IN SOCIETY able to INFLUENCE CAPITAL. A large sum wanted by an old-established firm. Genuine concern. Particulars in confidence through. . . ."

"A YOUNG LADY, RICH, desires to spend the season in London, and to be introduced to THE BEST SET in Society. Would PAY HANDSOMELY for services rendered. Absolute secrecy guaranteed. Address Box"

Our commercial friendships! Not content with selling worthless shares, ill-conducted horses, impure wines, and unsmokeable cigars, the "ladies" and "gentlemen" of the day apparently sell each other to middle-class aspirants for social distinction and to tradesmen! They complain that their servants receive commissions, and accept commissions themselves! How popular in the West End should be the well-known hymn as revised by Artemus Ward:—

"I want to be an agent,
And with the agents stand!"
—*Truth*.

The Submarine Toy

Considering the articles which fairly inundate the newspapers and magazines regarding the submarine boats, one would think that this type had achieved success, but really the submarine is not worth the space that has been given to it. It would be difficult indeed to outline any points upon which the submarine has been a success, except, perhaps, the single point that it has successfully remained stationary on the bottom of a body of water for a few hours. But even this is a doubtful honor, for the crew suffered great physical and mental fatigue, and it is a foregone conclusion that they were not in a warlike

mood at any time during the experiment. The submarine is without practical maneuvering power and all the experiments which have been held so far justify this statement. To flounder about is not to maneuver. It has no defensive qualities whatever in itself and its offensive qualities exist largely in the over-enthusiastic imaginations of the public.

In the recent trials of the *Adder* and *Moccasin* in Peconic Bay the storage batteries ran down in three hours and the total radius of action did not exceed twenty-one knots. Of what earthly use could any such instrument be against a ship in motion? Moreover, when the submarine is being steered with her conning tower out of water she must have a perfectly smooth sea to have any sense of direction. In the trough of the sea she cannot see anything at all except the waves rolling over her, and on the crest the spray blinds the vision of the lens. It is admitted that crews cannot live in them except for periods of a few hours without breaking down both physically and mentally. Living in them is intolerable, for they cannot be heated, nor can any cooking be done in them. Testimony is yet to be adduced that the submarine is anything but a naval toy.—*The Marine Review*.

Poland's Pent-up Energy

We must picture to ourselves a naturally very energetic people, against whose energy a barrier not to be broken down has been erected, a war-like people, who only reluctantly enter the army, in which practically no young man voluntarily chooses the post of officer; an extremely ambitious people, to whom all high positions and offices are closed, and to whom all distinctions and demonstrations of honor are forbidden, in so far as they are not bought with sacrifice of conviction or denial of solidarity with their countrymen; a people naturally hostile to Philistine ideals, but who needed to acquire the civic virtues, and whose circumstances now give them constant encouragement to unsteadiness; a pleasure-loving people, in whose capital not a single place of entertainment is found; a people with a lively, irresistible inclination to politics, for whom

all political education has been made impossible, because they are allowed neither to elect representatives nor to discuss affairs of state, and whose political press is silenced in all political matters; to speak of political newspapers in Poland is like speaking of nautical journals in Switzerland. Let us imagine to ourselves this people, constituted for a large, free life in the broad daylight of publicity, imprisoned in the *chiaroscuro* of private life, thinking of Siberia, as we think of a disease which may come when least expected.

Conceiving all this, we shall understand that under the pressure which has been exerted simultaneously from so many sides, there necessarily sprang up an extraordinary concentrated activity, a boiling intensity of life, in the narrow circle which remained to them. The higher classes, which could not adequately recruit themselves from below, came to lead a kind of island life of the highest and most refined culture, a life which is indeed national in every heart-beat, but cosmopolitan in every form of expression, a hothouse life, where flowers of all the civilizations of Europe have come to development and exhale fragrance, an eddying, seething maelstrom of ideas, endeavors, amusements, and fêtes. The best society scarcely ever goes to bed before four o'clock in the morning in the month of February. In carnival time the day in Warsaw has twenty hours, and so long as the season lasts they are prodigal of time and strength.

"Life in Warsaw is a *neurosis*," said one of the most intelligent men of the city to me; "no one can keep it up long."—From *Poland*, by *Georg Brandes* (Heinemann).

A New Light in the English Pulpit

The sudden emergence of the Rev. Reginald Campbell as a great popular preacher is one of those mysteries which baffle analysis. A few months ago he was only one among many eloquent Nonconformist divines. Today he is the most famous preacher in the three kingdoms. His success at Brighton was brilliant, but not more brilliant than the success achieved by Mr. Jowett at Birmingham or by Mr. Sylvester Horne at Kensington. What

is the magic secret which has enabled this young man to play Elisha to Dr. Parker's Elijah?

Let me describe what I saw at one of his Thursday services. At half-past eleven the area is filled and the galleries are fast filling with one of those electric crowds which vibrate with a common nervous passion. The atmosphere stings with expectation, like the atmosphere of the House of Commons in the grip of a crisis, or of a theatre on a tremendous first night. You can feel the volleys of emotional molecules discharged by the human radium. Your temperature rises to the temperature of the crowd. At noon the building is packed like a huge match-box in which 2500 matches are on the point of ignition. About half of the congregation are young women, about a quarter are young men, the other quarter being composed of men and women, middle-aged and old. Many look like clerks, typewriters, business men, but the majority belong to the leisured religious classes. An attendant in a livery like that of an hotel porter places a Bible on the cushion of the pulpit. Then a phantom in a black Geneva gown materializes in the air behind the Bible, a phantom with an aureole of blanched hair and a mysteriously beautiful young face sombered over with strange shadows, and illumined by large, sunken eyes burning with a mystical light. It is an unearthly face, seraphic in its spiritual beauty. It has a romantic glamor that sets one dreaming of Raphael's or Rossetti's angels, or of Tennyson's Galahad. Do not smile at my extravagance. Let me tell you what a shrewd, hard-headed, unsentimental business man said to me about Mr. Campbell: "He looks more like an angel than any man I ever saw." Physical beauty in a man is almost a contemptible quality. But this is something far subtler and far rarer than physical beauty; it is spiritual beauty; it is not the flesh, it is the soul shining through the flesh. That, I think, is the secret of this man's magical personality.

The face is a mixture of masculine strength and feminine delicacy. The square virility of the forehead and the resolution of the broad, deep male jaw are softened by the sweet contours of the mouth and chin. There is wistful compassion in the moist lightning of the eyes.



From *The Tatler*, by arrangement

HALL CAINE IN HIS STUDY

The face is rich with personal history, scarred with intellectual and spiritual war. This man does not evade life, but calls on it to play on his soul at all angles, takes it with large courage and flings it back with all his might. He is folded in a personal peace which isolates him in an age of unrest. I think it is his victoriously imper- turbable peace which individualizes him, separates him, insulates him—it is a peace like the remote quietude that sits on the Jungfrau at sunset. His voice deepens the spell. It is sweet, low, and clear, devoid of stress and strain, a paradoxically silent voice, floating in a silence of charmed syllables. His preaching is persuasive divination. He winds himself into the sad mood of modernity, that mood which is a bewildered fever, a dazed delirium, an uneasy dream. He interprets its soul to itself. —*James Douglas, in The World's Work.*

Omar Feminized

Alike to her who Dines both Loud and Long,
Or her who Banting shuns the Dinner-gong,
Some Doctor from his Office chair will shout,
"It makes no difference—both of you are wrong!"

Why all the Health-Reformers who discussed
High Heels and Corsets Learnedly are thrust
Square-toed and Waistless forth; their Duds are
scorned,
And Venus might as well have been a Bust.

Myself when slim did eagerly frequent
Delsarte and Ling, and heard great Argument
Of muscles trained to Hold me up, but still
Spent on my Modiste what I'd always spent!

* * * * *

When you and I have ceased Champagne to Sup
Be sure there will be More to Keep it Up;
And while we pat Old Tabby by the fire,
Full many a Girl will lead her Brindled Pup.
—*Josephine Daskam, in Harper's Magazine.*

The Pros and Cons of America

The American atmosphere has one great and indisputable superiority over the British: it insists upon the right of every citizen, it almost presents it as a duty, to do all he possibly can do; it holds out to him even the highest position in the state as a possible reward for endeavor. Upon the point of its equality of opportunity surely no sane Englishman can do anything but envy the American state. In America

"presumption" is not a sin. All the vigorous enterprise that differentiates the American from the Englishman in business flows quite naturally from that; all the patriotic force and loyalty of the common American which glows beside the English equivalent as the sun beside the moon. But apart from these inestimable advantages I do not see that the American has much that an Englishman need envy. There are certainly points of inferiority in the American atmosphere, influences in development that are bad, not only in comparison with what is ideally possible, but even in comparison with English parallels.

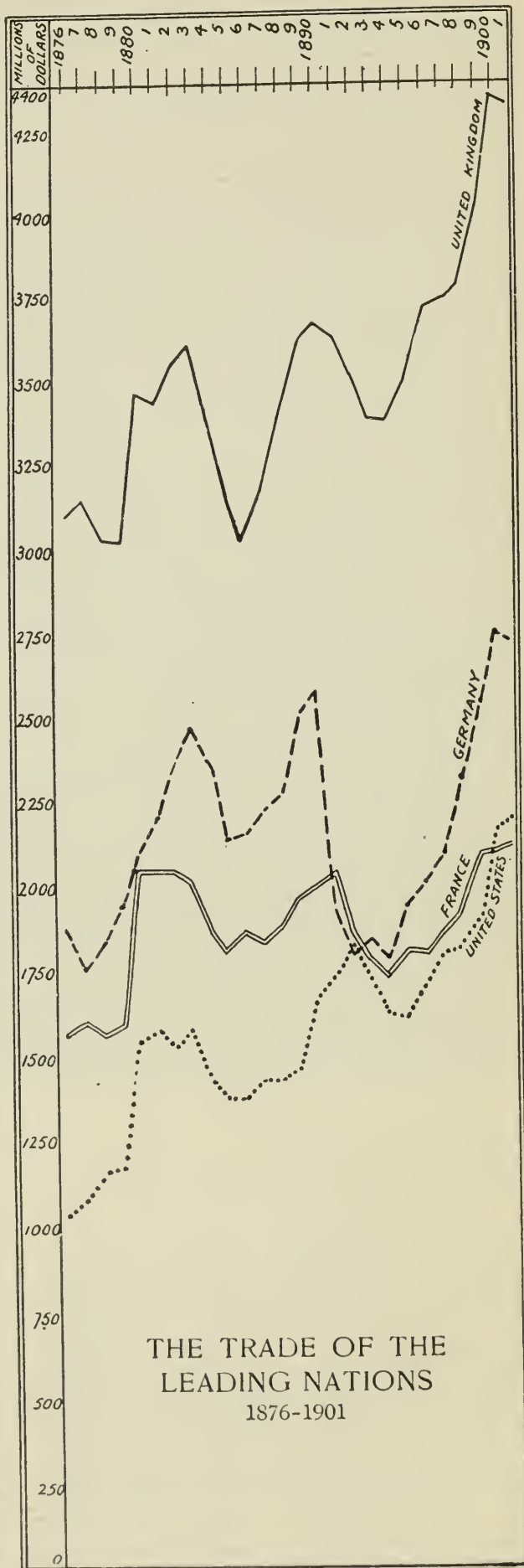
For example, the theory that every man is as good as his neighbor, and possibly a little better, has no check for fools, and instead of the respectful silences of England there seems—to the ordinary English mind—an extraordinary quantity of crude and unsound judgments in America. One gets an impression that the sort of mind that is passively stupid in England is often actively silly in America, and, as a consequence, American newspapers, American discussions, American social affairs are pervaded by a din that in England we do not hear and do not want to hear. The real and steady development of the American scientific men is masked to the European observer, and it must be greatly hampered by the copious silliness of the amateur discoverer, and the American crop of new religions and new enthusiasms is a horror and a warning to the common British intelligence. Many people whose judgments are not absolutely despicable hold a theory that unhampered personal freedom for a hundred years has made out of the British type a type less deliberate and thorough in execution and more noisy and pushful in conduct, restless rather than indefatigable, and smart rather than wise. If ninety-nine people out of the hundred in our race are vulgar and unwise, it does seem to be a fact that while the English fool is generally a shy and negative fool, anxious to hide the fact, the American fool is a loud and positive fool, who swamps much of the greatness of his country to many a casual observer from Europe altogether. American books, American papers, American manners and customs seem all for the ninety and nine.—*H. G. Wells, in The Fortnightly Review.*

John Bull's Courage Revives

John Bull is asleep; at least so we are told on every occasion, by friend and foe, especially by those dear friends who claim to be the most wide-awake. Other countries are making vast progress in all branches of activity, but England is in a state of senile sluggishness. Young America has won all our trade by its infinite superiority and has driven our merchants from the markets of the world. Consular reports are prodigal to nauseousness with instances of dying markets caused by the rock-ribbed conservatism and the overweening superciliousness of our manufacturers. Our Press preaches innumerable sermons upon the apathy of our merchants, upon their unresponsiveness to new needs, and upon their hide-bound adhesion to the methods of the past which is surely causing them to be left far in the rear in the commercial competition of today. The cry of "Wake up, John Bull, bestir yourself," is dinned into our ears, not only by our Consuls and our Press, but by others in unexpected quarters. Turn where we will, we are faced with evidences that England's economic display is as complete as it is lamentable.

A declaration that England's position affords no cause for a threnody, and that statements to the contrary are the results of mistaken zeal, crass ignorance, and unscrupulous rivalry, would not be taken seriously. Nevertheless some more than superficial observers lately seem to have conceived an opinion that these lugubrious statements may be somewhat exaggerated. Upon consideration it seems decidedly absurd to brand all our merchants and manufacturers as being dolts and idiots, blind to their best interests, deaf to the adjurations of their well-wishers, and insensible to the promptings of professional pride. Clear-seeing observers know how well the effusions of ignorance and constant misstatements combine to give semblance of reality to the grossest fiction.

Reference to the accompanying diagram will show that the periods of increasing and decreasing foreign trade show an approximate coincidence in the case of the great trading nations. The years 1883 and 1890 were very good ones, as far as the value of the general trade is concerned,



while the years 1885 and 1894 were bad ones; the values for the last year have obtained a height hitherto unexampled. The facts conveyed by the diagram will be better comprehended after the imports and exports have been dealt with severally. However, it will be seen at once that the United Kingdom holds its predominant commercial position, and, wonderful to relate, by no means cuts the sorry figure which some of its reckless critics would have us believe. From 1880 to 1890 Germany was England's most dangerous rival, but the year 1891 saw a prodigious decrease of no less than £123,115,000 in the total general trade of that country. Since 1894 the value of the total general trade of Germany, in common with that of the other nations, has increased continuously, and Germany still is second to England. It will not fail to be noticed that in 1892 the value of the foreign trade of the United States of America exceeded that of Germany by some ten million pounds. In the following year America dropped to the fourth place among the trading nations, but in 1900 it displaced France after a close race of many years. France held the second position in the period 1876-1879, and also in 1891-1892.

To sum up: considering all of the salient circumstances regarding international trade seems to attest that England's proud position of premier trading nation is by no means in jeopardy. Gauged in different ways there is strong proof of material progress. Contemptuous opinions of English trade are due to rank ignorance, at the best. There is not one tittle of evidence that England has lost her grip of the world's trade or that her traders and manufacturers have failed to realize the altered and constantly altering conditions of foreign commerce and to respond elastically to them. As regards commercial expansion, other nations are advancing at a great rate; this notwithstanding, England, so far from exhibiting signs of decay, shows a healthy and vigorous development. Today English commerce is in a flourishing condition, there is not the slightest foundation for conjecture that any decline is at hand, and there is nothing in the condition of the world's trade to give reasonable ground for alarm as to the future.—*Mark Warren*, in *The Contemporary Review*.

Strenuous Sport

Apropos of the hold football has taken on the North of England, a story is told which would form a splendid reply to Rudyard Kipling's sneer at the "muddled oafs." In a recent match the Sunderland club began the game two men short of the regular number. Shortly before half time one of them turned up and took his place on the team. His head was covered with a blood-stained handkerchief and he limped painfully. The referee asked him why he was so late and what was the matter with him. The late comer replied: "There's bin a fall o' coal i' th' pit and me and my pals had to cut our way through it." The referee then desired to know if the eleventh man would turn out. The answer was, "Oh, you bet he'll come if he can, but ah canna' say for sartin wot time; it's him the coal fell on."—*Athletic News*.

American Cookery

No better cookery, independent of any special school, is to be met with than that of the superior restaurants and hotels of the American metropolis and numerous clubs within and without its confines. The cookery of the capital of the United States, as it exists in many of the better restaurants and in private houses where Southern dishes are especially well prepared, is deservedly celebrated. The New Orleans kitchen has also its ardent admirers; but outside of New York the restaurants of San Francisco are perhaps the most famous and cosmopolitan. Receptive and creative America has learned from all, and added to acquired knowledge the results of her own inventive genius. The era of fried steak, saleratus biscuits, and "apple floating-island" has happily long since passed, and already in many instances an American dinner has come to be recognized as among the very best it is possible to obtain. A well-prepared Chateaubriand is no longer confined to the Café Ruche, or a bisque d'écrevisses to Voisin or to Laperouse. In none of the useful arts has progress been more marked in this country during the past decade. Even in remote New England villages a leg or a saddle of mutton is rarely sent to table with all its juices and excellences dissipated, as one



THE FORGED TIARA OF SAÏTAPHARNÈS

—*Les Arts*

commonly finds it on the tables volantes of the prominent English restaurants. And for the omnipresent "greens" of Great Britain in winter—the Brussels sprout, distended to thrice its size and deprived of all its pristine delicacy by crossing it with the cabbage—there are with us countless vegetables to choose from. The cooking-school, also, is rapidly contributing its share toward the evolution of eating, wherein wholesomeness and variety are properly regarded as a means of health, enjoyment, and longevity. —From *The Pleasures of the Table*, by George H. Ellwanger.

An Artistic Forgery

A sensation has been sprung on the art world of Paris by revelations of the forgeries that have been palmed off on unsuspecting collectors in recent years. The most remarkable case is that of the tiara of the Scythian King, Saïtapharnès, which was sold to the Museum of the Louvre for 200,000 francs. It has been virtually demonstrated that the tiara is a forgery, the work of a Russian artist, M. Roukhomovski. The Minister of Public Instruction has held an investigation,

bringing M. Roukhomovski from Odessa to testify. The latter admits that the tiara is all his own work, made with no further aid than that supplied by a popular manual of archaeology. Many experts who had pronounced the work genuine refuse to accept the Russian's testimony, and argue ingeniously to save him from himself. The government, however, has finally removed the tiara from the Louvre and thus acknowledged that it had been imposed on.—*L' Illustration*.

Tennyson's Religious Position

Down to his latest years, Tennyson was constantly shaken with the enigmas of the Universe, the Infinite, Death, the petty and transitory nature of our Earth. All this, in the absence of any authoritative Revelation, Creed, or Church, hung over his subtle and brooding soul, and made him almost a pessimist, in spite of his resolute will to "believe where we cannot prove." Such was the tone of the cultured academic mind of the first half of the nineteenth century. Tennyson lived his whole life in this atmosphere, and transfigured its hopes, its doubts, its horror, and its yearnings in a series of exquisite, but depressing, descants.

Lyall's account of Tennyson's religious position is admirably worked out and quite convincing. He rightly fulfilled "the poet's mission, which is to embody the floating thought of the period." "The poet leads us to a cloudy height; and though it is not his business to satisfy the strict philosophical inquirer, he offers to all wandering souls a refuge in the faith." Nothing can be put more accurately. And, as Lyall shows, the clouds rather thickened than dispersed with the advancing age of the poet. Such pieces as "Despair" and "Vastness" indicate a morbid tone in man's view of life, duty, and religion; and, with all their sublimity and pathos, they tend to debilitate and unman us. As Lyall says, "they have a tendency to weigh down the mainsprings of human activity."

The problems of Infinity, Eternity, the brevity and littleness of human life loomed ever darker, and never rested in any complete and final answer. He was ever "in many a subtle question versed," and "ever

strove to make it true." But to the last he never quite beat his music out. He faced the spectres of the mind; but he never absolutely laid them. I remember as a young man when first admitted to his company, he turned to me, with that grand assumption which he affected to those with whom he disagreed, saying with a most cadaverous air: "If I thought as you do, I should go and drown myself." I smiled; for the absurdity as well as the ill manners of such an outburst amused me. I replied quietly, looking, I am sure, as cheerful as he looked disconsolate: "No! Mr. Tennyson, if you thought as I do about Life and Death—you would be a happy man!" Personally, the poet seemed to be even more unsatisfied with his own beliefs than the poems showed. But if it did not tend to peace of mind and energy of action, the pathos and the dreaminess of this habit of thought were the inspiration of much exquisite poetry. Like other people, he mistook his own gift of words for profound thought.—*Frederic Harrison*, in *North American Review*.

A State of Mind

In the state of Mass.
There lives a lass
I love to go N. C.;
No other Miss.
Can e'er I Wis.,
Be half so dear to Me.

R. I. is blue
And her cheeks the hue
Of shells where waters swash;
On her pink-white phiz
There Nev. Ariz.
The least complexion Wash.

La.! could I win
The heart of Minn.,
I'd ask for nothing more,
But I only dream
Upon the theme
And Conn. it o'er and Ore.

Why is it, pray,
I can't Ala.
This love that makes me Ill.?
N. Y., O., Wy.
Kan. Nev. Ver. I
Propose to her my will?

I shun the task
'Twould be to ask
This gentle maid to wed;
And so, to press
My suit, I guess
Alaska Pa. instead.

—*Proceedings of the Royal Geog. Society*



THE
BOOKLOVERS
MAGAZINE

AUGUST
1903

VOL II NO II

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE
THREE DOLLARS A YEAR
TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A NUMBER
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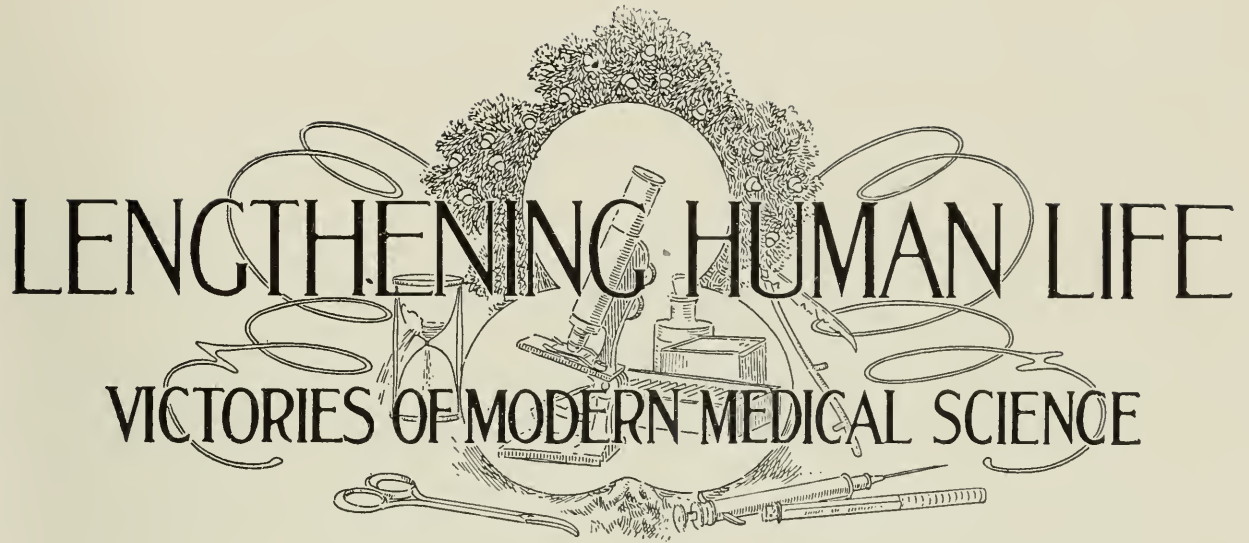
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From photograph by Pierre Petit

LOUIS PASTEUR

FATHER OF MODERN SCIENTIFIC MEDICINE



LENGTHENING HUMAN LIFE

VICTORIES OF MODERN MEDICAL SCIENCE

In the city of New York alone there are 150,000 people living today who would be dead if the mortality of fifty years ago still prevailed. Popular opinion has scarcely yet come to realize what medical science has been doing in late years. People sicken and die, think the laity, and the efforts of the physician are just as futile as before the recent discoveries about which so much is said. This idea is, however, erroneous. I will venture to say there is scarcely an adult living today who has not experienced or will not experience an actual prolongation of life due to discoveries of the last fifty years.

Regard for a moment two of the diseases which have been practically eradicated from civilization by recent discoveries in medicine, and realize the number of lives thus saved. Cholera was wont to visit the cities of the Atlantic coast in the past about every ten years, and it was a standing menace to the world every summer. It was not uncommon for this disease to decimate whole towns and cities. Since the discovery of its cause, however, it has been robbed of its terrors, and the children of today will probably never know of it except by name. Yellow fever was even a more frequent and fatal visitor. Now an ever contracting circle is gradually drawing about it, which limits it just at present to a narrow zone in the tropics and promises its entire extinction.

Diseases thus eradicated are forgotten by the laity, the decrease in mortality from diseases still extant is made clear only by statistics which are not open to the public,

and popular prejudice finds little or nothing that the scientific medical man is accomplishing. As a matter of fact, however, the latter half of the nineteenth century saw medical discoveries that have already proven of incalculable benefit, and are pregnant with marvels for the future.

The most interesting and far-reaching of these discoveries were in the realm of the infinitely little, the study of which was inaugurated by Pasteur.

Pasteur's work in infectious diseases followed the lines of a forecast made three hundred years ago by Sir Robert Boyle, who is known from his kinsman's description as the "Father of chemistry and the brother of the Earl of Cork." Boyle said, "He who succeeds in explaining fermentation will be in a position to throw great light on the causes of the contagious diseases." Pasteur's first work was on fermentation, which he demonstrated to be due to minute living organisms, vegetable in nature, and he went directly from this to the infectious diseases. The first infectious disease to be run to the ground was a disease of wine. The wine industry of Southern France was threatened with annihilation on account of the failure of the wine to ferment properly. Pasteur's studies in fermentation procured him the invitation to discover its cause. He found a second micro-organism contaminating the wine, interfering with the desired fermentation, and demonstrated a ready means for preventing its entrance.

The next step in the study of infectious diseases was likewise along industrial lines.

There was a blight of silk-worms, so severe that the silk industry dwindled from fifty millions to three or four millions in two years. The silk-worms were dying by the thousands and the country was in despair, when this brilliant young chemist was again called on. He undertook the task and discovered the cause of the first positively known infectious disease. By the simple method of isolation of the sick from the well he saved the industry.

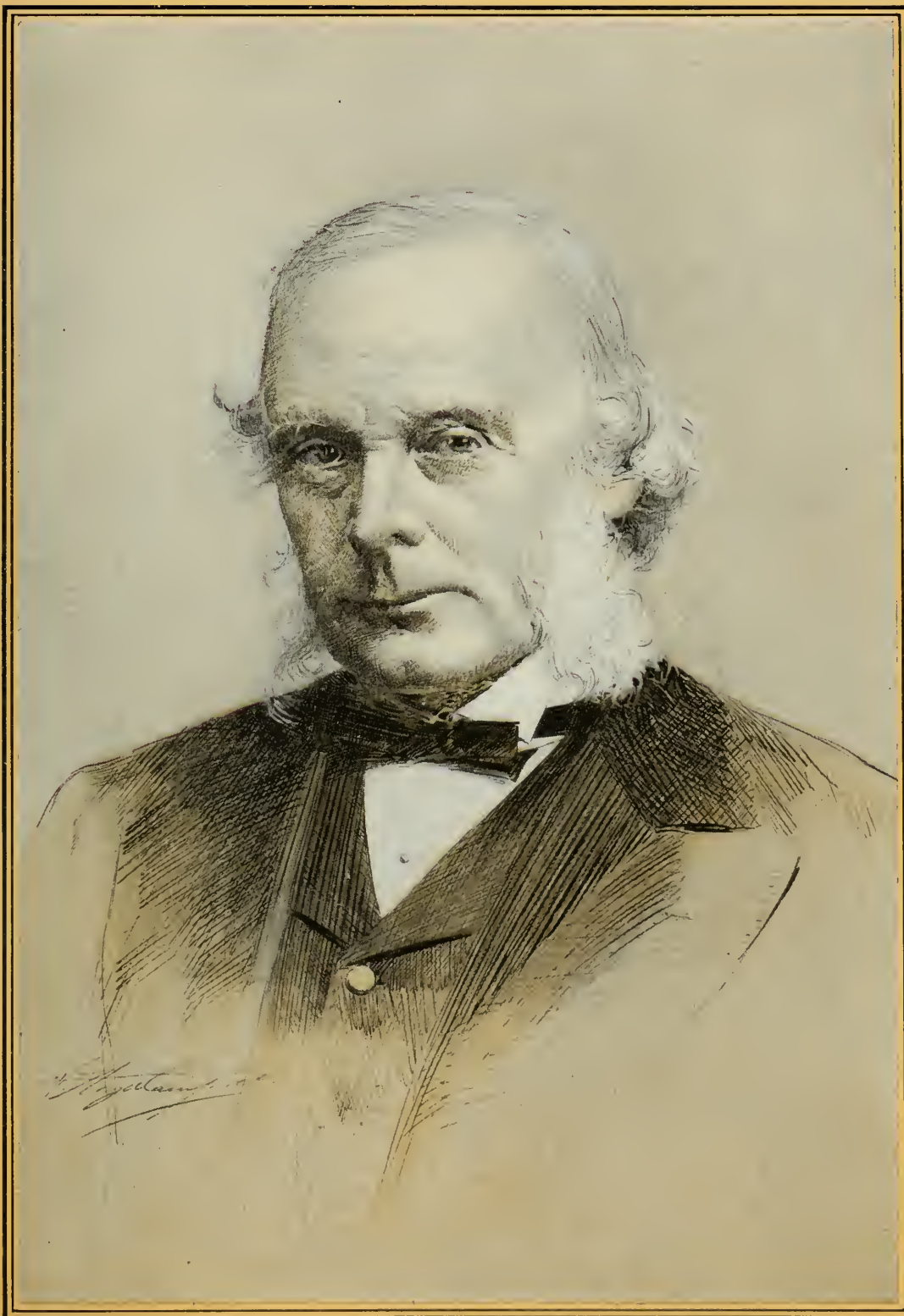
These two industrial triumphs made Pasteur one of the most notable men in his own country, and called the attention of the scientific world to infectious diseases generally. Even before Pasteur's time certain small rods, since then named bacilli, had been found in immense numbers in the blood of sheep dead with anthrax, but their significance had been overlooked. Now, with new ideas in mind, those bacilli were studied and found to be the cause. Anthrax is a severe, frequently fatal disease, reasonably common among the lower animals, especially sheep, but communicable to man. Pasteur presently found that although most animals were very susceptible to the disease, certain ones, like fowl, proved resistant. His ready mind, ever alert for reasons, jumped to the conclusion that the higher normal temperature of birds might have something to do with it. The temperature of man and ordinary animals is about $98\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$; the temperature of birds about 103° . To test his conclusions Pasteur stood pigeons in ice-water, and inoculated them with the organism. He found to his gratification they developed the disease, but recovered when placed in an incubator and restored to normal temperature. Further experimentation showed that the organisms which the fowl had resisted were not capable of inducing the disease even in susceptible animals, and that the animals so injected with the attenuated organism became insusceptible to virulent cultures. This, in short, was the discovery of how vaccination acts. At the time it meant another industrial revolution, because Pasteur's discovery was at once applied practically and found to be effective. Anthrax now, as a scourge, does not exist.

Jenner's discovery of vaccination in 1796 practically eradicated small-pox. Pasteur's discovery demonstrated the *modus operandi*, so that a line was given along which

similar experiments might be made on other diseases. He himself later applied this principle to hydrophobia, depriving it of its terrors in countries where hydrophobia is common.

In the actual prolongation of life Pasteur's personal work is demonstrated only in the lives saved by the eradication of the disease anthrax and the curing of hydrophobia; but all his discoveries were fundamental in character and it is the results accomplished since through the knowledge of them that must be considered. For instance, without Pasteur's discoveries Dr. Joseph Lister's work would have been practically impossible, though to this is attributable the success of more than half the serious operations undertaken in recent years. In the domain of surgery the discovery of anaesthesia (which, by the way, was made by Morton, of South Carolina) holds the most important place because by it operations became possible that otherwise would not have been dreamed of; but second only to anaesthesia, stands Lister's discovery of antiseptic. Before Lister, operations on the abdominal cavity were attended by a mortality of fifty per cent.; since then this has been reduced to about five per cent. Before Lister, Senn's brilliant work in abdominal surgery could not have been done, and his invention of the earliest successful method of intestinal anastomosis would have been useless. Before Lister, operations involving the opening of the skull were almost invariably fatal; since then operations on and around the brain have a mortality quite comparable to that of abdominal surgery. Thirty years ago the removal of a tumor from the stomach or intestine, or the opening of an abscess in the brain, would not have been thought of; the disease was simply allowed to run its course till death. Today these are common surgical operations, and they have preserved thousands of useful lives.

The discovery, however, that has proven most beneficial as a result of Pasteur's original work was the discovery of the bacillus of tuberculosis (consumption). A long time before the actual finding of the organism it was known that tuberculosis was an infectious disease, communicable from person to person, but the actual cause was unknown. So thousands



LORD LISTER
PIONEER OF ANTISEPSIS IN SURGERY



Photograph by J. C. Schaarwächter

ROBERT KOCH

DISCOVERER OF THE BACILLI OF TUBERCULOSIS AND CHOLERA

of consumptives were walking about, ignorant of their condition, spreading the contagion broadcast. The germ of tuberculosis is one of the most difficult to find at the outset. Yet it was captured and made subject to distinctive tests among the earliest of the micro-organisms, and is now the one most easily and positively recognised. On account of the difficulties to be overcome, Koch's study of the tubercle bacillus will always rank as one of the most brilliant pieces of scientific work ever done. Moreover the investigation was so thorough that though twenty years have elapsed since it was finished, nothing of importance has been added to it.

As Pasteur's work on infectious diseases inaugurated the studies which have proved so fruitful, Koch's work on tuberculosis started the chase which will eventually hound this disease to earth. This sounds sanguine, but even at present, though scarcely imagined by the laity, tuberculosis has a mortality of less than twenty-five per cent., that is, seventy-five per cent. of the people affected with it recover. And the mortality is constantly decreasing. In the mind of the medical man of today there is no doubt that our present century will see its positive eradication. Today one of every seven deaths is attributable to it; a century hence it will be as rare as small-pox on the death certificates of the health office.

Though a specific for the cure of tuberculosis was once exploited—and exploited by Koch, the brilliant discoverer of the germ—it was found to be a delusion, and as far as specific curative properties were concerned it was practically dropped within a year or two. Koch's work, however, which was by no means an entire failure, stimulated research along this line, and in 1894 Behring (and a little later Roux) announced his specific cure of diphtheria. The antitoxin for diphtheria has been known less than ten years, yet the mortality of that dread disease has been reduced from between ten and fifteen per cent. to less than seven per cent.

Quite as important a feature as the actual saving of life in diphtheria is the fact that it has given us another scientific method for the specific cure of disease, the first being virus attenuation as demonstrated by Pasteur. The cure of tuberculosis, apart from the prevention of the dis-

ease, might have been accomplished to the extent it is today without the discovery of the bacterial cause; the cure of diphtheria by antitoxin necessitated the discovery of the diphtheria bacillus, since the antitoxin is manufactured through its agency. To understand the nature of the antitoxin it is necessary to understand the nature of the disease. Diphtheria is described technically as a "general disease with a local manifestation"—that is, it affects the whole body, as is shown by the prostration, fever, and increased heart-beat, though the only place where actual destruction of tissue occurs is where the micro-organism locates, and this is usually in the throat. Any one who has ever had an ordinary ulcer in the mouth will readily appreciate that the diphtheritic ulcer *per se*, which is usually about the size of a dime, is totally inadequate to produce the severe symptoms seen in diphtheria.

The cause must then be looked for elsewhere. It is found in the poison (or toxin) thrown out by the diphtheria bacillus in its work of destruction. This poison is taken up by the blood and acts on the nerve centres. The poison is produced even when the organisms are grown outside the body, and can readily be separated. The introduction of the poison, thus separated, into an animal, produces the same general symptoms as are seen in diphtheria. If, however, the dose at first injected is very small and then is gradually increased, the animal may be made completely insusceptible to any quantity. This insusceptibility to the poison is apparently brought about by the production in the animal's blood of an antidote. The blood serum of such an animal acts as our diphtheria antitoxin. It is usually procured from the horse.

Just how diphtheria antitoxin or antitoxins in general (since we have antitoxins to tetanus and the bubonic plague) act is not known, because we do not know how the toxin acts, and, therefore, cannot describe the ways it may be combated. Yet recent experimentation in this line has developed what promises to be almost a whole new science—namely, the science of immunity. Though yet in its infancy, being only five years old, it has added more than half a hundred new words to medical terminology, and has for the moment attracted the attention of scientific observ-

ers from everything else. The first scientific study of immunity—in other words, of toxins and antitoxins—was given to the world several years ago by Ehrlich, of Berlin. We already knew that certain toxins had a predilection for certain tissue cells, as for instance, tetanus toxin for nerve cells, but why was a mystery. Ehrlich demonstrated that these and no other cells possessed certain bodies capable of

Therefore when they are present in sufficiently large numbers in the blood, the blood will act as an antitoxin by rendering harmless the poison.

The formation of antitoxin, however, to combat the toxin is not the only method adopted by nature for the cure of infectious diseases. Metschnikoff, the modest pupil of Pasteur, practically an exile from his country, Russia, has been demonstrat-



Photograph by Pierre Petit

ÉLIE METSCHNIKOFF

DISCOVERER OF THE FUNCTION OF THE WHITE BLOOD CELLS

combining with this particular toxin. Further, the cells containing these bodies are capable of producing them in practically unlimited quantity, and when stimulated by repeated small doses of the toxin are even capable of throwing them off into the blood. These bodies, named receptors, retain the faculty of combining with the toxin even when free in the circulation.

ing for the last two decades how the microorganisms are dealt with directly. As is well known, the blood is composed of two principal elements, red and white blood cells. The function of the red, namely, to carry oxygen to the tissues, has long been known, but the interesting function of the white, which is to act as an actual police-patrol within the body, was first

brought out by Metschnikoff. The red cells are carried in the blood stream passively; the white wander through the tissues independently. In addition the white cells possess a power of selecting and digesting most foreign elements. When, as in the case of a wound, micro-organisms are introduced into the tissues, the white blood cells emigrate from the blood vessels to the wound in immense numbers. They pro-

means a pitched battle between the invaders and the police-patrol, and on which is victorious depends the health or death of the individual.

A sketch of medical progress would be incomplete if it excluded Ramon y Cayal, of Madrid, the patient student who has revolutionized the theories on brain anatomy and the mechanism of nerve function. The anatomy of the nervous system, and



Drawn by V. Floyd Campbell

RAMON Y CAYAL

SPECIALIST IN PHYSIOLOGY OF THE BRAIN

ceed at once to take up, digest, and so kill the micro-organisms. When the micro-organisms are not very virulent this completes the process; when they are virulent, instead of being digested by the white cell, they may kill it. Still, no matter how many are killed, thousands more flood to the scene. In other words, the entrance of micro-organisms into the tissues always

consequently its physiology, was regarded in the past as very simple. Cayal showed that the specific brain cell is an independent unit provided with multiple processes, by means of which it is capable of acting not through one nerve alone but several. This independent brain unit or cell is called a neuron, and Cayal's theory the neuron theory. A simple illustration of how the



EMIL BEHRING

DISCOVERER OF DIPHTHERIA ANTITOXIN



PAUL EHRLICH

ORIGINATOR OF THE SCIENTIFIC STUDY OF TOXINS AND ANTITOXINS

neuron acts is furnished by our not infrequent hunt for a name or idea which we know we possess. We feel that the name is there, but we cannot recall it. We get various names near it, beginning even with the same letter or the same vowel sound, yet only after minutes or even hours does it actually occur to us. What is supposed to happen is that the particular cell of

the plug into various holes eventually struck the proper one.

The discoveries of the last ten years have changed completely the story of life in the tropics. The two diseases making the tropics dread regions are so manacled that they are no longer to be feared, and it is likely that most of us will be in at their death. I speak of malaria and yellow fever.



WALTER REED

YELLOW FEVER EXPERT

intellection which we are using throws out its process among the cells of memory for names, and though this process is brought in connection with cells containing similar names, it is only after a more or less prolonged search that it hits on the right one. It is as if the telephone operator in the central office felt around blindly for the connection wanted, and only after putting

The micro-organismal cause of malaria was discovered as far back as 1881, but how to avoid this cause has only been demonstrated in the last few years. The record of this running to earth reads more like a romance than an actual problem in scientific medicine. The malarial organism was supposed to breed in swamps and be wafted by the winds to places near at hand.

The swamps supposed to breed malaria were long recognised to be hot-beds of certain varieties of mosquitoes. The idea of a connection between the two was first publicly suggested by Manson, though at the time Donald Ross, a military surgeon in India, was endeavoring to demonstrate it by finding the organism in the body of the mosquito. With indefatigable zeal, Ross pushed his investigations till he found

the disease, and transmits it in a changed form to the larvae. These larvae are deposited in a certain kind of swamp and develop nowhere else. These swamps, or rather stagnant pools, are comparatively easily redeemed, and when this is impossible, the larvae can be readily killed by other means. During this advance others were demonstrating that malaria could be contracted in no other way than by the



*Drawn by V. Floyd Campbell
From copyright photograph by Elliott and Fry*

DONALD ROSS

DISCOVERED THAT MOSQUITOES CONVEY MALARIA

the organism in the stomach of the mosquito, traced it through the larvae and then into the salivary glands in connection with the proboscis. Others at once took up the subject, demonstrating each step before the next was taken. They showed that only a definite variety of mosquito carries the organism. The mosquito obtains it by sucking the blood of a patient ill with

bite of a mosquito, that this practically always occurred at night, and that the simple precaution of sleeping under a net gave almost absolute protection. Malaria, therefore, with its thousands of victims yearly, has practically passed into medical history and will scarcely be heard of again.

The results of the study of malaria gave the cue for the study of yellow fever. The



From steel engraving by Henry Taylor, Jr.

NICHOLAS SENN

THE MOST FAMOUS AMERICAN SURGEON

idea gradually gained ground that yellow fever was associated with the *culex fasciatus*, a particular variety of mosquito common in Cuba. Dr. Walter Reed, surgeon in the army of occupation, started an investigation four years ago, and, following the line laid down in the conclusive experiments on malaria, he demonstrated again and again, so that it is impossible to doubt it, that yellow fever is not directly contagious, but is transferred from individual to individual only through the bite of this particular mosquito, and then only after it has fed on a yellow fever patient. When the history of American medicine is written Walter Reed's name will occupy one of the most prominent places, if it does not actually head the list. Yellow fever, already sheared of its strength by sanitation, he tracked to its lair, and would not even have stopped here, but he was called away by death through appendicitis.

Reading history with a medical eye it is remarkable to note, as we come down the ages, the number of prominent personages who died of appendicitis. Yet the exact definition of the disease was left to our own day and to an American, Reginald Fitz, of Boston. It is curious, yet sufficiently frequent to have passed almost into an axiom, that it is not the man who sees the greatest number of a particular kind of cases, but usually the one who sees only a few, who makes the discovery. At his death Rokitansky of Vienna, was said to have done fifty-seven thousand autopsies; Osler while in Montreal gave us a record of only twenty hundred, yet for statistics Osler's twenty hundred are quoted more frequently than Rokitansky's fifty-seven thousand. Rokitansky must have seen hundreds, if not thousands, of cases of appendicitis, yet the post-mortem reports continued to speak of inflammation of the bowels and general peritonitis, while the actual cause was overlooked. The definition of appendicitis made by the Boston physician on the basis of comparatively few cases has been the cause of saving thousands of precious lives in every quarter of the globe.

Another example of the man working with a few cases is Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, of Philadelphia. In the continental cities the nervous specialist sees ten cases of every kind of nervous disease to our one, yet it

was here that the system of cure was elaborated. I speak of Mitchell's rest-cure.

Scientific medicine is only in its infancy. Its progress will prolong more and more markedly the average age of life by removing the diseases that play havoc during childhood and adolescence. For example, cholera-infantum, the terror of mothers during the second summer, has within the year delivered up its cause to a medical student (Duval) of the University of Pennsylvania, working under the direction of Professor Flexner. With the examples of Vienna and Munich before us we realize the fate of typhoid fever, which proves the pitfall of so many an ambitious adult. With typhoid will disappear its most notable sequela, gall-stones. Thumbs were turned down twenty years ago on the animal parasitic diseases such as trichinosis and tapeworms, when the late Dr. Joseph Leidy, of Philadelphia, entered the lists and demonstrated how easily they might be conquered.

When the organisms themselves cannot be directly handled, the source of contagion will be learned, and the diseases thus avoided. Our now constant enemies, tonsillitis, influenza, and tuberculosis, will find it impossible to progress when people realize the uncleanliness of handkerchiefs and come to the use of paper napkins. Diphtheria and whooping-cough (and probably other diseases) will have one source of contagion removed when pet dogs and cats are kept away from children or carefully held within doors. Inventions outside the province of medicine will be by no means without influence. We have every reason to believe from analogy that flies are a frequent medium of transferring contagious diseases. Flies breed, practically, only in stables, and the replacing the horse by the automobile means their extermination.

In thus depicting the advance of medical science and predicting its ultimate triumph over disease are we imagining a millennial condition? No! decidedly not. It is only a picture of the end of our present century when man will accomplish his four-score and ten in comparative freedom from the disease hobgoblins of today.

Joseph H. M. D.

(Philadelphia)



From a photograph by Nadar

GUY DE MAUPASSANT



GUY DE MAUPASSANT

SUPREME MASTER OF THE SHORT STORY

THE INN

(L'Auberge)

By GUY DE MAUPASSANT

Like all wooden hostelries situated in the upper Alps, at the foot of glaciers in rocky and barren gullies between the white summits of the mountains, the Schwarenbach inn is used as a refuge by travelers crossing the Gemmi.

During six months the inn is kept open by the Hauser family; then as the snows begin to drift higher and higher, filling the valley and rendering the descent to Leuk impracticable, the women, the father, and three sons depart and leave in charge the old guide, Gaspard Hari, with the young guide, Ulrich Kungsi, and Sam, the great St. Bernard.

The two men and the dog remain until spring in their prison of snow with nothing to rest their eyes upon but the immense white slope of the Balmhorn surrounded by pale and glistening peaks. They are confined, blockaded, buried by the snow which rises around them, enwraps, encompasses and extinguishes the little house, piles itself up on the roof, reaches the windows, and walls the door.

The Hauser family were ready to return to Leuk; winter was approaching and the descent was becoming dangerous. Three mules, laden with clothes and baggage and led by the three sons, were first to start. Then the mother, Jeanne Hauser, and her daughter Louise mounted a fourth mule, and set out in their turn. The father fol-

Guy De Maupassant

BY T. M. PARROTT

It is hardly too much to say that the short story, as it is at present understood and practiced in France, is the product of a French poet's acquaintance with and translation of the works of Edgar Allen Poe. By way of return there is no writer living or dead who exercises a more profound and stimulating influence upon contemporary American short story writers than the greatest master of the *conte* in France, that clear-sighted, sure-handed, cynical, unhappy artist, Guy de Maupassant.

No formal biography of Maupassant has appeared in the ten years that have elapsed since his untimely death, and the only thing in the nature of an autobiographic record that Maupassant has left is his famous account of his literary apprenticeship to Flaubert.

In spite of the absence of a biography, however, it is still possible for us to form some conception of the man whose brief but crowded decade of working life made his name a household word from Russia to the Pacific slope. The main facts of his life are known, and by a discerning survey

lowed, accompanied by the two guides left in charge of the house, who were to escort the family to the top of the descent.

First they skirted the little frozen lake, lying in the bottom of the huge basin of rocks which stretch away in front of the inn, then they followed the valley, white as a sheet, towered over on all sides by snowy peaks. A shower of sunshine fell on this white and icy desert, illuminating it with a cold and blinding lustre. No life was visible in that ocean of peaks; no motion in the illimitable solitude; no sound disturbed the deep silence. Gradually the young guide, Ulrich Kungsi, a big long-legged Swiss, outdistanced the father and old Gaspard Hari, desiring to overtake the mule which bore the two women.

The younger of them watched him come; her sad gaze seemed to summon him. She was a peasant, small and blonde, whose milky cheeks and colorless hair seemed faded by too long tarryings amid the ice and snow. When he caught up with the mule which bore her he put one hand on the beast's back and fell into a slower gait. Mother Hauser began to talk to him, repeating with never ending detail her instructions for the winter season. It was the first time the young man had remained up there, whereas old Hari had already passed fourteen winters under the snow in the Schwarenbach inn.

Ulrich Kungsi listened without seeming to understand, and looked steadfastly at the young girl. Occasionally he answered: "Yes, Mrs. Hauser." But his thoughts seemed far away and his impassive expression never changed.

They soon reached the D'Aubensee, its long expanse lying frozen in the bottom of the valley. As they approached the ridge of the Gemmi where the descent to Leuk begins, there was suddenly unfolded before them a splendid vision of the Alps of the Valais, from which they were separated by the deep and wide valley of the Rhône.

In the distance was gathered a whole nation of white peaks of varying altitude, rounded and pointed, and glistening in the sunlight. Then a long way below them, in a huge hole at the bottom of a fearful precipice, they saw Leuk. Its houses seemed but grains of sand thrown into

of his tales and novels we may clothe the skeleton afforded us by his obituaries with living tissues. Through them all flows the same spirit, masculine, materialistic, humorous, keenly sensitive to all the beauties of nature, bitterly contemptuous of all the basenesses of man, vibrating between an almost animal enjoyment of sensual pleasures and a morbid and abnormal, if hardly mystic, obsession of the horror of the supra-sensual and the unknown.

Maupassant was born of a noble family in an old Norman château on August 5, 1850. His parents separated while he was still a child, and this early initiation into the miseries of enforced marriage doubtless colored his whole future conception of matrimony. One of his few translatable masterpieces, *Garçon, Un Bock*, gives a terrible picture of the ruin wrought in the mind of an innocent and happy child by the sudden revelation of a father's greed and cruelty. For Maupassant, even from the beginning of his career, conjugal felicity is simply a thing that has no existence in life.

After the separation of his parents Maupassant remained in the care of his mother. He spent his youth in Normandy, passing from the school at Yvetot to the Lycée at Rouen. In school, and during his vacations in village, town, and country, he laid during these years the foundation of that peculiar knowledge of French provincial and peasant life which distinguishes him from his contemporaries. Daudet's rustics, for example, are creatures of a fanciful and poetic imagination; Zola's boors are incredible monsters; but Maupassant's peasants are, one feels instinctively, the real thing, absolutely convincing reproductions of actual life.

His acquaintance with provincial life was, however, by no means confined to the peasantry. His birth opened for him the

the enormous gorge that is so abruptly terminated by the Gemmi, and sloping downward widens to the distant Rhône.

The mule stopped at the edge of the path which leads, in windings fantastic and wonderful, down the perpendicular mountain-side to the almost invisible little village at its foot. The women jumped off into the snow. The two old men had overtaken them. "Come," said Father Hauser, "good-bye, friends, and keep up your courage till next year." And old Gaspard repeated: "Till next year."

The men embraced—then Mrs. Hauser held up her face; and the young girl did the same. When it came Ulrich Kungsi's turn he whispered in Louise's ear, "Don't forget us up here." She answered "No," so low that he guessed rather than heard it. "Come, good-bye," repeated Jean Hauser, "keep well and strong." And passing in front of the women he began the descent. They soon disappeared, all three of them, at the first turn of the path, and the two guides turned back again to the Schwarenbach inn. They walked along slowly side by side without speaking. The parting was over. They would now be four or five months alone, face to face. . . .

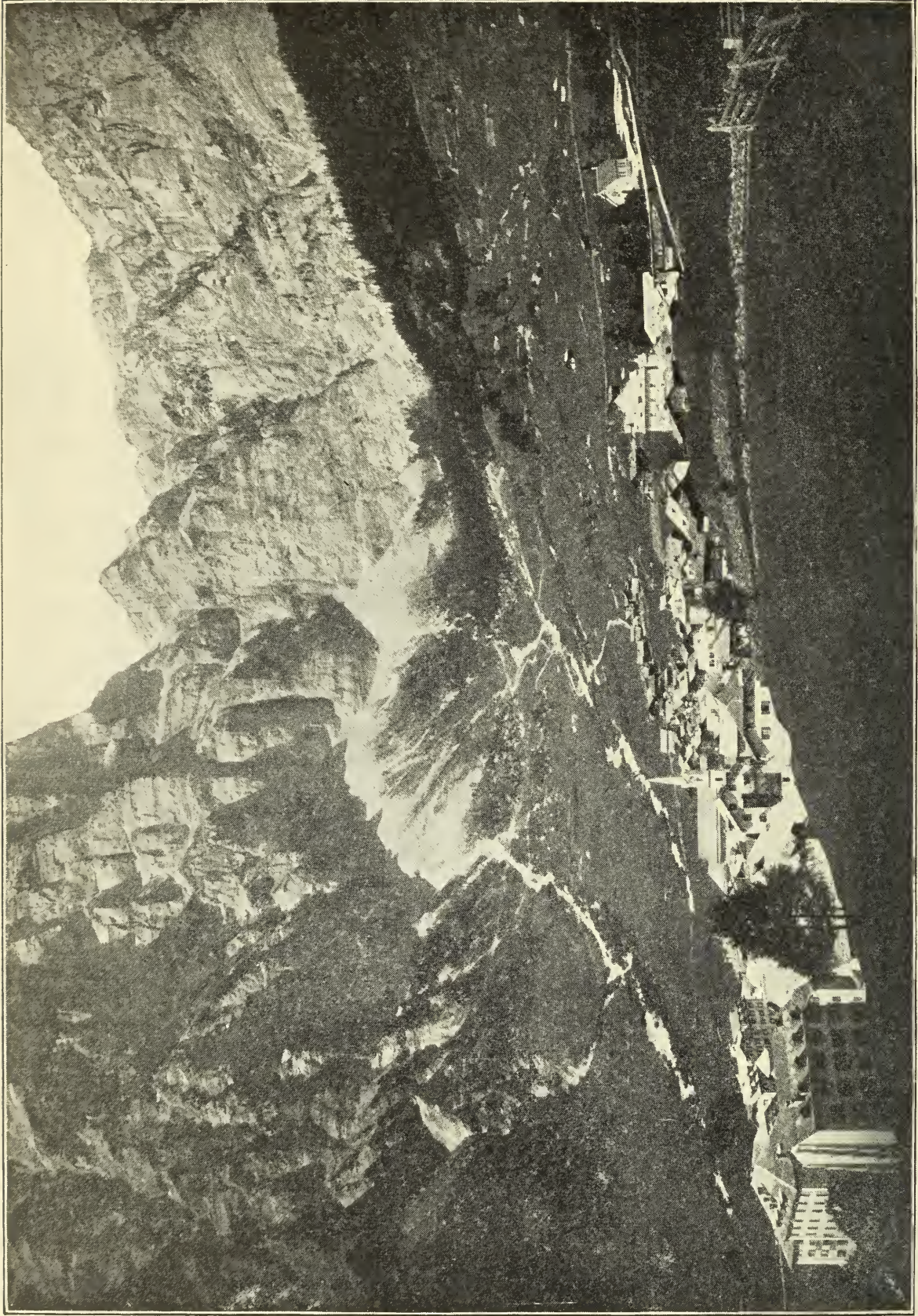
They soon discerned the inn, barely visible, a black dot at the foot of an enormous wave of snow. When they opened the door, Sam, the big, long-haired dog, began to frisk around them. "Come, my son," said old Gaspard, "there is no woman now; we shall have to get dinner ready; you peel the potatoes." And, sitting down on wooden stools, they began to make the soup.

The morning of the following day seemed long to Ulrich Kungsi. Old Hari smoked and spat into the hearth, while the young man looked out of the window at the glittering mountain opposite the house. In the afternoon he went out and walked back over the route of the day before, looking on the ground for the hoof-prints of the mule which had carried the two women. Then, when he reached the top of the Gemmi, he lay face down and gazed at Leuk over the edge of the abyss. Seen from the height of the Gemmi, the low village houses looked like paving blocks in a meadow. Little Louise was there now in one of those gray

doors of the country gentry; the circumstances of his life brought him into close relations with the provincial bourgeois. He has left us indelible impressions of both classes in his tales and novels.

Maupassant's love of nature in all her aspects is another and more pleasing inheritance from "the large, bountiful Norman land, with its abbeys and its nestling farms, its scented hedges, and hard white roads." He is even in his feeling for nature a materialist and, in the best meaning of a much abused word, a sensualist. But how well his senses serve him, when brought to bear upon this good old world of ours, and what a sincere and even passionate delight does he receive from the impressions of nature which his senses transmit to his receptive intelligence! His sense of smell, to quote the words of Mr. James, is "as acute as that of the animals of the field and forest whose subsistence and security depend upon it." His visual sense is a marvel of minuteness and of range. It takes in at once the smallest details of form and color, and traverses unimpeded wide spaces of country landscape, of mountains, of the sea. His sense of hearing responds alike to the roar of the ocean, to the rustle of winds in the forest, and to the intoxicating melody of the nightingale. And in all these manifestations of nature he has the simple and hearty joy of some old pagan, without, however, sharing for a moment the old poetic pagan conception of the indwelling of the deity in flood and field and forest.

At the age of eighteen Maupassant left Rouen and entered the civil service, first as a clerk in the navy department, later in the department of education. The change from the pleasant life of Normandy, where his long holidays were spent in happy wanderings through the country, to the confined quarters, the trivial duties,



THE VILLAGE OF LEUK

dwelling. In which? Ulrich Kungsi was too far away to distinguish between them. How glad he would have been to go down while it was still possible!

But the sun had disappeared behind the huge summit of the Wildstrubel, and the young man went back to the inn. Father Hari was smoking. Seeing his companion return, he proposed a game of cards, and they sat down opposite each other, one on each side of the table. They played a long time, an easy game called *brisque*; then having supped they went to bed. The days which followed were like the first, clear and cold without fresh snow. Old Gaspard passed his afternoons watching for the eagles and other rare birds which ventured over those frozen summits; but Ulrich returned regularly to the top of the Gemmi to look down at the village. Afterwards they played cards, dice, dominoes, setting various trifles as stakes to make the game more interesting.

One morning Hari, who was the first to rise, called his companion. A moving cloud—deep and light—of white foam had settled down above them, and was gradually burying them under a thick and deadening mattress of moss. This lasted four days and four nights. They had to clear the doors and windows, dig a passage-way and cut steps, in order to ascend to the level of the icy powder which twelve hours of zero weather had made harder than the granite of the moraines.

They now lived like prisoners, seldom venturing out of their abode. They had divided the household tasks and did them systematically. Ulrich Kungsi took charge of the washing, scrubbing, and all the various duties of cleanliness. He also chopped the wood, whereas Gaspard Hari did the cooking and kept up the fire. Their daily and monotonous labor was broken only by long games of cards or dice. They never quarrelled, for they were both of them calm and placid. They never even got impatient, or out of temper, or contentious, having laid in a supply of resignation to meet the demand of a winter on the heights.

Sometimes old Gaspard took his gun and went in search of chamois, and occasionally he killed one. Then they had a celebration in the Schwarenbach inn, and a great feast of fresh meat. He

and the petty jealousies of department life, must have been torture to the vigorous young nature. Yet even in this life Maupassant felt nothing of the homesickness that sometimes overpowers the provincial in a great metropolis. He studied men and manners over the piles of department papers, he spent his weekly holidays in excursions through the charming environs of Paris, and laid the foundation of that knowledge of the life and customs of the Sunday "tripper" that he was later to amuse and shock the world with. He kept up the athletic exercises in which he prided himself, and canoed along the Seine. "I used to be happy when I got out on Sunday with six francs in my pocket to spend," he wrote in later years. And he plunged into the dissipations of the city, and came to know more than a little of the night side of Paris. But the real interest and object of his life at this time was in his literary studies. The phrase must not be misunderstood; Maupassant was at no time a student of books; in fact he does not seem to have had more than the average French gentleman's bowing acquaintance with the literature of his own, or of other countries. But he studied the art of writing, as other men do that of painting or of musical composition, in fortunate ignorance of the Dogberrian doctrine so popular in Anglo-Saxondom that "to write and to read comes by nature."

His master was his old friend and god-father, Flaubert, the founder in France of the realistic novel, the minute and laborious psychological analyst, the martyr of the written phrase. Flaubert's theories of composition are well known, as is the prolonged agony which attended his putting those theories into practice. But to the strong, confident, and restless youth he proved the best of masters. Flaubert taught his disciple

started one morning as usual. The thermometer outside registered ten below zero. As the sun had not yet risen the hunter hoped to come upon the animals in the neighborhood of the Wildstrubel.

Ulrich, left alone, lay abed until ten o'clock. He was naturally a sleepy-head, but never would have dared to indulge himself in the presence of the old and energetic Hari, always an early riser. He breakfasted slowly with Sam, who also liked to pass days and nights asleep before the fire. Then he felt depressed, even frightened at the loneliness, and was overcome by the lack of the daily game of cards, as one always is by the omission of an invariable custom. Presently he went out to meet his companion, who was to return at four o'clock.

The snow had levelled the entire valley, filling the crevasses, obliterating the lakes, shrouding the rocks, and forming between the huge mountain peaks one immense symmetrical bowl of dazzling white. For three weeks Ulrich had not once been to the edge of the abyss from whence he looked down on the village. He wanted to go there before climbing the slopes that lead to the Wildstrubel. Leuk was now snowbound; and, hidden under the white mantle, the houses were hardly distinguishable.

Turning to the right, Ulrich proceeded towards the Lämmern Glacier. He walked with the long stride of the mountaineer and struck his iron-tipped stick against snow as hard as stone. With searching gaze he looked for a little black and moving dot in the distance on that boundless sheet of white. He reached the edge of the glacier, paused and deliberated whether the old guide had really come that way, then started on along the edge of the moraines with a more hurried and more anxious step.

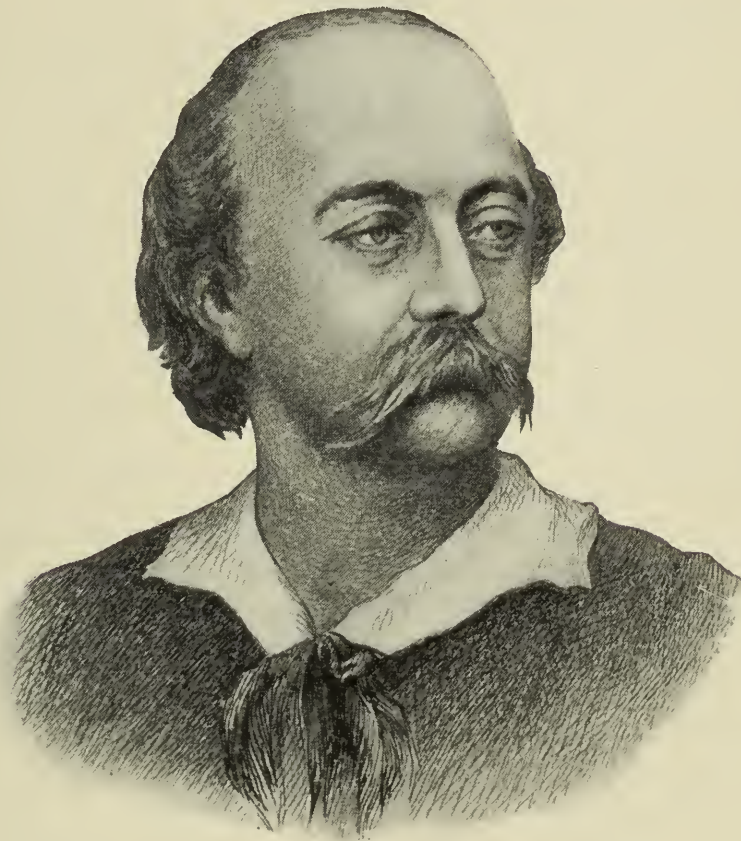
The day was closing; the snow grew pink; a dry and freezing wind swept in sudden gusts over its crystal surface. Ulrich called with a loud cry, shrill, vibrant, prolonged. His voice sped away into the deathly silence in which the mountains sleep; it floated in the distance over the motionless and deep waves of glacial foam like the cry of a bird over the waves of the ocean; then it died away and nothing answered it.

that talent was after all the art of taking infinite pains in unwearied patience, that every individual thing or person was in truth an individual and not a mere member of a certain class, and that "whatever be the thing one wishes to say, there is but one noun to express it, one verb to give it life, one adjective to qualify it." Above all he held him back from premature publication. For seven years Maupassant served his apprenticeship, writing verses, stories, novels, even a "detestable drama," all of which were first submitted to the master and then committed to the flames. Small wonder then, that when Maupassant made his *début* he dazzled the public like a Minerva sprung full-armed from the head of Jupiter. Small wonder, either, that he acknowledged throughout his life the lasting debt he owed his teacher. Maupassant has sometimes been described as carrying the art of Flaubert to its highest pitch of perfection, but this is a most uncritical view. We can only regard Maupassant as surpassing his master when we place the technical skill of such performers as Sarasate and Rosenthal above the creative genius of Mozart and Beethoven. It is, after all, only the technique of an art that can be transmitted from master to pupil. Maupassant's vigorous talent and persevering study ended in giving him such a command of his master's methods that he attained with ease and swiftness effects that Flaubert accomplished only after long toil and agonizing effort. Yet Flaubert's four novels, produced at long intervals during a period of nearly thirty years, occupy a place in literature far above the twenty-seven volumes of Maupassant, turned out at an average rate of two or more a year.

It was during Maupassant's employment in the civil service, probably also during the early years

He began to walk again. The sun had sunk to rest down there behind the peaks still purple with the reflection from the heavens, but the depths of the valley had become gray. The young man was suddenly afraid. It seemed to him that the silence, the cold, the solitude, the wintry death of the mountains, was entering into him, that it would soon arrest and freeze his blood, stiffen his limbs, turn him into motionless ice. So he began to run,

of his work under the direction of Flaubert, that the Franco-Prussian war broke out. The great events of the terrible year, the humiliation of France, the fall of the Empire, the internecine strife with the Commune, and the establishment of the Republic, seem to have had singularly little effect upon the development of his mind or the widening of his sympathies.



From drawing by Commanville

GUSTAVE FLAUBERT

fleeing in the direction of the inn. The old man, he reflected, had undoubtedly returned during his absence; he must have gone another way; he would be sitting in front of the fire with a dead chamois at his feet.

It was not long before he came in sight of the inn. No smoke rose above it. Ulrich ran faster. He opened the door. Sam sprang forward to welcome him, but Gaspard Hari was not there. Terrified,

Many of his stories deal with scenes and incidents of the war. The suffering and misery that it involved were for Maupassant little more than "copy," which he exploited with all the resources of his art. And here, as elsewhere, his temperament led him to choose as his subjects scenes and characters that reveal the baser side of human nature.

Ulrich Kungsi turned quickly around as if he expected to find his companion hidden in a corner. Then he relighted the fire and made the soup, still hoping the old man would appear. Occasionally he stepped out to see if he were not in sight. The night had fallen, pale and livid, the ghostly night of the mountains, lighted by a slender and yellow crescent just dropping behind the white peaks. Then the young man re-entered the house, sat down, warmed his hands and feet, and reflected on possible accidents.

Gaspard might have broken his leg, fallen into a hole, made a misstep which had sprained his ankle. And he had been forced to stay there stretched out in the snow, overcome, stiffened by the cold, sick at heart, lost, perhaps crying for aid, shouting with all his strength into the silence of the night.

But where? The mountain was so vast, so rugged, its slopes so dangerous, especially at this season, that ten or twenty guides searching in all directions for a week might not find a man in that immensity. Nevertheless, Ulrich Kungsi resolved to set out with Sam, if Gaspard Hari had not returned before midnight or one o'clock in the morning.

He made his preparations. He put two days' provisions in a bag, took his steel crampons, wound a long rope, slender and strong, around his waist, examined the condition of his iron-tipped stick, and of his ice-axe. Then he waited. The fire burned on the hearth; the big dog snored in the light of the blaze; the even ticking of the clock in its sonorous wooden case was like the beating of a heart. He waited, listening intently for distant noises, shivering when the light wind rustled over the roof and along the walls.

It struck midnight—he started. Then feeling shaky and frightened, he put on the kettle in order to have some hot coffee before setting out. When the clock struck one, he got up, roused Sam, opened the door, and went off in the direction of the Wildstrubel. For five hours he climbed, scaling rocks by the aid of his crampons, cutting the ice, pressing continually forward, and sometimes with the end of his rope hauling the dog up a pitch too steep for him to climb. It was about six o'clock when he reached one of the summits where old Gaspard

It was by the publication of *Boule de Suif* that Maupassant sprang suddenly into prominence. His friendship with Flaubert had introduced him to the members of the circle which gathered round that novelist on his rare visits to Paris, to Turgeneff, Edmond de Goncourt, Daudet, and Zola. Attracted by Maupassant's talent and his faculty of swift and unerring portraiture, Zola pressed the young author into the little band of realists who, in 1880, combined to startle the world with the collection of tales to which they gave the name of *Les Soirées de Medan*. Of all the stories in the collection Maupassant's *Boule de Suif* is easily first. Even Zola's strong and vivid *L'Attaque du Moulin* was cast into the shade by this finished masterpiece of narration, characterization, and mordant satire.

From this time on Maupassant, who had already resigned his post in the civil service, devoted himself wholly to authorship. Editors and publishers competed for his work; the reading public could not get enough of him. He wrote, it must be acknowledged, too much and too fast. Far too cool and self-possessed a nature to have his head turned by popular applause, he came, nevertheless, to regard authorship more or less as means of filling his pockets, or rather of gratifying those keen and restless desires for the good things of life which his earlier poverty had forced him to hold in leash. He did not, it is true, sin against his literary conscience, or abandon his clear and nervous style. This is no place, moreover, to take up the burden of the *ensor morum*, and declaim against the immorality of Maupassant. He found, as Henry James says, "a tradition of indecency ready made to his hand"; and neither his temperament nor the circumstances of his life disposed him to break free from this tradition. As a rule, however, Maupassant's most ob-

sometimes went in search of chamois. And he waited until the day broke.

The sky grew dim above his head; and suddenly a weird, faint light, arising one knew not whence, illuminated the immense ocean of spectral peaks stretching for leagues around him. One would have said that this vague brightness proceeded from the snow itself, to be diffused in space. Slowly the highest of the distant summits turned as soft and warm a pink as flesh itself, and the red sun appeared behind the massive giants of the Bernese Alps. Ulrich Kunzi started on again. He walked as hunters do, bent over, looking for footprints, saying to the dog: "Seek, old fellow, seek."

He was descending the mountain now, searching abysses with his gaze, and sometimes calling with a prolonged cry which soon died away in the mute immensity. Then he put his ear to the ground to listen, thought he could distinguish a voice, began to run, called again, heard nothing, and sat down exhausted, hopeless. Towards noon he lunched and fed Sam, as weary as himself. Afterwards he resumed his quest.

When evening came he was still walking; he had been over more than fifty kilometers on the mountain. As he was too far from the inn to return to it, and too weary to drag himself another step, he dug a hole in the snow and crept into it with the dog, under a covering he had brought. They lay close together, the man and the brute, one body warming the other, but nevertheless cold to the marrow of their bones. Ulrich slept but little, his mind haunted by visions, his body shivering from cold.

The day was just dawning when he rose once more. His legs were as stiff as iron rods, his courage so weakened that he was ready to cry aloud in anguish, his heart beating so fast that he nearly fell from emotion when he thought he heard a noise. Suddenly it occurred to him that he, too, might perish with cold in that snowy desert, and the horror of such a death excited his energy and renewed his strength.

He was descending now towards the inn, falling and picking himself up again, and followed from afar by Sam, limping on three legs. They did not reach Schwarenbach until four o'clock in the

jectionable stories are coarse rather than licentious. He certainly makes no effort to present vice in a seductive garb. It is not, I think, on the score of immorality that the permanent deductions from Maupassant's reputation will have to be made before his fame is secure, but rather on the ground that in consequence of his theory that in art the subject was nothing and the style was all he too often squandered the resources of his superb *technique* upon utterly trivial and unworthy subjects.

It appears that Maupassant, in addition to collaboration in a couple of dramas, was responsible for twenty-seven books in ten years. Little is known of the details of his life during this period of feverish production. He became a lion of the literary world and made countless acquaintances, but apparently few intimate friends. He is said to have been irresistible with women, and to have counted his *bonnes fortunes* by the score, but he seems never to have experienced any great passion. His cool contempt for the world in which he lived showed itself in his famous saying that there were three things which were a disgrace to any Frenchman—to wear the ribbon of the Legion of Honor, to become a member of the Academy, and to write for the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

Little by little signs of mental trouble declared themselves. The joyous animalism of his youth began to alternate with fits of profound melancholy, and from time to time traces appeared in his work which, interpreted in the light of succeeding events, showed that he was looking forward with unspeakable horror to a final plunge into the abyss of insanity. It was in vain that he sought for distraction in the salons of Paris or in foreign travel. A constitution naturally superb had been undermined by over-work and dissipation, and in 1890 he

afternoon. The house was empty. The young man made the fire, ate, and immediately fell asleep, so completely stupified that he had ceased to think.

He slept a long time, a very long time, a heavy, overpowering sleep. But suddenly a voice, a cry, his own name, "Ulrich," penetrated his torpor and made him start up. Had he been dreaming? Was it one of those uncanny sounds which disturb the dreams of those in trouble? No! He heard it again, that same vibrant cry which had entered his ear and remained in his flesh to the very tips of his nervous fingers. Surely someone had shouted, someone had called "Ulrich"! Someone was there close to the house. That was unquestionable.

So he opened the door and shrieked, "Is that you, Gaspard?" at the very top of his lungs.

There was no answer, no sound, no murmur, no moan, nothing. It was night. The snow shone wan. The wind had risen, the icy wind which splits the rocks and leaves no living thing on those forsaken heights. It blew in sudden gusts, drier and more fatal than the fiery wind of the desert. Ulrich called again: "Gaspard! Gaspard! Gaspard!"

He waited. All was silent on the mountain. Terror penetrated to his very bones. With one bound he was inside the inn, had shut the door and bolted it; then he fell shivering into a chair, convinced that he had been called by his companion at the moment of giving up the ghost.

Of that he was sure, as one is sure of being alive or of eating bread. Old Gaspard Hari had lain at the point of death for two days and three nights somewhere in a hole, in one of those immaculate ravines whose whiteness is more ominous than the darkness of subterranean places. He had lain at the point of death two days and three nights; he had just passed away a few minutes before. And his soul, barely released, had sped towards the inn where Ulrich slept, and called him by means of that mysterious and terrible power which the souls of the dead have to haunt the living. It had cried, that voiceless soul, to the overpowered soul of the sleeper; it had cried its last farewell, its reproach, or its curse, on the man who had not sought long and far enough.

renounced altogether his life and work in Paris and withdrew to a villa at Cannes, where he hoped to recover his health. But it was already too late. Shortly after his arrival he attempted, in a fit of depression, to cut his throat with a razor. On being prevented he went raving mad, and was carried back to Paris in a strait-jacket. He lingered for eighteen months, sinking deeper and deeper into general paresis until he was mercifully delivered by death in July, 1893. At the unveiling of his monument Zola gave utterance to the general feeling of the literary world when he lamented the untimely extinction of one who, with all his faults, was so true a representative of the genius of France, "one of our own, a Latin of good, clear, solid head, a maker of beautiful sentences shining like gold, pure as the diamond. . . He was loved because he was of our family and was not ashamed of it, because he showed pride in having the good sense, logic, balance, power, and clearness of the old French blood."

Maupassant's fame rests, and will rest, upon a group of masterpieces among his short stories. His novels are, upon the whole, unsatisfactory. *Une Vie* probably elicited Tolstoi's praise rather on account of its powerful presentation of the disillusion of life than because of its artistic merit. It is, in effect, a series of scenes and incidents strung together upon the thread of a single life. One has the feeling that these might almost be detached and presented as so many short stories; the grasp and power to fuse them into one solid and invisible whole was evidently lacking. No such criticism can be made of Maupassant's most successful novel, *Pierre et Jean*; but this little masterpiece is, after all, a short story expanded rather than a novel. Maupassant's later novels suffer, I think, from an overplus of psychological analysis.

And Ulrich felt it was there, quite near, outside the wall, outside the door which he had just closed. It was circling back and forth like some bird of the night brushing against a lighted window; and the terrified young man was ready to shriek aloud with horror.

He wanted to flee and yet did not dare go out; he did not dare and never would dare again, for day and night the phantom would stay around the inn, so long as the body of the old guide was not

He was at bottom not a thinker, nor an analyst, but an observer; and when he quitted his own field, the transcription of observations and experiences, for a region when the main interest lay in the hidden causes of things, his powers failed him; he became diffuse, uncertain, and at times almost dull.

Various attempts have been made to classify the two hundred and more stories of Maupassant.



Photograph by Detroit Photographic Co.

D' AUBENSEE, GEMMI PASS

recovered and laid somewhere in the consecrated ground of a cemetery.

The day dawned, and with the brilliant return of the sun Kungsi regained a little confidence. He prepared his meal, made soup for the dog, and then remained motionless in his chair thinking of the old guide with anguish in his heart.

But as soon as night brooded again over the mountains, fresh terrors assailed him. He walked

He himself apparently produced them without any thought of system or order. Such a volume as *Le Horla*, for example—from which *L'Auberge*, the story translated for this number of the BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE, is taken—contains, in addition to the tale of horror which gives its name to the collection, a hunting story, a trio

the floor of the gloomy kitchen, poorly lighted by one flaring candle, walked with long strides from one end of the room to the other, listening, listening for the terrifying cry of the past night to pierce the desolate stillness outside. And he felt himself alone, the wretched fellow, as no man had ever been alone before. He was alone in that immense snowy desert, alone six thousand feet above the inhabited earth, above human dwellings, above the struggle, roar, and throb of life, alone in the icy sky! A reckless longing to escape tortured him, no matter where, no matter how, a mad longing to get down to Leuk by throwing himself over the precipice; yet he did not even dare to open the door, being certain that the soul of the dead man would bar the way that it might not be left alone up there.

Towards midnight, weary with walking, overcome with anguish and dread, he fell into a doze in his chair, for he feared his bed as one fears a spot that is haunted. And suddenly the shrill cry of the past night rent his ears, so very sharp and near that Ulrich stretched out his arms to ward off the apparition, and tumbled over backwards in his chair.

Sam, awakened by the noise, began to howl as dogs howl when they are afraid, and prowled around the room seeking whence the danger came. Reaching the door he smelled at the threshold, panting and sniffing vigorously. Hair bristling, tail pointing, he growled. Kungsi, wild with desperation, had picked himself up and seizing his chair by the leg, he shouted: "Don't come in, don't come in, don't come in, or I'll kill you." And excited by the threat the dog barked furiously at the invisible enemy who defied his master's voice.

Although Sam gradually became quieter and went back to the hearth to lie down, he was still alert, his ears were cocked, his eyes shone, and he growled between his teeth. Ulrich too recovered his senses, but as he felt faint with terror he went and got a bottle of brandy from the cupboard and drank off several glasses one after the other. His thoughts became confused; his courage revived; a feverish fire crept into his veins.

The next day he ate little, confining himself to drink. And for several successive days he con-

of tales of aristocratic Parisian life, a war story, a peasant story, and others which it would be hard to put under any general head. Professor Wells classifies by the outlook on life revealed in the stories. The charming selection translated by Mr. Sturges, and published under the somewhat fantastic title of *The Odd Number*, gives us examples of some classes of Maupassant's stories. It does not, however, give us a conception of the whole range of his genius, for no collection can do that which omits his broadly humorous or cynically bitter tales, and the translator has yet to be found daring enough to render these in English.

After all, Maupassant should be read in French, or not at all. His style is so clear and fluent that he is easy reading even for those who are not French scholars, although only those acquainted with the niceties of the language can wholly appreciate the deftness and precision of his effects. His chief characteristics as a writer of short stories are, it seems to me, versatility in choice of subjects, clearness in presentation, an easy mastery of incident and character, and an almost unique power of isolating and individualizing his scenes and figures so as to make them, as it were, stand out from the canvas. He has a trick, for it is nothing more, of framing his stories in a setting which tends, usually by contrast, to bring out and heighten their effect. For instance, the gruesome story of *La Mère Sauvage* gains in horror from its contrast to the dainty bit of nature worship which introduces it.

The one dominant and persistent note in Maupassant's work is his pessimism. It comes like a cloud between the sun and the world of men, and straightway all man's deeds and dreams and desires grow dark and repulsive. To Maupassant this is so far from being the best of all possible worlds that it is perhaps the worst con-

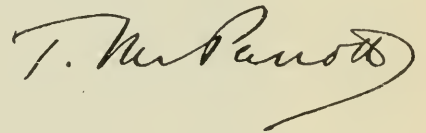
tinued as drunk as a beast. The moment the thought of Gaspard Hari occurred to him he began to drink anew, and drank until he fell to the floor from intoxication. And there he remained, dead drunk, limbs inert, snoring, face down. He had scarcely slept off the effect of the maddening fiery stuff before the same cry, "Ulrich," roused him as if he had been shot; still unsteady he raised himself up, stretching out his arms so as not to fall, and called Sam to his aid. The dog seemed to be as mad as his master, rushed to the door, scratched it with his claws, gnawed it with his long white teeth, while the young man, his dizzy head thrown back, swallowed, like cold water after a walk, big draughts of the brandy to again benumb his thoughts, memory, and mortal terror.

In three weeks he had consumed the whole supply of alcohol. But this continuous debauch only deadened a terror which revived madder than ever the moment it became impossible for him to quiet it. Aggravated by a month's inebriation, continually whetted by the absolute solitude, his one thought bored its way down into him like a gimlet. He walked up and down in the dwelling like a beast in a cage, gluing his ear to the door to listen if the other was there, and defying him through the wall. But the moment he dropped asleep, almost dead with fatigue, he heard the voice that made him leap to his feet.

At last one night, like an animal at bay, he made a rush for the door and opened it to see who was calling, and to force him to be still. A gust of cold air blew full in his face and chilled him to the bone. He closed the door and shoved the bolts, without noticing that Sam had dashed outside. Shivering, he threw wood on the fire and sat down to warm himself; suddenly he started, someone was scratching the wall and crying as he scratched. Anxiously he shouted: "Go away." A wail answered him, prolonged and woful.

Then all the reason he still possessed was swept away by terror. He reiterated "Go away," and turned round and round to find a corner in which to hide. The other, still crying, slid along the house, rubbing himself against the wall. Ulrich rushed to the oaken cupboard and, raising it with superhuman strength, dragged it to barricade the

ceivable; and yet death, which ends all, is a thing to be feared, not sought, for death means annihilation, and to that even the worst of worlds is preferable. But it is after all mere folly to condemn Maupassant for his pessimistic view of life. A man's outlook on the world is mainly if not wholly a matter of temperament, and it was as impossible for Maupassant to conceive of the world in the terms of, let us say, Browning's optimism, as it would have been for the English poet to write *L'Heritage* and *La Maison Tellier*. It is one of the hardest but most necessary lessons for criticism to learn, that an author must be judged by what he does, not by what he leaves undone because it is beyond his proper limits. And within his limits it would be hard indeed to find anyone who has done stronger, surer, truer work than Guy de Maupassant.



Maupassant's Pessimism

In a period of universal pessimism, no writer has done more to show the hollowness of all things and give us the sensation of absolute nothingness. He may be said to have proceeded, by a system of elimination, to strip man of everything that could serve as an object of hope, as an aim to his energies, as a charm or prop to his soul. It is not that he is endowed with especial penetration of mind, or that it is given to him to sound the most arduous problems to their depths. It is rather for the opposite reason. Maupassant is in no wise a thinker; we perceive this whenever he ventures to express his ideas upon any abstract question whatsoever; as in *L'Inutile Beauté*, where a man of the world

door. Then piling the rest of the heavy pieces, the mattresses, straw mattresses, and chairs, one on top of another, he blocked up the window.

From without came long and dismal moans, which the young man answered with moans as long and dismal. One circled incessantly around the house and dug at the wall with his nails so fiercely that he seemed to wish to pull it down; the other, inside, followed all his movements bent over, with ear against the wall, and answered all appeals with horrid shouts.

One evening Ulrich heard no sound whatever, and sat down so utterly exhausted that he fell asleep. He woke without memory, without a single thought, just as if his head had been completely emptied during his lethargic sleep. He was hungry; he ate.

Winter was over. The route over the Gemmi was again open, and the Hauser family set out to return to the inn. When they had reached the top of the ascent the women mounted their mule, talking about the two men they were so soon to see again.

They were surprised that neither guide had made the descent a few days earlier when it first became possible, with news of their long winter.

At last they came in sight of the inn, still covered and shrouded with snow. The doors and windows were closed. A little smoke rose above the roof, and this reassured Father Hauser. But, on approaching, they discovered on the threshold the skeleton of an animal picked clean by the eagles, a large skeleton lying on its side. They all examined it. "That must be Sam," said the mother. And she called: "Ho, Gaspard!" An answering cry came from within, a shrill cry which might have been that of an animal. Father Hauser repeated: "Ho, Gaspard." Another cry like the first resounded.

The three men, the father and two sons, tried to open the door. It resisted. They took a long beam from the empty stable for a battering ram and hurled it full against the door.

The wood creaked, gave way, the planks flew in splinters; then a loud noise shook the house and they saw behind the fallen cupboard a man stand-

confides to us his conception of the Deity.

Everything belonging to the intellectual order, all great works, all conquests of the mind, fail to appeal to him; and, as so often happens, he denies the existence of everything he does not comprehend. . . . As regards the men whom Maupassant meets in daily life, or those whom he brings upon the scene in his books, the more their mental activity is developed, the less respect he has for them. He barely admits an exception in the case of artists and writers, doubtless through fellow-feeling and a sense of comradeship.

The one sentiment which Maupassant paints over and over again, and in which he sees the only charm of existence—the sentiment of love—he has despoiled of every remnant of the ideal. —René Doumic in *Contemporary French Novelists*.

Maupassant's Spiritual Development

The moral progress of Guy de Maupassant's life is written in ineffaceable characters through the whole series of his delicious short stories and his best books, *Sur l'Eau* and *Une Vie*. This growth is to be traced not only in the dethronement of sexual passion—the more significant that it is involuntary—but also in Guy de Maupassant's increasing demands from life, in a moral sense.

He sees that the material world, such as it is, is not the best of all possible worlds; that it might be far other; that it does not satisfy the demands of reason and love. He begins to perceive that another world exists; or, at least, he realizes the soul's longings for this other world. The fact that tortured Guy de Maupassant most keenly, and to which he returns again and again, is this very loneliness, this consciousness of a

ing. His hair fell to his shoulders, his beard to his breast, his eyes glittered, and a few tattered rags clung to his body.

They did not know him, but Louise Hauser exclaimed: "It is Ulrich, Mamma"; and her mother agreed that it was Ulrich, although his hair was white. He permitted them to enter; he permitted them to touch him, but he would not

spiritual barrier shutting him off from all mankind; a barrier that grows more palpable as physical intercourse grows closer. What makes him suffer so? What is he longing for? What could break down the barrier, and bring this utter loneliness to an end? What but love? Yet not the mirage of woman, of sexual passion; but



Photograph by Rau

MAUPASSANT'S MONUMENT IN PARIS

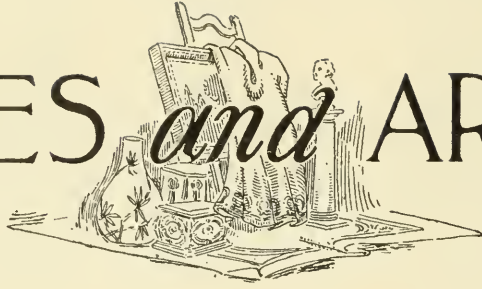
reply to the questions they asked him. They had to take him to Leuk, where the doctors declared that he was mad. And no one ever knew what had become of his companion.

Little Louise nearly died that summer of a debilitating illness, which they thought due to the cold of the mountains.

—*Translated by Mary Bacon.*

true love — pure, spiritual, and divine. And this Guy de Maupassant thirsts for. This true love, long clearly recognized as the salvation of life, is the goal of his struggles from the toils he feels drawn round him. He failed in the last needed effort, and perished unreleased.—*Count Tolstoi in The Arena, 1895.*

PICTURES *and* ART TALK



The color pictures in this section deal with some famous paintings, more or less familiar in monochrome reproductions. They comprise two examples of the somewhat conventional art of the eighteenth century, together with four specimens of the work of the past half century.

* * *

It is not difficult to account for Meissonier's popularity. His merits are those of wide and instant appeal—dramatic vigor, bold vitality, marvellous finish. He early saw in what field his keen eye and dexterous hand could best find employment. To the pursuit of technical perfection he devoted himself with untiring industry, taking no heed of the political struggles or the no less bitter warfare of classic and romantic in art that were waging when he came to Paris in 1830. He took as his models the half-forgotten Dutch genre painters of the seventeenth century. The result justified him. French grace grafted on Dutch fidelity made him the master of modern genre painting.

The Cavalier is one of the most characteristic of his single figures. The first impression it gives is of the composition as a whole, of the convincing vitality of the man himself. It is only on closer view that one is impressed by the perfection of detail, which is rigidly subordinated to the general effect. There is breadth of grasp in it, the ease and decisive strength of a master hand, the insight that can pierce through accessories to the spirit and set the canvas aglow with it. This cavalier is no mere Teufelsdröckian clothes-horse on which to drape courtly garments for the garments' sake. He is part and parcel of his time, and his carriage and costume are in perfect accord. *The Scout* of today is as perfect in his different way as the courtier of Louis XIV. Yet with all their merits of superb

draughtmanship and photographic fidelity, they leave something to be desired by those who look for more in art than consummate technic. There is no passion in his work, no ideal, nothing intense or subtle, nothing to set the mind working or cause a single flutter of the pulse. He is not great enough to fail sometimes; the reach of his "low-pulsed, forthright craftsman's hand" never exceeds its grasp. But instead of dwelling on his limitations, the part of gratitude is to accept the merits he has, thankful that he elected to paint what he saw, boldly, surely, perfectly.

* * *

Unlike Meissonier, Jean Baptiste Greuze was essentially a man of his time. He was the exponent in art of the sentimental simplicity preached by Rousseau in the novel and by Diderot on the stage. Born in 1725, he began his work just at the critical moment when morality was coming in fashion at the court of France, jaded by the long revel of license that has made the Regency a by-word. The conversion was complete. The *bourgeoisie*, fast rising to power on the wreck of the old order, were condescendingly taken as models by the highest of the land. Ultra-simplicity of life and dress became the ideal—an artificial simplicity, however, that was never allowed to drop below the level of the picturesque. Art reflected life. Instead of following in the rut of pseudo-pastoral painting, Greuze devoted his talents to the familiar scenes of everyday life. His work was enthusiastically praised by the leaders of the new movement, and one does not need to be an eighteenth century philosopher or newly converted devotee to agree with their verdict. Dainty, languishing innocence has rarely found more happy interpretation. The famous "Milkmaid" is incarnate



THE CAVALIER

FROM THE PAINTING BY MEISSONIER



Jules Jacquet

THE SCOUT

FROM THE PAINTING BY MEISSONIER
ETCHED BY JULES JACQUET

grace. Her alluring softness of expression, her fresh vigor of health and youth, the firm ease of draughtsmanship apparent in every line, the paradoxically moral voluptuousness à la Rousseau, have made the reproductions of this painting popular for more than a century. It is true it comes perilously near passing the border line that divides sentiment from sentimentality, and has a tinge of artificial self-consciousness, but these were the inseparable defects of the time's qualities.

* * *

Marie Auguste Flameng, who died in Paris in 1894, is usually classed among the Impressionists. There is a suggestion of this school about his *Fishing Boat of Dieppe*, but the most conventional art certainly allows scope for individual play in a sunset at sea after a storm, if anywhere. The painter has caught with wonderful skill the full contrasting values of the unrest of sea and drifting cloud, of the barbaric splendor of the western sky, and the sober peace of the Breton fishing-boat. The work is instinct with the hardy romance of the sea and its toilers.

* * *

In Sir John Gilbert, the painter of *Ego et rex meus*, bluff old King Harry the Eighth found a kindred soul to paint him—akin at least to the royal Bluebeard's manlier part. Gilbert was a true son of the Merrie England of old that he so delighted to make live again on his canvases. The robust masculinity of the man is reflected in his work, in its exultant life and vitality, the breadth and freedom of treatment, the rich but subdued coloring, the full rounded lines, all more than hinting of Rubens. There is nothing subtle, nothing vague in his paintings; they reflect medieval life in the picturesque, wholesome fashion of Scott's novels.

Like Scott, too, Gilbert is a master delineator of the broader aspects of character. There is no mistaking what manner of men they are who fill the canvas of *Ego et rex meus*. Both are proud, both strong, beyond the common, but they wear their rue with a difference. The King's is the pride of the man born to the purple, his the careless, good-humored strength of assurance, sapped though it is by luxury and coarsened by brutal indulgence.

Wolsey's self-conscious, irritable pride betrays the newness of his power, the firm but nervous grasp of his cloak reveals the strong man ill at ease, well aware of the insecurity of his foothold. His face shows the struggle between the courtier ambition that urges submission to the powers that be and the prelate's pride that revolts against it. Gilbert clearly keyed the cardinal's character by adopting as the title of the painting Wolsey's phrase, "I and my King," wherein he showed himself better scholar than courtier.

This work was but one of a long series of historical paintings remarkable for their breadth and vitality, their excellent draughtsmanship, and their dramatic but never theatrical grouping. Gilbert was born in Kent in 1817 and died in London in 1897. It was in keeping with the sturdy independence of his make-up that he was almost entirely self-taught in his youth and in later years unaffected by the passing fashion of Preraphaelite or Impressionist. He was perhaps the most prolific artist of his day. The fertility of his invention was remarkable, though somewhat narrow in its range of subject and feeling. Besides his paintings he produced innumerable illustrations for books and periodicals, slighting nothing, vitalizing every theme he handled, making it instinct with the vigorous optimism of his own personality.

* * *

It is significant of the precocious and somewhat shallow genius of Sir Thomas Lawrence that the painting which brought fame to the boy of twenty shows a grace and charm rarely surpassed in the works of his maturer years. It was in 1790 that the young artist, already the wonder and delight of fashionable Bath, took London by storm with his portrait of the famous actress, Miss Farren, afterwards Countess of Derby. Critics challenged the consistency of the summer landscape and the winter cloak and muff. But the public forgave the lapse in their delight at the skill with which he had caught the fascination of the popular beauty. The portrait glows with life, in the lustrous eyes, in the lips that seem to tremble on the verge of speech, in the free, eager pose of the tall figure standing out boldly on the dwarfed background of tree and sky.



THE MILKMAID

FROM THE PAINTING BY GREUZE

From that day Lawrence's place was assured in the illustrious succession of portrait painters to whom England chiefly owes her standing in the world of art. If he fell short of the standard of truth and power that his forerunners Reynolds, Romney, and Gainsborough had set, his weakness had its material compensation. The soul within might be beyond him, but no brush could more skillfully limn the charm of outward feature or the grace of fashion's latest mode. An optimistic idealism will carry a fashionable court painter further than an uncompromising adherence to the pessimistic truth. The patronage of the rank and beauty of forty years was his reward. Later years have been more critical. Even technical excellence has been denied him, his coloring condemned, and his drawing said to be incorrect. The conventional and superficial elegance of his eighteenth century sitters palls on the taste of a generation that demands stronger meat. But no flight of time can rob him of the admiration his work fairly earned by the exquisite delicacy of the drawing and the animation and brilliance with which it rendered every fleeting charm of expression of the bepowdered beauties of King George's court.

* * *

Herkomer's *On Strike* has a journalistic timeliness characteristic of this essentially popular artist. Nearly every civilized country in the present year of grace has offered thousands of similar scenes. Yet not entirely similar; this is an intensely, insularly British version of the world-wide story. That great hulking workman, virile, slow-moving, dogged, could belong to no other land. All the figures standing out so strongly from the canvas have dramatic force—the dumb, hopeless mother, the careless baby, the young girl, fearful she scarcely knows of what. But unfortunately it goes beyond the dramatic; it is melodrama, a stagey paraphrase of life, aiming at obvious effect. It is easy to see why the name of the militant professor is a red rag to so many lovers of art. There is an aggressive bumptiousness about the man and much of his work that is intensely irritating. Yet one must admit the cleverness and individuality of his work, its straightforward strength and grip

on realities, its wide sympathy, more important than technic to the popular teller of stories in pictures.

And the man himself is of interest. Born in Bavaria fifty years ago, of a family skilled in craftsmanship for generations, trained haphazardly in Munich and Kensington, he had a hard fight, handicapped by poverty and his foreign origin, before success came with his great *The Last Muster*. His strong personality was the chief factor in his triumph. The most marked characteristic of that personality—untiring industry and frank enthusiasm—Mr. Herkomer perhaps owes to his German ancestry. For, English as he is in his technical manner, in his choice of subject, and the feeling with which he handles it, he is German still in temperament, in his union of dreaminess with intense practicalness, and in that outspoken, almost impersonal enthusiasm over his own work that shocks the conventions of British reserve. He is versatile to a degree uncommon in an age of specialists—at once painter, etcher, teacher, composer, playwright, actor, and mesmerist. To such a latter-day Leonardo much may be forgiven.

* * *

Few etchers have been as successful in their treatment of water as the Dutch artist, Charles de Gravesande. His marines are masterpieces of intimate knowledge and effective simplicity, whether in the shadowed ripple or in the broad gleam of calm water. In his *A Dutch Fishing Fleet* this theme is a subordinate one, but it is treated with all his characteristic power, reinforcing the impression of the contrast between the massed shade of the fishing boats in the foreground and the delicate suggestiveness of those on the far horizon.

* * *

The etching from Meissonier's *Scout* has a special interest from the presence of the "remarque" on the lower margin. It is well known that an etcher pulls many trial proofs from his plate in the various stages of the process before completion. For the proof known as the *remarque* those etchers who follow the convention etch on the margin a fanciful supplementary design, more or less appropriate to the subject, and polish it off before taking the artist's proof, usually the next state.



Courtesy of J. E. McClees

A DUTCH FISHING FLEET

FROM THE ETCHING BY GRAVESANDE



Courtesy of J. E. McClees

CLEMATIS

FROM THE PAINTING BY NORMAN HIRST
ENGRAVED BY HIMSELF



EGO ET REX MEUS

FROM THE PAINTING BY GILBERT



FISHING BOAT OF DIEPPE

FROM THE PAINTING BY FLAMENG



THE REHEARSAL

FROM THE PAINTING BY CHARLES SCHREIBER



THE FINISHING TOUCHES

FROM THE PAINTING BY CHARLES SCHREIBER



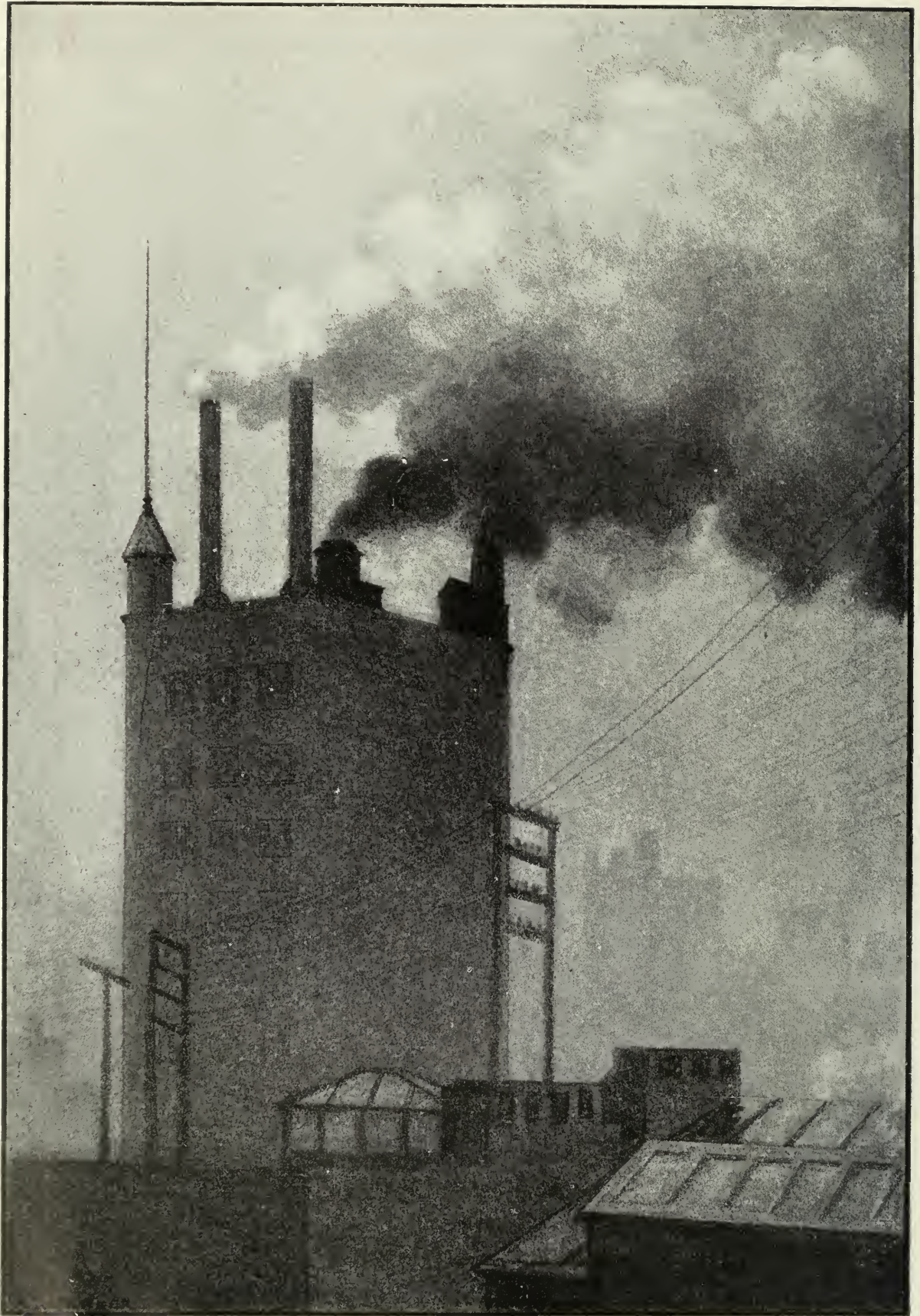
MISTRESS ELIZA FARREN

FROM THE PAINTING BY LAWRENCE



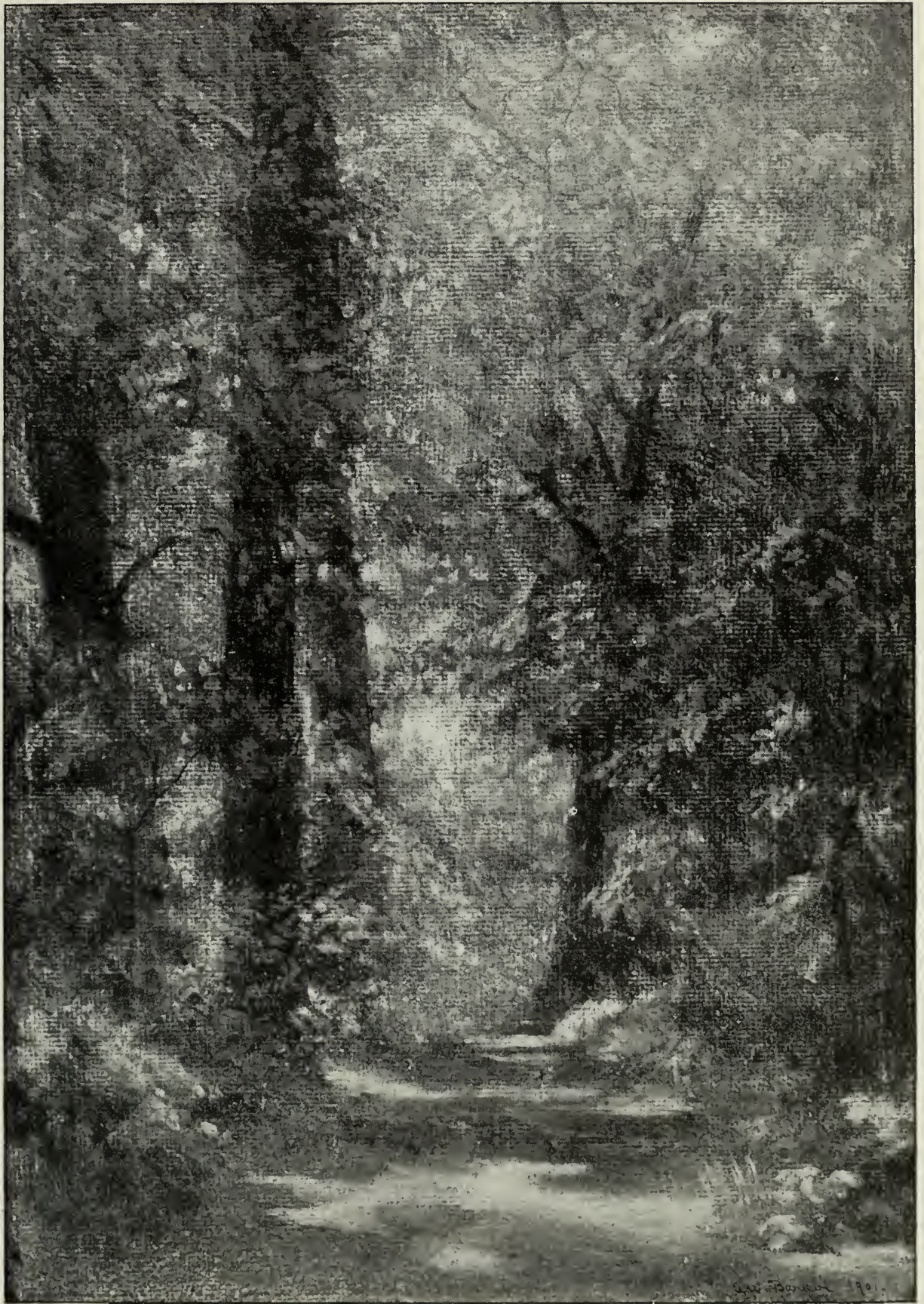
ON STRIKE

FROM THE PAINTING BY HERKOMER



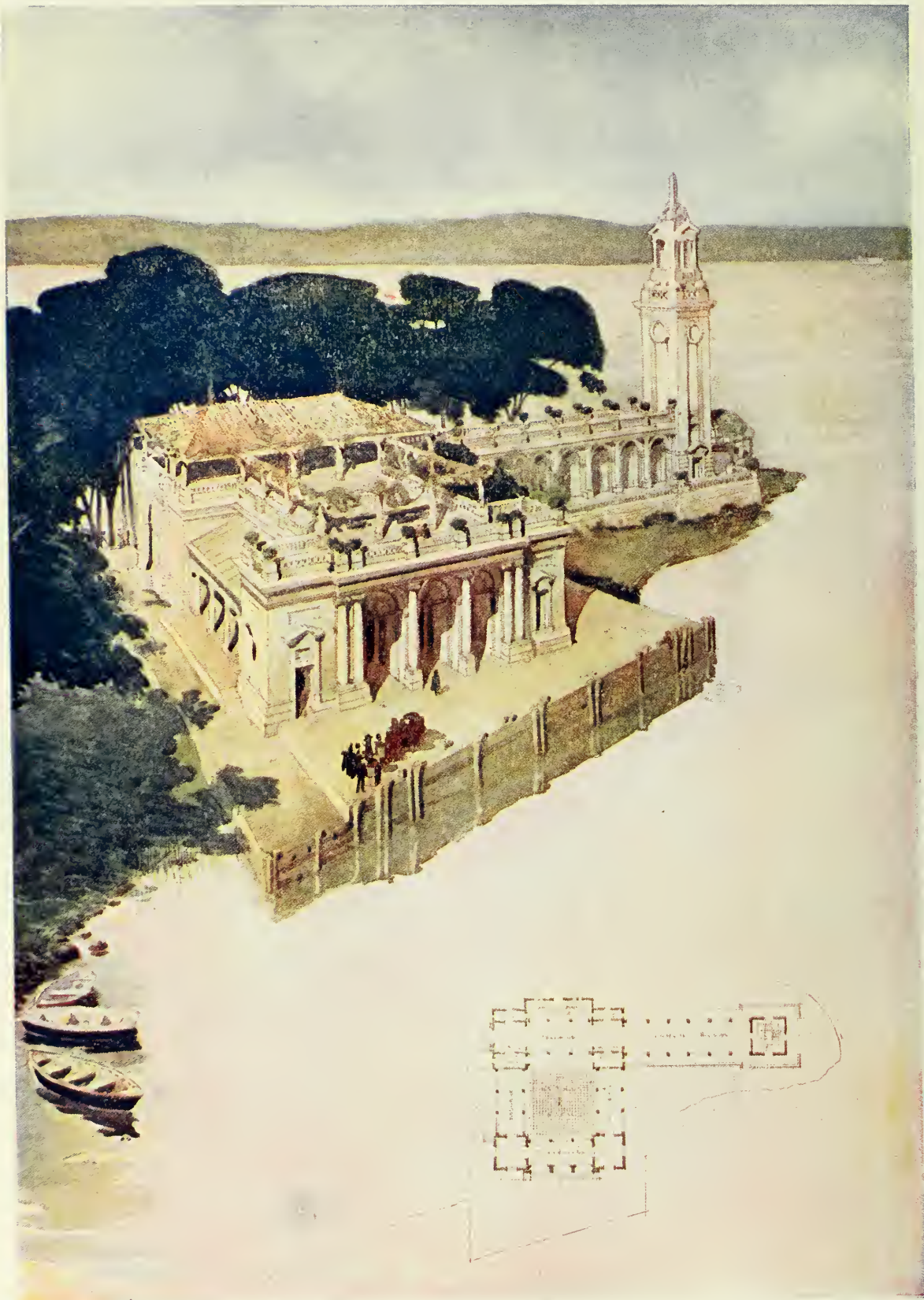
THE MODERN CATHEDRAL

FROM THE CRAYON DRAWING BY A. W. BARKER



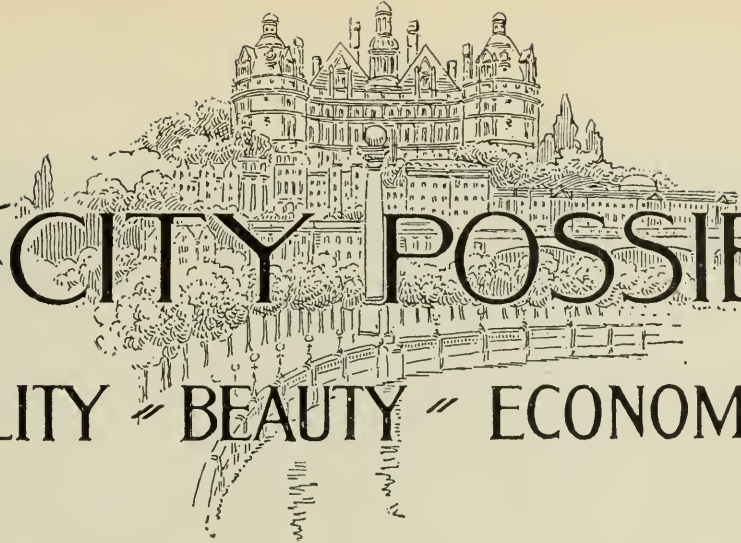
IN THE WOODS

FROM THE CHARCOAL DRAWING BY A. W. BARKER



Designed by Albert Kelsey

WATER-GATE OF CHAUTAUQUA



THE CITY POSSIBLE

UTILITY " BEAUTY " ECONOMY

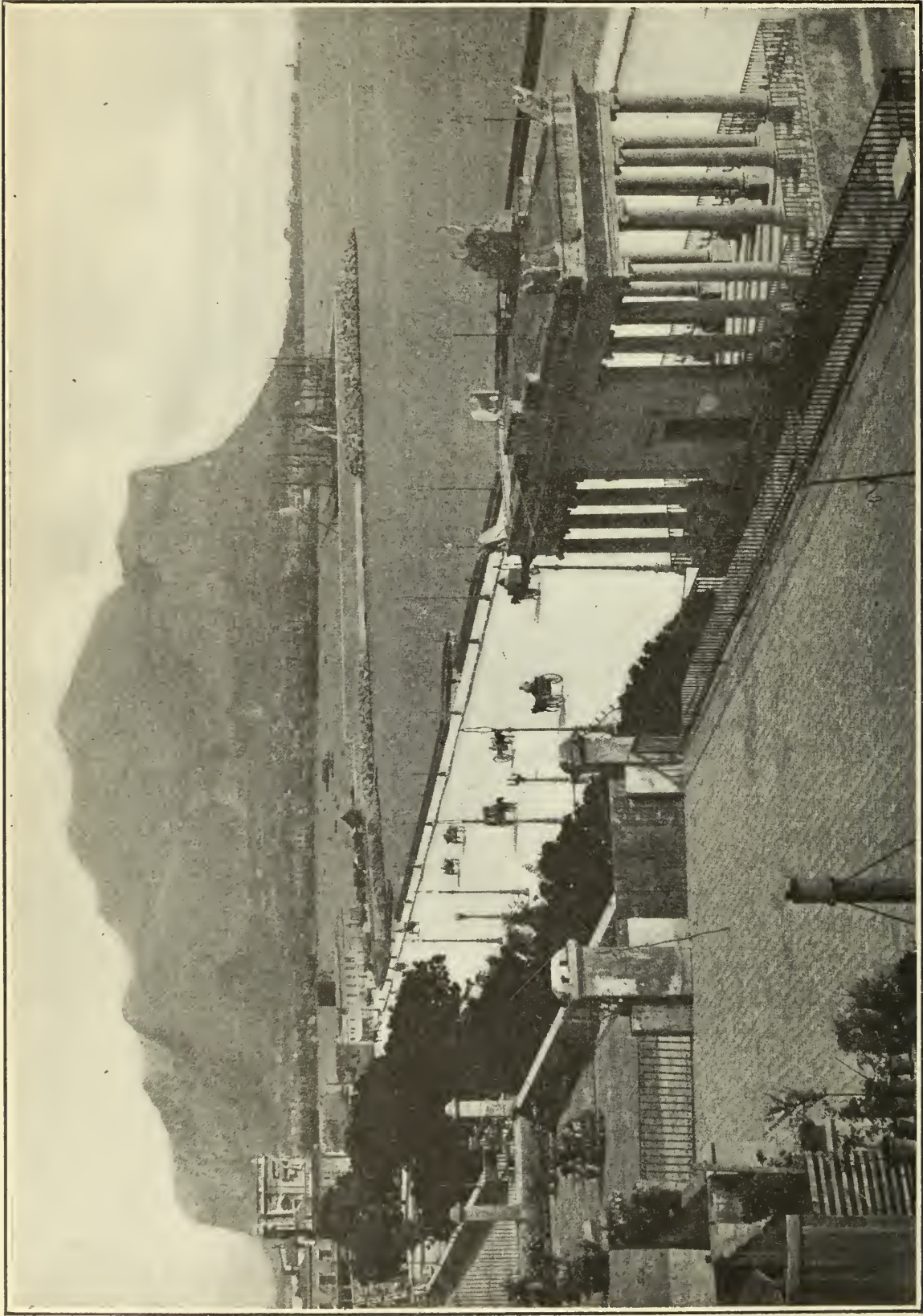
American cities all have some neglected opportunities for civic beauty. European experience has shown that, far from being costly, municipal improvement is an investment yielding a large income. Such improvement is now imperative in many American cities, and it should be undertaken in a spirit of enlightened liberality. The instances of the successful union of utility and beauty discussed in this article have not been selected with any idea of continuity, but as isolated suggestions directly applicable to the diverse requirements of our own American cities.

An observant traveler, approaching an American city from its water front, cannot fail to be struck by the contrast between the natural beauties of our harbors and rivers and the disorder and ugliness that have come upon every place that man has chosen for a center of life and activity. Cities have been called festers upon the earth, and one who arrives at New York, to make an example of the largest of our centers, either by way of the Hudson or from the harbor, after passing through scenes of natural magnificence, must indeed feel that this assertion is justified. It is a strange truth, but most American cities, bad as are their approaches by rail or by road, are still at their worst along the water front. New York, in spite of its enormous commerce and in spite of the fact that it is the official entrance port of the continent, where diplomats and distinguished visitors make their entrance, not only has no official or even worthy landing place, but treats its visitors with indignities that increase from the moment that he sees the garbage floating down the river until he is

landed in a street roughly paved and full of puddles and refuse, where his life is endangered by rough wagons and drays bent upon commercial ends. This is the natural outcome of existing conditions. Many functions of city life center at this point, and the relations between them have not been comprehensively studied, but have been solved with reference only to the exigencies of the moment.

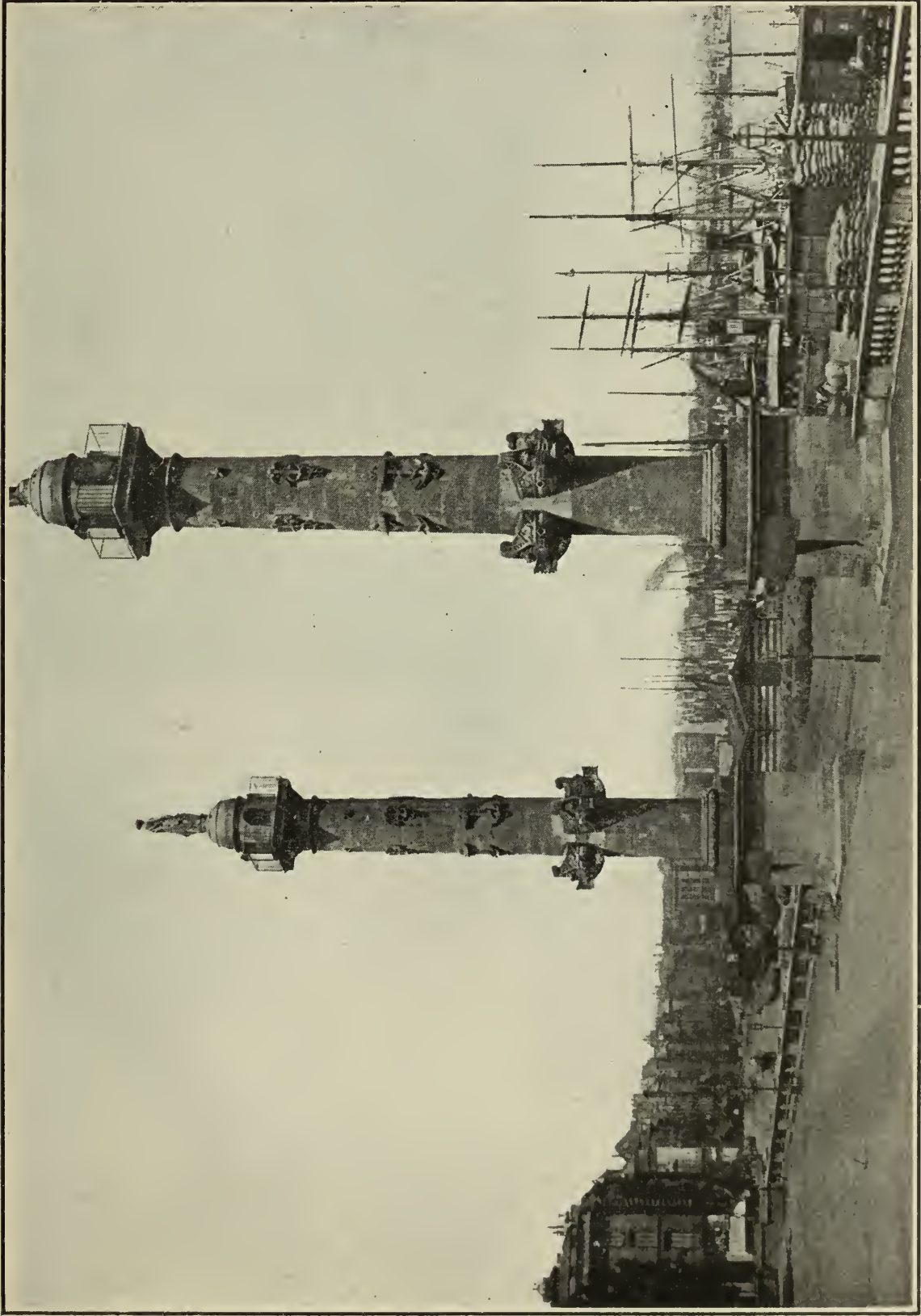
Compare this with the entrance which the little town of Palermo offers to the distinguished guest, with its protected reception place, which also serves as a reviewing stand and orchestra shelter on ordinary occasions. Or, to come to a more democratic example and a case more parallel to that of New York, we might be proud to take a lesson from the city of Bordeaux, where the place of entry is marked by two large rostral columns and an open space set apart for occasions of ceremony. Such a place would serve as an official entrance to the city, and also as a place where individuals could land without the inconvenience that attends the hundreds who now come daily to New York on private yachts. The present condition of filthy and malodorous docks is the more shocking to every sense of decency since it is so wantonly needless.

One who approaches the Cathedral of Notre Dame by way of the Seine sees a picture of neatness and cleanliness, for in Paris and other continental towns the river banks are so constructed that the narrowed current scours its own banks, and so that the various functions of commerce, of hygiene, and of public recreation are all met. In a small area, by a careful adjustment of



WATER FRONT OF PALERMO

THE COVERED FORUM IN THE FOREGROUND SERVES AS RECEPTION-PLACE AND REVIEWING-STAND



WATER-GATE OF BORDEAUX

A DIGNIFIED PLACE OF ENTRY, DISTINGUISHED BY ROSTRAL COLUMNS, WITH OPEN SPACE FOR CEREMONIES



BOULEVARD DE LA REPUBLIQUE, ALGIERS

DOCKS AND RAILWAYS ARE KEPT BELOW THE STREET LINE, AND THE SPACE UNDER THE BOULEVARD IS UTILIZED FOR BONDED WAREHOUSES

the various requirements of city life, a beauty has been produced which is not the beauty of a park set aside merely for recreation, but a beauty that has as its keynote the commercial life of the city and the practical virtues of order and healthfulness. Along an American river, instead of this we see long, flat mud banks and dumping grounds, which breed mosquitoes and disease germs. Then come piers and wharves of all sorts, in which the practical needs of the owner alone are flimsily satisfied, and, even so, with infinite waste. A whole river front which, in its immediate relation to the mass of the people, might have been economically treated in such a way as to preserve something of its old beauty and to give it something of a new beauty—with no injury to the owner, and with benefit to the community at large under simple but comprehensive regulation—has now become a series of straggling, unkempt, unbeautiful, and unrelated units.

One of our illustrations shows in diagrammatic form a project for the redemption of a river front in the business district of a large city. It will be seen that the requirements of traffic by river, railroad, and canal have been provided for, as well as ample roadways for pleasure driving, and spacing about the large warehouses. So much has been gained by bringing these various units into close touch with one another that there is room and opportunity for shaded promenades and road lawns, to give back to the river a beauty equal to that which the early stages of man's occupancy took from it. Man's possession does not necessarily mean the disordered jumble and the half mastery of his opportunities shown in the lower picture, but can become a beautiful expression of mastery and use of his surroundings.

An admirable example of this is seen in Algiers in North Africa. Beneath the magnificent elevated Boulevard de la Re-

publique are huge vaulted warehouses, which serve as the point of contact between the steamship companies, the railroads, and the government revenue offices. While conditions along the water fronts of many American cities, such as the bluffs at St. Paul, offer equal opportunities for a combination for commercial and esthetic ends, it is doubtful whether such vaults as these would be available except in a dry, tropical atmosphere. But in Algiers it has been found to work admirably. Goods landed by the steamship companies are either bonded for storage or are immediately transferred to the railroad companies under the supervision of the custom house officials. Had the requirements of the government and of the railroad and steamship companies each been separately treated, there would have been waste of time and space. Furthermore, the general public would have lost the benefit of a show place,

which produces an immediate and favorable first impression upon the visitor because it is at once apparent to him that the boulevard, if only a boulevard, would not have been constructed on lines so impressive and so costly.

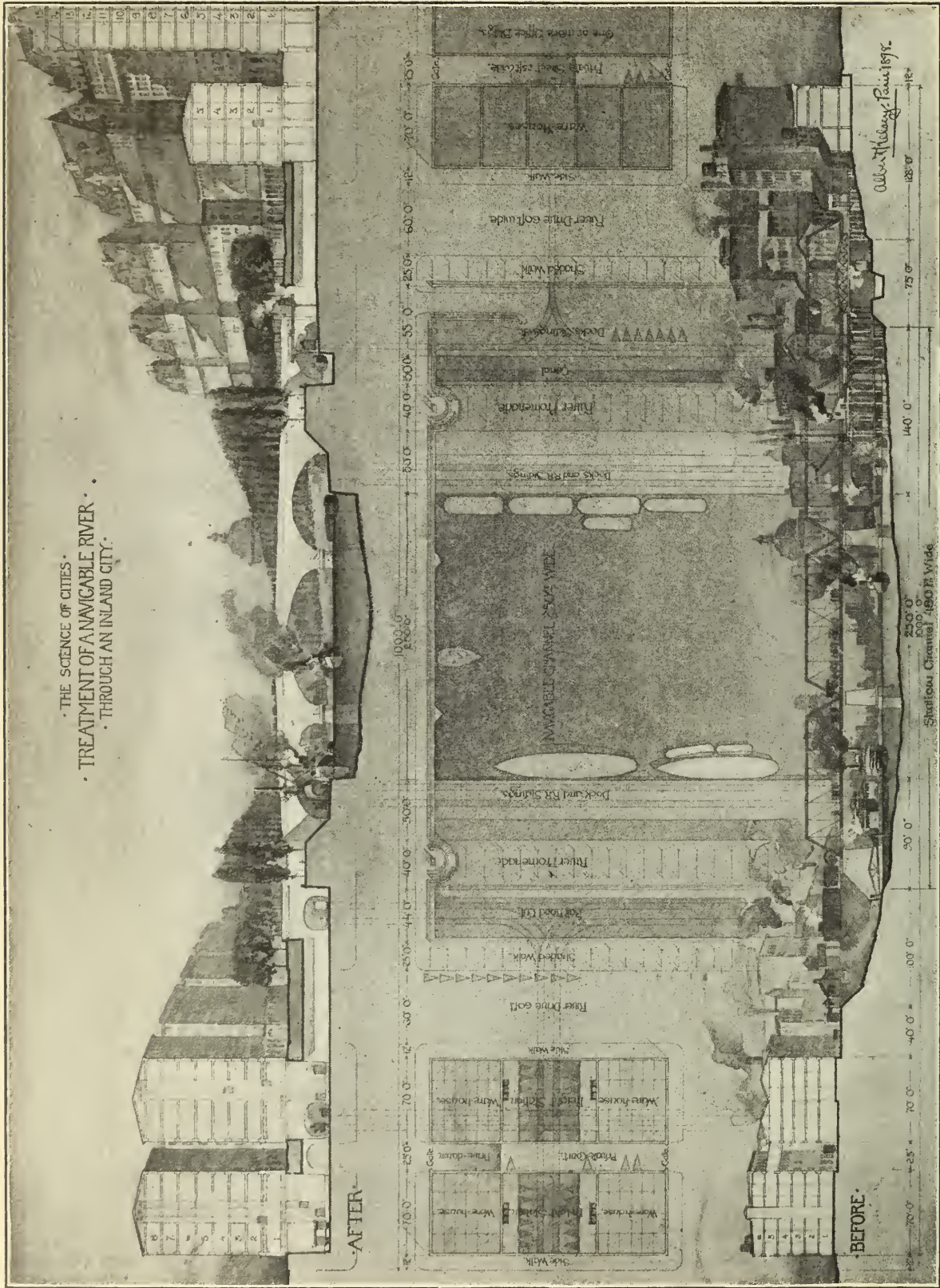
The little educational town of Chautauqua has just adopted a radical scheme of re-organization in which all the factors of civic life have been considered. In the development of this scheme Chautauqua will accord object lessons to larger communities in many fundamental matters. The particular illustration which is chosen for the present purpose is the solution of the problem of handling the large crowds which visit this educational centre. The pier house, which is reproduced in colors on page 162, is the development of the turnstile system of control necessary in the management of large crowds anywhere and everywhere. In the Chautauqua



GARE DU NORD, PARIS

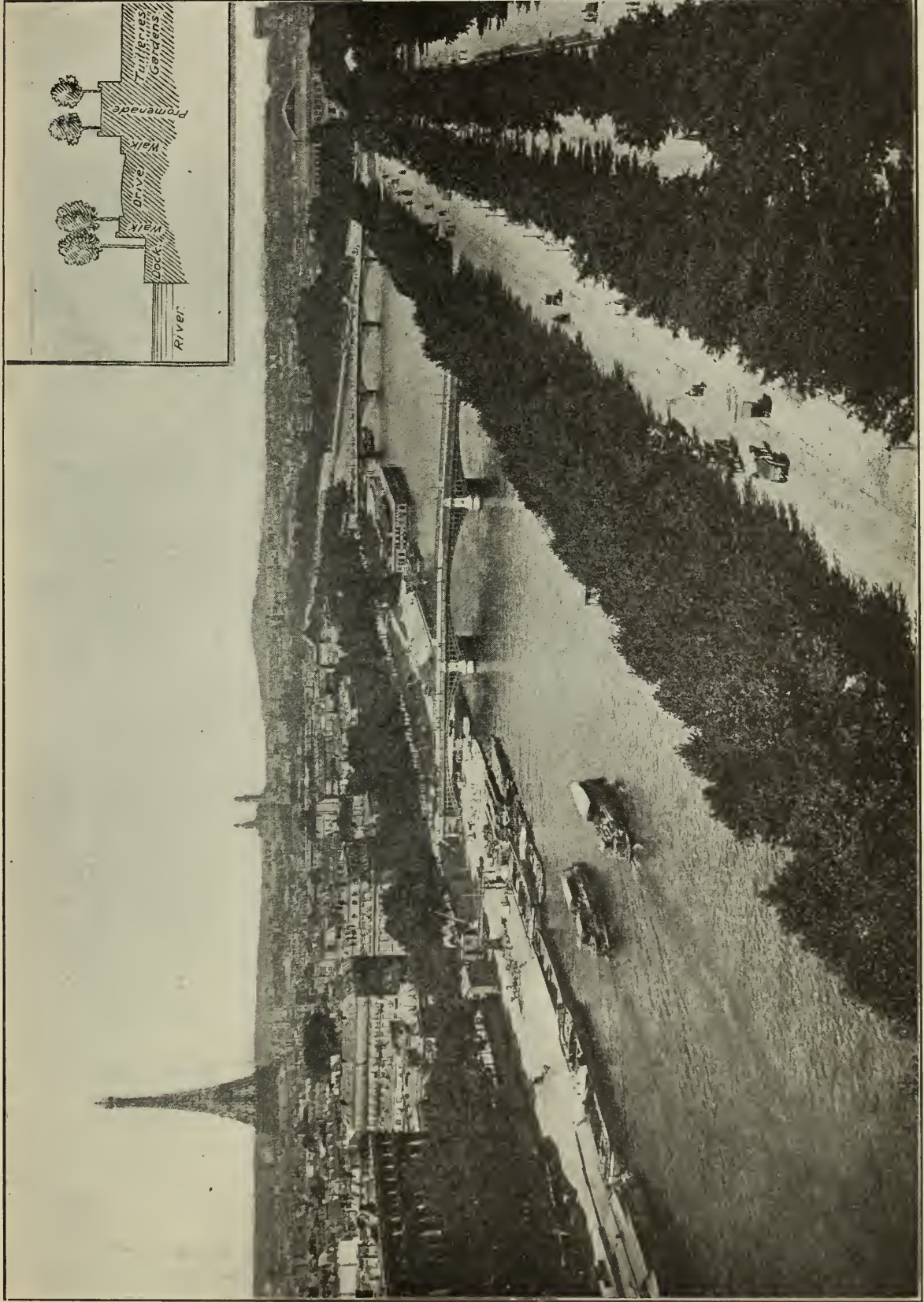
A MODEL RAILWAY STATION EFFECTIVELY PLACED AT THE END OF A LONG VISTA, WITH AMPLE SPACE AROUND THE BUILDING

THE SCIENCE OF CITIES.
 TREATMENT OF A NAVIGABLE RIVER.
 THROUGH AN INLAND CITY.



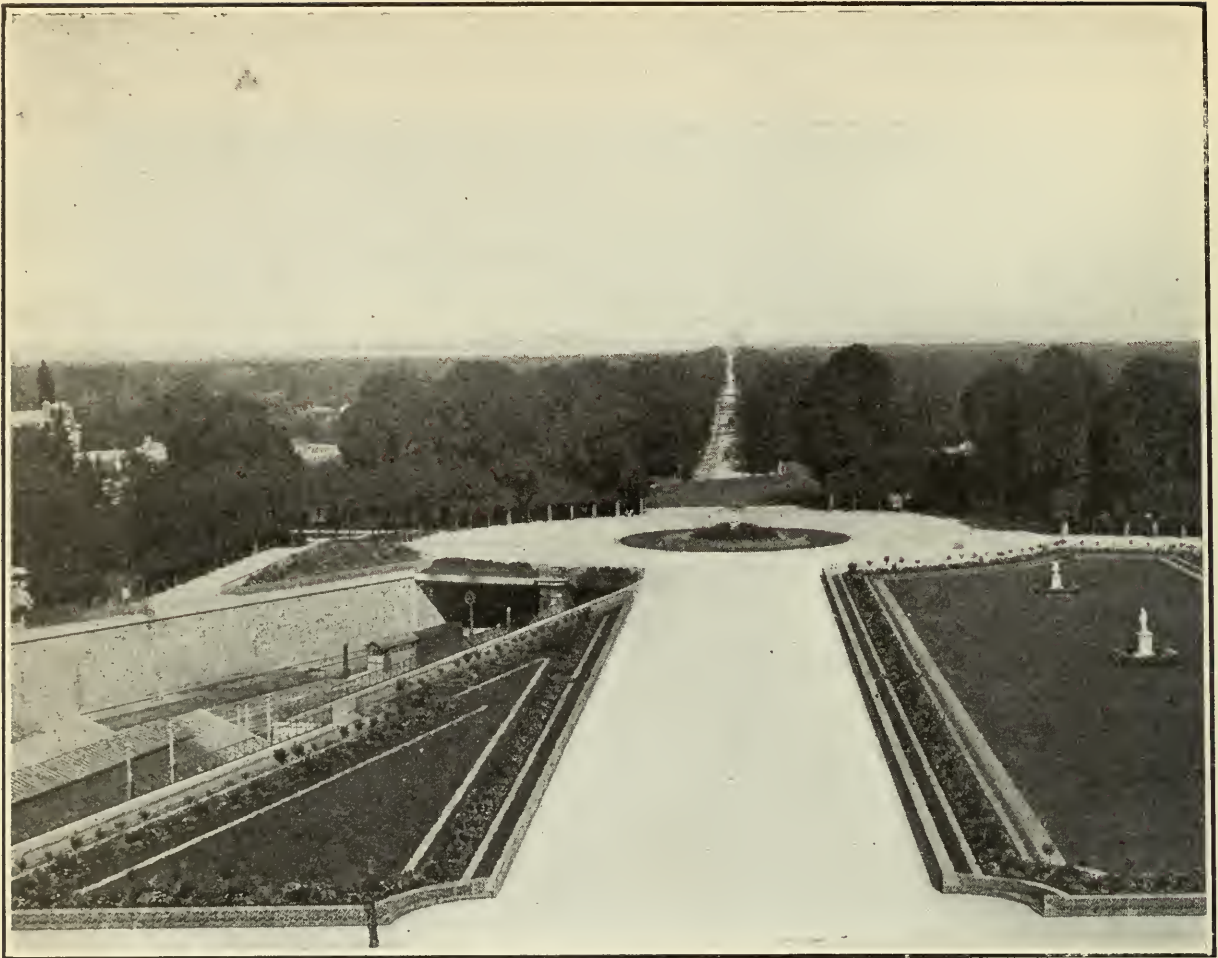
A SCHEME FOR REDEEMING A CITY'S WATER FRONT

THE UPPER PICTURE OFFERS NEW CONDITIONS OF TRAFFIC BY RAILROAD, RIVER, AND CANAL, WITH SPACE FOR WAREHOUSES AND BOULEVARD



VIEW OF THE SEINE AT PARIS

AN ARTISTIC RELATION OF DIFFERENT LEVELS. WITH MASSING OF TALL AND SHORT TREES, IS SEEN IN THIS FAR-FAMED WATER-FRONT BORDERING THE GARDEN OF THE TUILERIES



AVENUE DES LOGES, PARC DE ST. GERMAIN, PARIS

AN ADMIRABLE PLAN FOR CARRYING A RAILWAY ACROSS A PARK WITHOUT INJURY TO ESTHETIC EFFECT

example we find recognition of the double value of the point of vantage. The point on which the pier house stands is marked by nature as a landing place. It stands out into the lake and is visible from all directions. On it is the belfry of the "Chime of the Poets," and the newcomer who hears from it his first welcome will find, on landing, that on the one hand there is a systematized scheme of control commanding entrance and egress, while on the other hand, out of the hurry and turmoil incident to the movement of large crowds with their baggage, are the great dining and waiting rooms. The dining room, nevertheless, has a full view of the lake in three directions. Above, still further removed from the haste and heat of the current of traffic, and with uninterrupted view of lake and park, is a promenade and roof garden where no thought but that of Nature's loveliness need intrude; for although the point of land on which the

pier house stands must serve its utilitarian ends, it has been jealously protected from a sacrifice of its natural charms.

Civic improvement is as old as cities themselves, but civic improvement in the modern sense is a succession of steps toward a pre-conceived ideal in which individual acts of improvement are related to one another, and are bent toward the execution of a logical and unified scheme. For no two places can this ideal be the same. So Boston, in its metropolitan park system, has an ideal by which all her new parks and those of many contiguous communities are knit into a general scheme and appear as individual improvements, indeed, but also as units in a more important improvement. The group plan, by which the city of Cleveland is making its new municipal buildings the units of a larger composition, is another case in point and illustrates also one of the fundamental ideals in city-making, which is economy in traffic.

Another of these fundamental principles is that a structure or improvement of any sort should serve more than one purpose in the life of the city. For instance, in the Boston Park system, the reservoirs which form part of the water supply system are also ornamental lakes, and their open freshness and beauty is a source of recreation and health. They thus fulfill three important functions: physical use, public art, and public health. Civic beauty is largely an expression of civic orderliness and of economy.

Beside the entrance gate to the city at the water front there is another in even closer touch with the movements of modern life. The railroad station should have the importance and character of a public work. The Gare du Nord in Paris is an illustration in point. It is placed at the end of a street and is visible from a long distance, especially as the train-shed, being frankly expressed in the *façade* of

the head-house, shows by night as a great illuminated dial. By day or night its unmistakable character distinguishes it clearly, a fact which is appreciated alike by the hurried traveller and by the stranger in the city. Of even more importance in the location of a terminal station is the need of proper spacing. Railroad companies should be compelled to plan for a building set sufficiently far back from the building line to provide an open court in addition to the width of the street.

How a railroad may pass through a park with the least damage to its beauty and quietude is a difficult problem, and one which requires frequent solution. When it became necessary that a railroad cut should be made through the Parc de St. Germain, and directly across the splendid Avenue des Loges, it was not treated merely as an engineering problem nor a question of utility alone, as has been too often the case here. Instead, associated



LES GUICHETS DU LOUVRE, PARIS

A SUGGESTION FOR AN ARTISTIC VIADUCT FOR A RAILWAY OR A STREET

with the engineers were architects and artists whose part it was to safeguard the beauty of the avenue and of the park. How well it was done our photograph shows. At the point of intersection a large circle has been laid out. In the centre of it is a bed of flowers, which at once catches the eye and leads it to the perspective of the great road, away from the ditch. From the height from which the illustration was made this is clearly seen, but walking on foot the railroad is hardly noticeable.

Les Guichets du Louvre, although a case in which a building and not a railroad crosses a city street, offers a good example for railroad construction. In either case, the arched ways should be of sufficient height to avoid making the dismal vaults which can be seen in any of our large cities. They can be so built as to be airy and dry, and may even be attractive features in the architecture of a city. Examining closely the groups of sculpture one

sees the interesting manner in which a background has been secured. Throughout the stone is the same, but the part that is vermiculated catches the dust and maintains its darker tone, to the great advantage of the general effect, and especially the effect of the sculpture.

The background of a piece of sculpture practically determines its effectiveness; and the carelessness with which good sculpture is virtually wasted in this country is in strong contrast with the practice abroad. Where statuary is to be viewed from all sides there can be no more admirable situation than as part of a bridge, of which it forms the ornament, and from which, in its turn, it secures a background of distance or foliage. A beginning in this direction would soon enforce the growing demand for better designs for the bridges themselves. This is another place where the engineer should be compelled to work in conjunction with a competent architect.

In this country physical culture, as an



CHILDREN'S WADING BASIN IN HUMBOLDT PARK, BUFFALO

A BROAD PLAIN IS EMBELLISHED BY MEANS OF THIS SHALLOW POND, USED FOR WADING AND SKATING



A VIEW OF RIVERSIDE DRIVE, NEW YORK

LONG STRETCHES OF THIS MAGNIFICENT BOULEVARD HAVE RECENTLY BEEN REDEEMED FROM DUMPING GROUNDS

element in providing for the well-being of urban dwellers, is being taken more and more into consideration. In the Children's Wading Basin in Humboldt Park, Buffalo, a broad level plain has been embellished by a shallow basin, which affords safe amusement and recreation to an army of children in summer, and equally safe enjoyment to both old and young skaters during the winter months. It also adds variety and interest to the landscape, while helping to solve one of the most pressing social problems.

Only a few years ago the line of the Riverside Drive in New York ran among great malodorous dumping-grounds and was neighbored by arid stretches of railroad cuttings. The change that has come is the result of an intelligent and earnest effort, in which brains and money have been freely used. The result is the only important thoroughfare in this part of the country in which the boulevard idea has been consistently and continually held in view and is being magnificently worked

out. New York has taken a higher rank by this one step of self-respect than if she had added the entire outlay to the annual profits of her commerce.

A most hopeful sign of the present time is the growing general interest in all these questions of the city possible. Here is a place where philanthropic and public-spirited generosity might find an outlet. A man who should give his city a plan of urban development might be remembered as a philanthropist with an idea. It would be refreshing in its originality and would not necessarily cost more than a church window or a hospital ward. Every community, from a hamlet up, has hidden resources to be developed, waste land to be redeemed, and unnoticed opportunities for betterment. Civic pride demands that these shall be ignored no longer.

Albert Kellogg.



A TYPICAL LONDON SCENE—LUDGATE HILL AND ST. PAUL'S



THE TRANSPORTATION SYSTEM

of the WORLD'S GREATEST CITY

The greatest problem of the greatest city in the world is that of transportation. The skill of the best engineers in England has been taxed to the utmost to provide means by which the millions of Londoners shall be shuffled, sorted, and distributed daily. To provide facilities for the prompt and easy movement of the six and a half millions who now live within the limits of Greater London is a sufficiently serious task, but the engineers who are now at work devising transportation schemes have a still bigger problem to consider. London is growing with great rapidity. Mr. J. Allen Baker, vice-chairman of the Highways Committee of the London County Council declares that "within the next thirty years both a water and locomotion service will have to be provided for an estimated population in Greater London of probably not less than ten or twelve million people." In full realization of this fact the London County Council, backed by the Imperial Parliament and a Royal Commission, has recently grappled in earnest with the great problem of locomotion. The efforts to solve the problem by the proper adjustment of surface traffic, shallow underground systems, and deep underground electric lines are full of suggestion to every other great municipality in the world.

The evils of congested traffic have become well nigh intolerable in London. Street traffic is ever on the increase and has grown greatly during recent years, so that long processions of wagons and drays, 'buses and carriages frequently block for many minutes at a time the path of the pedestrian and stop the cross current of

traffic. The spectacle is picturesque and sometimes even imposing. Few scenes are more inspiring in their concentrated activity than Ludgate Hill with its labyrinthine entanglement of omnibuses and cabs, milk wagons, and butchers' carts, the great dome of St. Paul's looking down in silent majesty, in strange contrast to the hurry and bustle beneath. How many generations of 'busmen and cabbies has it seen pass away!

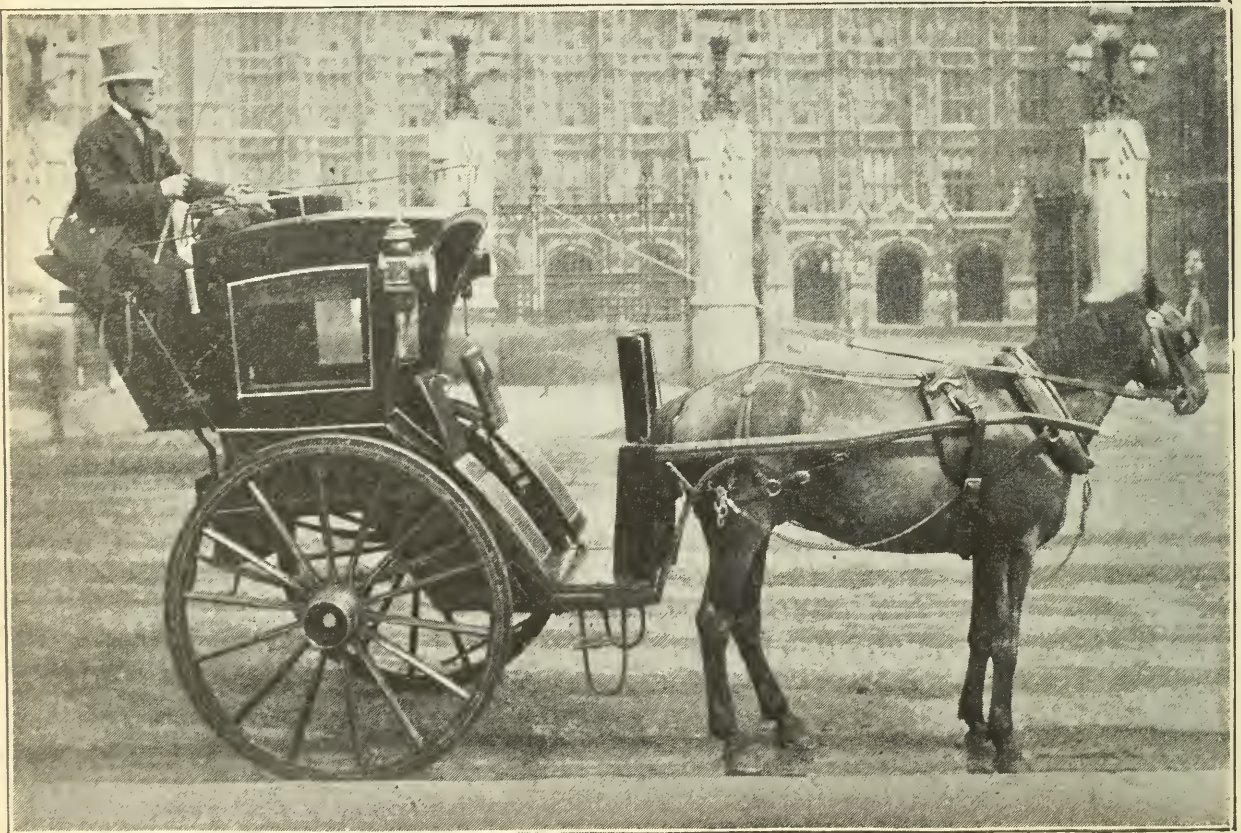
But this congestion of traffic is attended with great danger; serious accidents are of frequent occurrence. The London police control the traffic admirably, considering everything, but cabs are frequently compelled to travel at a snail's pace along the crowded streets, and timid people find it as much as their lives are worth to cross save under the guidance of a policeman. Tens of thousands daily share somewhat the feelings of an old lady who, not long ago, was visiting London. She stood in Trafalgar Square looking helplessly at the agitated sea of wheels and horses confronting her, and wondering how she could ever get to the other side. A good-natured policeman saw her predicament and came to her assistance. But the old lady did not believe he could pilot her through such a tangle of traffic, and declined to go. Another policeman came, one or two bystanders added themselves to the group, and together they offered to escort the old lady across the street. But she could not believe the conditions were normal, and said gently but firmly that she thought she would wait until the streets were clear. And so she waited!

The street tragedies of London reach a prodigious total, in spite of the carefulness of policemen and the public's caution. Hundreds of persons are killed and thousands injured every year. The bulk of these accidents occur in the streets where the traffic has become most congested. The advent of the motor in its present uncontrolled condition, running amuck through the crowded streets, where it is not positively blocked by the other vehicles, will for a time perhaps even increase this formidable total.

Nor is the immense waste of time, due to congested traffic, an item to be lightly passed over. That patriotic Londoner, Sir John Wolfe Barry, one of the leading engineers of England, has estimated at more than ten million dollars the money value of the time annually lost at four only of the nearly fifty busy centres, Cheapside, the Strand, Piccadilly, and the junction of Oxford Street and Tottenham Court Road. This is an evil seriously affecting the whole city in its daily business, as well as millions of suburbanites hastening home.

But, however great the present perplexity arising from congestion of traffic in

London, it is after all no new problem. The story of efforts and devices used in the past for its solution by no means lacks in interest and suggestiveness. Cab and 'bus, horse-tramcar and electric-tram, horseless carriage, surface railway, and underground railway—each has had its turn, and all, in fact, are having a turn together. The cab is of earlier origin than the 'bus, and figured in London shortly after the death of Elizabeth. As hackney-coach it remained the vogue for more than two centuries, being displaced by the French cabriolet—whence "cab"—eighty years ago, and developing finally into the hansom. The present cab-fares in London are remarkably cheap when compared with those exacted in most American cities, and for a shilling fare two may drive a couple of miles in the heart of London. The average daily earnings of the fifteen thousand trained drivers in London, with their six thousand two-wheeled and five thousand four-wheeled cabs, amount to about ninety thousand dollars. A service on so large a scale as this is not likely to disappear all at once, whatever new schemes of transportation may be devised.



“ THE GONDOLA OF LONDON ”



SHILLIBEE'S OMNIBUS, 1829

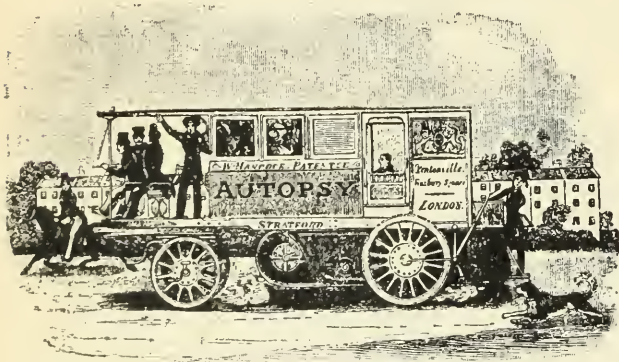
The omnibus, too, has so grown into the life of London in the past three-quarters of a century that it could not disappear without a sentimental pang of regret. Hundreds of thousands of visitors and foreign tourists have "seen London" from the top of the 'bus, meanwhile interviewing the alleged humorous driver with his stock jokes, and his odds and ends of information on local scenes and celebrities. The seven or eight thousand sturdy 'bus drivers, almost without exception, are remarkably skillful in driving, however they may vary in humor. The London 'bus dates from 1829, when Victoria was a girl of ten. The route was from the Yorkshire Stingo to the Bank—fare one shilling. The owner was one George Shillibeer, who had been a midshipman in the British Navy, and later had gone into business in Paris. It was a French 'bus-system that Shillibeer attempted to establish in London, with some success for a time in face of competition which arose,

but finally the new railway traffic drove him from the field into the undertaking business and the running of hearses. At least he had the satisfaction of knowing that for a long time the popular London name for the 'bus was the "Shillibeer."

The 'bus conductors of those early days were not exact prototypes of the modern inheritors of their glories and perquisites. In 1829 they were chiefly young Englishmen of position who had knocked about for some years in Paris (hence their connection with Shillibeer), and had acquired a fair knowledge of French and the politeness which is characteristic of the Parisian. They became highly popular with the young ladies of three-quarters of a century ago, those young ladies who wore poke bonnets and crinolines, and who would ride on the 'buses for no other purpose than to try and improve their French by chatting with the charming conductors. Today if it is still a popular custom to chat with the driver of the 'bus, it is hardly

because of his charming manner. These gentlemen conductors were gradually replaced, as the novelty wore off, by more plebeian successors, who to the discredit of the immortal cause of Demos proceeded to rob Mr. Shillibeer right and left, and while he wondered what caused the sudden falling off in his revenue his conductors entertained friends at champagne suppers and boasted of making £10 per week in excess of their pay. Then began that long succession of mechanical devices to correct the natural depravity of man. Punches and bells, and registers, inspectors, and detectives, all have been successively tried, and it is still open to question if a man can be honest under such suggestive treatment.

The two 'buses which Mr. Shillibeer ran in 1829 have increased to nearly four thousand today. Each 'bus requires a stud of ten horses, and earns on an average ninety dollars per week. The American and Canadian horses used are good for about five years of service, and are then turned out to an agricultural life. The



A PRIMITIVE HORSELESS CARRIAGE

London General Omnibus Company now controls the greater part of the 'bus business, the London Road-Car Company being a second and smaller combination. Each omnibus costs from \$750 to \$800, and lasts from ten to twelve years. The advertisements that are so conspicuous a feature of the 'buses, inside and out, tend to add light and color to the crowded street scene of London. Here you see dancing before your eyes in various colors incessant reminders of Lipton's Teas and Nestle's Milk, Hudson's Soap and Old Gold Cigarettes, the latest theatrical, a hundred other things, some vague idea of which perhaps reaches your brain cell and achieves

the purpose of the advertiser. The advertising inside and outside of the 'buses is an important item of revenue, and on the whole it is not unacceptable to the public.

The horseless carriage is generally regarded as a very modern device, but it would be wrong to assume that it is being tried now for the first time in London. As far back as 1771 such a conveyance was given a trial run, but it proved a failure. When steam power came into use repeated attempts were made to fashion a steam omnibus, and the extinction of the horse was as boldly predicted by enthusiasts of that day as by Sir Henry Norman, who has recently declared: "Not a horse will be left in the streets of London in ten years' time." As a matter of fact an extraordinary vehicle styled "a steam barouche" was invented by Goldsworthy Gurney, subsequently made a knight, and the vehicle, which was dragged along the country roads by an engine instead of horses, performed several journeys between London and Bath at the rate of fifteen miles an hour. But this was an obviously impossible machine. Walter Hancock, of Stratford, contrived a somewhat less dreadful engine, and a steam 'bus really ran for some time between Paddington station and the Bank of England. Hancock had two 'buses, the Era and the Autopsy. When everything went smoothly these vehicles would make ten miles an hour, but unfortunately the horseless carriage broke down continually, and although an hour or two of delay in completing a journey was of less consequence seventy years ago than now, the public lost patience finally and the horse won out in this first duel with the motorcar. It is interesting that those old-time horseless carriages consumed eight to twelve pounds of coke and one hundred pounds of water per mile. Imagine such a vehicle smoking its way through the present crowded thoroughfares of London! Apart from other evils, the heaviness of steam carriages and omnibuses rendered them impracticable. The inflated tire was still a device of the future, and in its absence these street steamers worked havoc with the roads. In the provinces, where similar vehicles had been started, heavy tolls were imposed on steam carriages, and their vitality was not strong enough to stand the strain. London was

more lenient in this respect, and the steam 'bus had a fair chance given it of rivalling the horse. Still, the public did not take kindly to it. The horse seemed the more natural agency on the street, and the steam 'bus dropped out of the rivalry in 1840, by which time the horse omnibus had become a well-recognized and popular institution.

There was no further serious attempt to introduce horseless carriages in London until the present era of petrol and electric carriages began. The motor 'bus

made unwieldy and cumbersome, can contain passengers enough to enable it to run profitably on a fare basis not higher than that now obtaining with the horse 'buses. The two great omnibus enterprises, the London General Omnibus Company and the London Road Car Company, have gone into the matter in earnest. They are experimenting with machines specially constructed in England, America, France, and Germany. Between them they control 1500 'buses, and they are prepared to



A MOTOR OMNIBUS

is now again a frequent sight on the street, but it cannot be said to have as yet fully established its claims wholly to supersede the 'bus. Of several at present running none seems to entirely fill the bill. Usually the fare asked is about double the 'bus fare for the same distance. This does not of course prevent the new vehicle from finding a field of usefulness, and a large one, but it does not by any means push the horse aside. The difficulty appears to be to find a motor 'bus which, without being

convert their whole system just as soon as the right vehicle is at hand. Already the streets of London have become familiar with the fashionable electric brougham, the motor furniture and laundry wagon, the business man's autocar, and with the countless other forms which the horseless carriage has assumed. And it is safe to predict that the bulk of traffic on London streets will be performed by the automobile, in some form, during the next few years.

The motor cycle, also, will doubtless play its part in the traffic revolution that is impending. This machine is already familiar in the streets of London. It is inexpensive, as compared with the motor car, and costs little in maintenance. Petrol is the usual motor power, though there are some electric bicycles. Mr. Norman calculates that the price should be down to an average of \$225 before long, and that a distance of two hundred miles per week can be performed at a cost of a shilling per

London has never permitted surface cars to invade the narrow, crooked streets of the central districts of the city, but there has been considerable development of tram lines in the newer sections and in the suburbs. The old horse car surface lines are now being rapidly transformed into electric trolley lines by the London United Tramways Company. It is a curious fact that in many of the London suburbs, and even in some London streets not far removed from the most congested thoroughfares,



GATE REGULATING ENTRANCE TO TRAMS

day. The motor bicycle is one of the agencies that will help in the solution of the housing problem.

But all these lesser agencies of city transportation—cab and 'bus, automobile and cycle—can never be anything more than the complement of some larger system of locomotion, some agency which carries passengers not by twos or threes, nor even by dozens or scores, but by hundreds and thousands, such as surface car lines and the underground railways.

the old horse car still wearily plods along. The electrification of these ancient lines is, however, proceeding simultaneously with the wonderful work underground. The company has now thirty miles of electrified line (overhead trolley system), and gives practically a surface continuation of the Central London Tube, connecting with the Tube at the Shepherd's Bush terminus, and running by way of Chiswick and Kew Bridge right through to Twickenham and Hampton Court. Tram and tube thus act as

feeders to each other. This is the best system of the electric tramway yet developed in London. How popular is the new line may be judged from the fact that on a recent holiday no fewer than three hundred thousand passengers were carried, while during the four days of the Easter season the passengers numbered a million. The cars of this line are also a great contrast to the antiquated horse cars. They are handsomely fitted, after the manner of the latest examples in America. But a feature of these

at Chiswick. The whole region traversed lies within the area of Greater London, and the opening up of the line has been an inestimable boon to the people.

Mr. Yerkes has a controlling influence in the London United Tramways, and also in the electric surface railway now being constructed between the northern suburbs of Hampstead and Edgware. The system of surface car lines is being as rapidly as possible duplicated in every outlying section of London, and when this most urgent

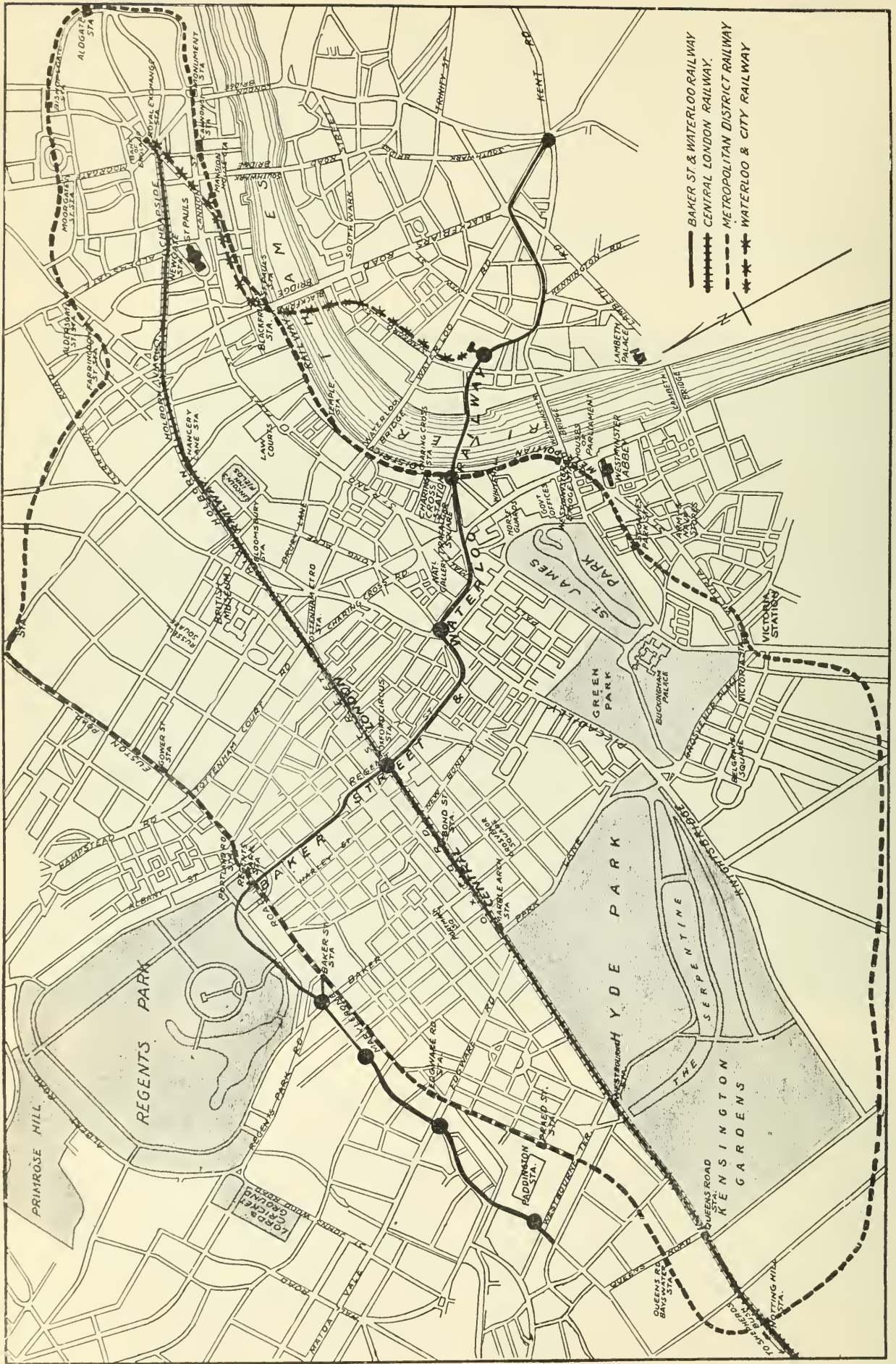


A SUBURBAN TRAM-CAR

cars, which is not found across the Atlantic is the upper story. The seating capacity is doubled by giving passengers accommodation on the roof, where they flock as to the roof of a 'bus in fine weather. In this way each car accommodates eighty people. The fare is graduated, after the fashion customary in England, which is not without its advantages. A penny is the smallest fare, but for this one can go a couple of miles. The trolley system is in use, and the power station for the line is

work is done, the electric roads will be carried far out into the home counties of Surrey and Essex and Kent, and an immense network of rapid transit lines will encircle London. The County Council will allow no trams in the city proper. It would make traffic impossible in some cases, and in other cases would spoil beautiful roadways. The Londoner could not bear to see an electric car speeding down Regent Street or along Piccadilly.

Five years ago the London County



UNDERGROUND SYSTEM OF CENTRAL LONDON

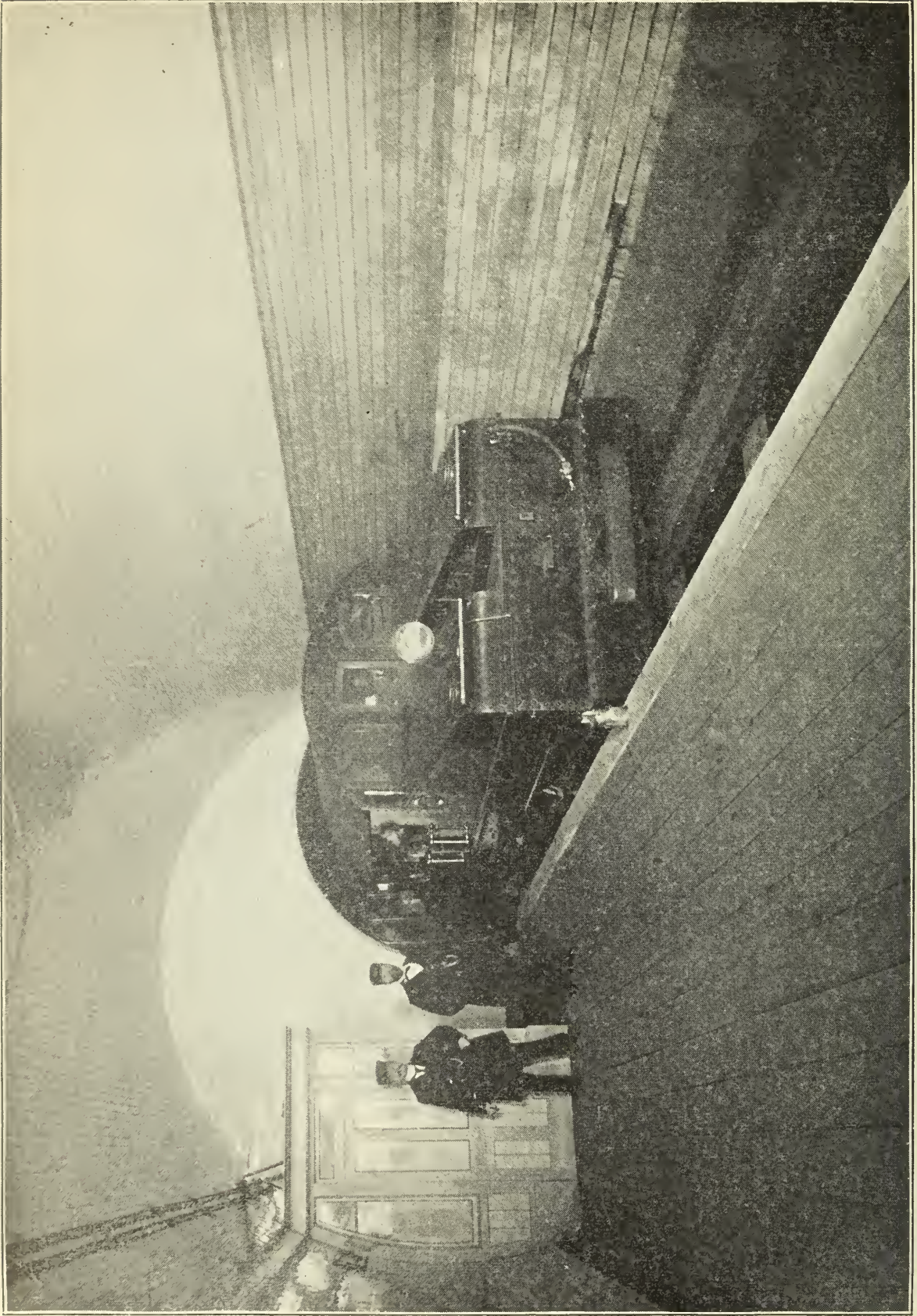
Council, authorized by the Tramways Act of 1896, took over the business of the London Tramways Company, Limited, and soon decided to substitute electric for horse traction. The conduit system was agreed upon, and the work of electrifying the line from Westminster Bridge to Tooting, a distance of about six miles, was begun. Last May the Prince of Wales opened the line, and rode in a car from Westminster Bridge to Tooting and back. At Tooting he visited the London County Council's housing estate, where many pretty, convenient cottages have been built for occupation by the working classes. A workman's return ticket from Westminster, Waterloo, or Blackfriars Bridge is only twopence, and as a cottage on the estate can be obtained for about \$1.60 a week, the London County Council's enterprise is greatly appreciated. Lines from the Albert Embankment and St. George's Circus to Greenwich are being electrified by the County Council, and as other lines, north as well as south of the Thames, come into its possession, they will be promptly converted from horse to electric traction.

The success of this experiment in municipal transportation is made especially noteworthy by comparison with the results of corporate ownership in the same field. When the County Council bought the London Tramway Company's lines it conservatively decided to lease the lines north of the Thames to private companies, and confine its direct efforts to the region south of that river. An American publicist, Mr. Henry D. Lloyd, has recently pointed out the instructive contrast between the services given by the private corporations and by the municipality. The private companies retain the old horse cars, dirty, poorly-lighted, and too few in number; they charge high fares, and work their men twelve hours a day and seven days a week. The progressive County Council has replaced the horse car by attractive and well-lighted electric cars propelled by the underground trolley; it has scaled down fares to a minimum of one cent for five miles, and gives its employees a ten-hour day and a six-day week. This cheaper and better service has not meant additional expense for the taxpayer. On the contrary, the profits have been large enough

to enable the city to pay off \$600,000 of the purchase price and turn \$350,000 into the public treasury.

But the most important, as well as the most interesting, feature of London's transportation is the underground system. There are two distinct varieties of underground railways—the shallow underground, which is no novelty, and the modern deep level system, which has barely passed the experimental stage.

The old shallow underground railway has played an important part in London more or less for fifty years, but improvement is imperatively demanded. Theoretically the system was admirably devised. The old underground sweeps around London in two great rings, the Inner and the Outer Circle, of which the former is shown on the accompanying map. It makes connections with the great trunk systems and thus enables them to run their trains over its lines into the heart of the city. Unfortunately when trains are running in a circle on a single track the speed of all is that of the slowest, and the express trains are compelled to crawl along at the eight mile an hour pace of the locals. No doubt that system was the best obtainable at the time it was inaugurated. Overhead railways were not to be thought of where the streets were so narrow and crowded. Such a plan would have increased greatly the difficulties of traffic then existing. So, for many years the London public has endured what is perhaps the most abominable system of locomotion ever devised. The foulness of the old underground is proverbial. The stuffy compartments to which the English railway authorities have so long religiously adhered must either be sealed tight as a drum as the train pursues its journey, and in this case the passenger is half suffocated; or the window being opened, through it pour into the cars dense volumes of noxious vapors from the engine and the evil atmosphere of the grimy tunnel. A tiny light glimmers in the roof of the compartment, just enough to show the impossibility of reading a newspaper. At the various stations the passenger is left to chance to learn where he is, and on attempting to get out he has frequently to open a door with a wrench quite sufficient to defy the efforts of a woman or child, with the result that he is frequently



INTERIOR OF THE TUPPENNY TUBE

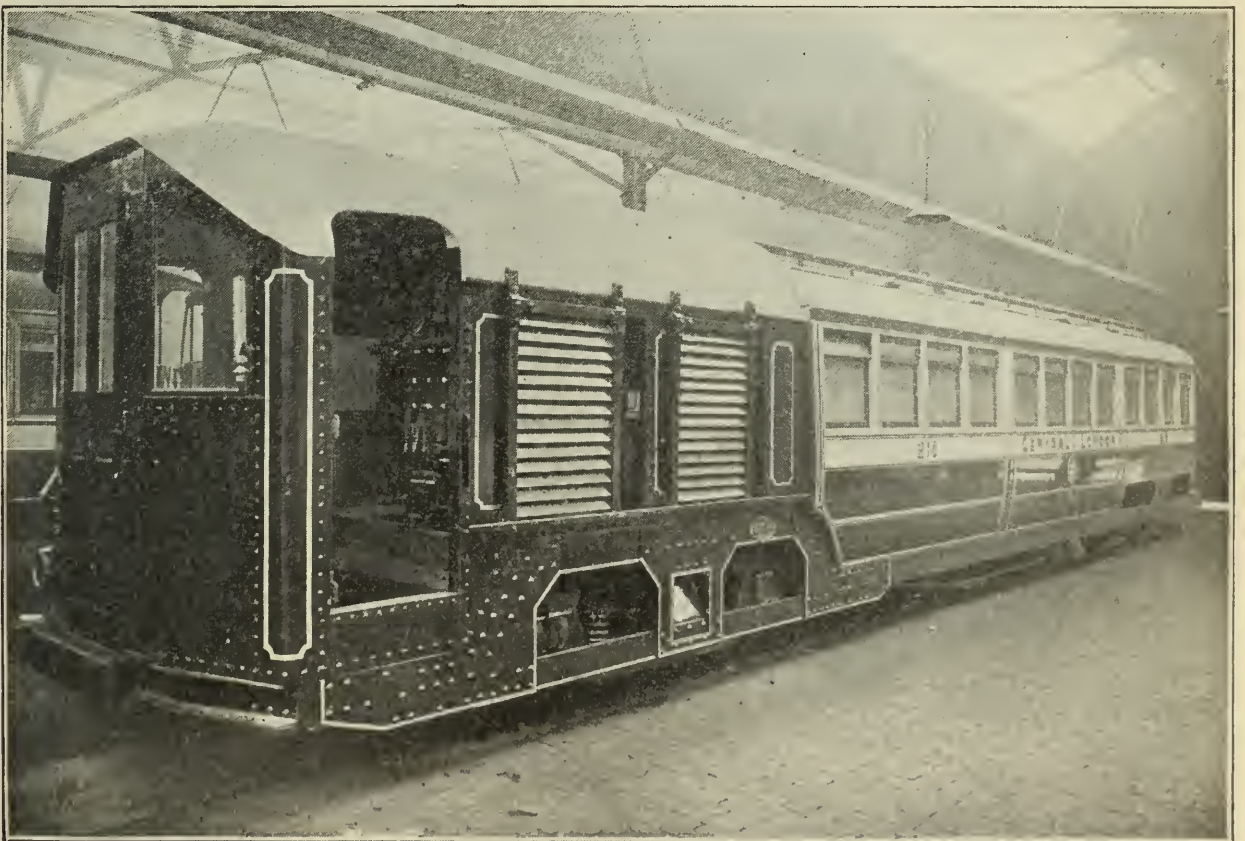
carried on to the next station. The trains are divided into first, second, and third classes, after the usual system on English railways. The first class compartment is cushioned and reasonably clean, and being high-priced is less liable to be crowded than the cheaper classes. The second class is frequently dirty and shabby and crowded. The third class is simply unspeakable. But it is in this class that over three-fourths of the British public travel. As to the stations, one can only say of them that they match the rest of the system. It is from the horror of this underground that the people of London are praying to be delivered. The Electric Railways Company, Limited, is now engaged in the electrification of the old underground railway. There will be passages connecting the new tube railways with the electrified Metropolitan District Railway, and when the system is in full working order it will be possible to travel quickly and cheaply from any one part of London to another.

The new deep level tube systems are open to none of the objections which have made the old underground a horror. The contrast between a sweep and a dandy is not greater than that between the old steam

underground railway and the tube system. The first railway of this nature was completed thirteen years ago—the City and South London Railway, running from London Bridge, under the Thames, to Stockwell, a distance of three miles, with extensions later at both ends. The line began and ended some fifty to sixty feet below the surface of the street. The up line was laid through one tube, the down through another. Fares were originally twopence any distance, but now range from a penny to sixpence.

A second electric underground railway, the City and Waterloo, was opened to the public in 1898, and was constructed in order to carry passengers from south of the Thames under the river to the Bank of England station in the city—a distance less than two miles, with a fare of twopence.

But the best example of the tube now existing in London, or in the world for that matter, is the Central London Railway, popularly known as “the Tuppenny Tube,” and more briefly as “the Tube.” It runs from the Bank of England to Shepherd’s Bush, right through the populous West End of London. This railway

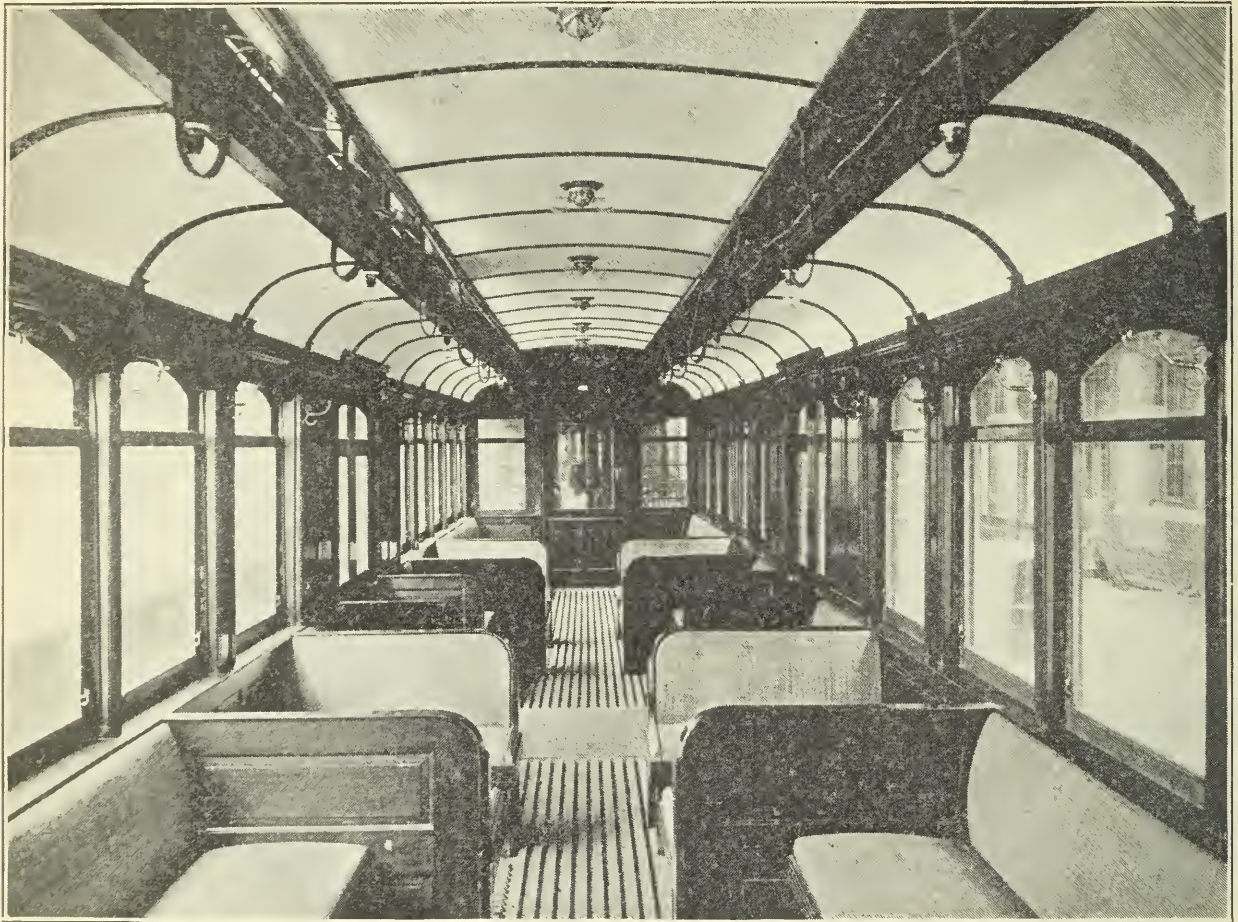


AN AUTOMOTOR IN THE TUBE

is the result of over ten years of continuous thought and labor on the part of many of the most eminent and experienced engineers and commercial men living. It was opened to the public in 1900, by the present King. It is gratifying to Americans to reflect that the whole of the vast generating plant, including locomotives and elevators, was manufactured in America. The line is six and one-fourth miles in length, and runs at a depth of from sixty to one hundred feet beneath the great

three hundred and thirty-six passengers. The daily traffic is one hundred and fifty thousand passengers. The carriages are of the American saloon type, with cross as well as longitudinal seats. Lighting, ventilation, and upholstering are of the most approved type.

There is in America nothing quite equaling this latest development of the necessities of London. Electricity being the motive power, the discomfort from smoke and foul air is entirely wanting. The



NEW TYPE OF UNDERGROUND CAR

thoroughfare which forms the main artery of traffic between the city and the West End. There are thirteen stations, counting the termini, the distance between them ranging from six hundred to thirteen hundred yards. The tunnel is eleven feet six inches in diameter, but at the stations broadens into twenty-one feet. Each station is three hundred and twenty-five feet in length. There is a two-and-a-half-minute service of trains during the busy hours of the day, and each train seats

approaches are exquisitely neat and clean, and brilliantly lighted by electricity; passengers descend from the street level to the tube by a large elevator. The most radical departure, however, made by the Central London Tube, is the abolition of "classes." It is twopence all round, for one station or for ten, and for all passengers alike. This greatly simplifies travel over the line, and, judging by the patronage of the Tube, appears to be popular enough. Lately there has been an outcry



—The Sketch

ALL ONE CLASS

THE TUPPENNY TUBE MAKES FOR DEMOCRACY

against the atmosphere of the Tube as being oppressive and impure. This charge is being investigated, and it is not unreasonable to hope that where so great a triumph has been won some slight additional and necessary improvement may be achieved.

Shepherd's Bush, the terminus, is a big, straggling place, with thousands of low-rental houses. Cheap and rapid transit has created a demand for houses at Shepherd's Bush, and in consequence there has

Charing Cross Road, Tottenham Court Road, and Camden Road, to Hampstead Heath, and thence to Golder's Green, near Hendon, a distance of about eight miles. From Camden Road there will be a branch line to the foot of Highgate Hill. The fare will be twopence any distance; and as Hampstead and Golder's Green are two of the most beautiful spots in North London, the railway will be patronized by thousands of pleasure seekers as well as by business folk. Another projected line, the



A TUPPENNY TUBE STATION

been a general raising of rents. But this state of affairs is only temporary. When the tubes and electric tramways now being constructed are opened, there will be a wider choice for people wishing to live on the outskirts of the city, and the Shepherd's Bush landlords will find it imperative to lower their rents.

In addition to the deep-tunnel lines just mentioned, others are in course of construction. One, which will probably be opened some time in 1906, will run *via*

Baker Street and Waterloo Railway, will be more than five miles long, starting from Paddington and running across the city at right angles with the Tube and the old Underground. It is as yet too soon to be able to say when the line will open for traffic.

The Great Northern, Piccadilly, and Brompton Railway will be eight miles in length, and will probably be completed in 1906. Its North London terminal station will be at Finsbury Park, under the Great Northern Railway station, and the line

will run to South Kensington. From Holborn there will be a branch line to the Strand. The three railways just described are included in the extensive system of London locomotion recently planned by the Underground Electric Railways Company, Limited.

An all-embracing plan is now in mind for consolidating all the various tube railways, existing and contemplated, in one company whose capital would perhaps be \$200,000,000. The mileage would be considerably over one hundred miles, and the whole system would be worked as a unit and in connection with the tramways of the London United Tramways Company. This scheme is proposed by Mr. Yerkes, the American who made a reputation in carrying out a vast electric railway scheme in Chicago, and who is now prominently connected with the solution of London's problem. Closely allied with him is a member of Parliament, Mr. Perks. These men are at the head of a powerful group of financiers who control the Underground Electric Railway Company, which already comprises the twenty-seven miles of tube railways now under construction, the old steam underground of more than thirty-four miles, and the system of the London United Tramways Company, which has already thirty miles of line open. The vastness of their scheme has, however, frightened the County Council, which is nervous lest the Company should become a powerful monopoly and refuse the public the low fares that are an absolute necessity for the masses of Londoners.

It should be noticed in passing that the shallow tramway has also its ardent advocates. There is some hesitation on the part of the County Council and of Parliament as to its merits in comparison with tubes. These tramways would cost less to construct, could be approached by a few steps from the street, instead of by a slow elevator service, would give much more frequent service than even trains in the tube, and would carry the water, gas, and electric mains without additional expense. They are already running successfully in Boston, Paris, and Buda-Pesth. This hesitation will perhaps temporarily divert into shallow tramways some of the present proposals for deep tube railways. But as London grows, tubes

and tramways will both be needed to a degree almost unlimited.

Allied with the locomotion problem in importance, and intimately associated with it in every way, is that of housing. The County Council is dealing in a very practical manner with both. The solution of the problem of housing really depends on the solution of the locomotion difficulty. But, as has been seen in the foregoing sketch, it is plain that the underground tube electric railway, the electric surface tram, and the motor car are coming to the rescue of this vast population, that London is in the throes of a revolution in traffic conditions, and that the electrification of the great city has begun and is proceeding in every direction. London has undergone many changes in its two thousand years of history, but probably none so radical in character, and at the same time to be accomplished so quickly, as that now impending. Within ten years it will be possible to carry a dozen millions from point to point in greater London with more ease and speed than half that number can travel today.

The vast pent-up population will reap untold benefits physically and morally. The millions of London will gradually spread themselves all over the home counties, and the area of the Metropolis will greatly widen. Underground London will be honeycombed with tubes and galleries, criss-crossing each other at every angle, and constituting a subterranean electric city. The underground worker will be aided by every variety of horseless carriage above ground. Motor roads, specially constructed, leading far out of London, are a certainty, and one daring enthusiast has ventured to suggest an elevated motor highway along or across London thoroughfares. The scattering of London's great population will make the huge city more spacious and beautiful, healthier to live in and pleasanter to look upon. Thus, with the solution of the problems of housing and locomotion by the aid of electricity and petrol, London will become more worthy of her proud position as capital of a world-wide empire, and her people more equal to the great duties this high place entails.

F. A. Ireland

THE HISTORICAL NOVEL

FROM AN HISTORIAN'S VIEWPOINT

The professional student of history does not often criticize novels, for fiction is an art by itself. But of late such large claims have been made for the historical value of various new works that a few comments on the theory and limitations of historical fiction may be in order, from the view-point of a practitioner in historical research.

In the preface to her recent novel, *The Conqueror*, Miss Atherton relates that it had been her "original intention to write a biography of Alexander Hamilton in a more flexible manner than is customary," but that after visiting the scenes of his early life, and becoming more widely acquainted with his career, "the instinct of the novelist proved too strong." Consequently, she wrote a novel with Hamilton as the chief figure on the principle, with which we can all agree, that the "character novel is but a dramatized biography."

Yet the author is sure that almost every incident is founded upon established facts or family tradition. The rest are suggestive probabilities. She is captivated by the dramatic possibilities of Hamilton's career. "Why, then, not throw the graces of fiction over the sharp, hard facts that historians have laboriously gathered?" So she proceeds to do.

To anyone with a spark of imagination it is impossible not to sympathize with the author in this situation. To the historical student it is a most interesting confession, for it is the temptation which has attacked every chronicler since the world began. Historians have not generally acknowledged the fact, except in the works of others, but the desire to tell a good story has been the besetting sin of that profession ever since Herodotus became the father of it. The medieval chronicler accepted and passed on everything that oral tradition had added to the "sharp, hard facts"

of reality, and when more was needed to explain or give piquancy to the narrative his imagination did not fail him. It was thus that St. Ursula got all her eleven thousand virgins, and William Tell took root in Switzerland. Embellishment of the plain or incomplete truth has been the cause of nearly all the trouble in the transmission of history, and the chief business of the scholar is to eliminate the errors of his predecessors—errors not necessarily wilfully committed, but largely due to the unlicensed imagination.

Carlyle was supremely conscious of the poetic and dramatic possibilities of certain periods, and his histories are tinged with this personal element; while of Froude it is charitable to say that his historical vision was astigmatic. Even Macaulay, that indefatigable worker with a phenomenal memory, could sometimes throw the graces of style about facts so skillfully that they became fiction. We are all miserable sinners.

If anyone says scornfully that historical fiction has had its day, do not believe it, for the story out of the past has a perennial attraction of its own. Just now the reading public has apparently been satiated with recent productions in the romantic line, and is turning aside from the middle ages and the eighteenth century to some quiet period or scene where the rapiers flash no longer and the brawlers are at rest. One publisher, anticipating this trend of feeling, has gone so far as to boast in capital letters that his forthcoming novel is "Not Historical," assuming, as it were, that this statement alone, with no mention of the number of thousand copies ordered before publication, would be sufficient to sell the book. So we may be entering another season of psychological stories. There is no telling what may happen if one of

these should escape quarantine and be favorably received by the public. In the meantime, the really good historical novel will take its place in permanent literature and will be read by those who do not require of their book that it be the newest thing still hot from the haste of its composition. But as to the theory.

Of course we assume that the first object of an historical novel is to entertain. If any other benefits are to be derived they are more or less by-products of the process. It is not primarily to teach history, but to entertain by telling a tale in the words, surroundings, and characters of the past. Any other kind is apt to meet the fate of those Oliver Optic books which take their youthful heroes abroad on personally conducted educational tours. At regular intervals the tutor holds a lecture on the history of the country or city which they approach. These chapters are regularly skipped by the about-to-be-educated readers.

As a further portion of the entertainment, the love-story has a place in the historical novel, if long usage is a rightful warrant, for no plot or play has been without one since Isaac and Rebecca figured in the first idyl of the patriarchs. Consequently, it is only a question of the language or costume in which this perennial drama shall appear. Without disguise the old story unfailingly attracts, but when placed in other ages than our own it adds another pleasure to find that men in purple togas grew hot or cold at sight of dimpled arms in snowy tunics, or that very human hearts beat hard inside the woven-wire shirts of the eleventh century. In the prosaic study of real ancients we see so many hieroglyphic pictures of Egyptians in angular positions and wooden attitudes that it is hard to get rid of the impression that they were a bloodless race of jumping-jacks, until some kindly novelist like Georg Ebers clothes them in flesh and makes them breathe again. For reasons, therefore, which affect both writers and readers, we may count on finding lovers as a fundamental feature in the novels of the hour and in the historical fiction of the future.

Novels take a wide variety of form and plot, but, as we have already seen, they are all by nature biographical. The scenery

may be continental in scope, and the historical period may be momentous to the last degree, but the story after all revolves about the fictive history of one or more characters. Whether you call the book *The Talisman*, *The Crisis*, or *The Captain*, you have to deal with persons. Frequently to give vividness to the story the autobiographical form is used, as in *Lorna Doone* when the amiable giant, John Ridd, presents his reminiscences. In other cases letters are introduced for the same purpose, and novelists at times perform stupendous miracles of discovery in order to give their readers manuscripts written in the first person. All of which is perfectly plain on the theory that the novel is meant to entertain. Stories of people are more amusing than histories of principles or developments of constitutional clauses.

In fact, life-likeness is the subtle test of literary art, and explains why historical characters are so frequently used in fiction. Their presence is supposed to give the air of reality to the imaginary portions of the narrative. The writer finds two methods open to him. One is to create his characters and plot entirely out of his own fancy, the other to make use of persons who have actually lived and to bring them bodily into a story. A combination of both is the usual result.

Granting with pleasure that there is a place and a demand for the historical novel, what are the limits within which historical facts and personages ought to be used? In the first place, it is fair to demand that the history shall not be distorted. It is not necessary to question the intentions of most writers, for they clamorously insist upon the fidelity of their historical information. We may well question, however, whether the authors dispose their facts so as to make them tell the truth. There seems to be no reason why a fanciful plot should not be acted in the dress, scenery, and dialect of a former age. Nor is there any vital objection to the description of battles, scenes at court or in council, or any other event which may serve as a background for the destiny of the imaginary characters. They form a part of the scenery and conditions of the period.

But the line ought to be drawn at the introduction of prominent historical figures as speaking personages in the novel. Here

is where the distortion is bound to come in. It may be greater or less, but it is impossible to provide interviews and conversation conformable to a fictive plot without putting words in the mouths of historical characters which they never uttered or did not speak in the given connection.

Eminent examples of transgression are easy to find. Walter Scott brings Queen Elizabeth and Leicester to the front of the stage in *Kenilworth*. Imaginary conversation is put into their mouths, although the sentiments expressed are quite consistent. In *Woodstock*, the adventures of Charles II. are acted in person, not only with fictive words but with an entire change of scene from that of the true history. In the more artistic of Scott's works, however, the actual personages appear more by description and less in dramatic form. In *The Talisman* the history of the third crusade is totally deranged to suit the purposes of the writer, and King Richard I. constantly plays a talking part.

So it goes on, from Alfred the Great to President Garfield, the authors priding themselves on what the theologians call the "historicity" of their work. Abraham Lincoln is made to participate in the affairs of a youth otherwise unknown to fame. This not simply by way of description, but by conversation with the hero and with others in fictitious situations, in the usual Lincolnian dialect. In the effort to make the story seem true the Freeport episode of Lincoln's senatorial campaign is related with great circumstantiality, in fact, almost identically as found in Miss Tarbell's *Life of Lincoln*. At the same time, words are put into Lincoln's mouth which are acknowledged to be fictitious, but are supposed to be characteristic. Such is the source of all myth.

General Grant furnishes the title and fills a prominent role in a recent tale of love and war. His character is painted sympathetically, but this great man is made to talk invented words to invented characters for the sake of a love-story. It gives one the same feeling as when the lion-tamer brings out the patriarch of the desert, and makes that venerable king of beasts jump through hoops and do stunts on milking stools.

In *The Conqueror* Hamilton is constantly

in the foreground. The descriptive portions of the narrative are not only historically careful but extremely interesting. Certain readers may skip the chapters on the theory of American finance and the founding of the national bank, but the political situation is always vividly described. Why was it necessary, then, to make Hamilton play a talking part, and to put words in his mouth and create situations which are manifestly fictitious? When she met this temptation to talk, Gertrude should have remembered Eve.

Two results may be expected from this sort of thing. One class of readers will always associate true historical characters with untrue incidents. Another class will revolt against the author for the transparency of his literary tricks.

It is perhaps idle to suggest that the fiction writer has some responsibility for the history he presents, but he should at least have some regard for his art. It is not high creative art to pick out prominent figures in history and make them say "yes" and "no," and repeat their well-worn *bons mots* in imaginary assemblies. This is the art seen every day in the nursery when the child cuts out her sheet of printed dolls, sets them on imaginary furniture, and furnishes each member of the paper party in turn with conversation. In works of fiction quotations from famous speeches, or the repetition of famous scenes with kings and statesmen as actors, are alien decorations—the art of the stencil plate.

There is a place for the historical novelist; but if he wishes to show true inventive genius let him create, not borrow, his characters. Let his fictive personages be so described and so speak that they shall reflect the very image of the age in which they move. Let the passions and ambitions of the human race be depicted in the language and the garb of every century since the world began, and historians and the reading world alike will join in the applause. But to reach this end true art demands that real historical personages and events shall form the background, not the players and the plot, of fiction.

(Johns Hopkins University)

J. M. Vincent.

A FABLE FOR CRITICS

BY HILLHOUSE CROMWELL

In the city of Florence during the great revival of the arts among all classes which marked the Renaissance in that part of Italy, two young artists went into the studio of the Great Master to perfect themselves for the painting of a picture which was to be offered in the yearly prize contest.

They were friends, Paolo and Juan, yet very unlike in their gifts. Paolo had decided upon his subject; it was to be the inexhaustible one of the Divine Mother. He intended that this picture should not alone represent Mary with the child Jesus on her knee; it was to be a picture—a type—of the mothers of mankind. It was to be a symbol of motherhood itself, supporting and enfolding dependent infancy.

Juan, on the other hand, had not chosen his subject. The manner in which his picture should be executed engrossed him completely. He began, as the patient student is encouraged to do, with still-life; grouping a melon and a round blue vase, a glass of wine and a half dozen other picturesque articles upon a slab. His work was a prodigy. Once each week the Master came to criticize. Paolo's great cartoons, in which the Mother sometimes sat and sometimes stood, sometimes held the Babe aloft upon her shoulder and sometimes pressed it close to her breast, came in for biting sarcasm. The anatomy was wrong; the drawing atrocious. Paolo was admonished that he sought to run before he could walk. But over the canvas of his friend, Juan, the Great Master hung with fascinated eyes. It was wonderful, he said. "I can fairly smell the melon. That drop of wine will surely fall from the goblet's edge—where found you the rare tints which I see reflected in the side of this blue vase?"

"Nay, Master," deprecated his pupil,

"I am dissatisfied with my work. I am aware of colors in the porcelain which my pigments will not yield up to me—not yet. But if it were a lifetime, I shall labor till I have painted the vase exactly as I see it."

"Admirable man," murmured the teacher; "yours is the passion of the true artist. I can teach you nothing. One who has that fire burning within him, that fever consuming him, will climb to perfection without assistance."

Now, the ambition of the two friends was not satisfied by the prize contest; but for many years thereafter Paolo was struggling to paint his Divine Mother which should be also Divine Motherhood, Juan laboring with might and main to reproduce the glow upon his blue vase. Juan painted and sold his minute and faithful studies of still-life. Paolo enriched many an altar piece, and in half the cathedrals of Italy his Marys smile down upon the worshipping congregations.

In the ripe years of their achievement there was once more an offering of prizes in Florence, and both artists were to exhibit. Juan's still-life studies—never less than marvelously faithful and exact—were growing a trifle monotonous to his public. Paolo's great picture had at last been painted, and was hung in this exhibition. And now the critics, as formerly his master had done, scored the painting unmercifully; but the public, the great, craving public, which has a heart instead of a brain, which desires thought instead of technique, daily crowded the space before it. Mothers who had buried children looked at it with tears in their eyes. Happy mothers brought their little ones and stood before it, to feast upon its divine significance. Men who saw nothing in such art as Juan's, felt they were the better for having gazed upon Paolo's canvas.

One day its creator stood before it, when there passed his old friend and fellow-student, Juan. The latter's eyes were beginning to fail him. He peered near-sightedly at the canvas, and murmured, patronizingly, "Ah, I see! In the popular vein. Something that pleases the masses; but, my dear Paolo, that right arm is monstrously out of drawing. The drapery, too, about the foot—" he broke off suddenly and clutched the artist's arm. "The vase! The vase!" he whispered. "Tell me—what colors did you use? How did you paint it?"

In the picture the Divine Mother sat at ease upon a little bench, her child upon her knee. She looked down with eyes of fathomless love into the Baby's face; and that right arm, whose drawing Juan had called monstrous, supported His dimpled form within its crescent of love. Under her right foot, raising it so that the knee held the Babe more securely, was an overturned jar of blue porcelain.

"That?" inquired Paolo, carelessly. "An old jar I picked up in the studio—the studio in which you and I worked together. You had the fellow to it. The bit of color seemed to suit, so I retained it. Why do you ask, my friend? Is it also out of drawing?"

"The colors—the colors!" almost groaned Juan. "I have been trying for thirty years to get that strange rosy glow which lives in the heart of a blue porcelain curve when the sun strikes upon it. How did you get it? What is your method of work?"

"Method?" laughed his friend. "I have no method of work, as artists like yourself—and critics—have long agreed. I considered the mother of Christ; I mused upon that which must have been in her heart when she held the Savior of the world, a babe upon her knee; and I painted both her face and His as I was inspired. For the vase, I cannot tell you what pigments I may have used. I thought nothing of it as I painted it—I think nothing of it now. What does it matter to humanity whether there be red in the blue of a vase, or not?"

And the people standing near murmured an assent as they gazed upon his picture, significant, uplifting, divine. What, indeed, did it matter? Yet the glow—the

wondrous glow—was there in Paolo's blue vase, a humble and an unbidden helper to the glory and delight of the noble altar piece.

But Juan, who had spent the best years of his life trying to solve this and similar important problems, turned away sad at heart, wondering much that one whose mind was set on other—and to Juan's belief inferior—matters, should have read his life's riddle as by accident.

"You!" he murmured, "you—a barbarian—an outsider; one who transgresses every true canon of true art! That which was denied to my patient worship at the shrine, must be flung into your careless hands, that know not how to prize it!"

So, Messieurs the critics, take the parable: A book is a picture—a picture is a book. My two painters might stand for two well-known exponents of the realistic and romantic schools in America.

The realist searches minutely for the red glow in the side of the vase. If a fly is said to light upon the edge of that bowl wherein Dorothea mixes batter when she says "yes"—or "no"—to Donald, your realist will take a course of cooking lessons that he may be able to tell you with certainty that the batter in the bowl was such as would have attracted a fly.

As for the faulty anatomy of the romanticists, a man enters *The Virginian* by train, afoot and a-horseback, in his own proper first person, and tells soberly what "I" saw and what "I" did. Later, this same man in the person of the author, is present at the secret meetings of lovers, reports what the heroine confides to her virgin pillow, and tells the inmost thoughts, intentions, and struggles of the characters whom he is supposed to be meeting in the flesh, and in whose affairs he has been mingling.

Not that the public desires bad drawing, which is faulty construction, in book or picture; yet when we find an author committing these offences, and, despite them, sending such a tide of blood into his work as gives it the red glow without his seeking it, or caring to know that it should be there, we can but acclaim the man who thus succeeds. Surely his story lives as the realist's perfectly wrought studies never do—in the heart of the people.



What America can do for Ireland

Ireland has often looked to America for sympathy, and never in vain; she may soon, if not already, look to her for congratulation. Never within living memory has the prospect been so hopeful. It seems all but certain that an act will pass through Parliament which will enable those who cultivate the soil of Ireland to become the owners of what they till. Already, even before this new incentive to industry has operated, English farmers are being advised by the *Edinburgh Review* to look to Ireland for an example of what can be done by industrial coöperation. Small local industries are developing rapidly, and in the meanwhile the Gaelic League is giving the country a new stimulus to thought, to education, and to literature—the best stimulus, a new pride of race.

What has happened? Briefly, this. Instead of merely hoping and plotting and voting for a distant and vague ideal of Home Rule, Ireland has decided to begin today the work which would in any event be needed if Home Rule were granted tomorrow. All the movements referred to have tended to consolidate and strengthen the Irish nation. Instead of waiting for England to settle the land question, which

by general consent had to be disposed of before Home Rule could come, Irish landlords and tenants met together to consider how the question should be settled. They considered, and England has acted on their advice. The new industrial movement makes no distinction of classes. Catholics and Protestants, landlords and tenants, meet to advise the new Department of Agriculture and Technical Education. The Gaelic League knows nothing of party. It merely asks all Irishmen to join in preserving the ancient language with the national literature, sports, music, and dances—all that is most distinctive of a nationality.

The tendency of all these movements is to check the terrible drain of emigration. Universal land purchase will hold Irishmen by the ties of ownership; the industrial revival is offering Irishmen a career at home; the Gaelic League is making life in Ireland richer and more interesting. All these things are coöperating to bring Home Rule nearer, so that at the present moment the object so long grasped after seems ready to fall like a ripe fruit into the lap of Ireland. Every day shows increasing proof of the justice of her claim to be a nation. The claim will certainly be granted, and before long; but—and here is where America can help—emigration must be

stopped or limited. If the present stream of young men and young women, the strongest and the best, continues to drain across the Atlantic, Ireland may gain recognition as a nation, but she will be only a nation bleeding to death. Ireland wants men more than money. Are there no Irishmen in America willing to come back and bring with them to the old country that experience and resourceful spirit of enterprise which they have acquired in the New World? A Scotchman has started carpet factories which give healthy and profitable employment to two hundred and fifty girls in two of the most poverty stricken parishes in Donegal. He is making money, as well as reputation, by the outlay of a small capital and a great business ability. Men of his class are scarce among the Irish at home. If they are to be found among the Irish in America there is a great opening for them in Ireland today.

Stephen Swynn

The Redman as Material

A very large part of the ferocity of the American Aborigine has arisen from the exigencies of new world literature. As they say in Missouri, he was "nacherly obleeged" to be devilish. Even the explorers could not endure to tamely report him peaceful nor the missionary recognize him as virtuous, for to do so were to make exploring altogether too easy and conversion of no avail.

When a man starts out to find a savage and terrible tribe he generally succeeds—in his book—and so the primitive races have ever been represented on their diabolic rather than on their human side. From the beginning they were "material."

Explorers cannot win glory by describing

battles with sheep; they must set down the natives as treacherous, blood-thirsty tigers. Ah, that word "treacherous"! If ever there was an over-worked word this is the one. If a native in a tight place promises to be good and be kicked about the corners of his own land—and afterwards repents and kills the man who trampled him, he is a "treacherous devil," but if a white hunter similarly deceives his captors he is a diplomat.

You see the explorer, the missionary, and the fictionist are each and every one working for a public, and their readers don't want a gentle, humane, pastoral, and peaceful native; they want a being whom it is a hardihood to discover, a danger to convert, and a glory to slaughter. And so, from Captain John Smith to Jack London, the red people of America have always had to take it.

To the pilgrim fathers the savage was a child of the Devil. To the tenderfoot Hollander, who settled New York, he was a vile cumberer of the earth which he longed to possess. To the Scotch Irishman, who settled Kentucky, he was a ferocious beast to be hunted. And to Cooper, Sims, Bird, Webber, and a thousand others who followed them—the Cherokee or the Sioux was "the enemy" who furnished the hero an opportunity to display his valor.

Under these conditions you must not expect to gain any very clear notion of what a red family is like—for this "fiend" has no family: he is merely stalking the woods to capture "heroines" and clip locks of hair from temples of handsome young heroes. Occasionally he thrills a council, or in captivity makes a lofty appeal in language which only Ossian or Webster could have uttered off-hand; but these moments of comparative magnanimity only confuse the situation—they do not tell us what the redman really is when he is at home with his children.

You would not expect a truthful picture of an Englishman from a French romancer in time of warfare. What can we hope to learn of the Winnebagoes from those who go out against them with guns or a rival creed?

Furthermore, while the redman was spared the pain of reading about himself in these various reports, recitals, novels, plays, and pleas, he was under the appalling disadvantage of not being able to state to the world his own case. Black Hawk, Sitting Bull, and Cetewajo should have had their own novelists—and then some of those “massacres” would have gone down to posterity as battles, and some of those “raids” would have been chronicled as “peaceful migrations which the uneasy consciences of white settlers magnified into well-merited revenges.” To these red fictionists the white man would have yielded quite as thrilling material as the so-called “frog-eating Frenchman” has from time immemorial given to the English romanticist.

It is curious to observe that even a friendly fictionist like Cooper is forced, from the very necessities of his tale, to traduce the other tribes while ennobling the one he happens to know—and this is a characteristic of many excellent books written since. It is necessary that the romance of adventure have an “enemy,” and in order that the reader shall be blinded to the barbarism—the useless cruelty of the hero and his forces—the enemy is painted in the blackest colors so that the gentle soul who reads may say with a sigh at the end of a bloody chapter (wherein the native village is laid in ruin)—“Oh, well, they were so savage it’s better so!”

Think of the disasters that would come to the fictionist should the sympathy of the reader go out toward the man hunted!

A very considerable exercise of the imagination is required for us to get even a Frenchman’s point of view—how much

more is required of the novelist who sets out to give the redman’s conception of life and duty. Cooper honestly tried it, and he succeeded a great deal better than some of his later-day critics seem to understand. But the kind of novel which he elected to write defeated him—he was forced to be superficial and unjust to the Miamis in order to exalt his hero and the friendly Delawares.

Many of those who came after Cooper lacked even his kindly interest in one particular tribe, and for the most part you will find in all this ruck of gory fiction only “the painted, treacherous, whooping, gliding, gleaming-eyed—antagonist.” He is the mark for the dead-shot, the “wily” big game for “Tim, the trailer,” the terror of the lovely maiden with an old-English way of speech—always he is “material.”

All this would be harmless enough if the reader only understood that the novelist doesn’t know anything about “Injuns,” and couldn’t use his knowledge if he did—but the gentle reader is a part of a great public, and reading this kind of thing leads to false notions of human life. Such fiction has helped to make the English-speaking peoples the most ruthless conquerors the world has ever seen, ruthless in the sense that they displace and destroy with large-hearted, joyous self-sufficiency, blotting out all manners, customs, religions, and governments which happen to differ from their own.

All this is done with supposed altruistic intentions—at least their proclamations are to that high effect; but it is all a matter of trade and commerce; and while I do not like to malign my own profession, I fear that if a real story of a kindly redman would pay better than a false story of a very horrid redman, we would all be doing our best, in every possible way, to furnish our readers *that* kind of material.

We’re all human, even the novelist and

his Indian, all parts of common humanity. We spring from the same good brown earth, and return thereto with an equal awe of "The great mystery." I hope Black Hawk's happy hunting ground exists, and that the white man will never find it.

Naulin Garland

Humorous Experiences of an English Comic Artist

There's a lot of humor about, but, like many other good things, it is to be mostly found in places where you don't expect it, and *vice versa*.

I was once invited out to meet two literary men, the one a well-known humorous writer—whom for convenience I will call Funnibones—the other a man equally notable as a writer of pessimistic stories that left you unhappy for a week after reading one—whom I will christen Dirgebury. Being shown into a room just as my host had absented himself for a moment, I informally introduced myself to the pair, shook hands, and was instantly on good terms with both. One man was rubicund, round-faced, and jolly with a laugh that made you feel happy like a sunny day; while the other had the face of an ascetic, with an unvarying melancholy expression that made you think that the earth was a sad place, and dining out one of its worst features. Happily, the good spirits and the unfailing humor of the other—and that man was genuinely funny—made up for the gloom of the misanthrope; so, by keeping my eye on the funny man all the evening, I continued to keep happy, in spite of the proximity of the gloomy one.

"That Funnibones is just about as humorous as his writings," I observed to my host, when I saw him on the morrow.

"You're the first I've heard say it," he said.

"Why, he kept me laughing the whole night," I rejoined.

"M'yes, you've got a bit wrong," said my host, dryly. "That funny chap with the jolly face is Dirgebury. The man with a face like a funeral is Funnibones."

I do alleged humorous drawings myself, sometimes. At least, they are labeled "funny," and an indulgent public takes them at the editorial description. I have done some thousands of them, probably, yet normally I am a sober, almost melancholy, individual, and I started out in life with the ambition to paint big devotional pictures. A perfect stranger, an autograph hunter from the States, who was calling on people of note and notoriety—on people who had done something, or done someone, or were about to do—once favored me with a call. He asked for my signature, said he'd seen my drawings and laughed over them, and would I please be humorous. He left me at the end of five minutes, saying he should never enjoy another sketch of mine, for I was the dullest dog he'd ever come across.

In my early days I once tried to engage as model a big negro, who made a living out of chewing glass in sundry bar-rooms for the entertainment of those gathered there.

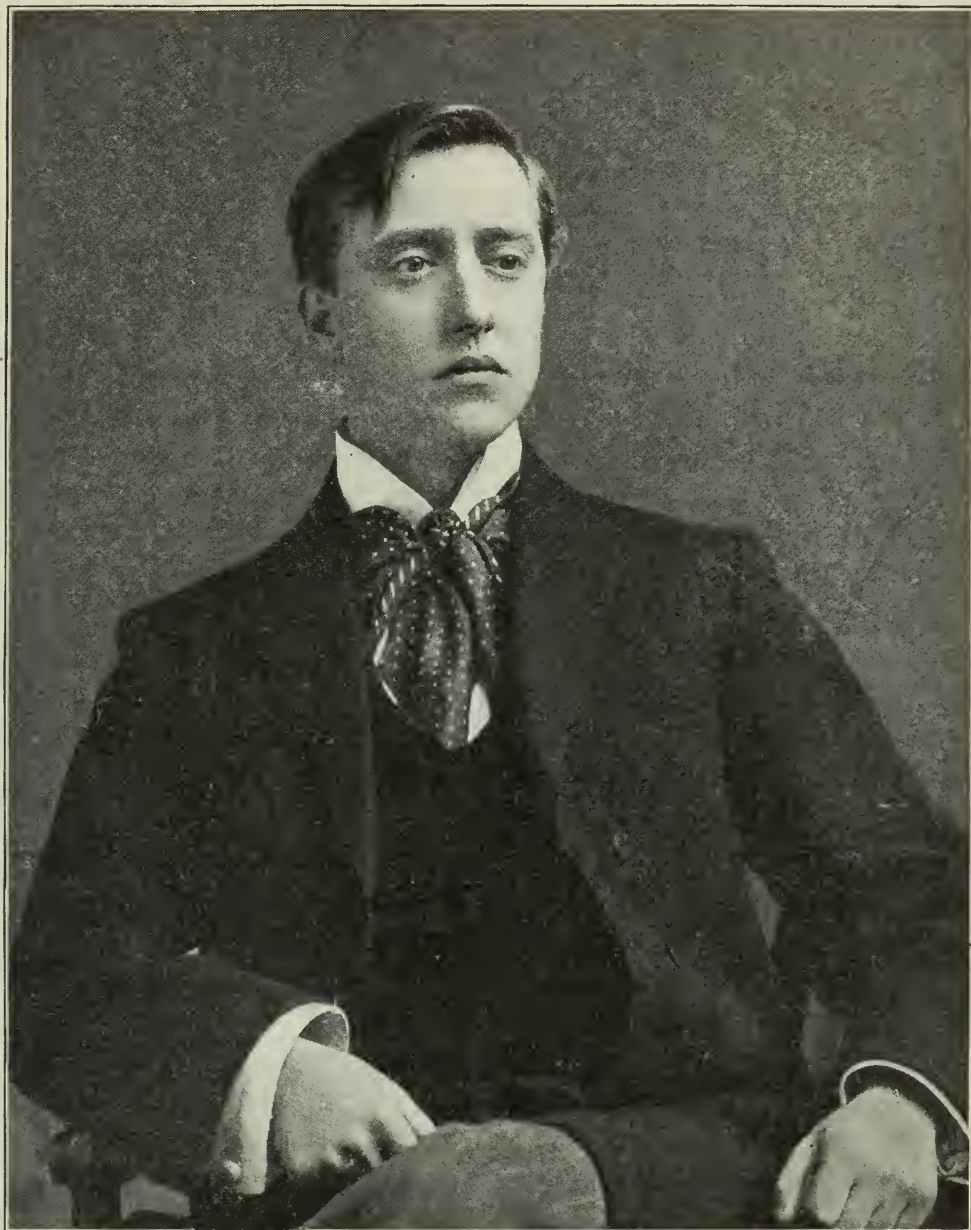
"I want to paint you," I said, when he had taken round the hat after his performance.

"What cullah, boss?" he asked, suspiciously.

"Why, natural color, of course," I replied. "I want to paint your face, you know."

"Yah, I'se not taking any, boss," he said, firmly. "The cullah I's got is good enough for this chile."

I once nearly got hammered for making a colored sketch from life of a very respectable golf-caddy in an attitude of ease, subsequently adding a street corner as a background and sending it to an exhibition



TOM BROWNE

Photograph by Russell and Sons

A POPULAR AND SUCCESSFUL ENGLISH CARTOONIST

under the title of "A Loafer." The man came round to see me in a violent rage, said he was a bloomin', respectable, 'igh-clarss golf-caddy, and no loafer, and, if I didn't alter the title of that dashed picture, he'd either put his solicitor on to me or jolly well bash me.

Oh, yes, there's a lot of humor about, if you only look for it in places where you don't expect to find it.

Tom Browne

The Omar Khayyam Fad

The Rubaiyat and *The Strenuous Life* side by side on the same drawing-room table and car-seat is one of the anomalies of the present day.

Five years ago Colonel John Hay told the Omar Khayyam Club of London that America equalled England in her devotion to Fitzgerald's *Rubaiyat*. "In the cities of the West," he declared, "you will find the quatrains one of the most thoroughly read books in every literary club." If this

were so in 1898 it is vastly more so today. No other poet within the time has gone through so many editions, has been so studied, and variorumed, and quoted, and bedeviled, and parodied. He has displaced Browning as the literary fad of the hour and as the *carte de visite* to the temple of culture. And what is the reason?

A poem, like everything else of man's making, consists of material and workmanship. Unless the material be of value the most exquisite art fails to produce anything more than a mere trinket. Of the "exquisite beauty, the faultless form, the singular grace" of the quatrains there can be no two opinions. Within the province which Fitzgerald designed they should occupy they are faultless. *Ecclesiastes*, *Lalla Rookh*, *Songs of the Orient*, and the like, have a substantial place in our western literature, but who dreams of erecting them into a system of religion or philosophy?

How much vogue would the *Rubaiyat* have had if they been circulated only in McCarthy's prose translation? And yet Colonel Hay declared that the flawless art of the stanzas was "not more wonderful than the depth and breadth of their profound philosophy."

What is the philosophy of the poem? Its whole essence is this: We know not whence we came nor whither we go, nor may we by any means find out. Life is transitory and brief—"The wine of life keeps oozing drop by drop," nor can we stay it. Human wisdom—the words of doctor and saint settle nothing. The problem of human life is absolutely without solution. Our life is but a mere bubble floating on the stream of existence. Sprung from nothingness, it lapses into nothingness.

All of which is nothing new in human skepticism. "Vanity of vanities" was old in Solomon's day. But what solution does the poem offer?

"Yesterday this day's madness did prepare;
Tomorrow's silence, triumph, or despair:
Drink! for you know not whence you came,
nor why;
Drink! for you know not why you go, nor where."

There is then no use to struggle, to work, to learn, to live for others. Drink! Drown life in bestial indulgence! We are mere balls struck hither and thither at the will of the player.

"And that inverted bowl they call the sky,
Whereunder crawling cooped we live and die,
Lift not your hands to *It* for help—for *It*
As impotently moves as you or I."

This then is the message that is educating our new generation here in America. This is what our college boys are writing their commencement orations and literary monthly articles on. This is what the Secretary of State of our strenuous President accepts as "profound philosophy." The music, the distinction of the verse, the grace, the beauty, the art of the poem, have a haunting power, and they are leading on more than we may dream to an acceptance of the message and the inevitable conclusion. It is a kind of *seductio ad absurdum*.

It is not time yet for decadent notes in our young western world. God grant it may not be for ages yet. The philosophy of the quatrains may do for a decayed civilization like China's, but that the "cities of the West," that most virile and thoroughly alive area of God's earth today, should be building themselves on a philosophy that declares life not worth the living, that offers as its solution oblivion in drink and even suicide, is really grotesque. In the meantime the representative man of our nation and era is preaching in season and out, by word and by deed, the gospel of earnest effort: "I wish to preach the highest form of success which comes not to the man who desires easy peace, but to the man who does not shrink from danger, from hardship, or from bitter toil. . . A

healthy state can exist only when the men and women who make it up lead clean, vigorous, healthy lives."

Not only are our young men in danger of a false standard of life, but they are beginning to use the *Rubaiyat* as a sort of pass-word into the holy of holies of literary culture. To be able to quote patly from old Omar is supposed to be proof positive that one has entered a certain esoteric circle wherein are to be found only the elect. But culture must be based on more than a verbal knowledge of the quatrains of Fitzgerald. Though you give all your time to master the *Rubaiyat*, and though you may expound Browning from "Abt Vogler" to "Sludge, the Medium," and have naught else, it profits you nothing. Literature is wider than a fad; culture is broader than a cult; and the fact that a man knows but a single poem would in itself raise within me wicked impulses to black-ball him, were his name to arise in my club.

Fred Lewis Pattee.

What of the Future in China?

To anyone acquainted with social and economic conditions in the Far East, the fact is patent that for many years to come China will present the greatest and most elusive problems with which the forces of humanizing and civilizing endeavor will be compelled to grapple.

China must not be let alone,—such an attitude of aloofness would work untold harm, not only to China, but to the world at large. But from what has already transpired in China enough has been gained to show that a radical departure from the narrow-minded and selfish policies pursued by the civilized powers in their past dealings with that country is absolutely necessary; nor can China longer be treated with

the scant diplomatic and political courtesy extended to an inferior people. We had a giant in our employ; we have taught him the principles of scientific belligerency, and placed a powerful weapon in his hands, which prudential reasons alone should prevent our ignoring. That "their ways are not our ways" does not serve as an excuse for imposing upon China arbitrary doctrines, restrictions, and aggressions, foreign either to the letter or spirit of civilizing and humanizing activity.

This is not a question of antagonizing or conciliating a weak and unimportant state, a minor and defenceless people; it is a question wherein must be decided our future relations with one-third the entire race. The civilized world, even though at present it has gained a certain ascendancy over China by right of might, would not do to lose sight of the ability of China either to enhance the peace and prosperity of the world, or to give it a long period of perturbation. The China of today is not the China of the past. Her dissatisfying experience with civilization has not been without results, from which she has extracted experience of which she will avail herself in the future. Henceforth we will have to deal with the China in transition, whose energies are quickening, and to whose stupendous bulk is being added the leaven of modern thought and action—an invulnerable bulk that has been infused with life and action, a colossus of nations which has aroused itself from the lethargy of centuries, its powers undiminished, and its energies accelerated and strengthened by contact with civilization. Who can measure the danger, if by the continuance of misshapen policies this tremendous mass should forsake the peaceful path of peace for the sword, backed up by the Chauvinistic principles which are rapidly spreading throughout China? The "yellow peril," from the teeming bulk of the Chinese millions alone, is as serious and possible a men-

ace today as it was in the days of the thirteenth century when Sabutai, with his fierce, scourging, whirlwind campaigns, overran Europe and crushed the flower of Christendom at Moscow, Kieff, Lublin, and Liegnitz.

It would seem, therefore, that it would be obviously the wisest policy for the civilized powers to conciliate, rather than further antagonize, this Frankenstein which they have raised. If China's integrity is left undisturbed, and she is allowed to enter upon the path of national development, it will soon be shown that she has profited greatly by the injection of Western ideas and methods, from which not only she herself, but the world at large, will obtain reciprocal advantages. It is mistrust alone that begets mistrust, and it is mistrust alone that has restrained China from taking that position to which she is entitled by her size and by the enormity of her natural resources.

Tact, toleration, and just and equitable relations in the future dealings of the Western world with this patriarch of nations will infuse new vigor, advance progression in every line of endeavor, and enable China to become a prosperous, influential, and welcome addition to the comity of nations.

W. C. Jameson Reid.

A New Literature

A new literature is in process of development. You often hear an intelligent man or woman say, "I always look in the back of the magazines first." If you carefully seek the reason for this you will discover that in the pages and pages of advertising in the back of the magazines is to be found, not only much that is instructive, but much that is interesting and suggestive in a purely literary way. The

modern advertisement is worth looking at, whether it is the sounding proclamation of some big corporation, with facts and figures both weighty and impressive, or the light eye-catching notice of some simple trade or contrivance. All forms of literary composition find place in the advertising pages: history, story, verse. Many advertisements measure up to the test of good literature. In truth there is often an uncommon amount of character in them. A word here or a phrase there is often singularly vivid as "local color," and behind many an advertisement it is possible to see a vigorous personality. Nor are there lacking in this new literature qualities of humor, both intentional and unintentional, from the conscious aphorism and epigram to unconscious fun, as in the announcement which recently happened to come under the eye of the writer, that a certain article would be supplied to the purchaser painted "azure blue or as you like it."

This is a mercantile if not a mercenary age, and literature is molding itself to new requirements. The Roman conquered the Greek, but the literary and artistic Greek became necessary to the cruder conqueror, and finally transformed him. And so, if the commercial spirit has invaded the domain of literature, the literary spirit has revenged itself by invading the realm of business. As art revolutionized the "poster" literature is revolutionizing advertising; and both cases are indications of the same tendency and interesting for the same reason. The principles of art and literature are eternal. They only change from age to age in the manner in which they manifest themselves. One generation writes an epic, another an advertisement; and who shall say that one manifestation is not as important as the other.

Seamus Heaney.



THE BEST NEW THINGS FROM THE WORLD OF PRINT

A National Type of Culture

Culture, I fear, has fallen upon evil days; at least the name has. "Totality" and the "study of perfection" and the "passion for sweetness and light" would seem to be in general attractive objects of pursuit, and there never was a time when the all-round man stood higher in demand than today. And yet culture sags in the market. It may be that culture or the samples of it which were offered failed in the counting-test for good red blood; it may be that there was too much self-consciousness and selfishness withal about the nurture, too much suggestion of an intellectual manuring; it may be that there was too little evidence that the comely hands were ready to lay hold on the world's work; one or all of these counts against culture may have really counted, but damning above all has weighed the evidence of foreign manufacture. The "sweetness and light" of *Culture and Anarchy* has the breath of the Oxford gardens with it, and the real and true Philistines are the English non-conformists. Its culture is based on leisure, a leisure guaranteed by competence, and the competence is of that solid, reliable sort that speaks of ancestors and estates and of so many hundreds or thousands a year, yesterday, today, and forever, and no worry, but only an agent or attorney; and no hurry, but only an orderly succession of bath and breakfast, work and luncheon, tennis and tea, with time enough for all; nothing too much and nothing too many.

This English culture is maintained, too,

at a cost for which we Americans are not prepared. It consolidates Philistinism beyond a pale which it neither hopes nor desires to pass, and leaves the Barbarian unconvicted of sin; of the Populace it has not even reached the ears. A self-complacent Philistinism, a scornful Barbarism, and a deaf and stolid Populace are the price England pays for its sifted culture.

In America there is no class or craft whose members have signed a quitclaim upon any of the hopes of progress and achievement, still less have accepted for their children the doom of subservience or mediocrity. Herein lies the difference. The masses in the older country are well content to leave the maintenance of the higher social ritual to one class, the pursuit of sweetness and light to another, and keep for themselves the plain satisfactions of the unembroidered life. So English culture is a class pursuit.

The American people has acquired by coming of age the right to feel that it has ways and a work of its own which determine for it the form and temper of that standard of human competency in men and communities which yields a national type of culture. This type will not be provincial; Americans travel too much and are too open-eyed; their population is mixed of too many bloods; they dwell too much in the open, on the great east and west routes that follow the North Temperate Zone and join Europe to the Farther East.

It will not be the possession of a few. It is based on a system of public education reaching from the kindergarten through

the university, and, in its actual use by all classes and conditions of the population, constituting an institution of life without historic parallel.

It will not be culture for its own sake. The old education sought by painful processes to isolate training from action, the new shapes it upon the living mould of action. The American passion for sweetness and light will be fulfilled in such as are not knowers only, but doers of the doctrine.—*Benjamin Ide Wheeler in Atlantic Monthly.*

Long Range Photography

An interesting communication on telephotography was read before the Congress of Swiss Naturalists, by Mr. A. Vautier-Dufour. The author has experimented in this field for many years past, and is keenly alive to objections urged against telephotography. He has, however, obtained excellent results by means of a telescope, the objective of which has a focal distance as great as 2.40 m. The eyeglass was

removed so that the image was formed at the focus of the objective. The author hence inferred that this process would best suit his purpose. The only drawback was the difficulty of carrying so cumbersome an apparatus about. With the assistance of the Geneva astronomer, Scheer, the problem was solved. Exposures of 10 seconds were required when yellow screens and orthochromatical plates were used, while without a screen excellent snap shots could be taken with exposures of about 1-75 second.

Telephotography in its new form is likely to prove useful both for scientific and industrial purposes, as well as in warfare. The physicist will be able to photograph any phenomenon visible at the extreme horizon, such as mirages, as well as those which he could not approach himself without danger, such as, for instance, volcanic eruptions. The naturalist may now safely observe wild animals and photograph them from a distance. The amateur astronomer will be in a position to take splendid views of the principal heavenly bodies. The explorer of Arctic regions will observe, by



Courtesy of Scientific American

PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN WITH ORDINARY LENS

VIEW OF AIGUILLE DU GEANT FROM MONT BLANC



Courtesy Scientific American

TELEPHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FROM SAME SPOT

VIEW OF PEAK MARKED IN OPPOSITE CUT

means of the "Téléphot," distant and inaccessible points. Archæologists and architects will use the apparatus to fix on the photographic plate buildings and monuments too distant to be taken with an ordinary apparatus. Military and naval officers will be able to observe and to study the movements of the enemy (the apparatus may, in fact, be well used as a telescope); finally, all topographical measurements will highly profit by this ingenious apparatus.

Our illustrations show some photographs taken with this apparatus.—*A. Gradenwitz* in *Scientific American*.

The Philosophy of Dress

No one who has read *Sartor Resartus* is likely to deny that it is possible to treat even dress intellectually, though it may be noted that Carlyle only treated of dress as a covering devised for sundry reasons including convenience. And that, of course, is not what we women mean by dress nowadays. Dress is not a mere covering; indeed it is often very much the reverse! Neither is it convenient, comfortable, nor for the matter of that even beautiful—very far from it!

To pass on, however, to the lighter

aspects of dress. These are legion, as they needs must be when dress at the very smallest computation claims one-third of a woman's walking life. Think of the shopping alone! At a rough estimate there are eleven times as many "human souls and bodies consisting" who are spending this mortal life in matching ribbon and selling hooks and eyes as there were fifty years ago. I mean, of course, relatively to the increase of population during that time. Now this means much; for if I—this individual I—need eleven times as much assistance in shopping as my grandmother did, I must, even if I do not buy much more, spend a deal more time over my bargains. Then if I make my own dresses, even a machine does not neutralise the labour I have to spend uselessly; for what can be the use of stitching little furrows and wrinkles all over your body until you look as if you were made in segments like a centipede?

So this mode remains mysterious, like many another, such as the curious feminine fascination for a hump without which no cycle of fashion is complete. This I have noticed runs a definite and recurring course. At the present moment the excrescence shows itself at our wrists, so that our sleeves look like Santa Claus' stockings after all the toys have been taken out and the sweets remain in the foot! An optimist might think cheerfully that in course of natural progression the swelling would pass on, and so—like Bob Acres' courage—ooze out finally at our finger tips. So it may; but it will reappear again at the back of our heads, pass down our shoulders, leap to our waists, return to our elbows, and perhaps elect to continue the vicious circle through our feet. But a hump there will be to the end of time. It is, however, quite idle to speculate as to the why and the wherefore of many things in a woman's dress. Take, for instance, the recurring habit of sweeping the streets with balayeuses of velvet and lace. No amount of ridicule or reason has any permanent effect on it. In fact it is to my mind some proof that consideration of the creature man *does not* always enter into woman's dress, since there can be no question as to what his verdict on the habit is and always has been.—*Flora Annie Steel* in *The Saturday Review*.

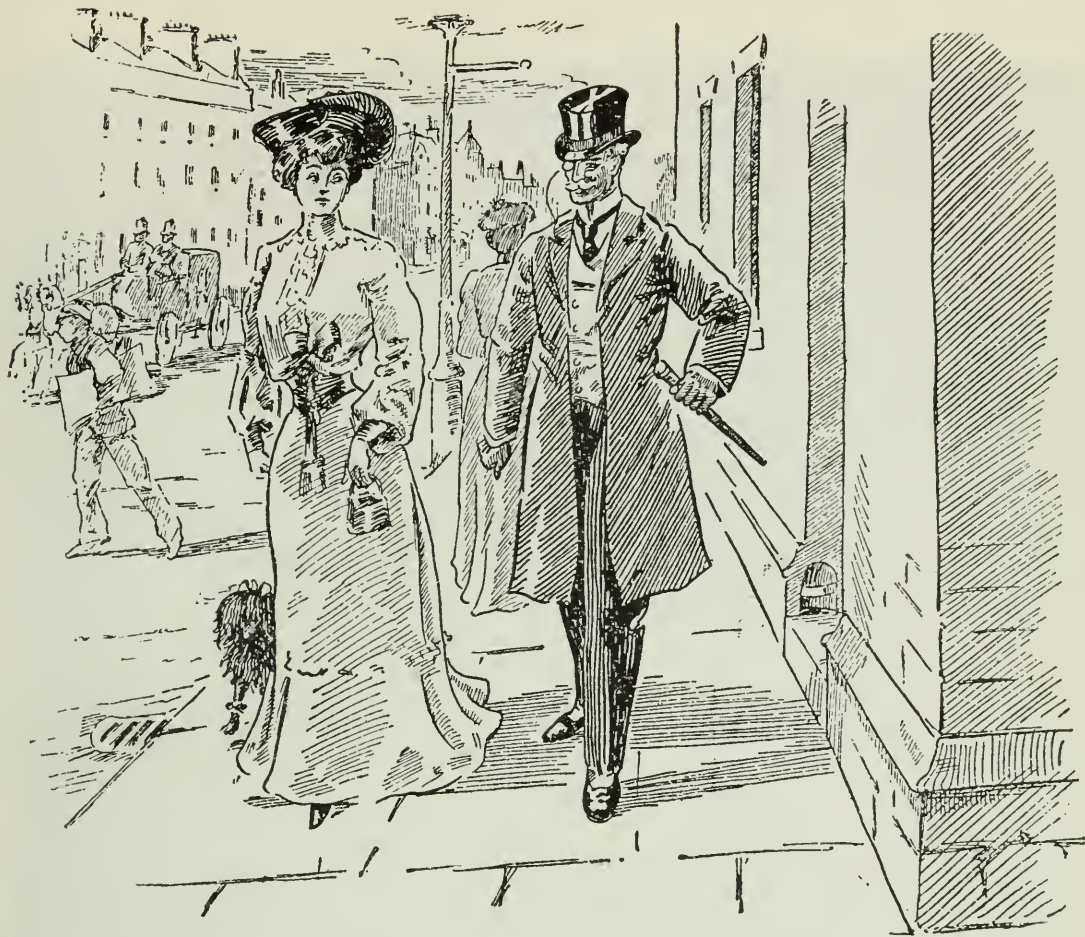
The Danger of Being Alive

Drink water and get typhoid. Drink milk and get tuberculosis. Drink whiskey and get the jim-jams. Eat soup and get Bright's disease. Eat meat and encourage apoplexy. Eat oysters and acquire taxemia. Eat vegetables and weaken the system. Eat dessert and take to paresis. Smoke cigarettes and die early. Smoke cigars and get catarrh. Drink coffee and obtain nervous prostration. Drink wine and get the gout. In order to be entirely healthy one must eat nothing, drink nothing, smoke nothing, and even before breathing one should make sure that the air has been properly sterilized.—*South-Western World*.

When Our Debts Are Paid

Just now the United States is indebted to Europe because of its eagerness to get back its securities and to carry out great schemes pregnant with far-reaching results in the future. But it is to be recollected that if matters go on as they are going at present the United States will each year have an immense balance due to it from us on account of our imports from it of food and raw materials. This immense balance will enable it gradually to redeem its debt, and in the course of a comparatively short time that debt will be wiped out, and then the whole immense balance will be at the absolute disposal of the United States. It may leave the money represented by it to finance operations in London, or it may insist upon being paid every year to the uttermost farthing. In any event, our money market will be under the absolute control of the capitalists of the United States. Just as at the present moment our capitalists are able to send gold from London to Buenos Ayres so as to avoid sending it direct from London, in the future American capitalists will be able to send gold from London to any part of the world they desire, no matter what the consequences may be to the London money market.

As the United States grows in wealth the present movement for buying up the national securities of every kind will gain strength. Thirty years ago or so a very



HE—DID YOU NOTICE THAT WOMAN WHO JUST PASSED ?

SHE—WHAT, THAT ONE WITH THE DYED HAIR AND FALSE TEETH AND NASTY READY-MADE CLOTHES

ON, ALL TIED WITH RIBBONS AND THINGS? NO, I DIDN'T NOTICE HER PARTICULARLY.—*Punch*

large part of the government debt of the United States was held in Europe. Now the amount of the debt so held is hardly worth talking of. Ten years ago the amount of industrial securities of all kinds held in Europe was enormous. Now it has been immensely reduced. In ten years more the remnant that will still be held by Europe will in all probability be quite trifling. Lastly, the United States in another ten years will be a great ship-owning country. Thus the United States will own its own securities and send its goods on board its own ships, and we shall not only have to pay for the goods, but we shall have to pay freight, insurance, and commissions likewise. When our imports from the United States exceed our exports to the United States by 100,000,000 sterling or more, what will become of our money market, and how shall we make the payments which somehow or other will have to be made?—*The London Statist*.

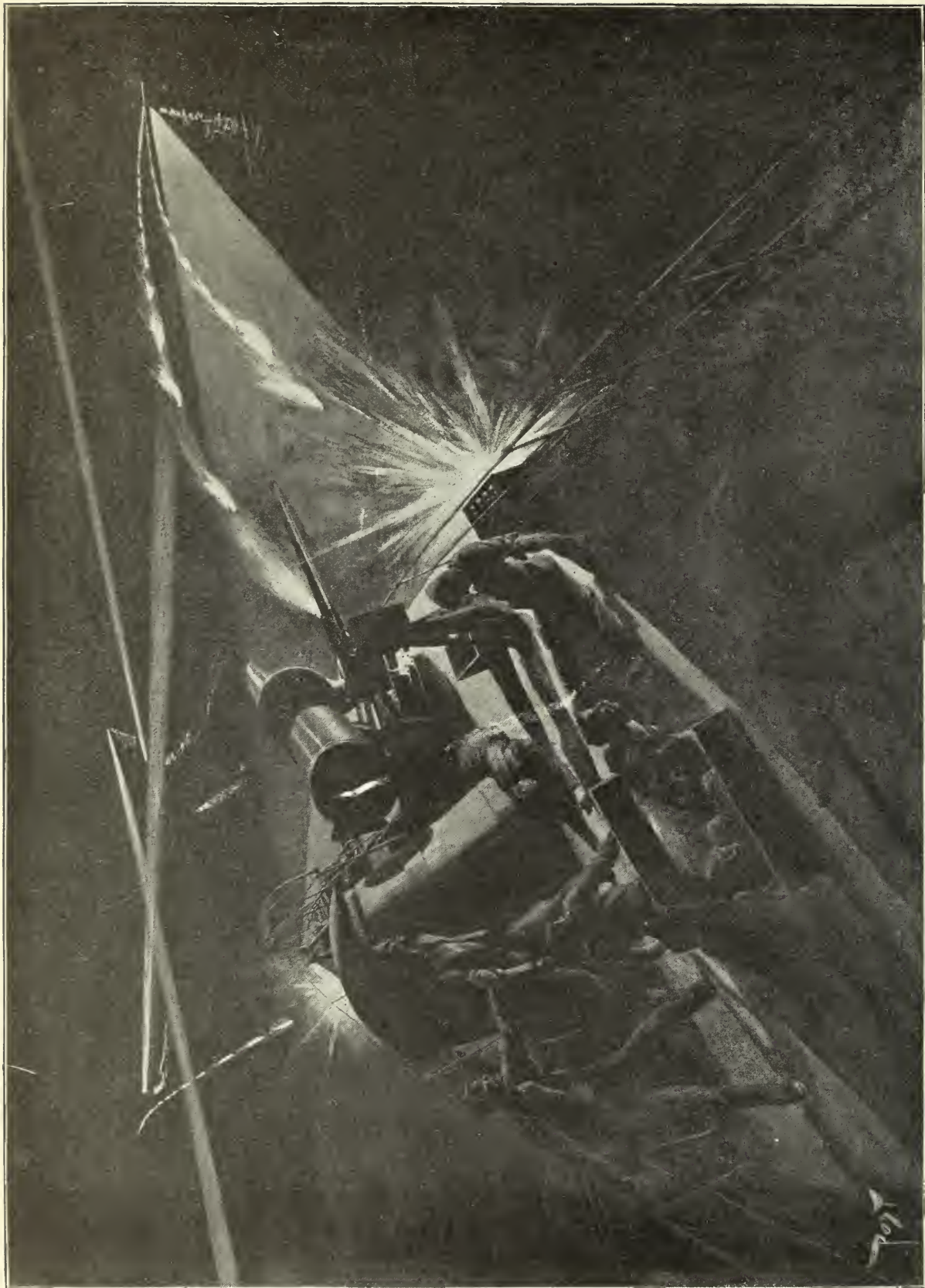
Society Day by Day

Mrs. Dontgiv Adam and her delightful sister-in-law, Mrs. Runn M. Downe, are at present automobiling through China. Since China is the most densely populated country in the world they may meet with fair success.

Miss Handmea Hyeball gives a dinner dance for her friend, Mlle. Eau de Vie, of the French legation, tonight. The cotillion will begin at eight tomorrow morning, conducted by Mr. Leeds Theegang. Among the numerous favors will be diamond-studded suspenders and pearl garters.

Mr. I. M. Allwaze-Loded has left town. He does not know where he is going.

Mrs. Leeds Theegang is not quite satisfied with one of the latest hats she bought from Alphonsine. She may send it back. This is very annoying, as she hoped to sail next Wednesday.



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THE TORCH SHELL IN WARFARE

Courtesy of Harper's Weekly

THIS PICTURE REPRESENTS A TORPEDO-BOAT TRYING TO BLOW UP BATTLE-SHIPS IN THE NIGHT-TIME. SHE HAS BEEN LOCATED BY A SEARCHLIGHT FROM ONE BATTLE-SHIP, WHOSE GUNNERS HAVE JUST CAUGHT THE RANGE WITH THE TORCH SHELLS

Mrs. Dressta Kyll is entertaining guests at her breezy Long Island Home, Surplus-Surplus. Her uncle, the Hon. Damb Dole Skynn, is also with her for a few days.

The Muchinprints will sail for Hadesboro' on the Jiminy der Grosse next Monday. They have engaged the nine upper decks.

Mrs. Brayzan Pusher came very near drinking a second cup of tea at the Krowda's afternoon. But Mrs. Parvenu Plump happened to sneeze just at that moment and her attention was distracted.

Mr. and Mrs. McEvor Ondek may go to Boston next week. If they do go they will both wear clothes. She was one of the Boston Bonds. All the Bonds are interesting.—*Life*.

The Terrible in Fiction

Putting the horror-story outside the pale, can any story be really great, the theme of which is anything but tragic or terrible? Can the sweet commonplaces of life be made into anything else than sweetly commonplace stories? It would not seem so. The great short stories in the world's literary treasure-house seem all to depend upon the tragic and terrible for their strength and greatness. Not half of them deal with love at all; and when they do, they derive their greatness, not from the love itself, but from the tragic and terrible with which the love is involved.

Yet the conditions which obtained in Poe's time obtain just as inexorably today. No self-respecting editor with an eye to the subscription-list can be bribed or bullied into admitting a terrible or tragic story into his magazine; while the reading public, when it does chance upon such stories in one way or another—and it manages to chance upon them somehow—says it does not care for them.

A person reads such a story, lays it down with a shudder, and says: "It makes my blood run cold. I never want to read anything like that again." Yet he or she will read something like that again, and again, and yet again, and return and read them over again. Talk with the average man or woman of the reading public and it will be found that they have read all, or nearly all, of the terrible or horrible tales which

have been written. Also, they will shiver, express a dislike for such tales, and then proceed to discuss them with a keenness and understanding as remarkable as it is surprising.

When it is considered that so many condemn these tales and continue to read them (as is amply proved by heart-to-heart experience and by the book sales such as Poe's), the question arises: Are folk honest when they shudder and say they do not care for the terrible, the horrible, and the tragic? Do they really not like to be afraid? Or are they afraid that they do like to be afraid? Deep down in the roots of the race is fear. It came first into the world, and it was the dominant emotion in the primitive world. Today, for that matter, it remains the most firmly seated of the emotions. The facts of the case remain. The public is afraid of fear-exciting tales and hypocritically continues to enjoy them.—*Jack London in The Critic*.

The Torch Shell

A new and important function has been added to the already deadly shell—visibility of its flight at night. By means of a torch attached to the base of the shell, it is possible to watch it throughout its entire course, and to see clearly the exact point at which it strikes. With the automatic guns now fast coming into general use and firing one-pounder shells at the rate of four shots a second, a practically continuous stream of fire is thrown, which can be directed like water from a hose, without using the sights of the gun and without knowing the range.

The illuminated shell was invented and developed by Mr. J. B. Semple, of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, who owns all the patents, and it has been taken up for extensive tests by both the army and navy of the United States, as well as those of England, Germany, and France.

Although much of practical value was learned from the naval battles of the Spanish war, there was no opportunity to prove the effectiveness of the modern torpedo-boat in the hands of daring and competent men. In repelling the attacks of these fleet little vessels, it is easy to imagine how difficult is the work of the gunner, when suddenly the search-light of the battleship

"picks up" an incoming torpedo-boat, where but a moment before the sea was blank. There is no time to find the range or elevate the sights. The swiftly moving destroyer must be hit, and hit hard, before it reaches the 800-yard mark, where it will discharge its first 18-inch Whitehead.

The time allowed the gunner in which to strike some vital part is a little over one minute. Behind him are the lives of 600 men, his own life, a four-million-dollar battleship, and the cause for which he is fighting; in front is the desperate destroyer, certain of accomplishing its end unless stopped before it gets too close. The knowledge of the result if he fails, the short time, the suddenness with which he is called into action, all tend to make his work extremely difficult. The combined attack of several destroyers at once would, under present conditions, prove almost impossible to resist. It is for these emergencies, when accuracy and extreme rapidity of fire are demanded, that the illuminated shell is expected to be most effective. —*Harper's Weekly*.

Who Shall Rule?

Why does everyone wish to command and no one wish to obey? When little girls play house, each wants to be mother and boss the brood. When little boys play Indian, each wants to be Big Chief and boss the tribe. When these little girls and boys grow up and marry, their attitude on bossism is the same, except that it attains to adult dimensions.

The attitude of the man is a relic of prehistoric times when man considered himself the chosen sex, and woman was of a different mental and moral constitution from the woman of today. The attitude of the girl is more often a matter of self-defence. She makes what she considers deep deductions from the lives of married folk around her and decides that she must boss or be bossed. She chooses the former.

Sometimes she is very successful—as a boss. The man she marries is a peace-loving individual who would rather give in than have scenes. This species is seen much abroad. He has the out-habit, and never goes home until all the other places are closed. Sometimes she marries a man who also has the boss bee in his bonnet.

This is very hard on the natives within hearing distance, and not easy for the children.

Then sometimes the girl who would be boss marries a man who never thought about being one of the chosen sex, who cares neither to boss nor be bossed, whose sole motive and every effort are to make the girl he marries the happiest woman in the world. And if such a one's skill in loving be as great as his good intention, his wife forgets all about wanting to boss, she obeys his unspoken wish as he fulfills hers, they mutually serve and sacrifice and yield, their house progresses without a head but with plenty of heart, without a master but wholly mastered, and in co-operation they solve the problem of domestic bossism.

In love, the surest way to rule is to serve. The lover who touches and controls the heart of the loved one makes that other a slave to devotion. Husbands and wives who serve have no need to command. Their wishes will be interpreted, and obedience unconsciously given, before the command could be uttered. Unselfishness begets unselfishness, and out of selfishness comes bossism. The ideal marriage is that in which the two are most nearly equal. Where there is equality there is no superiority. And where there is no superiority there is no justification for bossism. Q. E. D.: There is no boss in the ideal home—and Cupid wears the trousers. —*Lavinia Hart in Collier's Weekly*.

Revival of the Confessional

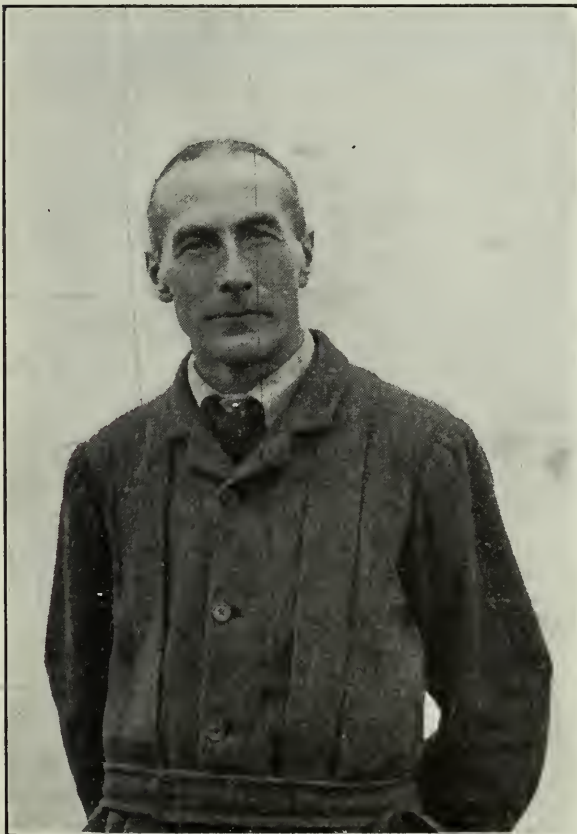
The common practice among the Ritualists of hearing confessions in the open church, and not in studies and drawing-rooms, or "conventionals" as they have been called, also emphasises the social idea of confession. The congregation in any given church know pretty well who goes to confession regularly and who does not, and this fact is itself an exercise of discipline. Moreover, the revival of the confessional is part of the social movement, in that it has sprung out of the increased attendance at Communion. All will agree that Communion is "social." The very title demands it. But this increase in Communion has made the more earnest Anglicans feel the need of confession.

They have felt unworthy to come so frequently to the Holy Table, their lives in society being what they are. To qualify for Matins was easy enough. In the old days of non-communicating attendance at Morning Prayer it was a simple affair to sit through the lessons and the sermon and to go back to lunch without having made any serious attempt to look into one's life. But in proportion as religion has come to mean Communion we have become alarmed about our everyday practice in view of communicating. Our ordinary conversation, or our way of conducting business, was all very well when on Sunday we had only to face the parson in the pulpit; but now that we have to face our Divine Master at the altar so frequently we require heart-searching into our conduct. Amongst Evangelicals it has resulted in "penitent forms" and "missions," "holiness conventions," and the like; amongst the Ritualists it has taken the form of increased use of confession.—From *A New Earth* by James Adderley (Brown, Langham).

A Magnetic Bishop

'We all like him very much. We all think he will do nicely. At the same time, we could some of us perhaps wish he treated us a little less as if we were costermongers.' Such was the verdict of a very fashionable, very excellent, but, at the same time, very shrewd lady on the remarkable divine who followed Mandell Creighton at London House and at Fulham. Bishop Gore exemplifies the High Church tendency towards a rapprochement with the Higher Criticism. Bishop Ingram illustrates the fashionable sympathy between High Churchmanship and the most popular affinities of Christian Socialism.

A fact, absolutely uncontestable, it is that episcopal gaiters never enclosed a pair of episcopal legs whose owner even approached Bishop Winnington Ingram in skilful and effective dealing with the industrial reprobates whom the evangelical Christian reader or perhaps the London missionary has at last given up for incorrigibles. That suggests only a small portion



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THE MAN



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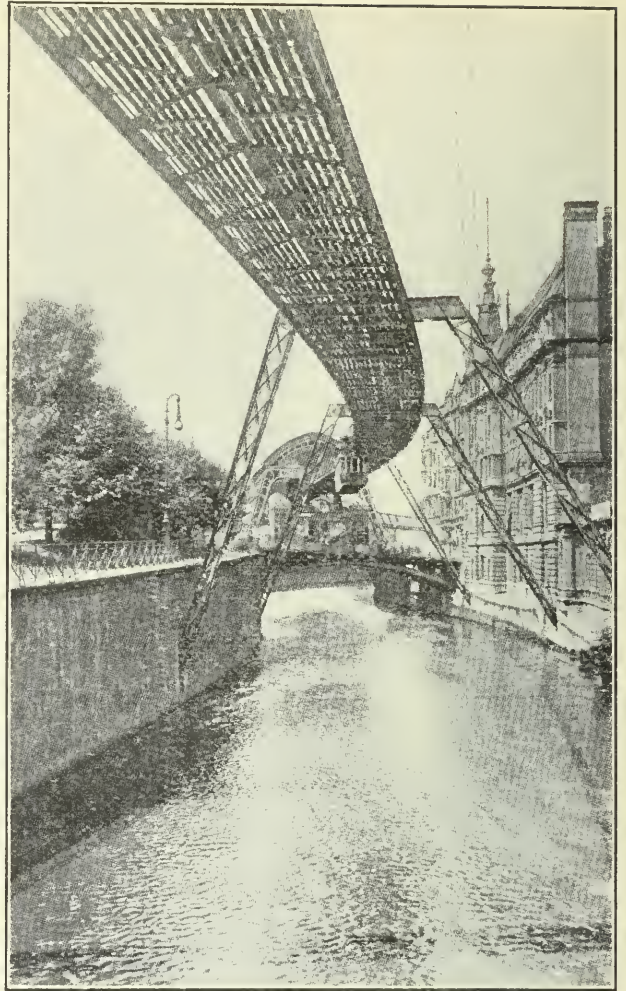
THE BISHOP OF LONDON

THE BISHOP

of the power exercised by this notable wearer of the mitre. Throughout his diocese, as well as in all the many places where he has served, Dr. Ingram has proved himself, in the modern phrase, a magnetic man, and a good deal more. He not only attracts in numbers unprecedentedly large young men of worth and promise to the service of Christianity in the roughest spheres of work; he inspires those who serve under him or who in casual contact touch him with the same zeal as animates himself, or as stirred Edward Denison and Arnold Toynbee before him.—From *King Edward VII. and His Court*, by T. H. S. Escott (T. Fisher Unwin).

A New Air Line

The only suspended electric railway to be found in the whole world runs between Barmen and Vohwinkel in Germany. For part of the way it runs over the river Wüpper, and for part through three busy towns. There are certainly points in favor of this "upside down line." It does not interfere with the street and road traffic, and it is cheaper than an ordinary line, as it can be slung over rivers and back streets, and the only land required is that necessary



TWO VIEWS OF THE NEW GERMAN SUSPENDED RAILWAY

to plant the supports of the structure. The promoters of the system claim that, in consequence of its high and light construction, it does not deprive the inhabitants of the houses along which it runs of either air, light, or free outlook. The vibration of the earth is very markedly less than that caused by street tramways, whose speed and carrying capacity are much less, while it is insignificant as compared with that emanating from the ordinary surface heavy traffic railway.—*The King*.

Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

Happy lovers keep no diary.
The best excuse is a poor excuse.
The art of pleasing is to seem pleased.
True love is never chilled by ice cream.
The Monroe doctrine needs no doctorin'.

In life our enemies are often our best friends.

It is easier to be a hero than to look like one.

Keep on going ahead; let others look for footprints.

Faith in the fealty of others is often founded on vanity.

Nature allows long credit but charges compound interest.

As a maid she bends the man; as a wife she keeps him straight.

A machine is doing its best work when it makes the least noise.

They say it is hard to be poor; yet most people find it easy enough.

In spite of strikes and lockouts the wages of sin keep about the same.

Some men are born foolish and some preserve their old love-letters.

A man who gives way to his moods is weak on all the ten commandments.

The impatient heir generally discovers that where there's a will there's a wait.

Whistling to keep the courage up is all right, but the whistle should not be wet.

A woman without curiosity may be dull company, but she makes a good neighbor.

Doctor Parkhurst advises young men to be near the track when the train of opportunity passes. Better be at the station where it stops.

Every man is the architect of his own destiny, but the trouble is we don't pay enough attention to the fire-escapes.—*Saturday Evening Post*.

The Successors of "The Unspeakable Scot"

The Undomestic American

For an American to lose his wife, means very little indeed, so far as his home life is concerned. If he is a resident of a large city like New York, he often never sees the lady, except when she comes to him for money. She has her own separate friends, both masculine and feminine, whom he has never met. She moves in a social set wholly different from his. Usually having leisure to cultivate society, she dwells upon a higher social level. If she went to the Horse Show, which is the vulgarest and most fashionable and most gaudily ill-mannered and blatant of all American functions—if she went to this show with her friends, and encountered her husband there, she would cut him as dead as she would the dustman who empties her ash-barrel every Friday. The true American woman glories in the fact that she has nothing whatever in common with the squaw. Her husband occupies very much the same position as a butler. Her life is a constant declaration that there is nothing in common between them, that there is no relation whatever between them, but that he is allowed to live in the same house on sufferance and on condition that he pays the bills. Should he meet with financial reverses, and his wife still retain an income of her own, he is immediately kicked out, just as an incompetent servant would be kicked out, his incompetence having been demonstrated by his failure to supply the money that, under the terms of the agreement, he undertook to supply.—From *The Preposterous Yankee*, by *Montague Ponsonby* (Limpus, Baker).

Lovely, Erring Woman

As a criminal a woman excels. There are certain mean forms of criminality which she has made peculiarly her own. It takes a woman to throw vitriol, for example, and it takes a woman to run a baby farm with weekly killings for a few

pounds. History and Madame Tussaud's are standing witnesses to woman's criminal competence. For the sake of decency we will draw a veil over both history and wax-works. It is a hard saying but a true one that a bad woman is very bad indeed. And most women are more or less bad. The truth is not in them. Many of them drink. Some of them are shoplifters and kleptomaniacs. Some of them are wicked in other ways. If one were to believe the novelists and the women's rights people, one would be convinced that butter could not melt in a woman's mouth. Innocence of the most blue-eyed character is, according to these worthies, woman's chief attribute. She is too proud to beg and oh! she cannot steal. When she does steal it is for her child. All her failings are to Virtue's side. When you catch her red-handed with a dozen of Mr. Whiteley's excellent spoons in her fingers, it is because the family at home are wanting spoons. One must make every allowance. The poor thing was distraught. She had had a difference with her husband, or words with the milkman, so that she could not resist the sight of blouses lying round loose with nobody to hold them. It is moral aberration and quite excusable even if found out. I shall probably find myself in great hot water for saying it, but I am of opinion that moral aberration is just as common among women as kissing. They simply cannot keep their little hands from picking and stealing.—*From **Lovely Woman** by T. W. H. Crosland (Grant Richards).*

German-American Trade Relations

Trade, as conducted between Germany and the United States, may not unfairly be described as a source of permanent embitterment. In Calwer's words, "the High Protectionism of the United States causes great exasperation in Germany, and the tendency, therefore, is to sacrifice the commercial treaties with neighboring countries in order to have the power of putting heavy duties on American goods." The German export to America is coupled with low wages and bad conditions generally for the German operative. . . . The large textile export to the United States is

bought by the misery of the German workers. In 1897 Germany sent to the United States textiles to the amount of £5,150,000. But these goods (one-fifth of Germany's total textile exports) had to be sold at much lower prices than the other four-fifths, the American duty being well over fifty per cent. Estimating the present German textile export to the States at £5,240,000, that means that the German textiles sold there must be fifty per cent. cheaper than if they were sold to England—in other words, £2,620,000 must come off. That is, every textile operative in Germany is threatened by the American tariff with the loss of a tenth of his yearly income. There is no reason, argues another German economist, to be very solicitous about export industries "which to the outward eye export goods, but in reality, owing to the conditions under which those goods are produced, export work-power, health, strength, and the life-blood of the people."

Can anything be done? Not pretended "sanitary" measures against American meat and cattle, which only annoy American farmers and provoke such reprisals as the differential treatment of German sugar in the Wilson tariff. Not a tariff war of Germany against the States—for that Germany is not strong enough; but a European "combine," consisting firstly of the Powers of the Triple Alliance, and then of any smaller Powers, such as Holland, that can be induced to join it, would exercise a pressure that even the States could not resist. The exports from the United States to Germany for the last ten years are nearly twice the exports from Germany to the United States—£339,000,000 to £181,500,000. Therefore the greater hazard is on the side of the United States. Remember that seventy-five per cent. of the United States export is for Europe. The States, by the admission of an American Customs official, are losing in importance as a market for Europe's exports, while Europe gains importance yearly as a market for American exports. Conclusion: If Germany, better still, if a European combination, can brace its courage to a tariff-war, *the United States will not fight*, so say both Calwer and Waltershausen.—*From **German Ambitions**, by Vigilans Sed Aequus (G. P. Putnam's Sons).*



“THE FOAM FLIES FROM OUR BOW”

Courtesy of Outing

On a Racing Yacht

You must have known by experience the pleasure and excitement of handling a boat to properly appreciate the swelling sail and straining rope; the lifting bow, the reeling deck and bended spar, the swift rush of the water and the call of the wind and the sea are then your friends. You will hear the voice and feel the tingle of leaping blood years afterward; the distant sail, the lake or river or shining sea will be a part of the world to you.

A fresh northwest wind, the sea smiling,

the fog and mist blown away; orders from the flagship read: “Get under way at 8.30”; but before that hour many are heeling to the breeze and seeking the blue where the lightship rolls. What a glorious morning this! The sky is swept clean, the water flashes in the sunlight, mainsails are hoisted, and one by one the great fleet trips anchor and is away. Nor is it the easiest thing, either, to get out of the harbor, swinging like mad, past the bows of one boat under the stern of another, to seek the open water. The wind in puffs sets the stoutest bowing past the fort and

the rocky, green-capped shore; the water rushes in a foaming torrent along the lee; the currents of air that sweep down from the tight-stretched canvas fairly lift one's feet off the heeling deck. It is a glad, mad rush out to the lightship; the spirit of racing is in the air, every one is racing and pacing and fretting to the lash of the breeze. We sweep up with banging canvas, to go about again, tack and luff, to bide the time till the course is ready.

"There's the gun!" as a flash of smoke flings across the sunlight.

"Break out your spinnaker!" roars the skipper.

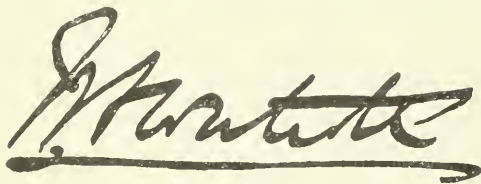
"Break out your balloon jib!"

"Main topmast staysail!"

The crew rush and strain and tug, the spinnaker bursts out with a snap; the long boom lifts as if it feels the strain. The schooner steadies herself like a live thing; for an instant it seems to stand quiet under the pressure of the enormous sails, then darts away with a rush and a roar, the clean blue ahead is cut as with a knife, and the waters leap astern in a broad, swirling mass of white foam; the decks are level for an instant, then incline with the stately motion of the fabric as it answers the heaving sea. The spinnaker boom touches the water one instant, next is high in the air, while the main sheet snaps along, taking the tops off the following waves.—*Carlton T. Chapman in Outing.*

A Puzzling Signature

My father's signature (B. F. Westcott) was at times especially illegible, and I have before me now fifty *bona fide* conjectural interpretations of a signature which he appended to a letter to a friend. In forwarding the interpretations, my father's



correspondent says: "I began in all innocence, but, finding the first few interpretations bewildering in their variety, a scientific impulse (perhaps I should rather say a mixture of malice and curiosity) got the upper hand, and I thought I would ascertain what was the complete cycle of possi-

ble interpretations. Clearly, however, we are far from having any such limit at present, as is shown by the fact of there being only three repetitions out of the fifty. It is amusing to observe the contrast between the timid minds that cling to known and recognized names and the hardy thinkers who follow their reason, even though it lead them to Rontish or Slontish. But I will leave the philosophy to you."

Here follow the fifty interpretations

N. Bowtell.	W. Stontide.
W. F. Coutauld.	W. Stontcote.
W. Frontith.	W. Swatiott.
W. Frountell.	W. Sweetett.
W. J. Hewlett.	W. Swintott.
W. Honteth.	W. Swintull.
W. Howlett (2ce).	W. Trontide.
W. Howtett (2ce).	W. S. Untill.
W. Howtite.	W. Wartell.
J. Menteith.	W. J. Watcott.
W. Matock.	W. Watell.
J. Monteith.	W. F. Watell.
W. Monteith (2ce).	W. H. Watell.
W. Nontall.	W. J. Waterloo.
W. Nontick.	J. H. Waterton.
W. Nontioll.	W. J. Watett.
W. Nontiott.	W. T. Watote.
W. F. Northcote.	J. F. Watitt.
W. Nuntell.	W. F. Watitt.
W. Rontish.	W. F. Westroll.
W. Rowstick.	W. S. Whitworth.
W. Slontish.	W. F. Writesth.
W. Slowtite.	W. J. Wortell.
W. Stontell.	

—From "*Life and Letters of Brooke Foss Westcott*," by *Arthur Westcott* (Macmillan).

Are We Ashamed of Immortality?

The question is not intended to be irreverent, but serious. Has the time come when a man should hesitate to speak of a distinct belief in the fact that there is a life after death? Is the agnosticism concerning the details of the world to come to be so dominant as to prevent our using that gospel which promises a heaven? Shall we close our New Testaments and find consolation in psychical research? Any one who has followed the course of practical religious thought during the last few years cannot have failed to recognize the gradual lessening of emphasis upon the resurrection both of Jesus and of men. Even hymns that speak about heaven are reserved for funerals. There has grown up a habit of treating all matters pertaining to life after death

by way of allusion. We are told that the resurrection is present in the higher life, the moral uplift in human hearts. We are told that the life that now is is very much more certain than the life which is to come, and that we can very well let the future be settled by the present. In other words, although we should hesitate to say that we disbelieve in immortality, we have belittled it and apologized for believing in it until it is no longer a great force in human life. It is "under investigation."

That is why we have trouble in our preaching. That is why we have preferred to turn our ministers into entertainers rather than to keep them prophets and priests. That is why men do not listen to ethical preachers unless they are "interesting." A morality that hesitates to speak of heaven and hell is a very delicate, hectic mother of saints. You cannot get a man to be good on general principles. He wants to know something definite as to the outcome of his career. For practical purposes, if there is no hell we must invent one; if there is no heaven we must invent that, too. Anything is better than sweet pictures and appeals to butterflies coming out of caterpillars.—*Christendom.*

The Limits of Wordsworth

Obviously, no man can write some fifteen to sixteen hundred columns of close-printed verse without lighting, if but by accident, on the expression of what seems to him a fundamental truth; and any such man, especially if he be built on Wordsworth's lines, and inspired by Wordsworth's ghost, can do no other than give the best of his part in Time and Eternity to the imposition on his fellows of the master-thoughts which have shaped his own destiny, and which, inasmuch as they are the individual and essential elements in his spiritual composition, he feels compelled, as every strong man must, to impart to the race at large. Wordsworth did something of the kind; and the world at large, it is safe to say, is still scarce conscious of his fateful and enormous presence, and after all these years has but begun to concern itself blindly and fumblingly with his true meaning, his secret, what he said to himself in the privacy of his soul, but was not poet enough to express in the right authentic

terms of poetry, excepting now and then and here and there.

Why did Wordsworth break off short in the middle (so to speak), and comparatively early in life become no more than the shadow of his older self? So far as I know, his is the sole case in literary history of a Great Man's suddenly becoming a Small Man. Was it that he realized that the outcome of his broodings on the intimate Vast was beyond his gift of speech? I think not; for, had that been, he had scarce gone on writing. But I can suggest no other solution of the difficulty except that, at a certain moment, Wordsworth was gripped by, as it were, an intellectual locomotor ataxy. That his mind had pushed so far into the empirics of speculation that it could bring nothing home but the best of his verse, and that it had reached a point at which it found nothing to report in the terms of human language: this we know, and on this Mr. Raleigh insists in words of gold. But the problem remains a problem.—*W. E. Henley in Pall Mall Magazine.*

A Farmers' Trust

In a weather-beaten, two-story frame building on the Iowa prairies is the headquarters of an industry in some ways more remarkable than any co-operative enterprise yet established, even that at Rochdale in England. It is a successful farmers' "trust."

The five hundred farmers who conduct the establishment were, several years ago, at the mercy of a single firm conducting the general store of the little town of Rockwell, to which they went to do their trading. Their products were in good demand, but when they went to town for supplies and to market their grain and live stock, the shopman paid them what he wished and sold them supplies at any price he wished—there was no competition. The farmers stood it stoically for a time, but at last rebelled. They turned dealers themselves.

Last year, with an expense for salaries, rent, insurance, etc., of less than \$4,000, they carried on a business of more than \$620,000 on a capital of \$25,000. During thirteen years, closing with March, 1903, this company of farmers has transacted

more than \$5,000,000 worth of business without the loss of a dollar. The staff of employees is very small. The business practically carries on itself. The company buys all the output of its members and sells to the farmers what they need. Others than members may buy, but such trade is not specially sought. These Iowa farmers court competition, welcome rivalry, invite healthy opposition.

As the success of the "trust" has been carried from farm to farm across the immediate country, similar organizations have been effected, and favorable reports are being made. There appears to be no obstacle in the way of an indefinite expansion of the plan.—*H. A. Wood in World's Work.*

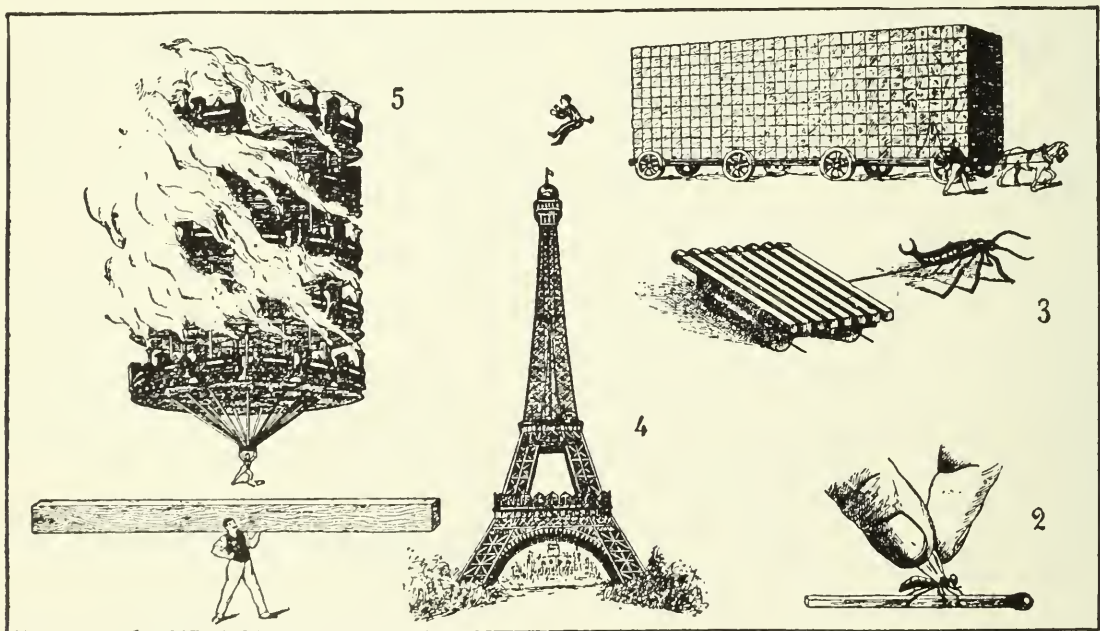
The Great Strength of Insects

Everyone in a general way knows of the astonishing muscular power employed by insects, and of the real *tours de force* which they execute either in the pursuit of prey or in defending themselves against their enemies. At the same time one rarely has a precise idea of the strength of these insects, because there are few standards of comparison, although nothing is simpler than to make a correct valuation of their strength.

The wing strength of insects is known

because of the work of Felix Plateau and De Lucy, who showed that these little creatures could not raise a weight much heavier than themselves, no matter what the surface of their wings. During the course of these experiments a very interesting fact was discovered, namely, that the size of the wing decreases as the weight and size of the animal increases, a fact which explains the slow, heavy flight of the beetle and the swift, light movement of the gnat.

The case is entirely different, however, where the creature moves on a solid surface where its six feet may obtain points of support. In this case we can approximately calculate the force exercised. Take, for example, a fly by the wings, leaving the legs free so that they may seize and raise a match, as shown in figure 2. If a man wished to perform relatively equal labor he would have to raise a beam 24 feet long by 15 inches square. The earwig of figure 3, harnessed to a small chariot, drags without difficulty 8 matches, which for a large percheron horse would mean dragging 330 beams as long and thick as himself. The man who leaps the 300 meters of the Eiffel tower is merely repeating the action of the flea, which can leap 200 times its own height. Finally, the Hercules in figure 5 is obliged to raise 80 large locomotives to equal the relative



THE RELATIVE STRENGTH OF INSECTS AND MEN

strength of an oyster, which in closing its valves exercises a force of 15 kilograms. Thus it is a much more simple thing to calculate the strength of insects than to equal it, and our modern athletes have yet a long road to travel before they can compete with animals occupying very humble positions in the living world.—Translated from *La Nature* for *Public Opinion*.

his weekly output of reviews and topical articles is astonishing.

Some one who knows Mr. Chesterton very well said of him, "When he is grown up it may be possible to interview him." As it is, he disclaimed any theoretic objection to the process when I discussed the matter with him.

"I can't understand," he said, "the



AS HE IS



AS HE WOULD LIKE TO BE

—Drawn by himself for the *Idler*

GILBERT CHESTERTON

A Paradoxist Interviewed

Mr. Chesterton has not been long in making a name for himself. His originality, his versatile manner, and, in his less serious works, his wonderful sense of humor, have won for him a richly deserved place in the esteem of the reading public, and, to meet large demands, Mr. Chesterton is working at very high pressure, and

moral objection to interviewing as such. An interview may be vulgar, of course—it generally is—but that is not because the form is vulgar. It is because the interviewer is vulgar, or, much more frequently, because the person interviewed is vulgar. A certain kind of man is vulgar in an interview, and he would be vulgar on a snowy peak under the stars."

"Many people object to it strongly."

"It is very typical of our time that when anything quite simple and natural is done, everyone thinks it is very complicated and esthetic; if you dance in a ring with children, which all the nations of the earth did in their tribal and religious festivals, people think that it is very eccentric, or, what is worse, very good-natured. It is the same with interviewing—what can be more natural than going to see a man, asking him what he thinks, and then telling other people? It is much simpler and more primitive than writing books or making speeches in Parliament."

His work has been sufficiently critical, at any rate, to make it a matter of some remark to me that his house was littered with toys. In the course of conversation

The Most Intelligent of Dogs

The origin of the collie is, like that of the majority of our recognized breeds of dog today, more or less an open question. According to Buffon, the well-known naturalist, the collie is the oldest breed in formation, more closely resembling the wild dogs of India and Australia than any other.

The collie has become recognized, through his great intelligence, as the foremost dog of the day. This same characteristic has stamped him in the past as in the present, and, in addition, faithfulness and sociability play no minor part in his make-up. No better illustration can be brought forward to prove this sagacity



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Courtesy of Country Life in America

SOME PRIZE-WINNING COLLIES

I asked him about this peculiar refusal to put away childish things.

"I very much doubt," he said, "if childish things are childish—which, as you truly say, is bosh. Fairy tales, for instance, are now written for children; but properly and originally they were not written for children, but for grown-up people, for the whole human race. Toys are not childish, they are merely human. The people who put up Morris papers and decorative panels, and peacock hangings, are playing with toys just as much as I am. I am creating an imaginary world of beauty just as much as they are. The only practical advantage is altogether on my side, for I can have explosions of red fire in this toy theatre of mine, and it is an awful nuisance to have them on a proportional scale in one's house."—*Bertram Thomas in The Idler.*

than a reference to "Bozzie," owned by Mr. Clason, of Chicago, who, in more ways than one, demonstrated her thinking powers unaided by sign or command, leading one to believe there was more in her that was human than beast. She seemed to think for herself. The fact that what she did she would do for a stranger as well as for her friends, conclusively proved this point. Ordinary mathematics, such as addition, subtraction, and multiplication, were almost too easy for her. Her discrimination of colors never failed, and in a room full of people she could pick out a black man from a white one. She could tell figures written on a visiting-card and, of course, indicated all the numbers by barks. In fact, this dog could not only tell the number of days in a week or month, but she could also tell time.

In addition to her tricks she was a marvelous worker, and, when taken to the stock-yard and told to bring out five steers, she would bring out five, and no more; or when at the farm she was told to bring up the cows from the pasture in which steers were also kept, she would bring the cows, leaving the steers. On another occasion, in a lot where several horses were kept, all bay except one gray fellow, she was told to bring out the gray one, and did so, leaving the rest. That "Bozzie" is not an ordinary case, but held a unique position and won the cup for the cleverest dog in the world, is beyond dispute; but sagacity, probably more than anything else, has made the breed famous.

Three great qualifications—intelligence, utility, and faithfulness—make the collie the dog for the country place, and none is more universally at home in the door-yard of the farmer, on the well-kept lawn of the millionaire, or on his native heath, in sunshine as in rain and sleet working for his kind or unappreciative master.—*M. Mowbray Palmer in Country Life in America.*

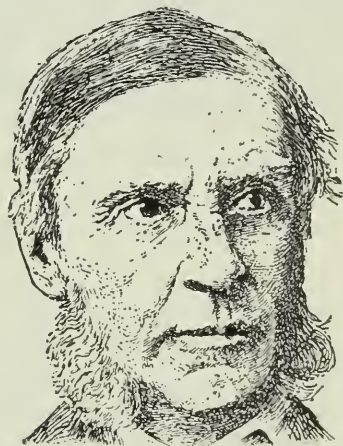
The Famous Froude-Carlyle Controversy Revived

The interminable Froude-Carlyle controversy has entered another stage by the publication of Mr. Froude's defence of his course, written sixteen years ago, "that those who care for me may have something to rely upon if my honor and good faith are assailed after I am gone." In the judgment of Mr. Froude's representatives the recent appearance of the *New Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle*, with the serious charges it embodied against Mr. Froude's good faith makes this action necessary. Among the most pertinent paragraphs from the attack and the reply are the following:

The Case Against Froude

What is the meaning of the extraordinary collapse in the public estimation of Carlyle? What induced so sudden a revulsion of feeling? Undoubtedly it was his own familiar friend who did all the mischief. Within a month of Carlyle's death the *Reminiscences*, in two volumes, edited

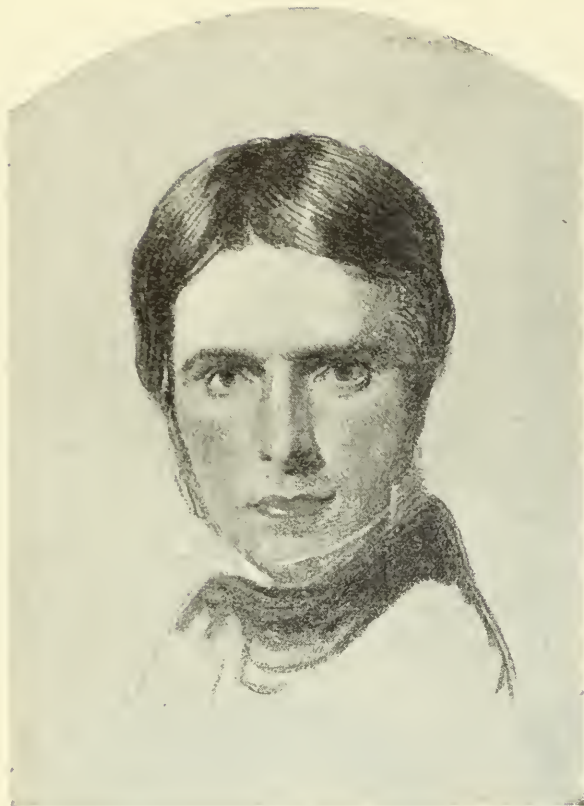
by Froude, appeared; these were followed in a year by *The Early Life*, in two volumes; in 1883 came *The Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle*, in three volumes; and within another two years came *The Life in London*, in two volumes. These nine volumes, defying all Carlyle's wishes and requirements, were the cause of the rising against him. Obviously very hurriedly prepared, full of the most slovenly press errors—Professor Eliot Norton found one hundred and thirty-six corrections necessary in the first five pages of the *Reminiscences*—they depicted Carlyle in his darkest and least amiable moods, ignoring the bright and genial side of his nature, and gave prominence not merely to the biting judgments he had passed on public men, but to the sharp and wounding things



JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE

he had said about a few private individuals still living. They opened the flood-gates of malevolence, supplied all the shams, and quacks, and fools—twenty-seven millions in number—and sects and coteries whom Carlyle had scourged in his lifetime with nasty missiles with which to pelt his memory, and shocked even fair-minded people by the contrast they suggested between the nobility of his teaching and the seemingly crabbed and selfish temper of his life.

To understand Froude's treatment of Carlyle it is necessary to look into the character of Froude; and an examination of that reveals that his intellect, capacious and well polished as it was, had the trick of distorting the impressions made on it. He rarely saw the true meaning and intent of any matter that he studied, but wrested



From sketch by Samuel Lawrence

THOMAS CARLYLE

facts from their exact shape and nature, and made them conform to his prepossessions and fancies, while he colored them beyond recognition. His judgment was built askew, and he had a positive genius for going wrong. In private life honorable and straightforward the moment he took pen in hand he became untrustworthy.

The innate tendency to aberration which I have noted in Froude, and his admittedly treacherous memory, were the primary causes of his impeachment of Carlyle; and tracing these in operation, it becomes clearer that they landed him in a preconceived notion of Carlyle's relations with his wife which was radically wrong, but to which, in spite of correction, he persistently adhered. Regardless of the full scope of the written evidence before him, oblivious of all that he must have seen and heard during the many years that he was admitted to the privacy of the little home in Chelsea, deaf to the testimony of friends, he got it into his head that Carlyle had ill-treated his wife, and that his life after her death was one long remorse.

From the moment that this idea got possession of Froude's mind, he set him-



From sketch by Hartmann

JANE WELSH CARLYLE

self, with the narrow assiduity of a special pleader, to bolster it up. He overlooked the solemn injunctions which were the condition of his trust, he abandoned the reasonable reticence which is incumbent on every biographer, dragging into the light of day what modesty and kindly consideration would fain have kept concealed, and he exceeded all editorial license in his manipulation of the documents placed in his hands, suppressing what seemed incompatible with his own views, and even sometimes, it is difficult to believe inadvertently, altering the text in a manner favourable to them.—Text and portraits from *New Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle*, with Introduction by Sir James Crichton-Browne (John Lane).

The Case for the Defence

Introduced thus into closer relations with the life at Cheyne Row, I could not help becoming acquainted with many things which I would rather not have known. If Carlyle was busy he was in his sound-proof room and never allowed himself to be interrupted. Any one who disturbed him at such times was not likely to repeat

the experiment. Mrs. Carlyle was very much alone. She was in bad health and he did not seem to see it, or if he did, he forgot it immediately in the multitude of thoughts which pressed upon him. She rarely saw him except at meal times. She suffered frightfully from neuralgia, which she bore with more than stoical endurance, but it was evident that her life was painful and dreary. She was sarcastic when she spoke of her husband—a curious blending of pity, contempt, and other feelings. He, too, suffered from dyspepsia and want of sleep. But whereas she was expected to bear her trouble in patience, and received homilies on the duties of submission if she spoke impatiently, he was never more eloquent than in speaking of his own crosses. He never spoke of himself without complaint, as if he was an exceptional victim of the Destinies. . . .

It was in 1871 that suddenly, without a word of warning or permission given or asked for, he one day brought to me a large parcel of papers. It contained a copy of the memoir he had written of his wife, various other memoirs and fragments of biography and a collection of his wife's letters to himself and other persons. I read them and for the first time I realized what a tragedy the life in Cheyne Row had been. . . . Two years later he sent me in a box a collection of letters, diaries, memoirs, miscellanies of endless sorts, the accumulations of a life. He told me that I must undertake his biography, and that these were the materials for me.

His wife's journal had come with the rest, and here was the explanation of part at least of the bitterness which had appeared in her letters. It was not that Lady Ashburton had ever been devoted to Carlyle. Quite evidently the feeling ran the other way. Carlyle had sat at the feet of the fine lady, adoring and worshipping, had made himself the plaything of her caprices, had made Lady Ashburton the object of the same idolatrous homage which he had once paid to his wife. There are in existence, or there were, masses of extravagant letters of Carlyle's to the great lady as ecstatic as Don Quixote's to Dulcinea. . .

Geraldine Jewsbury was Mrs. Carlyle's most intimate and most confidential friend. When she heard that Carlyle had selected me to write his biography she came to me



HARRIET, LADY ASHBURTON

to say that she had something to tell me which I ought to know. I must have learned that the state of things had been most unsatisfactory; the explanation of the whole of it was that "Carlyle was one of those persons who ought never to have married." Mrs. Carlyle had at first endeavored to make the best of the position in which she found herself. But his extraordinary temper was a consequence of his organization. As he grew older and more famous, he had become more violent and overbearing. She had longed for children, and children were denied to her. This had been at the bottom of all the quarrels and all the unhappiness. . . .

If I have now told all, it is because I see that nothing short of it will secure me the fair judgment to which I am entitled. I am certain that I have done the best for Carlyle's own memory. The whole facts are now known. My book, if it is still to be condemned at present, will be of use hereafter. A hundred years hence, the world will better appreciate Carlyle's magnitude. The sense of his importance, in my opinion, will increase with each generation. The unwillingness to look closely

into his character will be exchanged for an earnest desire to know all which we can ascertain about him, and what I have written will then have value. It may not be completely correct, but it will have made concealment impossible, and ensured that the truth shall be known. The biographies of the great men of the past, the great spiritual teachers especially, with whom Carlyle must be ranked, are generally useless. They are idle and incredible panegyrics, with features drawn without shadows, false, conventional, and worthless. The only "Life" of a man which is not worse than useless is a "Life" which tells the truth so far as the biographer knows it.—From *My Relations with Carlyle* by J. A. Froude (Charles Scribner's Sons).

The Lesson of Philadelphia

Other American cities, no matter how bad their own condition may be, all point with scorn to Philadelphia as worse—"the worst governed city in the country." The Philadelphians are "supine, asleep." Hopelessly ring-ruled, they are "complacent." "Politically benighted," Philadelphia is supposed to have no light to throw upon a state of things that is almost universal.

This is not fair. Philadelphia is, indeed, corrupt; but it is not without significance. Every city and town in the country can learn something from the typical political experience of this great representative city. New York is excused for many of its ills because it is the metropolis, Chicago because of its forced development; Philadelphia is our "third largest" city and its growth has been gradual and natural. Immigration has been blamed for our municipal conditions; Philadelphia, with 47 per cent. of the population born of native parents, is the most American of our greater cities. Another plea we have made is that we are too busy to attend to public business, and we have promised, when we come to wealth and leisure, to do better. Philadelphia has long enjoyed great and widely distributed prosperity; it is the city of homes; there is a dwelling house for every five persons,—men, women, and children,—of the population; and the people give one a sense of more leisure and repose than any community I ever dwelt

in. Some Philadelphians account for their political state on the ground of their ease and comfort. There is another class of optimists whose hope is in an "aristocracy" that is to come by and by; Philadelphia is surer that it has a "real aristocracy" than any other place in the world, but its aristocrats with few exceptions are in the ring, with it, or of no political use. Then we hear that we are a young people and that when we are older and "have traditions," like some of the old countries, we also will be honest. Philadelphia is one of the oldest of our cities and treasures for us scenes and relics of some of the noblest traditions of our fair land.

Philadelphia is representative. All our municipal governments are more or less bad and all our people are optimists. Philadelphia is simply the most corrupt and the most contented. Disgraceful? Other cities say so. But I say that if Philadelphia is a disgrace, it is a disgrace not to itself alone, nor to Pennsylvania, but to the United States and to American character. For this great city, so highly representative in other respects, is not behind in political experiences, but ahead, with New York. Philadelphia is a city that has had its reforms. Having passed through all the typical stages of corruption, Philadelphia had reached the period of miscellaneous loot with a boss for chief thief, under James McManes and the Gas Ring 'way back in the late sixties and seventies. This is the Tweed stage of corruption from which St. Louis, for example, is just emerging. Philadelphia, in two inspiring popular revolts, attacked the Gas Ring, broke it, and in 1885 achieved that dream of American cities—a good charter. The present condition of Philadelphia, therefore, is not that which precedes, but that which follows reform, and in this distinction lies its startling general significance.

For reform with us is usually revolt, not government, and is soon over. Our people do not seek, they avoid self rule, and "reforms" are spasmodic efforts to punish bad rulers and get somebody that will give us good government or something that will make it. We are an inventive people and we all think that we shall devise some day a legal machine that will turn out good government automatically.—*Lincoln Steffens* in *McClure's Magazine*.



THE
BOOKLOVERS
MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER
1903

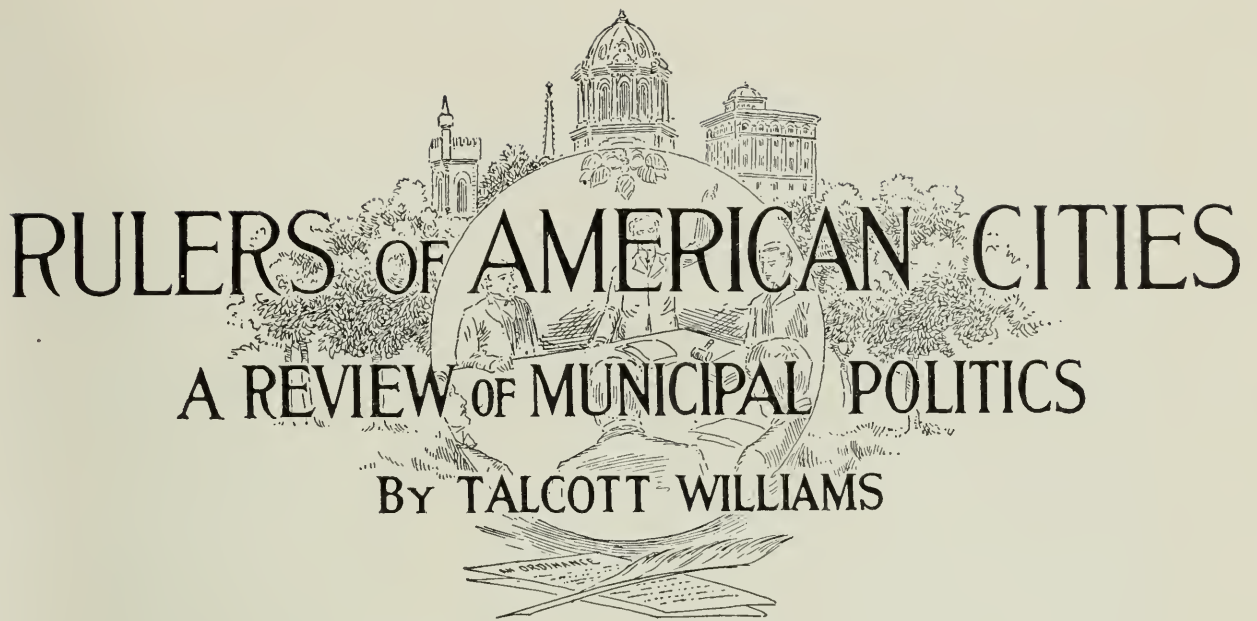
VOL II NO III

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE
THREE DOLLARS A YEAR
TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A NUMBER
PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
THE LIBRARY PUBLISHING COMPANY
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CARTER H. HARRISON

MAYOR OF CHICAGO



RULERS OF AMERICAN CITIES

A REVIEW OF MUNICIPAL POLITICS

BY TALCOTT WILLIAMS

Cities that are cities in the United States have a round 20,000,000 population, one-fourth of the whole. Colonel Wright drew the line for the collection of city statistics by the United States Department of Labor at 30,000. Congress made it a law. These cities had eighteen months ago the largest block of city population calling for city rule anywhere in one land. Ours in 1890 was less than England's. It is larger today by a round million souls. Germany has not two-thirds as large an urban population. China, when the facts are all known, will be found to have less. The child is now living who will see a larger city population in the continental United States than in Germany, France, and the United Kingdom combined.

This is the city land. City rule will be the rule of half its population in a century. This 20,000,000 of city population is already more completely one than most realize. In spite of a continental area, a wide range of climate, and many differences of race, our cities approach to one method. They steadily tend towards a more powerful single ruler, a mayor with wide power, elected and visible. The political party machinery by which they are governed tends also to a more visible, permanent organization, with its head holding no office, assuming no official responsibility, but only too often more powerful than the elected ruler, and permanent, while the legal mayor passes after a term.

The social forces that decide which of these two heads shall be the more powerful, the charter mayor or the boss, are visibly the same in all cities. On one side, the business men, individual employers, the professions, and the more intelligent of those who labor with their hands, the foremen and higher mechanic class, the small shopkeeper and trader; in short, the free burgher in all his range. On the other side, in all its forms, new and old, organization—corporate, parasitic, and partisan, in all shapes and guises. The greater and lesser corporations, public franchise holders and franchise hunters, the self-seeking wealthy, and the "machine," make one wing. The criminal and semi-criminal class, the liquor seller, another. The base is that broad area of lower labor, honest, well-meaning, hard-working, but crowded and harassed, narrow-horized. It needs aid, is often unable without aid to find employment, wants in many personal and family exigencies a helping hand which the politician gives, and finds in politics the broader horizon, the wider view, the inspiring sense of corporate relations which more favored men find in the relations of their business, profession, church, or social acquaintance.

These two bodies—the free middle mass on the one side, and the wealthy corporation and laboring poor, with the machine as link on the other side—are not mutually exclusive. They flow together in the full stream. Men on each side of

the line ought by rights to be on the other. But everybody who knows the American city knows that the division just outlined is the one that sets in opposing aspect the conflicting forces of the American city. It is a busy American world; comfortable, easy-going, every man in it knowing that among its thriving, hustling men there are few not earning more and enjoying more than they could anywhere else. Tolerance is easy under this conviction. Where tolerance is, there power drifts into the hands of the various forces headed by the boss. When evils come and their reform is near, the other side rallies, strongest of all in the great burgher middle class, from the mechanic foreman and small trader up to, but not including, those of large wealth who are certain to be swayed by a corporate sympathy with the plunder of the advantaged and advantageous franchise. The exploiting class is with the boss. By a gravitation familiar in all social history the class most exploited, mere labor, is with him, too. It is and always has been the men neither exploiting nor exploited who inherit freedom's battle, bequeath it, and whose heirs in the probate of history administer its constantly enlarging estate.

This class and inheritance have for two years held and administered New York City against the familiar combination of Tammany, the great corporations, liquor, crime, and the more ignorant labor. But big as is New York City it is a small fraction of the real American city, the *Urbs Americana*, that great municipality of 20,000,000 inhabitants, today practically one in its ideals and practice, laying the same pavements the country over, supplying water with the same lavish freedom—so that this 20,000,000 uses daily more gallons than in all the cities in Europe of three times the population—spreading its dwellings over a roomier area than ever before known. Our 20,000,000 cover 1,958,777 acres, where 42 great cities in Europe, with 17,011,167 population, cover but 451,136 acres, and are thus four times as crowded as our cities. Thanks to this, our American civic population is homed in 3,000,000 dwellings, twice the European average. Being thus spread, it has perforce paved 15,929 miles of street, and has 20,862 yet to pave. It has 16,040 miles of sewers, say 1,250 people to the mile of

sewer, a quarter of the European number. It has put in the streets 12,796 miles of street railroad, a lavish grant of franchise which its large area has made necessary.

Lastly, this city mass, on an assessed valuation of \$11,679,001,966, carries a net debt of \$959,845,306, and raises \$244,875,763 by taxation. Considered collectively in this fashion as a going concern, this American city has in round numbers twenty millions of population, eleven billions of taxed property, just short of a billion of debt, and spends a fifth of a billion in keeping 3,000 square miles in city order with water, sewerage, and paving, whose measure of cost is from two to four times the European scale of supply. In only one thing is the American city not called upon for a more lavish provision. Order is maintained for this aggregate urban population with 30,000 policemen. England, where the proportion is least, has one-half more policemen for a like urban population and an urban area not a quarter of our size.

City rule deals, therefore, in this country not only with the largest urban population but, owing to the larger urban area, the urban plant must be on a larger scale, and it is only half completed. More paving, sewerage, and water mains remain than have been done. The outlay for city plant in the twentieth century will more than duplicate that in the nineteenth. This must be paid for in cash as the years pass. Lavish in all else, the American city is frugal in debt. In twenty years it has increased its debt not quite one-half. The English local debt has more than doubled. Paris alone carries half the debt of all our cities put together, and Paris has but one-tenth their population, and not one-tenth of their taxable capacity. In one particular, however, the American city is handicapped. All experience shows that a city is best and most economically governed where the population is small and homogeneous. There is no restraint and no spur like the restraint and spur of early intimate association. London in 1896, with 4,211,743 inhabitants, had but 95,043 born abroad, 2.26 per cent. The proportion in Paris and in Berlin is but little larger. The American *urbs* we are considering, has one-fourth born abroad: 5,073,622 in 1890, or 26 per cent. One in four of all, and one in three adults has



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SETH LOW

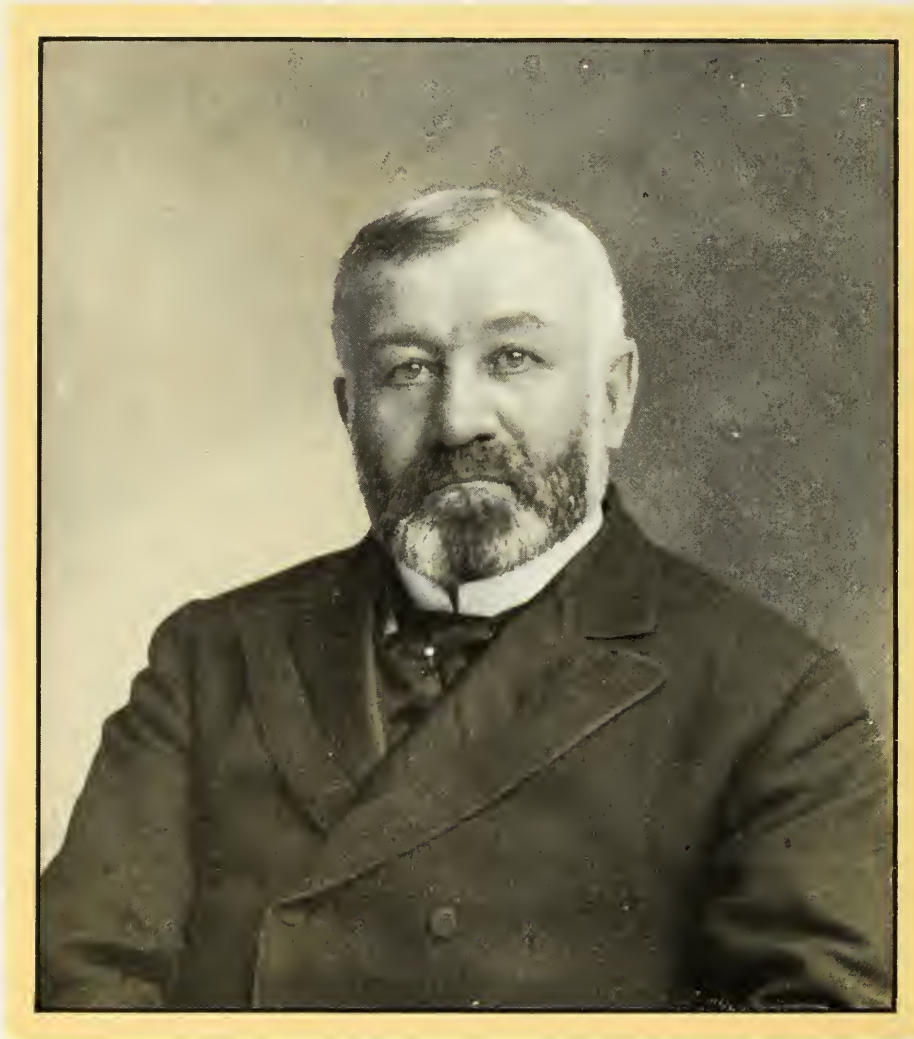
MAYOR OF NEW YORK CITY

changed skies, homes, and neighbors. Inevitably this demoralizes, and while the boss is nearly always American, the foreign vote in a preponderant share follows him.

The American municipal problem to be seen as a whole needs, therefore, to be seen whole. From New York to the city a hundredth of its size there is a community of conditions, demands, dangers, and achievements more similar than different.

group of mayors would be among them. They are known to the national public.

It is equally true that city officials are known to each other. They were not once. Within the last decade national associations of chiefs of police and fire departments, of the engineers in charge of water-works and of paving, of municipal executive officers, of those, official and lay, interested in parks and in general city gov-



Photograph by Rockwood

RICHARD CROKER

TAMMANY BOSS

Dimly the country begins to see this. There is developing a civic consciousness. The urban career alone, if it be successful, makes a national reputation. Ex-President Cleveland owes his all to civic success. It was as Police Commissioner that President Roosevelt had his first pedestal for national attention. If any man were today to make out a list of the best-known Americans, a

ernment, have come into existence. The very existence of these associations, no one of which is twenty years old, and most of which are less than ten, presupposes a body of men with a reasonable permanence of tenure, looking on their work as a life calling and ready to learn and teach. Wholesale removals are already diminishing in city government. Police and firemen are almost

everywhere permanent. Those who have known our city administration for thirty years best realize the great change in this respect. There is growing up, though few know it, a body of municipal officials, some with technical training, all with the training of affairs, who, before another generation passes, will constitute a corps, mutually known, sharing a common experience, a common tradition, and certain to

works and a Belgian block pavement. The city mayor of today takes his place at the head of technical work in a score of fields for which a force cannot be improvised. Poor as some recent mayors have been, there is not one who does not come to his work with a wider municipal experience than many of those of a generation ago.

The three largest cities in the country have mayors today each of whom repre-



Photograph by Gutekunst

JACOB A. RIIS

REFORMING CITIZEN

become a body from which all cities will recruit their higher posts, as high school principals and superintendents are already called from city to city. Our city aggregate will then have its city civil service.

The American mayor of thirty or forty years ago organized anew his entire city administration, which had in it nothing more difficult, technically, than water-

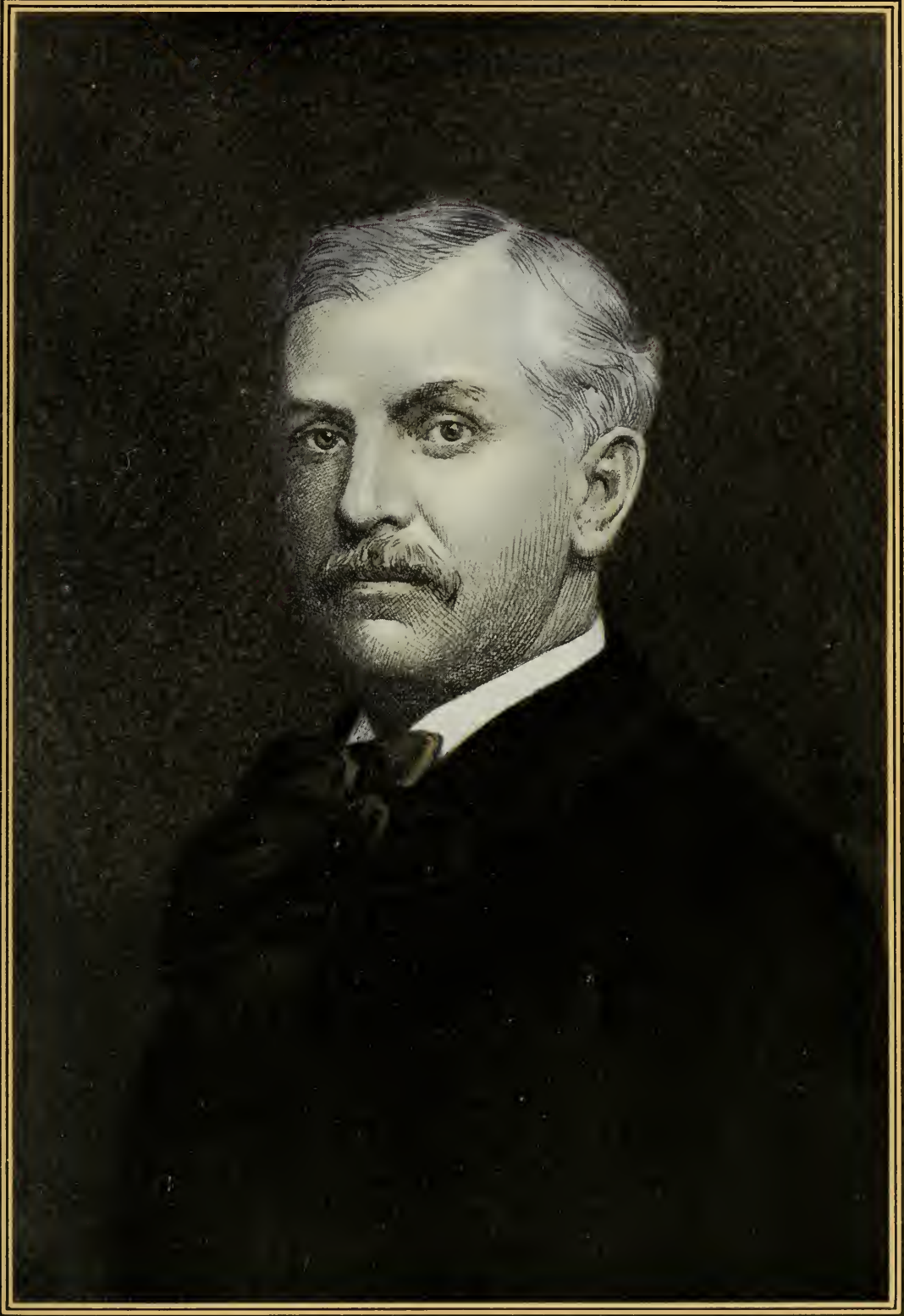
sents a phase of the new conditions. Three ways there are today in which a man may become the dominant head of an American city. He may, as Mayor Low, of New York, represent the uprising and combination of the classes neither exploiting nor exploited. He may, like Mayor Harrison, of Chicago, be the individual chieftain of his own political clan and



From photograph by Marceau

TOM L. JOHNSON

MAYOR OF CLEVELAND



SAMUEL M. JONES

MAYOR OF TOLEDO

personal following, in his case inherited. Philadelphia has in Mayor Weaver a chief executive deliberately selected by a powerful political machine, corrupt, unscrupulous, allied with every exploiting agency, corporation or political, whose head and whose governing men firmly believe that permanent political power in current municipal conditions is only possible by giving efficient administration. All these mayors, and this is the great change of the past ten years—only the past ten years—hold their places under an avowed policy of improved city government. Mayor Low really stands for it. Mayor Harrison wants to be believed to stand for it. Mayor Weaver claims to stand for it, and has so far justified his claim. The first has controlled the franchise corporations and driven hard bargains with them, the second has headed a long crusade against them, and the third has surprised Philadelphia by insisting on testing their legal rights and claims.

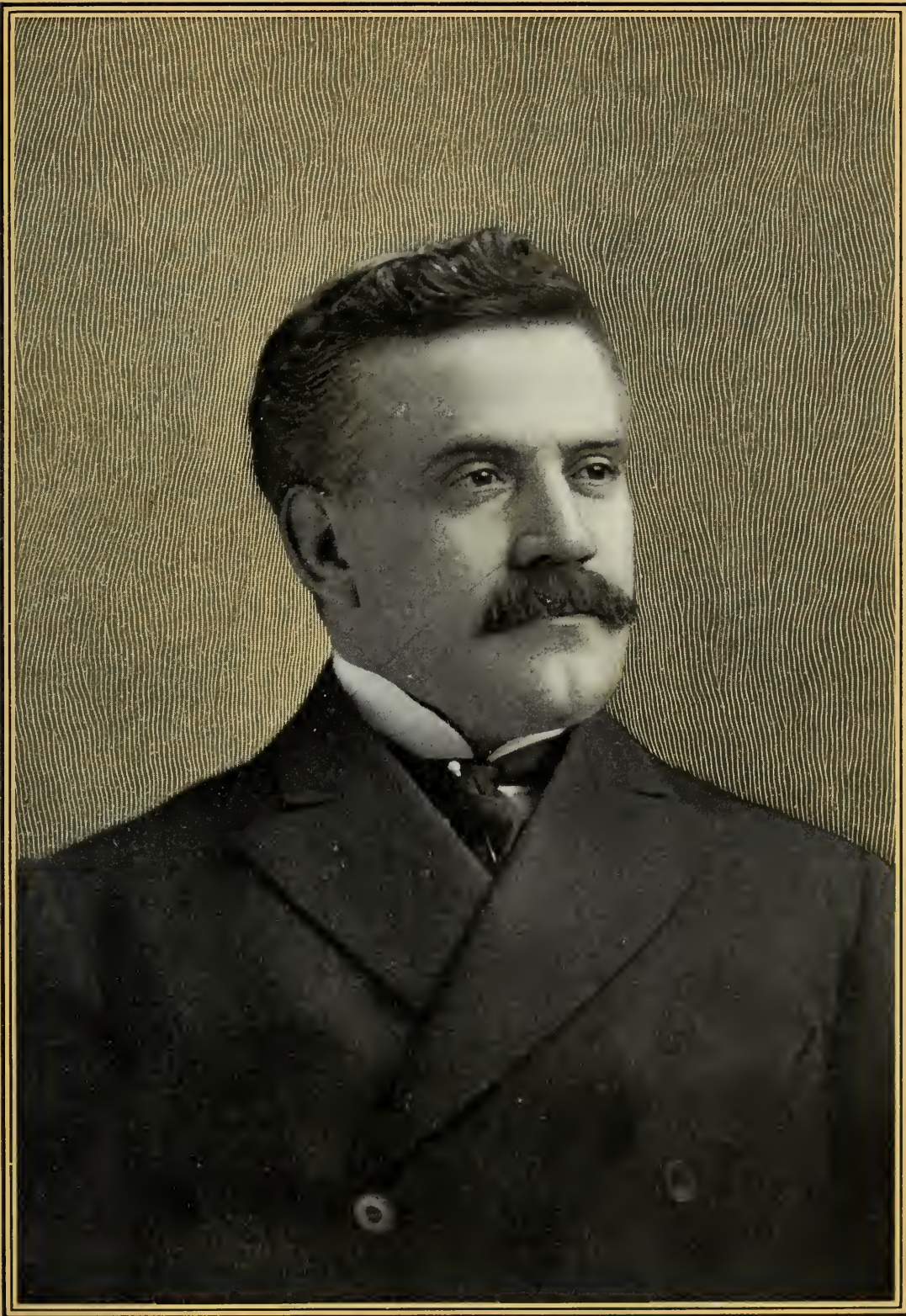
Each matches in his career his personal environment. Mayor Low's large fortune is in the third generation; he is a college valedictorian. He has for twenty years been in municipal affairs, and for ten years a university president. He bolted his party in 1888, he supported Cleveland and a low tariff in 1892. He gained his apprenticeship in city affairs, as mayor of Brooklyn for two terms, beginning in 1881. He has left nothing undone which Americans are told a hundred times by "practical" politicians bars the path to city rule and city office, and Mr. Seth Low, reformer, bolter, mugwump, "kid-glove" politician, university man and valedictorian, is mayor of the largest city in the country, his administration at last pronounced successful by those who once criticized it, with a fighting chance of succeeding himself for another term, while a Tammany candidate with a prospect of success is not easily named.

The moral forces of a municipality are plainly militant, massed, multiplying when such a man is the foremost and most successful figure in American city affairs.

If Mayor Low is the product of the organized betterment of the city, Mayor Carter H. Harrison is as much the product of its mob opposition to and suspicion of corporation. He is a descendant. His father was elected five times mayor. He has been chosen four times. Between

them, father and son have held and headed a tumultuous mass of voters for nearly twenty-four years, and filled the mayoralty of Chicago for all but two intervals of a few years each. "Joe" Mackin and his repeaters made the older Harrison's early success possible. The younger Harrison was publicly charged with a corrupt interest in the franchises he was pretending to fight, a year ago, by the leader of the Illinois State Democracy. Both Harrisons led the mass vote of the city against a combination of its better interests and the worst machine. But the son's career and his success would have been impossible if, as the present Mayor of Chicago, he had not put "some soul of goodness in things evil" by opposing and reforming the sale of municipal franchises in a corrupt municipal legislature. The Chicago reform movement last April centered its efforts on the successful election of county aldermen, and let the mayoralty go by default. Dubious as his career is, it rests for success not on public plunder but on public service, asserted if not actual. He and his father before him, as did the mayoralty contests in New York nigh half a century ago which Fernando Wood led at a corresponding period in the life of that city, showed that before an immigrant city is shaken together a demagogue can rally a vote independent of, though not opposed to, party. Mr. Wood, a sheer adventurer, never pretended to reform, but Mr. Harrison has, and is besides a college graduate, a lawyer, and the descendant of a family in our American public life for two hundred years.

Mayor Weaver, like Mayor Low, is a Bible-class man. The type is familiar—the busy man of energetic, industrious habit and religious conviction, who finds his rest on Sunday in teaching a men's Bible-class. Neither mayor permits pleasure or work to interfere. There the resemblance ends. Mr. Weaver was born in England. He came friendless. A stenographer, he made his place as a lawyer. He is a man who does things. He was picked for mayor because he had convinced Philadelphia, while District Attorney, that he would make a good chief executive. He has. He represents—and it is far more common in American public life than critics outside of it know—the man of capacity who enjoys public work for its own sake,



Photograph by Gutekunst

JOHN WEAVER
MAYOR OF PHILADELPHIA

does it with a hearty appetite, leads a simple family life, and has none of the personal temptations that come to the man who wants to see money or to see life. Each place such a man fills finds men wanting him in a better.

Mayor Weaver's promotion was unhealthy because it came from a political machine when it should have come from the people. It was healthy because even

business. He is full of the spirit of college athletics. He rallied Harrisburg on the proposition that Harrisburg could be prettier. It could. He won. The "city beautiful" swept this place of 50,000 for a bond issue and a lavish expenditure for parks and a gracious aspect. Nothing is more needed in the small American city. Nothing is more sure to come. The library is achieved. The next thirty years are to



Photograph by Bushnell

JAMES D. PHELAN

EX-MAYOR OF SAN FRANCISCO

the machine saw that sound municipal administration has become a necessity. The small city feels the same need. Pettier and more personal, it has often been more corrupt than the larger municipality. All over the country it is responding to the same impulse. Mr. Vance McCormick is not ten years out of Yale. Like Mr. Low, he has inherited wealth. He is in active

see the park, the art gallery, and the small museum springing up all over our cities, as frequent as the library in the past thirty years. Men like Mr. McCormick will multiply. A hundred cities wait for such men to add beauty to prosperity.

Where our larger cities have room in municipal affairs only for administrative reform, cities of the second order have

social issues. Henry George died just before election day in his canvass for mayor of New York; but the experiment has never been repeated. Mr. Lee Meriwether, "Public Ownership," polled 28,565 votes in St. Louis in 1901, in the German districts; but this year the two parties faced each other alone. In Cleveland and in Toledo, smaller cities, social platforms and candidates have been more permanent.

son's professes to limit the corporate activities in which his own fortune was made. Both make their cities their platform.

Cities over a quarter of a million and under half a million in population have yet to work out the municipal problem. In the three big cities, it is clear what should be done, whether it is done or not. The city of 30,000 to 100,000, or even up to a quarter of a million, is often extremely



From photograph by Bradley

VANCE C. McCORMICK

MAYOR OF HARRISBURG

On most men, "Tom" Johnson makes the impression of a charlatan, and "Golden Rule" Jones of a fanatic. Both are business men, one a speculator and the other a small manufacturer. Both profess a not dissimilar creed, but Mr. Jones talks as if he believed it, and Mr. Johnson behaves as if he talked it. Mr. Jones' creed might give a more direct government. Mr. John-

well governed in this country—such as Springfield, Massachusetts, a municipality which quickens one's confidence in the American ideal. On the other hand, in such cities the pressure of the worse dangers of city life is often more apparent. The city boss has had no more powerful, sinister figure than Christopher Buckley of San Francisco, meeting reform with



From copyright photograph by J. C. Strauss

JOSEPH W. FOLK

DISTRICT ATTORNEY, ST. LOUIS

every weapon, judicial, partisan, and pecuniary. When more fortunate conditions elected and re-elected a young man like Mr. James D. Phelan, of wealth and college training, a great strike raised social issues, so powerful in cities of the second or third rank, and he was swept aside in favor of one of the few social labor candidates ever elected mayor in a city of the rank of San Francisco.

It is better, perhaps, as Dr. Ohage has done in St. Paul, to make a city the place, not to air social theories, but to show what one determined physician can do for the health of a municipality. In larger or less degree this is in progress everywhere. In nearly every instance some man like Dr. Ohage has done the work.

Such men represent the third type which is influencing city rule. Apart either from the honest and capable mayor, and the boss with his personal plunder and corporate allies, there is the reforming citizen. He may be, like Mr. Jacob A. Riis, a journalist, a police reporter—of all newspaper work the most deadening, poisonous, fatal to all better desires, stifling from the moral miasma that hangs heavy about every police headquarters. In that and out of that Mr. Riis forged his weapon. He reformed a slum. He gave the city play-grounds. He awoke the public conscience. He began tenement house reform. More than all, he showed what a wilderness of untilled opportunity lies close to the hand of any earnest man in any American city who will attack the evil nearest his workshop and his hand. Poor and unknown, Mr. Riis did this work. But business and wealth are no bar to like service. Mere reformatory leisure may leave a man a crank and a nuisance, but when a man is steadied by large business affairs and has the instinct of reform he will, like Mr. Franklin MacVeagh, of Chicago, represent the unrewarded organizing force which through a Citizens' Association makes reform practical and effective. The special reform is carried out by the enthusiast like Mr. Riis; the general reform by the business man like Mr. MacVeagh. Neither is alone. Every city matches both. It is the vice of American life, steeped in "politics," to measure the agencies of society by offices and official position—to forget that the whole object of democratic institutions is

to make every citizen a government officer. As interlacing associations bring our cities and those in their rule and reform in touch, the influence of such men is widening, their example is infectious, and the harvest of their work in one city sows the seeds of reform in another.

For all these beneficent forces, the voting power of most cities remains in the hands of a machine and its boss. Croker is out of power. Had Tammany met reform with even a pretence of sound administration, it might be in power yet. In St. Louis, "Ed" Butler, the local boss, powerful for twenty years, has been convicted and sentenced. For a year the machinery of justice has been indicting and convicting man after man. City politics in St. Louis are revolutionized. A mayor, A. A. Ames, and a chief of police, F. W. Ames, have been convicted in Minneapolis. Most of the larger American cities are still under a more or less corrupt political control. The law is powerless. In two cities only, by Mr. Joseph W. Folk in St. Louis and Mr. William Travers Jerome in New York, has it been shown what can be done by a district attorney, fearless, able, and skillful. Indictments, or attempts at them, have as a rule futilely followed legislative exposure. With these men the indictment has come first. Like all the rest, each has made of city affairs the platform on which they have become visible to the country and won a national attention. Both young, both untried, both risking their future and more in the discharge of their duty, they have gained in two years a public position most men take twenty to secure.

Their success, like all the rest, points to the essential unity of the city problem, the city public, and the city career. The boss and the machine have had the enormous advantage of isolation and inattention. This is over. A national public opinion and national standards are felt in city affairs. Years of misrule will grind on. Discouragement is always easy. But the wise and inspiring lesson is plain that with the more complete organization and recognition of American city government as a whole—now in progress before us—will come its redemption.

Salvatore D. Oran



SUDERMANN IN 1900



HERMANN SUDERMANN

EQUALLY GREAT IN STORY AND DRAMA

A NEW YEAR'S EVE CONFESSION

By HERMANN SUDERMANN

Thank heaven, dearest lady, once more I can sit in my arm-chair in peace and quiet and talk to you. The holiday rush is over and you have a little time for me again.

Oh, this glorious Christmas-tide! I believe an evil spirit invented it expressly for the annoyance of us bachelors, and to make us observe the sterile waste of our homeless existence in all its desolation. For what to others is a source of jubilation, to us is torture. Of course, we are not all so lonely—within our reach also, there almost always lies that happiness of making happy which is the fundamental secret of the holiday mood, but for us the pleasure of sharing the enjoyment is embittered partly by the pricks of a self-conscious irony, partly by that bitter-sweet longing which in contrast to home-sickness I will call “marriage-sickness.”

Why did I not come and pour out my woes to you, you ask, you compassionate soul, you who are as lavish of comfort as others of your sex are of little meannesses? Quite right, but it is not as simple a matter as all that. Do you not know what Speidel says in his charming chat, *Einsame Spatzen*, which, rightly divining my frame of mind, you sent me on the third holiday? “The true bachelor,” he says, “does not want to be comforted; since he is unhappy, he wants to enjoy his unhappiness.”

The Work of Hermann Sudermann

BY ALBERT ELMER HANCOCK

It is a misfortune, in one regard, that Sudermann was not born in America. Here he would have had a better opportunity of remaining loyal to his original impulse. Moreover, amid the largeness and freedom of the new world conditions, his personality, if we are to judge from his autobiographical novel, would have found a richer development. In all his works there is an impression of chained energy on the strain. Temperamentally, he is more American than German. He seems to breathe in the fresh air with a pristine vigor that sends a thrill to the tips of his nerves. He revels in action and accomplishment, and, unlike the normal pains-taking German, he is impatient to come to the dramatic end of his purpose, even though it be at the expense of ripeness and artistic finish. He has, too, that steaming, inexhaustible energy which Americans boast of as their characteristic virtue. The hero of his first and most interesting novel, *Dame Care*, a cramped, abortive spirit in a German environment,

Beside the "lonely sparrow" Speidel describes, there is another species of incorrigible old bachelor, the "friend of the family." I do not mean the professional destroyer of the family peace whose eyes shine with his treacherous thoughts as he makes himself comfortable by the hospitable hearth. I mean the good uncle, the old schoolmate of papa's, the one who dances baby on his knees while he decorously reads the newspaper serial out loud to mamma, skipping all improper places.

I know men who spend their whole lives in the service of a family whose friendship has been extended to them, men who have no wish but to exist by the side of a beautiful woman whom they secretly adore.

You doubt it? Ah, it is the "have no wish" to which you take exception. You may not be wrong. In the depths of every heart, even the very tamest, there probably lurks a wild desire—but chained—you understand.

I would like to tell you, as an instance, of a conversation held the day before yesterday—New Year's Eve—by two old—oh, two very old gentleman! How I heard of it must remain my secret, and please do not repeat it further. Then I may begin?

Imagine as the stage setting a lofty room with old-fashioned furniture mournfully lighted by a green-shaded, impertinently shiny hanging-lamp, such as our parents used before the petroleum era. The cone of light proceeding from the flame fell on a round table covered by a white cloth on which were ingredients for a New Year's punch, while directly in the middle a few drops of oil had trickled down and were spreading out.

More than half way in the shadowy kingdom of the green shade sat my two old gentlemen, mouldering ruins of a long past period, both tremulous and bent, both staring into vacancy with the dull gaze of old age.

One, the master of the house, an old soldier—as you could have told with the first glance at his tightly fastened stock, his pointed, carefully shaved mustache and the martial scowl of his eyebrows—held in both hands like a cane the guiding handle of the rolling chair in which he crouched. Nothing about him moved except his jaws, which struck incessantly together with a motion as of chewing.

is of just that fibrous stuff from which the enterprising and successful American is made.

This Paul Meyhöfer, who is commonly accepted as a replica of Sudermann's youth, is born just as the auctioneer's hammer deprives his worthless father of house and shelter. His god-mother is the legendary Dame Care, a veiled fairy, dressed in gray, who presides at his baptism, and for that service demands the gift of the child's soul. The allegory of the fiction determines the tone of the boy's career. The family remove to a miserable farm; the father becomes a dissolute tyrant, the mother a timid sufferer of suppressed pain; the two elder brothers pursue their selfish roads to education, the two heartless sisters seek the ways of pleasure and danger, and upon Paul comes the burden of care and ceaseless labor. He takes it up manfully and carries it, but at the cost of his soul. He is awkward, ignorant, incapable of self-expression. His father curses him; his sisters call him a fool; his brothers patronize him as a chore-boy; and Paul's only consolation is to weep at night on the bosom of his mother. Once, at a party, in the house of a girl whom he has long loved from a star's incommunicable distance, he is called upon, in his turn, to tell a diverting story. He hesitates, and then begins to stammer: "There was once a boy who was so ridiculous that one needed only to look at him in order to laugh. He never knew why this should be so, for he, himself, had never laughed in all his life." There he stuck; there was no more to his story; he ran away.

But if Paul had lost in culture he had gained in character. Like his namesake among the apostles, he fought his good fight to the finish, and, at the end, Dame Care was banished from his life, and the maiden whom he had worshiped brought back to him his soul. It



SUDERMANN AS HE APPEARS TODAY

The other, who sat on the sofa near him, tall and spare in frame, with the angular, broad-browed skull of a thinker enthroned on his slender shoulders, was blowing little clouds of smoke from a long pipe, which was in process of going out. In the thousand tiny wrinkles of his smooth-shaven, weazened face, which was framed by a wreath of snowy-white locks, was hidden a quiet, gentle smile such as the peace of renunciation alone imparts to the countenance of the aged.

Both were silent. In the absolute stillness the low bubbling of the burning oil was mingled with the low bubbling of the tobacco juice. Then, in the dark background, the clock on the wall began with a hoarse wheeze to strike the eleventh hour.

is an intensely human story, one of the most heroic ever written; but the atmosphere is gloomy under the gray, lowering clouds, with only a rim of gold on the horizon at the close.

In America Sudermann would have been an optimist; but in the old world, where the capacity for simple pleasures has been sated and the fields of natural joy have run to seed, he is, perforce, a satirist and a pessimist. The title of his last play, *The Joy of Living*, is that of an ironical tragedy. The literary fashions and the cravings of his public have driven him, against his original inclinations, I believe,

"This is the time she used to brew the punch," said the man with the thoughtful head. His voice sounded gentle and trembled a little.

"Yes, this is the time," repeated the other. The tone in which the words were spoken was harsh as if the burr of military orders still clung to it.

"I would not have thought it would be so sad without her," the former continued.

The master of the house nodded and chewed on.

"Forty-four times she made the New Year's punch for us," the other began again.

"Yes, it is as long ago as that since I first came to Berlin and you became the intimate friend of our family," said the old soldier.

"This time last year," the other continued, "we were all so happy together. She sat there in the armchair knitting socks for Paul's oldest, and was in a great hurry over them, for they had to be finished before twelve o'clock, she said. And they were, too. And then we drank together and talked quite cheerfully and comfortably of death. And sure enough, two months later she was carried out. You know, I wrote a big book—you never could bear it—about the immortality of the idea; I can't bear it either, now your wife is dead. I don't care a snap any more for the whole cosmic theory."

"Yes, she was a good wife," said the husband of the dead woman, "she took excellent care of me, and when I had to be off to duty at five o'clock in the morning, she always got up before me to see that the coffee was good. Naturally, she had her faults. If she once got to philosophizing with you—good gracious!"

"You never understood her, and that's all there is to it," murmured the other. The corners of his mouth twitched apparently with suppressed resentment, but the lingering look he bent on his friend was soft and sad, as if there dwelt within his soul a secret consciousness of guilt.

After a silence he began: "See here, Franz, I want to tell you something; something that has been worrying me a long time and that I can't possibly take with me into the grave.

"Well, fire ahead!" said the master of the house, reaching for the long pipe that leaned against his rolling chair.

into the rank pastures that lie so close to Zola's unhealthy swamps. It is an ominous sign of decadence when literature demands a morbid emphasis on the illicit relations of men and women, and when the crimes in the name of love form the staple themes of fiction. Such, nevertheless, is the present state of continental literature, and Sudermann, who began his work with the clean, though painfully tonic, story of *Dame Care*, has yielded to the abnormal appetites of his public. His first novel lay on the bookseller's shelves until he achieved notoriety by two plays. *Honor* and *Sodom's End* had the immediate success of scandal, particularly the latter, which is a picture of the dissoluteness and depravity of the idle rich in Berlin. These two dramas were followed by a novel, which, in the main, appeals to the same sort of taste, but which, nevertheless, is his most artistic work, and, in some respects, is the greatest German novel of the decade. Its title, *Es War*, somewhat indefinite, might be paraphrased into "The Past is Dead." Although the theme is one of adultery, it shows Sudermann in much of his excellent and original strength.

Es War, in spite of its revelings in sensuousness and sin, is a novel of noble intent. Though long, it is a story of absorbing interest. Leo, a young landowner, after long absence, returns home to find that his former comrade, Ulrich, has unwittingly married a woman who was formerly his mistress. Burying his secret in the past, he revives the old friendship and tries to live a new life amid the association of his suppressed passion. His sister, a sort of crabbed devotee, divining his secret, urges him to formal penance, and as the events develop, Leo is brought once more into close contact with the wife, Felicitas, and their smouldering passion breaks out anew. Then follows the common adulterous imbroglio,

"Something once—took place, between your wife and me."

The master of the house dropped his pipe and stared at his friend with wide-open eyes.

"Don't joke, Doctor," he said finally.

"I am bitterly in earnest, Franz," replied the latter. "I have carried it about with me for more

which, in this case, is wonderfully individualized by the masterly treatment of the characters. Felicitas, who is strongly reminiscent of Blanche Amory in *Pendennis*, is a cunning feline creature to whom violent emotions, of whatever kind, are as essential as the life-



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SUDERMANN'S RESIDENCE IN BERLIN

FACING MEMORIAL CHURCH OF WILHELM I

than forty years, but now at last it is time to clear up things between us."

"Do you intend to say my dead wife deceived me?" shouted the master of the house furiously.

"For shame, Franz," said the family friend with his gentle, melancholy smile.

The old soldier grumbled a while to himself and then lit his pipe.

giving air. Her impulses are virtuous or vicious according to the direction of the wind of circumstance. She has little sense of moral restraint. Her chief trait is her craft in satisfying the desires of a sentimental and sensuous nature, her beauty and her ready adaptability giving her a fascinating

"No, she was pure—like the angels of heaven" the other continued. "The guilty ones are you and I. Listen. It was forty-three years ago. You had just been ordered here to Berlin as Captain, and I was lecturing at the University. That you were a gay bird at the time, you yourself know."

"Hm," said the master of the house, and raising his trembling old hand he twirled his pointed mustache.

"There was at that time an actress with big black eyes and little white teeth—do you remember?"

charm. Leo, on the other hand, is a strong militant spirit in the toils. The consciousness of his own turpitude, of disloyalty to his friend, drags him into the shame that despises life, and he persuades his pliant partner in sin to join him in a double suicide. When the hour of death approaches Felicitas shrinks from such a solution of the situation; her cowardly craving for pleasure causes her to cling to life, and to dissuade her lover from his



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BRANDENBURG GATE, THIERGARTEN, BERLIN

"Do I remember? Bianca was her name," replied the former man of the world, while a languid smile stole over his faded face. "With those little white teeth she could bite, bite, I can tell you!"

"You deceived your wife and she guessed it. But she was silent and suffered by herself. You never noticed it, but I did. She was the first woman I had come in contact with since my mother's death. As a bright star she had come

purpose, she resorts to the devices of her own beauty. The climax that follows is daring. At the fatal hour she illumines her boudoir in a crimson light, and pre-arranges to appear before Leo in a white diaphanous drapery with the silent appeal of the flesh. A subtle touch by the author here thwarts her design and solves the complication. Leo, waiting, chances

into my life, and as to a bright star I looked up to her. I gained courage to ask what her sorrow was. She smiled and said she was still far from strong, for, if you recollect, it was shortly after your Paul was born. So matters stood when it came New Year's Eve—forty-three years ago today. I had dropped in as usual about eight o'clock. She sat and embroidered, and I read aloud to her while we waited for you. One hour after another passed. You did not come. I saw she was becoming restless and beginning to tremble, and I trembled with her. I knew quite well where you were, and feared you might forget in that woman's arms the first hour of the New Year which was fast approaching. She had ceased to embroider, and I to read; a horrible silence oppressed us. Then I saw a tear steal slowly out from under her lashes and fall on her embroidery. I sprang up to go after you. I felt fully capable of tearing you away from that woman by force. But at the same moment she, too, rose hastily from her seat, the same place where I am sitting now.

"Where are you going?" she exclaimed unspeakable terror in her face. "To bring Franz here," I said. At that she cried aloud: "For heaven's sake, do *you* at least stay with me, *you* must not leave me."

"And she rushed toward me, put her hands on my shoulders and hid her tear-stained face on my breast. I thrilled from head to foot; never before had a woman stood so near me. But I controlled myself and spoke comfortingly to her—and she was sore in need of comfort. Soon after you came in. You did not notice my confusion, your cheeks glowed, in your eyes lay an amorous exhaustion. From that New Year's Eve a change took place in me that frightened me. Since I had felt her soft arms about my neck, since I had inhaled the fragrance of her hair, the star had fallen from heaven and in its place there stood before my ardent gaze, beautiful and breathing love—the woman. I called myself a knave, a hypocrite; and to half-way rehabilitate myself before my conscience I set to work to separate you from your mistress. Fortunately, I had some property. She was satisfied with the terms I offered her, and—"

"The deuce!" interrupted his old friend in sur-

upon a heart-rending schoolboy's letter. It is from her own son, dead through her selfish neglect, and the child's unheeded appeal for permission to come home from school for the holidays shows to Leo the infinite hollowness of the woman's nature. She appears in the doorway in her alluring drapery, a picture of temptation, but he recoils from it as from a loathsome thing. With the raging indignation of a woman scorned, she cries for her husband, and, on his coming, her ready wit employs the vengeance of Potiphar's wife. The two friends face each other.

Leo felt a terror that was scarcely astonishment. "Now he knows all," he thought. And a sort of cold curiosity seized him to find out how he would take it.

"Speak," said Ulrich in a strange voice. "How came you here?" He seemed to grow large and larger.

"He wanted to kill me," sobbed Felicitas, who covered on her knees. "Because I—would—not submit—to his will—he wanted to kill me."

There was a strangling desire in Leo's fists. He stepped forward as if to choke her, but Ulrich's eyes checked him.

"Don't listen to her," he stammered. "Here I am. Shoot me down."

"Not here," replied the other. "We shall meet at daybreak."

"Good! Where?"

"On Friendship Island, Leo."

"Good! On Friendship Island." And Leo turned to the door.

Before morning, however, Leo, going to the appointed spot, finds his friend nearly frozen in a snow-bank. He saves him from death. Explanations and subsequent events result in a reconciliation; for Felicitas has fled to new pasture lands of pleasure, and when her husband sees her again, she is as "as rosy and merry as if she had been liberated from an Alpine burden." Leo, after the passage through fire, has found himself in a purged nature, and the past is dead beyond resurrection.

Sudermann has drawn a far different type of woman. Felicitas was cunning, intentionally wanton, the sophisticated creature of arts and wiles. She is the pro-

prise, "so you are to blame for that touching letter of farewell Bianca wrote me, in which she declared that with a breaking heart she must renounce my love?"

"Yes, I am to blame for it," replied the friend of the family, "but listen to the rest. I had imagined I could buy back my peace of mind with the money, but it was not so. The wild thoughts running riot in my brain increased. I buried myself in my work—that was the time I conceived the fundamental thought of my 'Immortality of the Idea,' but none of these things gave me my lost

duct of a decadent civilization. Regina, in *The Cat's Bridge*, is a primitive woman-animal who clings to man with the instinctive loyalty of an obedient beast. It is the fashion in some quarters to decry Sudermann's feminine creations, but such criticism is sheer nonsense. His men run to the type of resolute, insuppressible natures, battling against this and that in tragic isolation. The comprehensive range of his understanding of



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LAKE COMO, SUDERMANN'S FAVORITE RETREAT

tranquility. And thus a whole year passed and New Year's Eve came round again. This time, it is true, you were at home, but you were asleep on the sofa in an adjoining room. A jolly dinner at the Casino had tired you out. And as I sat beside her and my eyes rested on her pale face, memory swept over me with irresistible power. Just once again I wanted to feel her head against my neck, just once again to kiss her and then perish. Our eyes met for a moment; it seemed to

women, however—of the ancient type, the medieval, and the new—is little short of astonishing.

The time of *The Cat's Bridge* is immediately after the Napoleonic wars; the relation of the woman to the man in the story is almost prehistoric. Boleslav, a young nobleman, after his army service, returns to his patrimony to find that his father, now dead, had betrayed his country to the

me there flashed in hers a mutual longing. Then I could restrain myself no longer, I fell at her feet and hid my burning face in her lap. It may have been two seconds that I lay there motionless; then I felt her hand cool upon my head, and heard her gentle voice: 'Be brave and good, dear friend!'

"Yes, be brave and good! Not deceive the man who slept so trustfully in the adjoining room! I sprang up and gazed around me with bewildered looks. Then she took a book from the table and held it out to me. I understood her, opened it at random and read aloud to her. What I read I do not know. The letters danced before my eyes; but gradually the storm in my soul was calmed, and as it struck twelve, and you with sleepy eyes came in to exchange the New Year greetings, it seemed to me as if that sinful moment lay far, far in the distance of a time long past.

"From that day I grew calmer, for I knew she did not return my love, and that I had nothing but compassion to hope from her. Years passed. Your children grew up and married; we three grew old. You quit sowing wild oats, sent other women to the devil, and lived only for the *one*, as did I. That I had ceased to love her is impossible, but my love took another form; it laid aside earthly desires and became a communion of spirit. You often laughed when you heard us philosophizing. But had you dreamed how at such times my soul met hers and the two became one, you would have been very jealous. And now she is dead; perhaps before next New Year's Eve we may both have followed her; it is high time, therefore, for me to lay down the burden of my secret and to say to you: 'Franz, once I sinned against you; forgive me!'"

He stretched out his hand to his friend beseechingly, but the latter answered snappishly: "Oh, fiddle-faddle! Is there anything to forgive? What you imagine is a brand new confession, I have long known. She told it all to me herself these forty years ago. And now I might as well tell you why I have run after strange women so much. Because she acknowledged at the same time that you were the one love of her life."

The friend of the family gazed at him in silence; the hoarse clock on the wall announced midnight.

—Translated by Mary Bacon.

French, and all the neighborhood, in consequence, is up in arms against the son. Conscious of his own integrity, he is eager to regain his prestige and social recognition. In spite of all he can do he is ostracized and even threatened with violence. During the course of the narrative he resides at his estate, utterly alone with the one remaining servant, the girl Regina. She is a crass, vulgar beauty, cowering, passionate, servilely devoted to her master with an intensity that defies scorn and death. In him there is a conflict of the *natural* and the *conventional*; the natural man is drawn to her by the instinct of a primitive savage for his mate; the conventional man, of aristocratic tradition, loathes the thought of an alliance as a contamination, and the consciousness of his high birth, his refined sentiments, keep him aloof. But when Regina is dead in his defense, and the world of ordered morality still opposes him as a malignant enemy, then he realizes the true worth of the victim and the valid claims of the undisciplined instinct. Good and evil, as society defines them, "floated anchorless before him on superficial clouds; below them rested in slumbering strength the natural." For him the world's code is dissolved, and morality has acquired a new meaning.

The author who holds such radical views must of necessity be an iconoclast, if not a reformer. Sudermann has been greatly influenced by Nietzsche, who, in his conception of the *Overman*, rigorously applies the operation of the natural law to the moral world. In this creed the greatest, by right, should survive and the weakest should perish. The individual accomplishes the greatest results by loyalty to himself, and self-development is the first duty of man, even though the conventional standards of morality should be shattered to fragments and

HONOR

(Die Ehre)

By HERMANN SUDERMANN

[INTRODUCTORY NOTE.—There are two of Sudermann's plays which, above his others, are popular on the German stage. In one, of course, *Magda* appears. The other, *Honor*, of which we reproduce a part, is quite as characteristic of the iconoclastic dramatist. But possibly because it demands a cast of uniform excellence, and affords no opportunity for a star to shine in her own bright light, it is quite unknown to English speaking theatre-goers. In it Sudermann treats of modern honor from almost every standpoint. With a hand as deft as only the hand of a big man is, he pokes and thrusts at it and then blows it away, calmly declaring: "There is no honor."

Briefly the plot is this: After nine years' absence in the East Indies, Robert Heinecke returns home. He is overjoyed at the thought of seeing his father and mother and favorite sister, and full of gratitude toward his employer, Councilor Mühlingk, whom he considers his benefactor, but who is really a purse-proud braggart. Within twenty-four hours Robert finds that this mother and father have the emotions and coarseness of the very ignorant, and that his pretty and frivolous sister has been seduced by young Kurt Mühlingk. When he objects to their greedy acceptance of the money settlement offered by the Mühlingks, they break with him. Count Trast, Robert's friend, is now a wealthy merchant, but when he was in the army he gambled for more than he could pay. Instead of "honorably" killing himself he went to work to pay his debts.

Robert is determined to shoot Kurt, and Trast endeavors to dissuade him, appealing to his affection for Kurt's sister, Leonora. Trast lends Robert money to repay what the Mühlingks had given his family. In an effort to prevent a duel between Robert and Kurt, Trast offers to fight, but Kurt's comrade shows him that his honor will not permit him to meet a disgraced soldier. In an interview with Trast, Leonora expresses horror at her family's actions. Robert goes to the Mühlingk mansion, is accused by Kurt of stealing the money offered for repayment, and they come to blows—the drama ending as in scenes 12 and 13.]

ACT IV

SCENE 2

*Trast**Robert*

Trast—Come here, my boy.

Robert—What do you want?

Trast—I? You know well enough I never want anything. I let myself be swayed by events. But the question is: What do *you* want here—in this house?

Robert—I want to settle accounts.

Trast—Of course. We know that. But as you wish to dispense anyway with the magnanimous clasp of the hand that falls to the lot of the faithful workman at such inspiring moments, I fail to see why you do not simply send the books to the office—and there's an end to it.

the heavens themselves should fall.

Magda, in Sudermann's best known drama, *Home*, is the *Overman* of Nietzsche in feminine guise. In her the Juggernaut brutality of the *Overman* is subtly softened by the graces of womanliness, the sympathy for struggling ambition, and the hypocrisy of the current code of morals.

This play, although not altogether acceptable to the canons of enduring art, must take its place beside Ibsen's *Doll's House* as one of the most important pleas for the right of a woman to own her own soul. What *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was to the emancipation of the black man, these two dramas, in a minor way, are to the emancipation of women. In America, where the children rule the household, and where the women are as fully educated and intelligent as the men, there is less call for such a propaganda. But on the Continent, where women are still regarded as inferior serving creatures, these two plays contain the gospel of a new dispensation.

Magda's provincial home is intolerable. She is conscious of a genius, which, under the rule of her father's imperious will, is threatened with extinction. So she runs away to the great city, and years later, after an agonizing struggle alone, after an interim of sin and brilliant success, she comes back as a world-renowned cantatrice. Father and daughter meet; the old sentiments of childhood that cluster around the hearthstone are revived in her. Sin was the ladder by which she had climbed, but she is bitter against that means. She yearns once more to feel the father's affection, but he, blind in his lust for authority and observance of tradition, demands that she shall resign her profession, marry her base betrayer (for honor's respectable sake), disown her child, and become a provincial nonentity once more.



OLGA NETHERSOLE AS "MAGDA"

Robert—That certainly would be very simple.

Trast—My dear fellow, let me talk to you as a friend.

Robert—Talk to me, do talk to me.

Trast—You are chasing a phantom.

Robert—Indeed?

Trast—Nobody has touched your honor.

Robert—Indeed?

Trast—Because nobody in the wide world has power to do so.

Robert—Oh, indeed!

Trast—This, that you call your honor—this mixture of—shame, of tact, of—rectitude and of pride, which you have acquired by a life of good behavior and strict devotion to duty, can no more be taken from you by a knavish action than your kindness of heart, for instance, or your judgment.

"I will not; I cannot," is her answer. "For I am I, and I dare not lose myself." Threatened at the pistol's point, she defends herself with the confession that she had sinned with more than one man. Hearing this, the father is struck by apoplexy, and falls dead, leaving Magda, heart-broken, amid the ruins of *Home*, the mournful figure of another ironical tragedy.

It is a horrible, brutal drama, forced, perhaps, in some of its darker accessories. Yet amid the horror of effective stage devices, we should not lose sight of the principle at issue. Magda rose in revolt against the parental authority that threatened to stifle her personal development and aspira-

Either it is a part of yourself, or it doesn't exist. With the sort of honor that the nonchalantly thrown glove of any fashionable rowdy can shatter, you have nothing in common; let that serve as a mirror for fops, as a plaything for idlers, and as a perfume for those of unsavory reputation.

Robert—You speak as one who makes a virtue of necessity.

Trast—Very possibly; for each and every virtue was created of necessity.

Robert—And my family?

Trast—I thought you no longer had one?

Robert (*overcome with sorrow hides his face in his hands*).

Trast—I understand perfectly. That is the twitching of nerves which have been severed. Do not be misled. Even if the toes still hurt, the leg is gone.

Robert—You never had a sister.

Trast—Tell me, must I, the aristocrat, teach you, the plebeian, toleration for the masses? My dear Robert, do not despise your family. Do not say that they are worse than you and I. They are different, that's all. In their hearts dwell feelings foreign to you; the picture their brains form of the world, you do not understand. To condemn them on that account would be impertinent and narrow. And you might as well know it first as last, my son, in the struggle with your family you have been in the wrong from beginning to end.

Robert—Trast, do you say that?

Trast—I take the liberty. You arrive from foreign countries, where in intercourse with gentlemen you have shed your skin nine times, and you demand of your family that for your sake they cast overnight the skin which from the very beginning has fitted them smooth and tight. That is not modest, my lad. And your sister's honor *has* been actually given back to her by the Mühlings; that is, the honor most useful to her. For everything on earth has its exchange value. The honor of the street front may perhaps—perhaps, I say—be paid for with blood; the honor of the alley is easily restored *in integrum* with a small capital. (*Robert turns on him angrily.*) Don't eat me up—I am not through yet—What other

tions. At home she was not a human being; to live at home was to cause a total annihilation of her selfhood.

Sudermann and Hauptmann are, today, the leading figures in literary Germany. The former was born in 1857 in East Prussia, and, after a youth of poverty and labor in obscure professions, he has reached a position of affluence and universal recognition. Of late years he has forsaken the novel, and today he is better known as a dramatist. He has had acrimonious debates with the critics and the censors; the first he accused of taking bribes, and the second refused to sanction the performance of his play, *John the Baptist*; this order, however, was ultimately revoked by the Kaiser himself, and the play ran for two hundred successive nights. Sudermann lives in Berlin, opposite the Wilhelm I. Memorial Church, near the Thiergarten. The ancient Castle Blankensee, near Trebbin, a few miles south of Berlin, is his summer home. When he writes he demands perfect isolation, and sometimes makes off to Paris or Lake Como, where he denies himself to all visitors and even declines to receive letters. At the beginning of his career he was a crude, forceful artist and a strong partisan, who appealed principally to the Social Democrats. From crudeness of technique and partisan bias he has slowly developed into a skilful craftsman and a broad humanist. Still, the spirit of radicalism survives in him; he is the apostle of unlimited individuality and the enemy of all dead formulas in church and society.

Sudermann is looked upon by some as a destroyer of the sacred obligations of society and as an enemy of the old domestic ideals. Besides, his partial adoption of the philosophy of Nietzsche has arrayed him, apparently, against the Christian tendencies and institutions. For



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THE ROYAL THEATRE, BERLIN

meaning has the maidenly honor in question but to guarantee the future husband a certain dowry of purity of heart, of veracity and inclination? For it exists only for the promotion of marriage. Now kindly inquire in the sphere from which you come if your sister, with the unexpected fortune thrust upon her to-day, is not a far more desirable match than she ever was before.

Robert—Trast, you are rough, you are cruel.

Trast—Rough like nature, cruel like truth. It is only the lazy and the cowardly who wrap themselves in romance *à tout prix*. You, however, have nothing more to do with all that, so give me your hand, shake the dust of home from your feet, and do not look back.

Robert—First, I must have personal satisfaction.

Trast—You are absolutely determined then to fight with him?

all this the reader who penetrates to the depths of his motives and meanings must feel that this opposition is only superficial. He tries his heroes in the fire, and brings then forth stronger, nobler, wiser, and with a larger measure of moral earnestness. He may dissolve dogma, but, like Carlyle, he energizes the motive forces. Still, as a last judgment, a comparison of that first book, written in the pure enthusiasm of youth, with his later works must show that he has yielded, and to his hurt, to the contaminating influences of a dissolute environment.

Albert E. Haverford

(Haverford College)

Robert —I had given up the thought of it—but now, now I will.

Trast —Don't be so old-fashioned.

Robert —Old-fashioned—that may be. Perhaps just because I came into the world one of the common people, and my notions of honor had to be inoculated, I haven't the power to raise myself to the height of your intuitions. Therefore, let me go my own gait in my narrow-minded way.

Trast —But what if he will not fight?

Robert —I shall compel him to.

Trast —Aha! (*Aside*) So that is what the revolver is for. If you have fully decided to let Mr. Kurt take a shot at you, every pretext under which he might refuse your challenge ought first to be removed.

Robert —My God—you are right.

Trast (*drawing out his pocket-book.*)—You do not object to my helping you?

Robert —No, you have already done so much for me that I cannot—

Trast (*handing him a check*)—There!

Robert —And if I can never work this off?

Trast —Then I will chalk it in the big chimney corner where the friendship account is kept. (*Stroking Robert's head*) Well, it won't be as bad as that! Hm—my lad—something you have quite for gotten.

Robert—What?

Trast —Leonora.

Robert (*shrinking*)—Do not speak of her to me.

Trast —You love her.

Robert —Ah—I will not answer!

Trast —And is she perhaps to think of you as her brother's murderer?

Robert —Better than that she should think of me dishonored.

Trast (*drawing himself up to his full height*)—Am I not also called dishonored? And have you not known me to be a decent fellow? And do I not hold my head as high as anyone in the world? For shame!

Robert (*after a silence*)—Trast, forgive me.

Trast —Forgive—nonsense! I like you—that's all.

Robert —Trast—I—will not—fight

Trast —Word?

Robert —Word!

Trast —Come along, then.

Robert —Where?

Trast —What do I care! Out into the world!

Robert —Grant me a little longer. Shall I deny myself the privilege of casting his money at the feet of the generous donor?

SCENE 12.

Kurt *Mühlingk* *Robert*
Leonora
Mrs. Mühlingk

Leonora (*rushing forward*) — Robert, have mercy! (*At sight of her Robert drops his revolver and staggers back, his face in his hands. Gasping for breath Kurt sinks on the sofa.*)

Mrs. Mühlingk (*through the door in the center*)—What is the matter? Kurt! (*Hurries across to him.*) Help, murder, murder! Do ring, Theodore, ring!

Mühlingk —Quiet, quiet. The danger is over. What are you waiting for? Go!

Robert —As a thief, I suppose? (*Leonora makes startled gesture.*) Yes, Leonora, you may as well know it. I have saved money. I am a thief!

Leonora —Father! For heaven's sake, what have you done?

Robert —Very well, then. This is the day of settlement. Let us cast up the account. The account between front and rear houses. We give our sweat and our heart's blood for you. In the meantime you seduce our sisters and our daughters and pay for their shame with the money we have earned for you—for which you call yourselves our benefactors. I have

worked tooth and nail for your gain, and asked no reward. I have looked up to you as one looks up to the saints. You were my faith and my religion—And what did you do? You stole the honor of my house from me, for it was honest if it did belong to the rear of your house. You stole the hearts of my people from me, for if they are dirty beggars, I did love them all the same. You stole the pillow from me where I would have laid my head to rest after labor for you. You stole my home, you stole my love for man and my faith in God—you stole my peace, my sense of shame, my quiet conscience. You reached up and stole the very sun of heaven from me—you are the thieves—you!

Mühlingk (after a silence)—Shall I have the servants turn you out?

Leonora (interposes)—You will not do that, father.

Mühlingk—What? You?

Leonora—He shall go away from here unhurt and of his own free will! Or, father, you will have to turn me out, too!

Robert—Leonora, what are you doing?

Leonora—Have you not a word of apology to offer him, father? Not a single word?

Mühlingk—You are crazy!

Robert—Never mind, Leonora! I shall think of you with—gratitude as long as I live. In you alone I leave behind what is called home. God bless you for everything. And now farewell! (Goes to the door.)

Leonora (rushing after him with a passionate cry and clinging to him)—Don't go! Don't go! But if you must go, then take me with you!

Robert—Leonora!

Mühlingk—Wh—what does—?

Leonora—Do not leave me alone! I am cold here within these walls! You are my home, too! You have always been! Look, I have thrown myself at you! You can't refuse to take me now!

Mühlingk—Oh, what a scandal!

Leonora—Dear father, we will not rage at one another. I love this man. For what you took from him, I offer him in reparation what I have. (*Half to Robert*) I have, it is true, nothing but myself—If he wants that—

Robert—Leonora!

SCENE 13

The former

Trast

Trast—What has happened here?

Leonora (goes quickly towards him)—I thank you, my friend, you showed me the right way. Robert, we will make a new home, a new duty!

Robert (after a glance at Kurt, who is sitting as if stunned, with lingering bitterness)—And a new honor. (He puts his arm around her.)

Mrs. Müblingk—And this is our thanks, Theodore?

Leonora—I do not ask you for forgiveness, for what I do I must do. That can't be wrong, I feel sure. But I beseech you—think of me in peace.

Mühlingk—Indeed? And do you imagine you will leave this house without being told what you are? You—(raises his arms as if to curse).

Trast (steps up to him)—Now don't, Councilor. Why excite yourself with cursing? (Low.) And besides—in confidence—your daughter is not making such a bad match. That young man is to be my partner and, also, as I have no relatives, my heir.

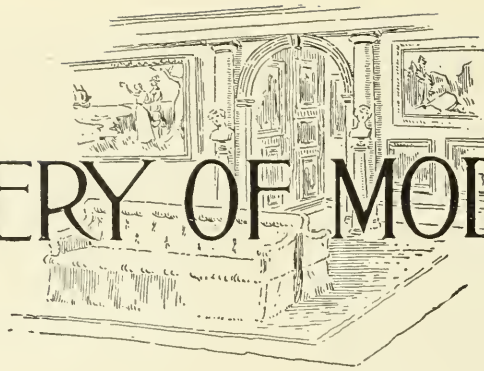
Müblingk—But—Count—why did you not say that—

Trast (quickly stepping back three paces, his hands raised in protestation)—Your blessing—I entreat you—send by mail.

[The curtain falls

—Translated by Mary Bacon

A GALLERY OF MODERN ART



Beautifully housed in a commodious gallery adjoining his private apartments, the very fine collection of paintings belonging to Mr. Peter A. Schemm, of Philadelphia, is a delight to those who have the privilege of examining it. There is not an inch of room to spare on the walls of this gallery. They are covered to the sky-line with pictures of all sizes and subjects representing the most prominent modern artists. And even this fine exhibit of more than two hundred numbers is not all. The limitations of space have made it necessary to store a large number, and many have been loaned to public institutions for exhibition. But, as it stands, this collection represents fairly and fully what is best in the art of the day.

The range that these pictures cover is extraordinary. Mr. Schemm's taste is broadly catholic; he is the devotee of no one school, but from all he has selected those works that have appealed to his individual judgment. Many years have been devoted to their gradual acquirement. It is notable that, with very few exceptions, only modern painters are here represented. Mr. Schemm is not a collector of the old masters. He has confined his selection to what is living and vital in the art of the day, including a showing of the work of rising men which will doubtless appreciate in importance as time goes on.

In addition to the paintings themselves Mr. Schemm possesses what is probably a unique collection of autographs of the artists. Upon the acquisition of a painting Mr. Schemm causes it to be photographed, and forwards a print to the artist. In almost every case the print is returned with the painter's signature, and in many instances with personal inscriptions to the owner. The result is of value not only from the interest that attaches to the auto-

graphs, but as a seal of approval and a testimony to the authenticity of each example of the painter's work.

Through the courtesy of Mr. Schemm THE BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE has been enabled to reproduce, for the first time, a number of the paintings in this important collection. The aim has been to show a representative work by each artist; to exhibit the personal idiosyncracies and achievements of style, coloring, or subject by which each has attained his present standing; and, finally, to present a series of pictures that, entirely apart from the names of those who executed them, are interesting and beautiful in themselves.

The figure of *The Communicant* by Jules Breton has been spoken of as worthy to have stepped forth from this painter's celebrated work, *Le Grand Pardon*, and a higher compliment could hardly have been paid. That famous painting is remarkable for grouping, and for the care with which each separate form and face is portrayed. But the same care has been bestowed upon this single figure, and there is none better worthy of praise in the larger painting. The painting is nearly life-size, the pose is natural and graceful, and there is an expression upon the face that justifies all the title should convey. The seriousness of the eyes and mouth, the reverent bearing of the whole body, and the care with which the lighted taper is held, all are in perfect consonance with the religious office in which the subject is about to take part. The picturesque costume of the French peasant is admirably suited to the theme, and the colors of blouse and sash and cap, though sober, are well thrown out against the lighter background.

Bouguereau is represented by *The Veil*, a figure piece of a totally different style from the nymphs and nudities with which



THE COMMUNICANT

FROM THE PAINTING BY JULES BRETON

his name is commonly associated. The figure, which is nearly life size, is fully draped, and the graceful posture of the hands lifting the white veil away from the forehead is very charming. The dominant note of the drapery is white. This picture was painted in 1898, and as Bouguereau has done very little work since the death of his son, and is now doing practically none at all, this particular example is likely to increase both in interest and value.

The picture by J. L. Gérôme, *The Prayer, Mosque of Caid Bey, Cairo*, is an excellent example of the work of this famous painter of Oriental subjects, although the greater number of his Eastern paintings depict outdoor scenes, under the blazing African sunlight. This interior view is notable for the daring juxtaposition of rich, almost barbaric colors one against the other in the background, while the white-robed figures in the front are thrown into strong and effective relief. This painting was shown in the Paris Salon of 1895.

A very beautiful nature painting is *The Rippling Stream*, by Fritz Thaulow. The water seems to come gently moving from the centre to the lower foreground, and almost to be upon the point of overrunning the edge. The gleam and shimmer of the sunlight upon the little waves seem undulating with their motion, and actually sparkle before one's eyes. The old mill in the background with the colors of its grey walls and red roof softened and subdued by time, is reflected in the restless surface of the stream, and the uncertain outlines seem to spread out and contract with the rise and fall of their liquid mirror. It is always a difficult matter to reproduce the ever-changing color of water, and the wonderful fidelity with which that very characteristic has been transferred to this canvas could only have been imparted by an artist of extraordinary ability.

Sheep in the Highlands is a painting by William Watson, since Landseer's death perhaps the foremost animal painter in England. The figures of the sheep are remarkably life-like in attitude, and the grouping is most effective. The freedom and rugged strength of the Highland setting are exceedingly well indicated. It seems the only natural one for these unrestrained wanderers on their native heath.

An early example of the work of Ridgway Knight is his *Mussel Gatherer*, which, like *The Communicant*, represents a French peasant and a single figure. This painting ranks among his best, and is certainly a very charming study. The tall and sturdily erect figure of the girl shows in every line the worker, and the healthy, hearty body that is brought to perfection by invigorating toil in the open air and the salty stimulation of the sea. The sandy beach upon which she stands, and the ocean stretching out in the distance furnish the needful relief of a brighter color to the plain, blue-clad form, and the basket upon her back is the symbol of her vocation.

An Auburn Beauty is one of Henner's early paintings, and is distinguished by the delicacy and softness of tone for which this well-known painter is renowned. The beauty of feature of this particular picture is unusual; in contour and expression one finds little to criticize, while the transparency of the flesh tints and the natural coloring of the hair are most admirable. It is a picture that one can study long without tiring of the pure beauty of the girlish face, and for the hint of the soul that looks out upon one from the deep and lustrous eyes.

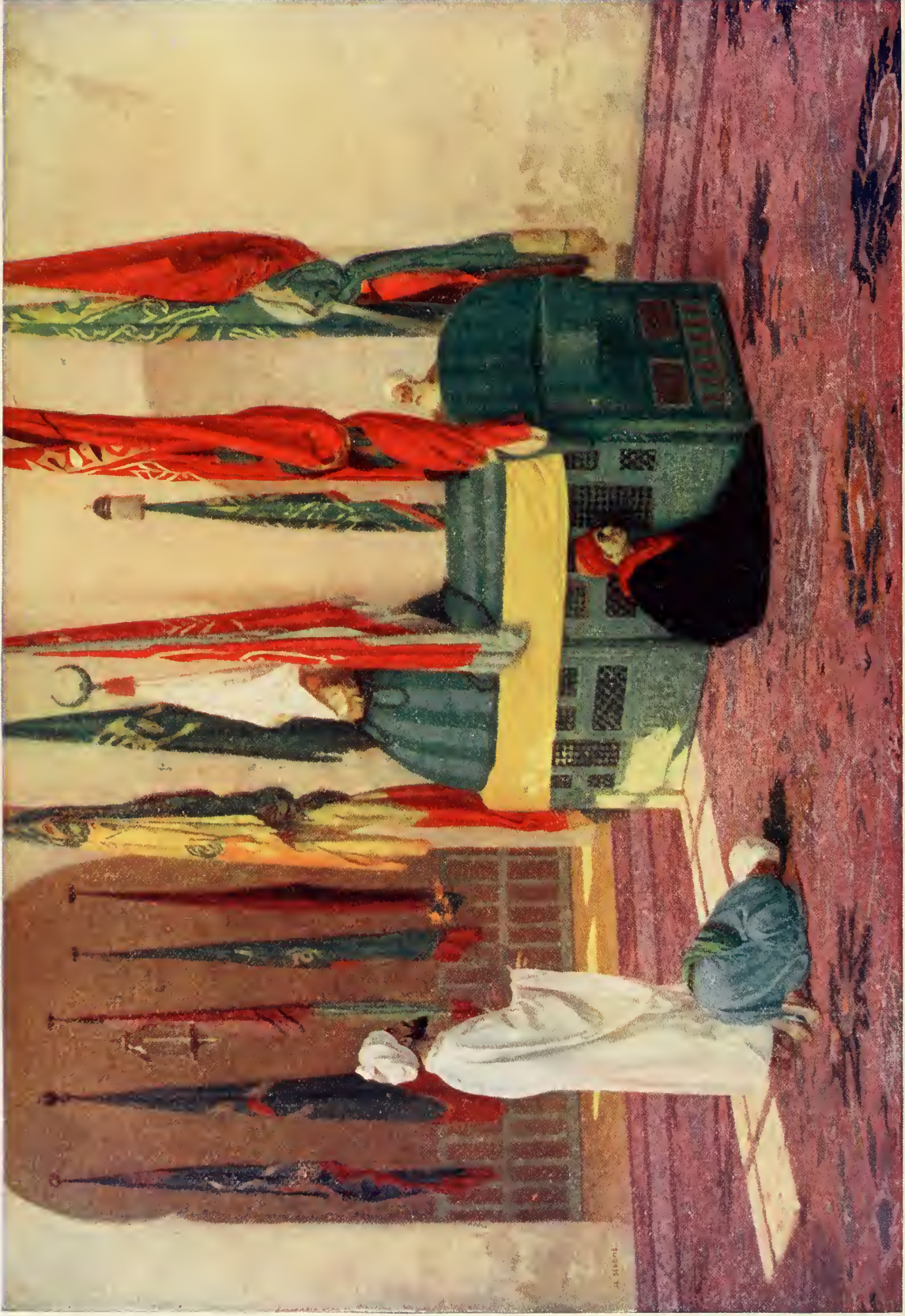
Jacque's *An Old Farmyard in Brie* is yellowish in its prevailing tone, conveying admirably a twilight effect. The early evening hour is suggested by the dimming outlines of the buildings, and by the huddled crowd of sheep returning to the fold. It is a representative specimen of the work of this famous painter of farm and field, and was greatly admired at the Exposition Universelle of 1889, where it was exhibited.

Two Schreyers have been selected for reproduction, *On the March* and *Entangled in the Marshes*. They are both in the artist's characteristic manner, both treating men and horses, and both full of the action and movement that he has always so forcibly expressed. The first of these shows the progress of a troop of soldiers of Morocco in their picturesque national costume, pressing forward and crowding one upon the other. Every figure of man and animal shows eagerness in its every line. The illusion of unceasing motion forward is complete. The coloring is not so strong in this as in many of Schreyer's other works, but is nevertheless most



THE VEIL

FROM THE PAINTING BY W. A. BOUGUEREAU



THE PRAYER, MOSQUE OF CAID BEY, CAIRO

FROM THE PAINTING BY JEAN LÉON GÉRÔME



THE RIPPLING STREAM

FROM THE PAINTING BY FRITZ THAULOW



SHEEP IN THE HIGHLANDS

FROM THE PAINTING BY WILLIAM WATSON

effective. The haze of the African desert has a subduing tendency. The other picture, *Entangled in the Marshes*, is even more vigorous in its action. The crowd of horses striving to free themselves from the treacherously yielding soil, struggling and terrified by their fruitless efforts, the one man endeavoring to control them, himself realizing and fearful of the imminent danger, these form a very striking and powerful group. The colors are strong and finely contrasted, and the painting is considered one of the best of this artist's works in the country. The original canvas is enormous, and there is every opportunity afforded for closeness of detail and careful elaboration of the minor points.

The most important painting by Grützner in this country, in fact the most important outside of Germany, is his *Blessing the Vintage*, which is here reproduced. Apart from its merit as a painting it is notable as being the only one in which many figures are shown. There are eighteen of them, while the majority of his pictures contain three or four at most. This is a particularly effective presentation of a characteristic scene; the dark background with only a little light entering the high window, the peasants in their native costume, the white-robed monk drawing wine from the cask, make an admirable setting for the brilliant scarlet habit of the priest in the centre foreground. The dash of glowing color gives just the relief that is needed. The grouping, too, is excellent.

The picture by Israels, the dean of the modern Dutch school, reminds one inevitably of Millet. There is a calm and peacefulness about this *Twilight* that bears with it the feeling of the day's end and the cessation of toil that is characteristic of one of the French artist's most famous paintings. It is merely a suggestion, for the methods of the two painters are widely different, yet something of the same effect is rendered. This painting is considered by Israels himself to be one of his best.

Another Dutch artist of the first rank, Blommers, is represented by his *Baby Asleep*, undoubtedly a masterpiece. The humble interior of a peasant's cottage and the figures of the mother and cradled child are wonderfully accurate. The whole effect is produced in a low key that is peculiarly appropriate to the subject. The calm

content that pervades the whole picture, concentrated in the child's unheeding slumber and the busy mother's serenely happy face make this picture a perfect cottage idyl.

Jean Paul Clays, the Belgian painter, is represented by his *Calm on the Rhine, Holland*. The fishing vessels, their rigging, and all the minor accessories are unmistakably of Holland. There is absolute absence of motion in every detail of the painting, and the lazy stillness of a summer noon is capitally expressed.

Mr. Dendy Sadler's *The Tailor Shop in the Monastery* belongs to his earlier period. It is hard to realize that this artist, whose name is now inseparably associated with more or less conventional scenes of the fashionable English society of the eighteenth century, won his first fame by a series of paintings depicting the every-day humorous sides of monastic life. Comparison results in favor of the earlier motive. The faces and figures of the four monks, each intent upon the portion of work that he has in hand, are capitally portrayed; the high austerity symbolized by the severely plain habit of their religious order is in almost ludicrous contrast with the nature of the work upon which its wearers are engaged, yet their serious aspect and their earnestness relieve the painting from any approach to burlesque.

The Roybet selection, *A Spanish Nobleman*, shows the direct influence of the artist's master, Bonnet, who has made a special study of the old Spanish masters. This picture is admirable in pose; true Spanish pride of race is expressed in the dignity of the grandee's bearing. The color effect is remarkable; the costume is black and white, and even the closest examination almost persuades one that it is actually black velvet that lies upon the canvas.

Mother and Child, by Lenbach, is a very favorable specimen of the work of the most celebrated portrait painter in Germany, if not in Europe. The flesh tints of both figures are surprisingly faithful, and the pose of both is notably natural and graceful.

J. Decker Smith Jr.



THE MUSSEL GATHERER

FROM THE PAINTING BY RIDGWAY KNIGHT



AN AUBURN BEAUTY

FROM THE PAINTING BY J. J. HENNER



AN OLD FARMYARD IN BRIE

FROM THE PAINTING BY CHARLES JACQUE



ENTANGLED IN THE MARSHES

FROM THE PAINTING BY ADOLPH SCHREYER



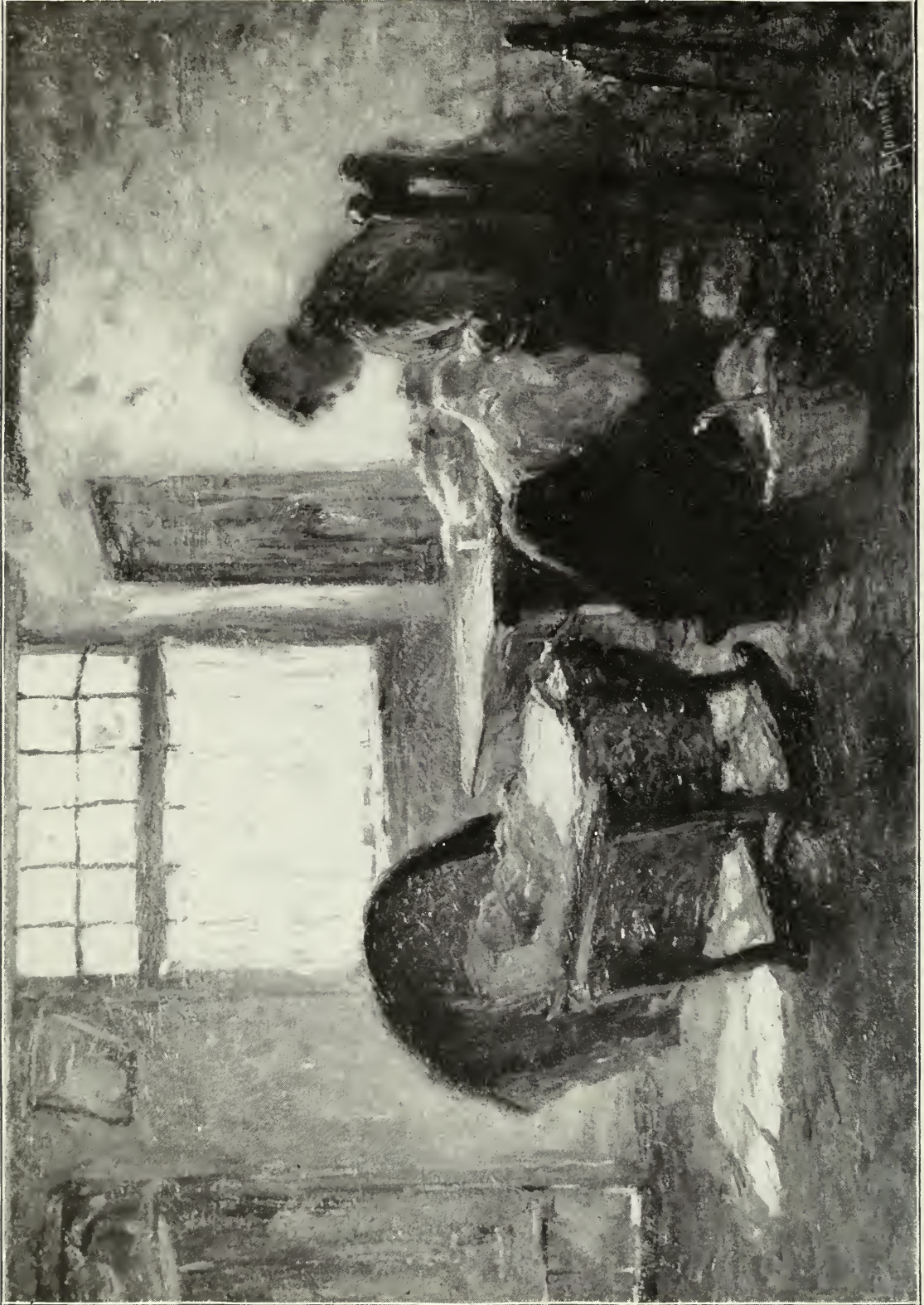
ON THE MARCH

FROM THE PAINTING BY ADOLPH SCHREYER



BLESSING THE VINTAGE

FROM THE PAINTING BY GRUTZNER



BABY ASLEEP

FROM THE PAINTING BY BERD. JOH. BLOMMERS



TWILIGHT

FROM THE PAINTING BY JOSEPH ISRAELS



CALM ON THE RHINE, HOLLAND

FROM THE PAINTING BY JEAN PAUL CLAYS



THE TAILOR SHOP IN THE MONASTERY

FROM THE PAINTING BY W. DENDY SADLER



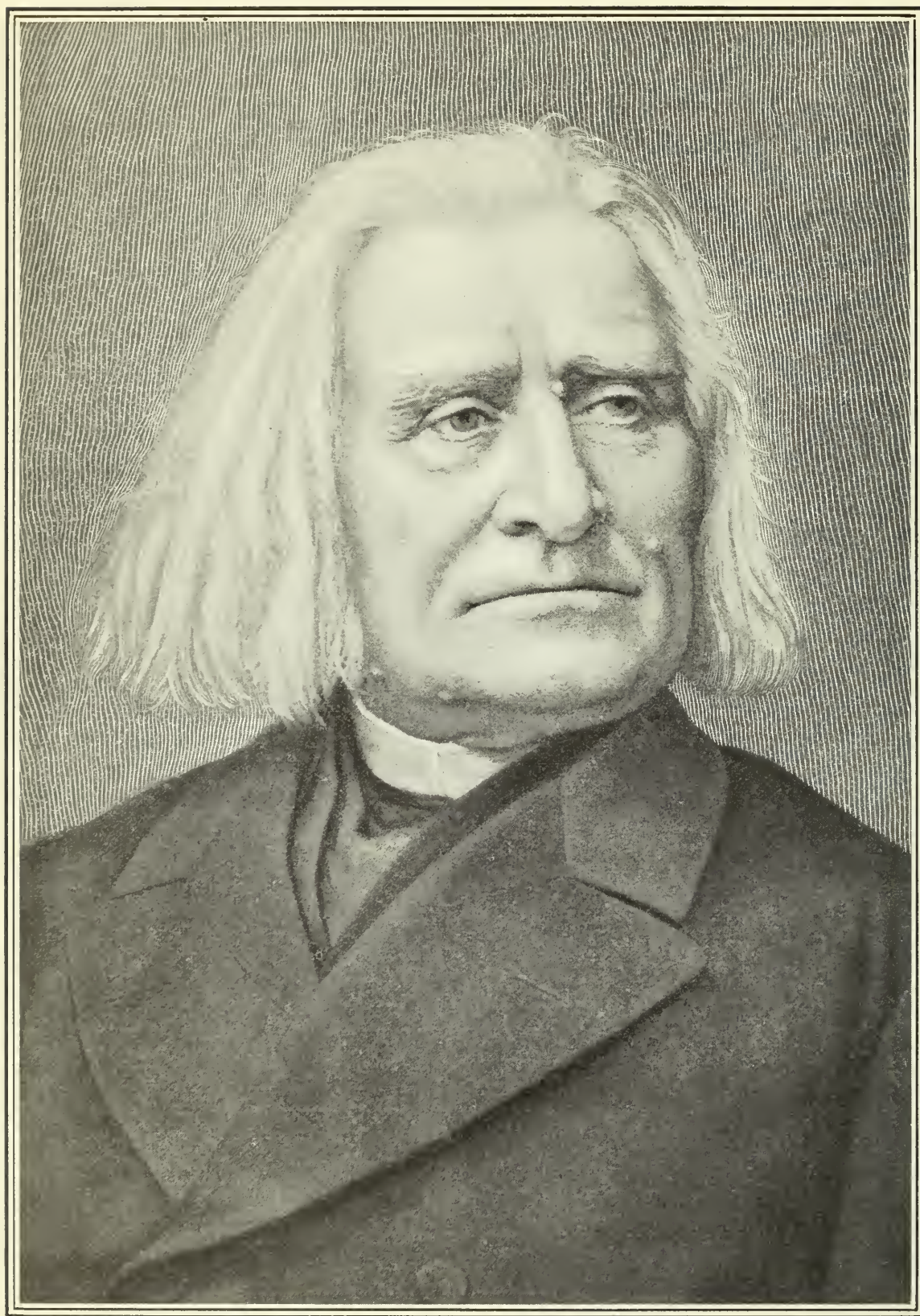
A SPANISH NOBLEMAN

FROM THE PAINTING BY F. ROYBET



MOTHER AND CHILD

FROM THE PAINTING BY FRANZ VON LENBACH



FRANZ LISZT, IN 1876

CHOPIN'S PHANTOM PRELUDE

A REMINISCENCE OF LISZT

One morning before the avalanche of pianists had arrived to claim his attention and do him homage, Liszt received me at his villa, and while we were still conversing about his season in Rome, Vienna, and Buda-Pesth, Martha Remmert was announced.

After a cordial greeting from her Master she expressed a desire to play for him the Chopin Prelude No. 15 in D flat.

"Ah! that pleases me!" exclaimed Liszt. "Let us see your conception of it," he continued, and added, "I have not heard it played in a long time."

As she began, an air of great tenderness and, I thought, a tinge of sorrow, came over the Master's mobile face. Part of the time his eyes were closed, and when open they had a dreamy, absent, and distant expression.

Evidently the past was conjured up by the performance, for as Miss Remmert concluded, Liszt said: "Did you ever read Madame Sand's account of the composition of that prelude?"

Saying this, he stepped to a shelf and taking a small volume down opened it, and while finding the place mumbled softly to himself, "Yes, one must know Chopin himself, one must know his sorrows and sufferings to play him well." Then, suddenly, "Here is the story told by Madame Sand herself," and he read:

"One day Maurice and I had gone to Palma. We had left Chopin comparatively well. There fell, towards evening, a heavy rain which swelled the streams and exposed us to great danger from the floods. Finally about midnight we reached home. Our delay was exceedingly unpleasant to us, for we knew that it would greatly disturb our dear invalid. The excitement in which we found him was indeed very great. It had already given place to a

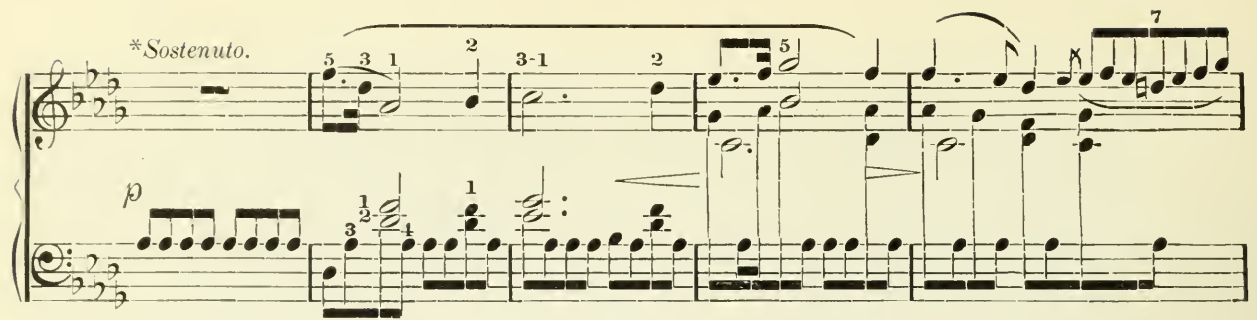
silent despair. He had composed this sublimely beautiful prelude with tears in his eyes. When he saw us coming he arose with a shriek, remained standing almost motionless, and with a strange, hollow voice cried out, 'Oh, I thought you were no longer alive!' He related to us afterward, that during our absence he had had a vision, and that he was not able to separate the dream from the reality. He sank into a kind of trance, and while he was playing on the piano, he thought he had disappeared from the earth, and that he was no longer among the living. It seemed to him that he was drowned, lying at the bottom of the sea, and feeling the cold drops of water falling in measured time upon his breast. The prelude which he composed this evening really recalls the raindrops which were falling upon the roof of the cloister; but according to his interpretation these drops indicated the tears falling from heaven upon his heart."

Then going to the instrument Liszt laid the book down, and giving one of his significant grunts, seated himself, saying:

"You know this repeated tone, representing the dropping of water, must be played evenly throughout," but, he added, "I like to play one measure as an introduction."

He then commenced on the single tone, repeating it alone for an entire measure, playing the plaintive melody with such a tender touch and with such infinite variety of expression that each individual phrase was clothed with a significance and charm peculiar to itself. During this time the dropping of the water continued in the accompaniment, steady, inexorable, and coldly cruel.

The pleading pathos of the theme was produced with such a singing tone that it became almost articulate, and Liszt's



* This is the extra measure played by Liszt.

sympathy with it was emphasized, now and then, with an involuntary nod of assent.

Now the key changes to the minor, and the dropping of water continues on the same tone, but passes to an octave lower. The deep sepulchral tones, in slow measured movement, depict the awakening of the dead: phantoms slowly arise, with ghastly ceremonies of the tomb falling about them, and faintly and distantly approach. Gradually they come nearer: the dropping water measures off and accompanies their onward gliding movement, while plaintive sighs and groans escape from the sealed lips of the dead. Yet nearer the ghostly

procession approaches; a feeling of terror now possesses the wizard who has conjured up this dread phantom of the grave, and he cries out in horror at the fearful apparition his own imagination has produced. In massive, crashing chords he fairly shrieks in consternation as the spectre approaches nearer, and, finally exhausted, he falls into a half-conscious swoon.

Then the sweetly plaintive, almost entreating, melody is resumed and interrupted with a sharp cry of despair; the "Prelude" then closes with a sigh of resignation, while the repeated note, like the unceasing ticking of a clock, continues to



Copyright by Detroit Photographic Co.

LISZT'S HOUSE IN WEIMAR

drop—drop—drop—its liquid, unmerciful tone predicting the inexorable doom of man.

As Liszt played, his demeanor changed in sympathy with the intensely dramatic content of the work. During the sombre phantasy, his teeth were set, his lips and massive jaw firm, his entire face almost rigid; his gray eyes burned with the composer's inspiration, and his body straightened out as he leaned somewhat away from

him; as though he felt himself again in his presence, and he would once more prove his devotion to Chopin's inspired art, and show him that Liszt still knew and could portray his innermost soul.

When he had finished, neither Miss Remmert or myself spoke; it seemed somehow inappropriate, as though one should interrupt a prayer or a hymn with conversation. Liszt arose, and, without a



From bronze-relief, by A. Bovy

FRÉDÉRIC FRANÇOIS CHOPIN
5

the key-board. When he struck the ponderous chords of terror, there was a vehemence almost diabolical in the sudden swoop of his great hands, and the tremendous crash fairly made one shiver. His nostrils became distended, and his breath came quickly, as one laboring under great excitement. Indeed, it seemed that the spell of the great "tone-poet," with whom, in his earlier years, he had been on such friendly terms, had completely mastered

word, turned and looked out of the window. What a flood of memories were rushing over his soul, of a past half-forgotten! How this little prelude "had rolled away the stone" of his sepulchered life and resurrected the happy days, the days of triumph and glory in Paris!

Silas G. Pratt.



From lithograph by Schlick, after Hausmann

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH

FROM VIRGINAL TO PIANOFORTE

BY HENRY E. KREHBIEL

The conventional pianoforte recital begins, as a rule, with a composition of Bach, proceeds then through a sonata by Beethoven to a group of pieces by the composers of the romantic period, preference being given to Mendelssohn, Schumann, and Chopin, and ends with a thunderous proclamation of the stability of the instrument, and the volubility of finger, muscularity, and endurance of the player, in a Hungarian rhapsody by Liszt. There are many variants of this scheme, but it will serve as a type and also as a text for a brief survey of pianoforte literature, and a discussion of some things which the virtuoso generally ignores, but which the amateur may pleasantly and profitably study.

The scheme is representative of over two centuries of pianoforte music—or rather it would be thus representative if the Bach pieces generally chosen were not transcriptions by Liszt or Tausig of works originally composed for the organ—and this is to its credit. But it ignores the music of the century which preceded Bach, and the creations of the last half of the nineteenth century. The first case gives me more concern than the last, for I may as well confess at the outset as have the fact discovered later that I feel but little sympathetic interest in the pianoforte composition of this latter day. This is not, however, because of that extravagant conservatism which finds beauty only in what is old. I am not conscious of being reactionary in any particular. Music is too young an art, and its progress in some departments within our time has been too obvious to give color of reason to the claim sometimes made that its capabilities have been exhausted.

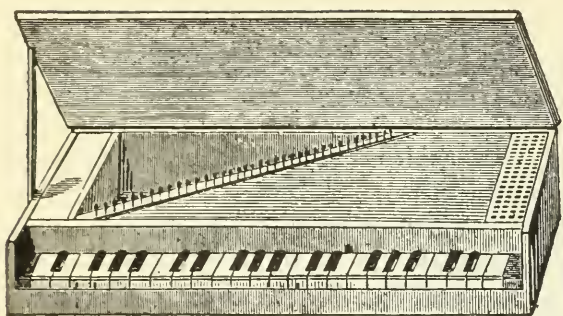
I am indifferent to modern pianoforte composition for the same reason, probably,

that the concert players are. They scan every novelty from a famous pen with almost feverish eagerness in the hope that it may prove good enough to be included in their repertoires; yet they discard them nearly all.

Some years ago I made a careful study of the programs of all the concerts of a New York season in which the pianoforte figured. The analysis disclosed that out of two hundred and fifty-six pianoforte compositions of all kinds, except concertos and sonatas—that is to say, out of two hundred and fifty-six compositions in the forms most cultivated by the composers of today—more than two-thirds were the works of dead masters, and the remaining numbers included the works of local composers, who, by giving concerts of their own, or in other ways, got their names on the list.

The concertos played exemplified the survival of the fittest of a century's productions; and of the sonatas, sixteen were by Beethoven, a number several times greater than that of all the sonatas of the other composers combined. The demonstration seems conclusive that, despite their willingness, pianists are hard put to find new music which makes appeal to their judgment, taste, and affection.

If we cannot find attractive novelties in the productions of today, we might profitably look for them in the productions of the century which is ignored by those who take Bach for a starting-point. In this respect a good example was set by Rubinstein fifteen or sixteen years ago at his historical recitals in St. Petersburg and London. His programs began with compositions by Thomas Tallis, William Bird, Dr. John Bull, and Orlando Gibbons, the chief glories of the earliest school of composers for distinctively key-board stringed



SHOWING CONSTRUCTION OF THE CLAVICHORD

instruments. They wrote for the virginal, and, with their associates in the English school, compassed a period a century in advance of the Frenchmen and Italians who are credited with the establishment of schools of clavier composers and players in their own countries. Their influence did not extend very much beyond their time and country, though one of them, Bull, enjoyed celebrity throughout Europe as organist, clavier player, and composer.

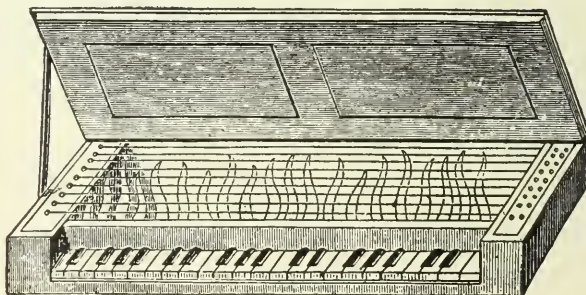
Ernst Pauer, in his selections from their works published under the title, *Old English Music*, has opened this treasure-trove to all players. The pieces are not many, but practically the whole body of English music of the period may be studied in the *Fitzwilliam Virginal Book*, published by Breitkopf and Härtel for the editors, J. A. Fuller-Maitland and W. Barclay Squire, who transcribed the music into modern notation. In the histories the *Fitzwilliam Virginal Book* has been known hitherto as *Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book* from a belief once held, in which Sir John Hawkins shared, that the volume of manuscript music had belonged to the queen, who had considerable skill as a player upon the virginal. Its present name is due to the fact that the book has long been preserved in the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge.

The music illustrates a great step in the process of emancipating instrumental from vocal music, which began in the fourteenth century and came to full fruition in the seventeenth. There is nothing of an earlier date that is tolerable to modern ears; but pieces like the *Courante Jewell* and *The King's Hunting Jigg*, by Bull, *Sellingier's Round* and *The Carman's Whistle*, by Bird, will be found full of charm for the hearer of today, especially if they are played in the proper manner; on which point a

word presently. The pieces are predominantly cast in the form of variations, the subjects of which are the popular songs of the day—such as *The Carman's Whistle*; *John, Come Kiss Me Now*—and dances, especially pavans and galliards.

To play them properly calls for extreme nimbleness and lightness of fingers. The instrument for which they were written resembled in form the modern pianoforte (which was not invented until well on in the eighteenth century) and in having a key-board and metal strings; but the mechanism was wholly different, and this difference should be borne in mind in performing the old pieces. The strings of the spinet, virginal, and harpsichord were twanged with quill points stuck into upright bits of wood called jacks, which rested on the farther end of the keys and were pushed upward by the depression of the keys. As they rose the quill points were lifted against the strings, and snapped them in passing. There were no differences of *forte* and *piano* in the instruments except in the case of the harpsichord, and there they were produced by such devices as a swell-box, and the use of additional sets of strings and jacks which could be coupled to the fundamental sets, as the different stops are coupled in an organ. The essentials in playing were fluency, evenness, and good phrasing; expression was an unknown quantity.

Of the French school which flourished in the seventeenth century, beginning with Andre Campion de Chambonnières (1610-1670) and culminating in Couperin le Grand and Rameau, practically nothing has survived in our concert rooms, though there may be found in the musical works of that period the graceful budding of tendencies which are paramount today. The virginal music of the English school



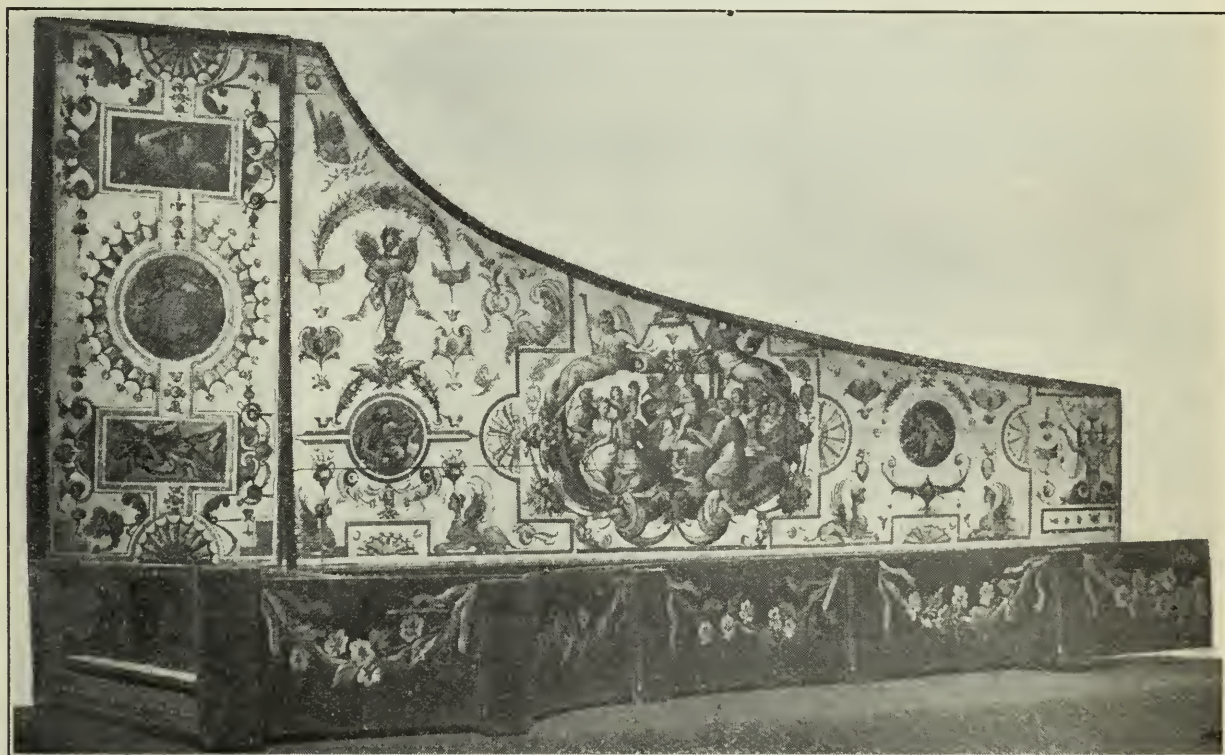
SHOWING CONSTRUCTION OF THE VIRGINAL

rests upon the songs of the people; the clavecin music of the French school is rooted in the gallantries of the court of Louis XIV. where Chambonnières, as well as Couperin, was music master. The songs which the English virginalists varied were taken out of the mouths of the English people, who, in the Shakesperian era and before, were the most musical people in Europe, practitioners of the art being numerous in all classes from royalty downward. The dances which were the staple of the French composers were the stately and elegant functions of the ball-rooms and

fect of the quilled instruments—the brevity of their tone. An expressive *sostenuto* being impossible, the melody was hung upon a trellis-work of tonal blossoms through which its contours might be traced.

A knowledge of these embellishments, not only of the meaning of the signs by which they were indicated, but also of the manner in which they were performed, is essential to a performance of this music; yet few pianists, except those who have devoted themselves to the pedagogics of the art, have taken the trouble to study them.

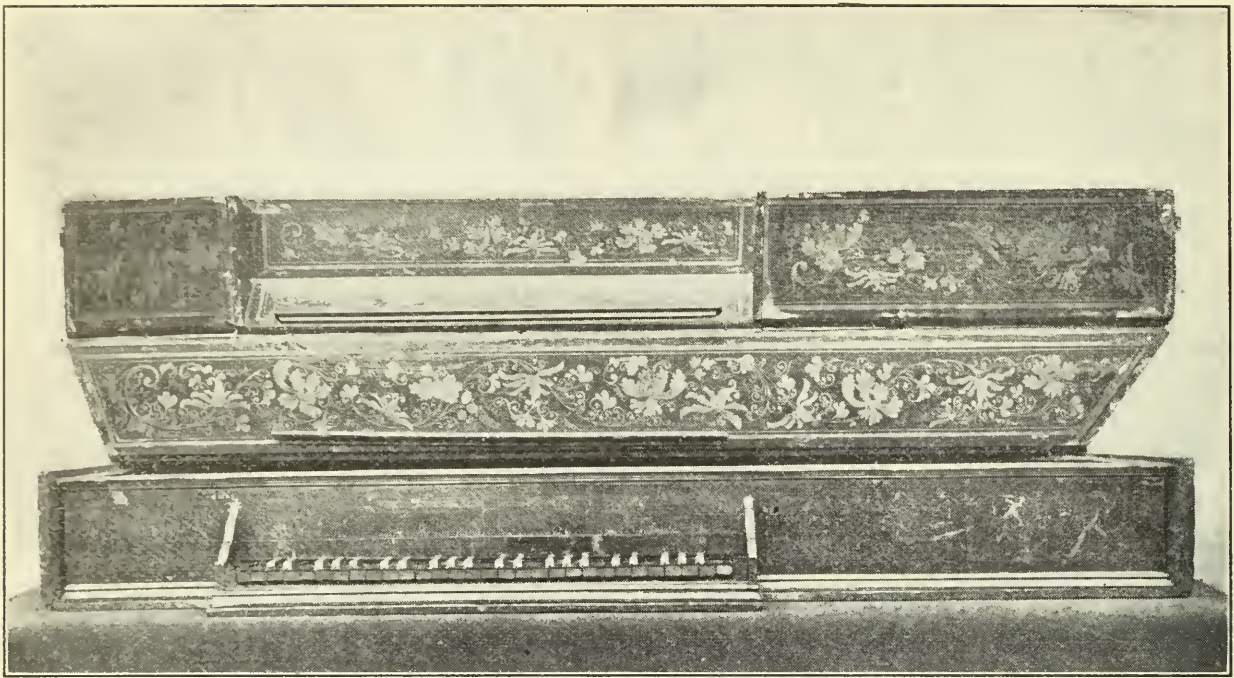
Here, then, is another reason why the



ITALIAN CLAVICEMBALO, END OF SIXTEENTH CENTURY

theatres of the great Louis. Like the manners of the time, they were marked by the perfection of artificial gentleness and grace. Everything was affected, but the affectation, like that of the courtiers and their ladies for pastoral life, was charmingly pretty. The frank rudeness of the English school of a hundred years before was gone, and in its place had come highly embellished elegance. Now there appeared, as an essential element in performance, a multitude of embellishments, grace-notes, mordents, trills, the natural complement of the rococo style of ornamentation, but designed also to minimize a characteristic de-

fect of the quilled instruments— the brevity of their tone. That the music of the virginalists of England and clavecinists of France will be heard with growing interest by the public is a fair deduction from the tendency toward a revival of archaic tastes, instruments, and musical manners, which has been noticeable during the last decade. Orchestral conductors have charmed audiences with the old dances of Rameau and Gluck, and some of the unfamiliar symphonies of Karl Philipp Emanuel Bach, Dittersdorf, and Mozart. The *viola d'amore* has reappeared in the concert room.



QUEEN ELIZABETH'S VIRGINAL

Music lovers have crowded around Mr. Dolmetsch in London to hear the music of past centuries played upon the instruments for which it was written. At the Paris Exposition of 1900 newly made specimens of archaic instruments were laid before the jury; and some years ago the historic house of Erard resumed, in a small way, the manufacture of harpsichords.

In the music of the French clavecinists, moreover, may be found some of the earliest examples of program music. Within the compass of a short piece in strict form and style, Couperin attempts to depict types of character and nationality, virtues, vices, mythical creatures, and even to paint portraits. He was much admired by Rubinstein, whose favorite pieces were *La Favorite*, *La Ténébreuse*, *La Bandoline*, *Le Bavelot Flottant* (an article of neckwear with long, dangling ends), *Les Bacchantes*, *Les Moissonneurs*, *Le Reveil Matin*, *Les Bergeries*, and *Le Carillon*. This tendency toward musical characterization, in which there are distinct gleams of Schumann's romanticism, was continued by Rameau, who not only reformed the French opera and founded a system of harmony which has retained some of its validity till today, but also advanced by gigantic strides the art of clavier playing. Of his works Rubinstein used to play *Le Rappel des Oiseaux*, *Les Tendres Plaintes*,

L'Egyptienne, *La Timide*, and *La Poule*. The last piece is a humorous sally of wonderful ingenuity and beauty. A theme, imitative of the clucking of a hen, is carried out in the severe style with as much learning and seriousness as if the labor were expended on a setting of the missal text, and the effect is vastly diverting.

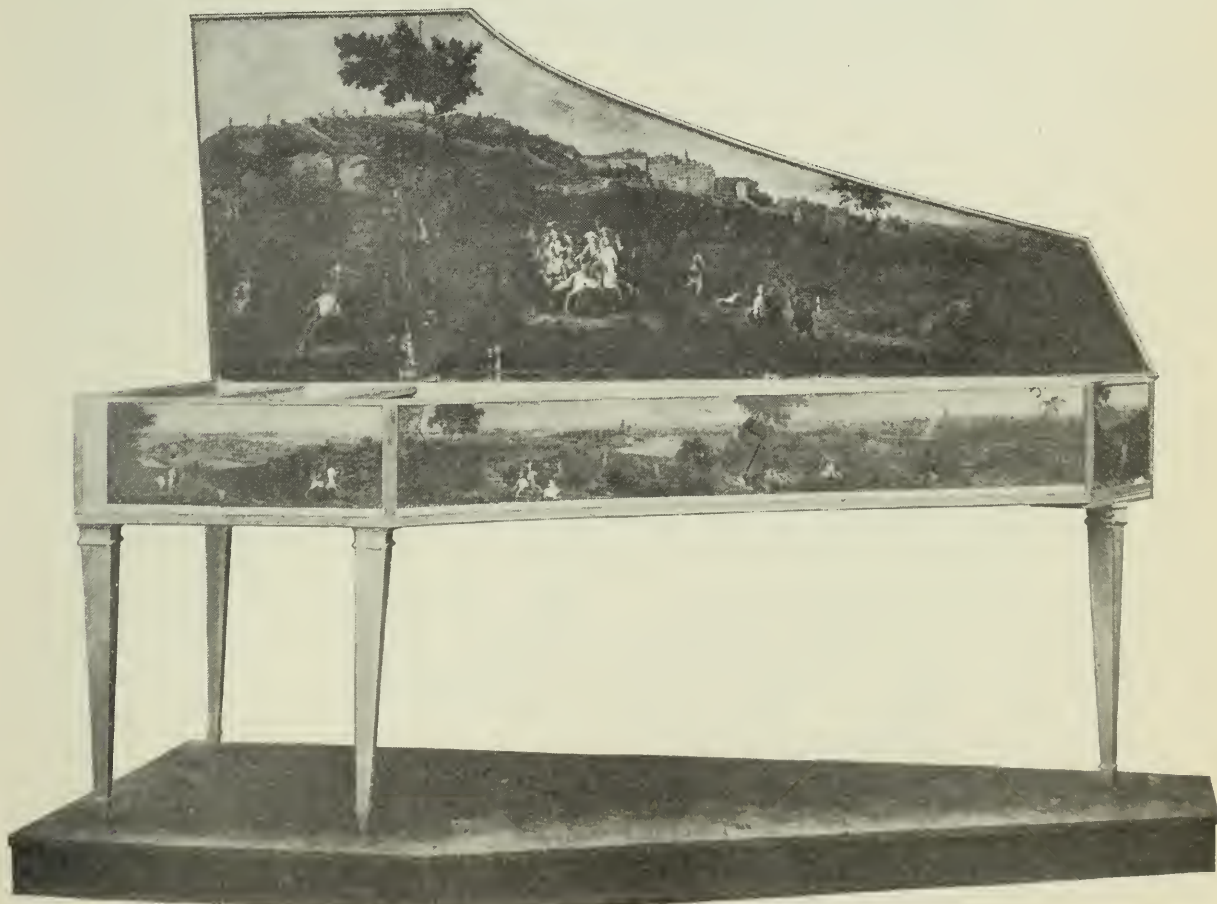
That storms were as fruitful a subject for musical delineation then as now will readily be imagined. English virginal music is represented in this class by a fantasia by John Mundy, which appears in the *Fitzwilliam Virginal Book*. The sections of this fantasia, rhythmically varied and thematically unconnected, bear the inscriptions *Fine Weather*, *Lightning*, *Thunder*, three times. At the last comes a slow movement marked *A Clear Day*.

When the German writers took up delineative music they were not satisfied with the sententiousness of Couperin. His programs and Rameau's were mere titles which served to stimulate the fancy or irritate the curiosity of the listener. Kuhnau, a predecessor of Bach as cantor at the school of St. Thomas in Leipsic, thought that incidents might be detailed in music, that stories might be told, and he actually translated six Bible stories into tones. To these alone of his works is attention here given, for the reason that they are accessible to amateurs.

Of the German predecessors of Bach, Johann Froberger, who died in 1667, also wrote descriptive pieces, and Mundy, to whose meteorological fantasia in the *Fitzwilliam Virginal Book* reference has been made, died forty-seven years before Froberger. The Bible stories which Kuhnau undertook to tell were of the combat between David and Goliath, the banishment of Saul's melancholy by David's harp playing, the marriage of Jacob, Hezekiah's sickness and recovery, Gideon, the savior of Israel, and the tomb of Jacob. For these sonatas the composer has not only provided descriptive titles, but also descriptive legends for each movement and preface. This verbal commentary is absolutely necessary to an understanding of the composer's purposes, but with these understood, the methods employed are frequently interesting for their ingenuity and effectiveness. Program music, since Schumann, is psychological rather than externally descriptive; it runs to mood pictures. Kuhnau's method was one of physical suggestion. His scheme in the first of the biblical sonatas may serve as an illustration.

The first movement depicts Goliath and his bravado. Giants are heavy-footed as well as heavy-witted. Heavy steps, like Fasolt's and Fafner's are heard ascending from the lowest bass of the instrument; the giant is approaching. The terrified Israelites fall upon their knees in prayer (a chorale), their terror depicted in the trembling accompaniment to their hymn-petition. A pastoral movement in triple time tells of the coming of the shepherd lad, David. The combat follows. Goliath is represented by cumbrous strides from the first movement, David by a figure from the pastoral movement. A scintillant scale passage flashes upward through the treble (it is the pebble from David's sling), and the bass goes toppling down, down, from A-flat to E below the staff. "*Casca Goliath*" (Goliath falls), says the commentator, quite unnecessarily. The Philistines flee in rapid passages, the Israelites rejoice in pastoral measures, and after the maidens have greeted the victor, they celebrate his triumph and their own deliverance in a joyous dance—a minuet.

For present purposes Kuhnau has merely



MARIE ANTOINETTE'S CLAVECIN

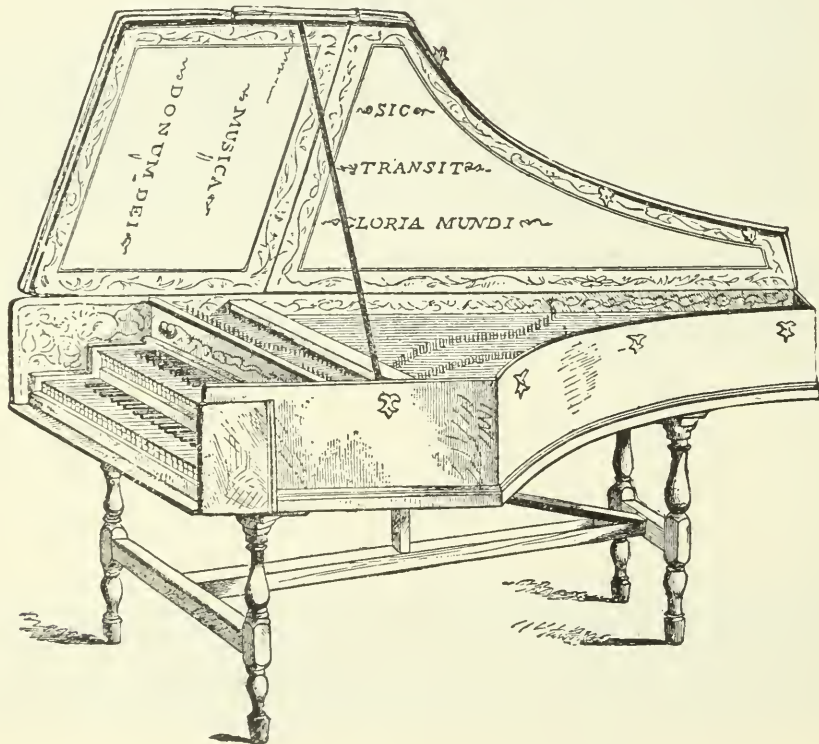
historical interest, as has Buxtehude, to whom the youthful Bach looked up with respect and reverence. This German music has not the charm of the French, and cannot so easily be brought back to our sympathies. We come to Bach, whose inventions and preludes and fugues composing *The Well-Tempered Clavichord* wise teachers place in the hands of their pupils, and recommend as the musical staff of life. "Learn Bach," said Rubenstein to his pupils in St. Petersburg; "sink yourself in him! He will be your best and most trustworthy guide. When you become satiated and impatient with the romantic, dramatic, lyric—as I do, for example—then turn to Bach. He will refresh you as if on a torrid day in midsummer, exhausted by the heat, you enter a Gothic temple where you are surrounded by quiet and peacefulness, where all passions subside, and a secret something exalts you, quietly, powerfully."

Bach, though compelled to consider the harpsichord in his compositions designed for public performance, preferred the clavichord for his own use, as did his son Karl Philipp Emanuel, who provided the foundation upon which modern pianoforte music, as distinguished from that written for quilled instruments, rests. The circumstance

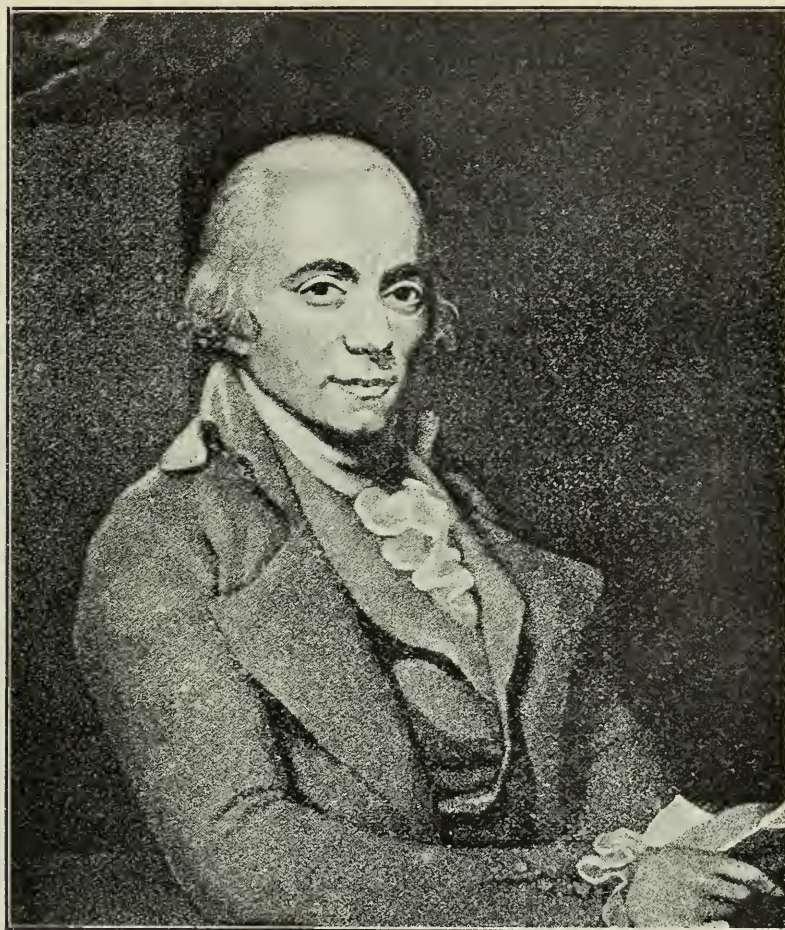
not only accounts for the lovely lyricism in the *Forty-Eight Preludes and Fugues*, but also furnishes a clue to the manner in which Bach ought to be played.

The clavichord was much feebler in tone than the harpsichord, but it had in a measurable degree the quality which differentiates the pianoforte from all the rest of its precursors—dynamic variety brought under the command of the player through touch alone. The strings of the clavichord were not snapped or plucked, but were struck by a metal pin flattened at the end which stood upright at the farther end of the key. This pin, called a tangent, had to be held against the string as long as it was desired to hear the tone, for it acted as one of the bridges which divided the strings into proper lengths. This feature of the clavichord mechanism, which was simplicity itself, led to one of the fascinating effects of which the instrument was capable. By quietly rocking the finger upon the key after it had been depressed, a tremulousness was imparted to the tone something like the *vibrato* of the violinist.

It is imperative that the hammer of the pianoforte leave the string immediately after contact lest the tone be muffled; hence the pianist has less direct influence on the tone



HANDEL'S HARPSICHORD



From an engraving by J. Hardy

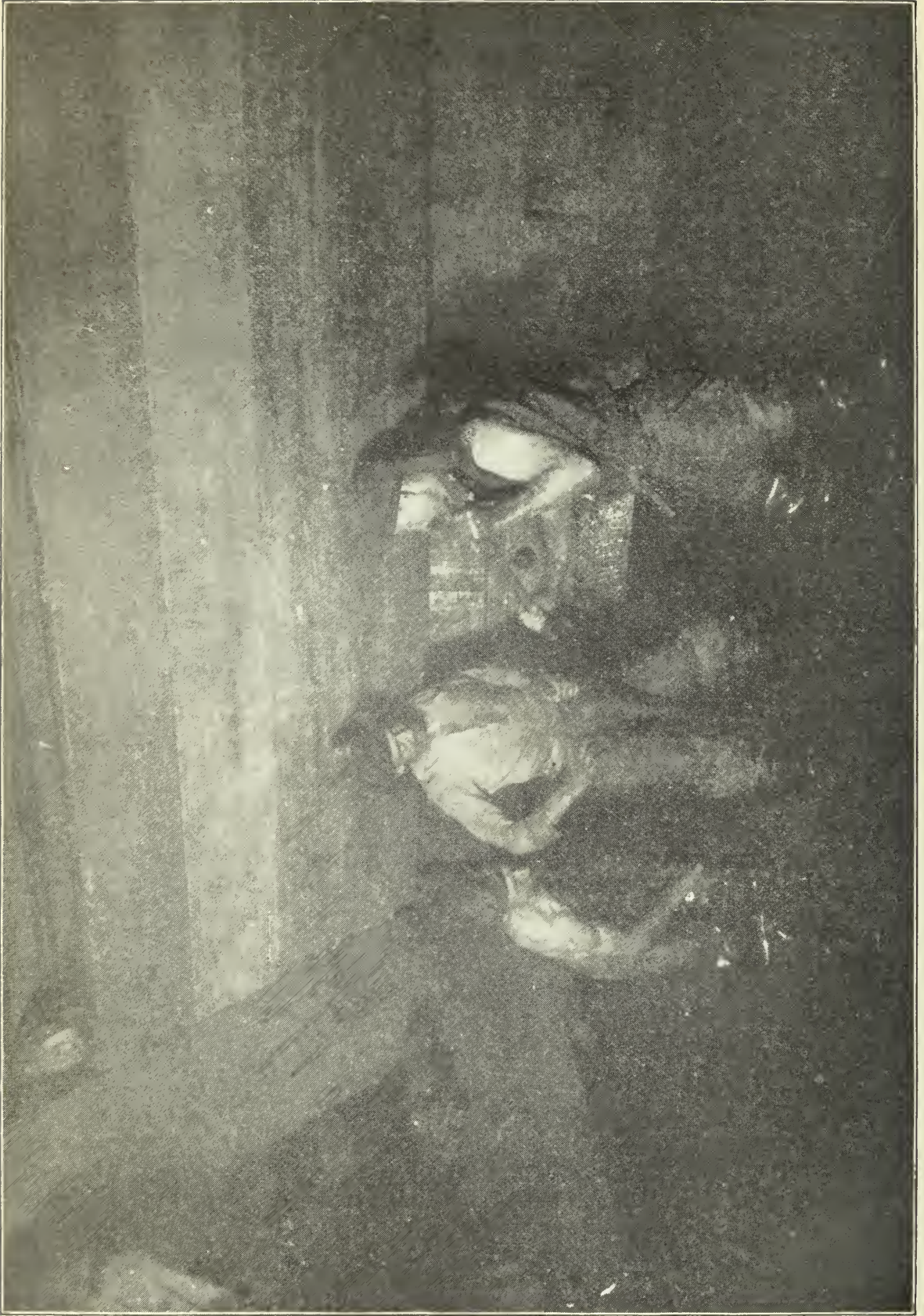
MUZIO CLEMENTI

than the old clavichordist. The teaching which the recorded fact brings to the modern player who speaks the old language with the voice of today is that, so other essentials be kept in view, it is more proper to strive for expression of sentiment in the music of Bach than in that of any of his predecessors or contemporaries, if one wishes to hear the music aright. Even after the quilled instruments had given way to the pianoforte with its steadily increasing dynamic capabilities, it was long before the style of play cultivated on the harpsichord and clavichord was wholly abandoned. The old instruments were not pounded, but caressed. Repose, fluency, and lightness of finger were the notable features of Handel's playing. When Bach played the movement of his fingers was so slight as to be scarcely noticeable, he did not change the position of his hands, and the rest of his body was motionless.

Interest in clean fingering remained dominant among composer-performers down to Beethoven, and might profitably be borne in mind when his early works are played. The transcendental notions of technique which prevail today were developed from Clementi, and are not called for in Beethoven's music except, possibly, so far as the modern instrument and modern surroundings justify changes in style made to preserve symmetry. Haydn and Mozart fall under the technical sway of Karl Philipp Emanuel Bach, and point toward the young Beethoven; but their music, like that of the nineteenth century, is *terra cognita*.

J. S. Krumboltz

(New York City)



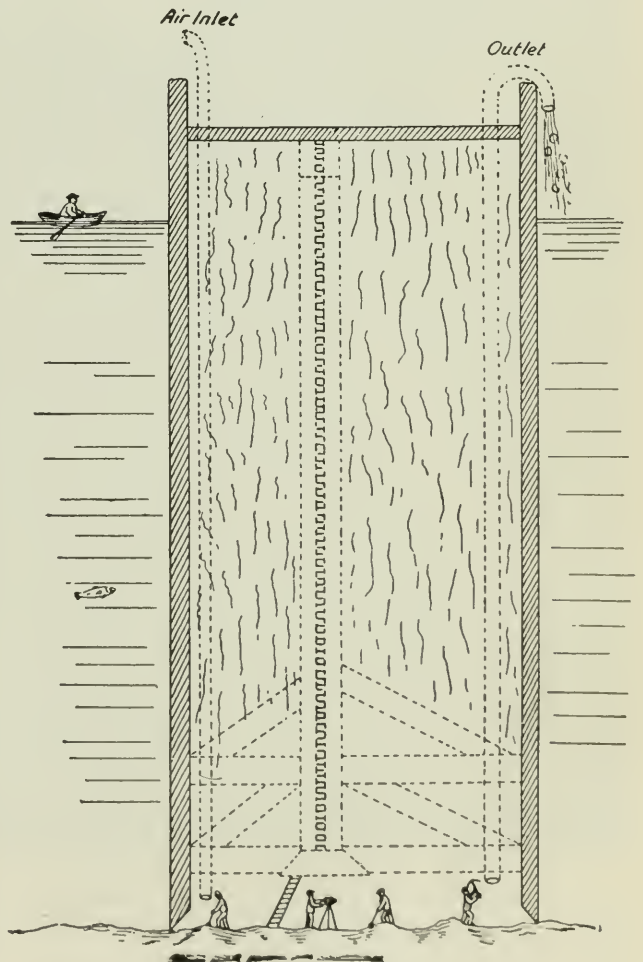
A FLASHLIGHT IN A CAISSON



There was a time, not long ago, when the use of the photographic lens was limited, and the life of the photographer was tame as that of a tender of sheep; but nowadays, thanks to the daily newspaper and illustrated monthly magazine, nothing of importance in social life or the business world escapes the eye of the camera. Quicker plates, speedier shutters, faster lenses, and more energetic developers have made the photographic feat of yesterday the everyday work of today. It has been my good fortune during the past ten years to be called upon frequently to furnish special photographic illustrations taken under every condition of light and shade.

In the early days of flashlight photography I undertook to picture the condition of the bottom of a caisson eighty-five feet below the bed of the Delaware River. As will be seen by this little sketch, a caisson is simply a long box, open at the bottom, sealed at the top, weighted to keep it down, braced to prevent collapse, and under heavy air pressure (in this case forty-five pounds to the square inch) to stop the inrush of the water underneath. You follow your camera through the circular hole at the top. A trap door closes above. A turn of a valve starts a screeching blast of moist, warm air. The impression grows upon you that blood is trickling from your ears. The screaming sound dies down. You try to swallow a lump in your throat, and suddenly discover that the steam jet is still working at full blast, sounding like the

phonograph room in Hades. Presently, when the air pressure has reached its limit, a trap door at your feet drops, and you pass down a vertical ladder to the bottom of the caisson. A curious sucking and blowing sound denotes the continual conflict of air



FISH EYE VIEW OF CAISSON

and water, and you trust that the former will remain the victor. The steamy chamber, forty feet long and twenty feet wide, is crossed at every angle by massive oaken beams. A dozen semi-naked savages are handling pick, shovel, or crowbar. Every man is a Sandow, with abnormal lung capacity. Working in a caisson is a sure cure for consumption.

Just before touching off the large charge of flashpowder the thought flashes through your mind: "Will the expansion caused by this explosion be followed by contraction?" So you turn up your trousers another six inches, ignite the fuse, and await the flood! Nothing results, however, but a volley of coughing from twelve pairs of lungs.

Not unlike going down the caisson was a trip I made into a mine-shaft. During the recent miners' strike the pump men were called out, and the mine workings were in serious danger of destruction by the inrush of water. I accepted the invitation of a mine boss to accompany him upon a subterranean tour of inspection.

"Hold tight," said the mine boss. "Let her go gently, Jim," winking at the engineer, and we dropped twelve hundred feet. "Well, how did you like the downward trip?" queried our guide. After a little massage, I replaced my Adam's apple, and said it wasn't half bad.

Many of the gangways of the Shenandoah mines are miles in length. At one spot, on our way to the heading, the ceiling bulged with great blocks of coal.

"Any danger of a 'cave-in'?" I ventured.

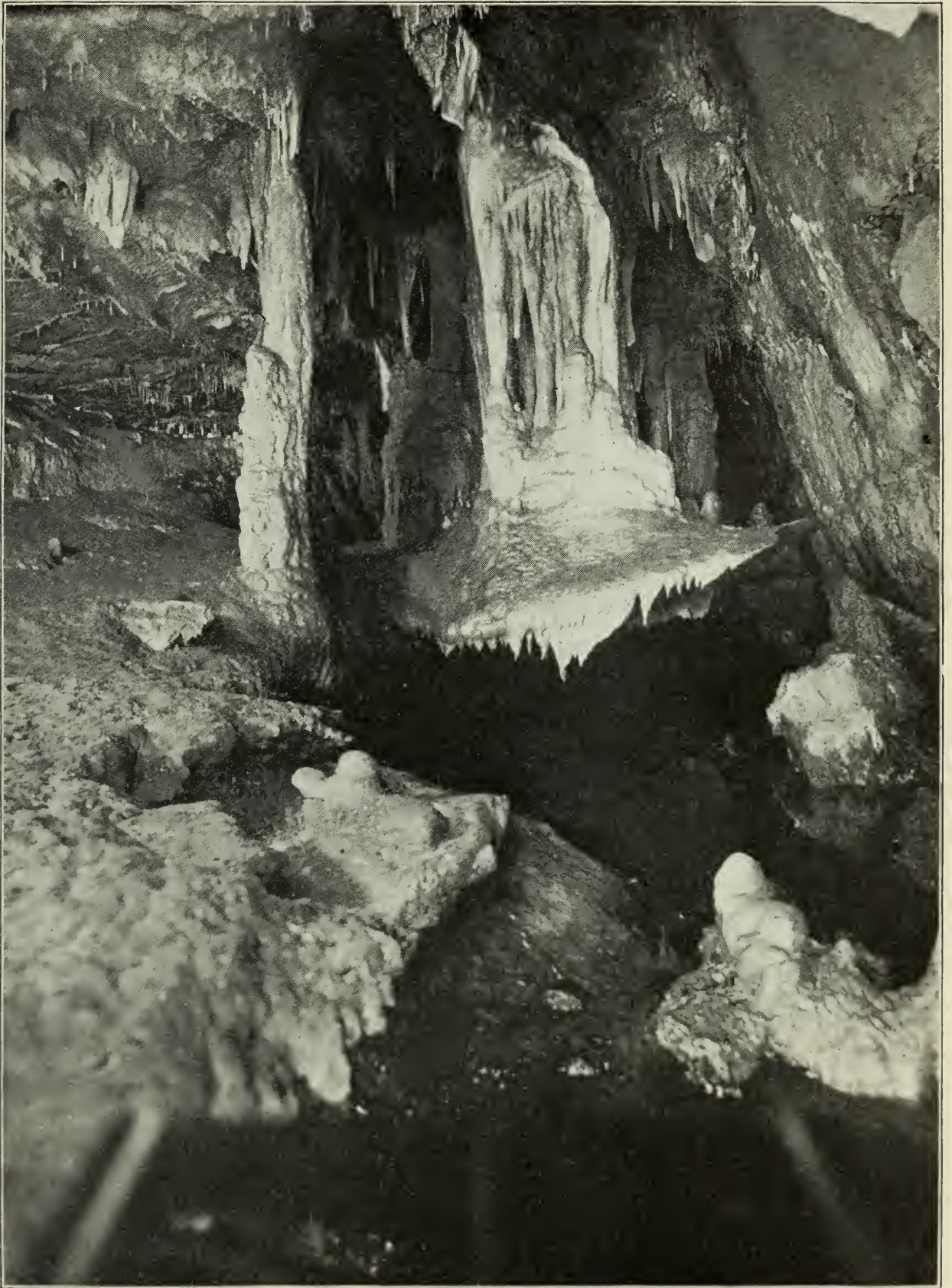
"Not the slightest," was the answer.

Finding that the flood had not reached the working breast, I made a few flashlight photographs. Upon retracing my steps along the gangway I found the way blocked by a great fall of coal, crushing to matchwood a number of trucks, leaving just enough space for us to crawl through. As the mine was deserted, and the strikers had threatened to flood its workings, we looked back through that small opening and counted ourselves in great luck.

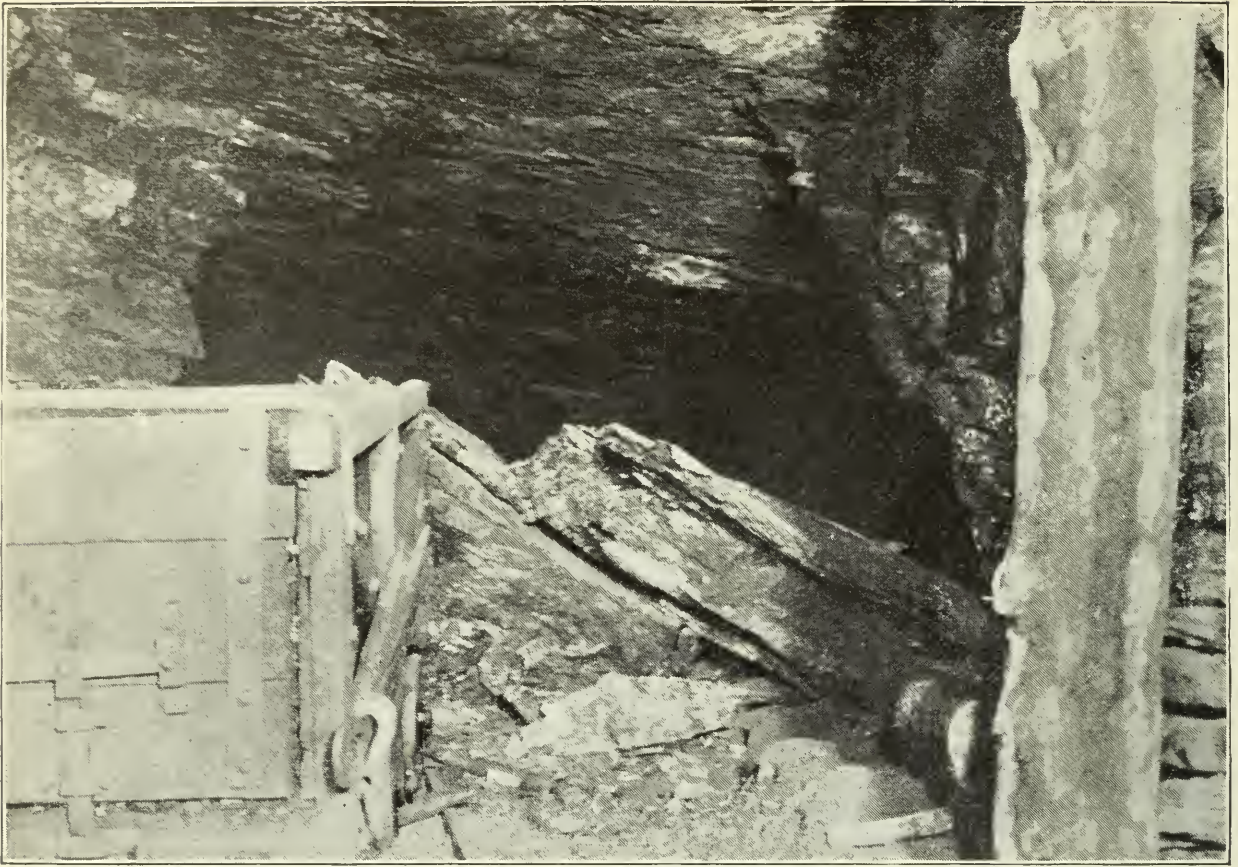
Winter photography has peculiar fascinations. A week prior to my winter visit to Niagara a venturesome photographer had received a glancing blow from a huge icicle falling from the roof of the Cave of the Winds, dashing operator and camera down the steep ice slope. He

was saved by a miracle from the very jaws of death, escaping with simply a broken leg, a few fractured ribs, and a deeply dented skull. This experience served as a warning, for the boom of falling ice occurred at frequent intervals. The winter tracery along the face of the Canadian Falls was never more lovely. I sought in vain for a point giving an unobstructed view of the Horseshoe Falls. At length, with the aid of a friend, I worked my way down the steep slope, and planted my camera upon the extreme tip of an overhanging, snow-covered rock. Upon regaining the bridle path I glanced back at my previous viewpoint, to discover that I had been standing on an out-jutting mass of frozen snow, with nothing but cold air between me and jagged black rocks over a hundred feet below!

But, hidden away in caves of the earth, the enthusiastic photographer finds material as fascinating as frost-formations, and more enduring. About a year ago word came from the village of Mapleton, midway between Harrisburg and Tyrone, in Pennsylvania, of the discovery of a wonderful cave. At the foot of a limestone cliff, rising sheer from the bank of the Juniata River to a height of about three hundred feet, we found the small arched entrance to the unexplored cave. At the end of a spacious chamber there was a natural doorway leading into a long passage-way about a dozen feet wide, fifteen feet high, and extending in an almost straight line for a distance of over two thousand feet. This was evidently the bed of an ancient subterranean stream. Presently there appeared signs of limestone formation, and following up a shallow water course, we soon came in sight of a succession of richly ornamented chambers, out-rivaling the splendors of Luray Cave. At many points the floor of the cave gave out a deep rumbling sound as we stepped over it, denoting still larger chambers below, and at one place our attention was arrested by the sound of a great body of falling water splashing into a basin far below. Determined to discover the source of the sound, we passed along a narrow tunnel leading from the main chamber until we found ourselves in a mere pocket of a place, just large enough to accommodate the pair of us. Upon removing a block of limestone at the corner of



POLAR BEAR CAVE



A CAVE-IN, SHENANDOAH MINE

this pocket we found a small hole. We had brought with us a rope seventy-five feet in length. Finding that the end of the rope touched the floor about twenty-five feet below the hole, I attached the upper end to a stalagmite and, leaving my companion in charge, began the very foolish performance of sliding down the rope, bent on a tour of inspection. I stood on a narrow ledge at the top of a long forty-five degree shaft. The rope was let out to its limit. Down the shaft I went to the end of my tether. The waterfall was evidently just around the corner.

"Can you give me three feet more rope?" I asked.

"Yes, if I untie a double knot, and hold the end of the rope," was the answer.

This was done, and I was enabled to traverse a sloping tunnel for a distance of about one hundred feet without the aid of the rope. There I stood at the edge of a great underground lake. By wading out a few feet I would be able to gain a point giving a view of the waterfall. The water appeared to be shallow. It proved to be deep and icy cold. I returned to the rope and called to my companion to look out,

as I was about to return along the shaft. I received no reply to my frequent shouts. My oil torch burned out, leaving me in total darkness. It was a long time before I heard voices and presently saw a glimmering light. Two quarrymen, during the noon-hour, had decided to explore the cave. They noticed my companion's torchlight, and found him fast asleep, entirely overcome by the fumes of our former flashlight work and the dense smoke of the oil torch. This little experience taught us the lesson that at least three persons should constitute an exploring party.

The adventurous photographer has his ups as well as his downs, his overground as well as underground trips. In order to gain photographic skill for a contemplated balloon voyage I made a series of snapshots, under all kinds of weather conditions, from the highest attainable points—from the roofs of New York skyscrapers, the rim of William Penn's hat on Philadelphia's City Hall, and the top of the Washington Monument. Upon these occasions the human ants on the pavements below always proved of great interest, and on several occasions I made straight-

down snapshots of bunches of these bipeds in a feverish state of commotion. Here is one taken from the top of the City Hall Tower, Philadelphia, during the recent Knight Templars' parade. If you will place the picture on the floor and examine it at a distance of about three feet, you will get a good idea of the appearance of the plaza from the view-point of William Penn.

There is nothing exciting about a balloon voyage. You take your place in a shallow wicker basket; decide to take a picture of the crowd as you leave the earth; hear the order "let go," and before you can press the button, the crowd has evaporated—sunk out of sight—and the rest is a moving picture show, with no sense of motion, not the slightest feeling of danger, the air delightfully cool, and absolute silence. Presently a voice, apparently from another balloon a long way off, asks how you like the journey. You have exactly the same trouble with your hearing you had while in the caisson, but from an opposite cause—there pressure, here rarefaction. In this case, too, the act of swallow-

ing brings relief. A balloon trip is for all the world like sitting in a dentist's chair and taking a whiff of gas, followed by a pleasant dream. But, of course, instead of taking gas, gas is taking you. Photography under these conditions is a very simple matter—pointing the lens over the edge of the basket, waiting until the desired object comes into view, and the snapshot is taken.

One quiet summer evening we landed late upon the outskirts of a Jersey village. Weighting the balloon basket with stones, we had supper at a neighboring hotel, and at midnight resumed our celestial journey under a full moon. At the height of a mile, in the soft lunar light, New Jersey was really picturesque. Philadelphia was no longer a city; its thousands of twinkling arc-lights formed a great cluster of diamonds on a velvet background. The beacon at Barnegat flashed all too soon, and at five o'clock in the morning we landed near Long Branch, after a nocturnal flight of over eighty-seven miles.

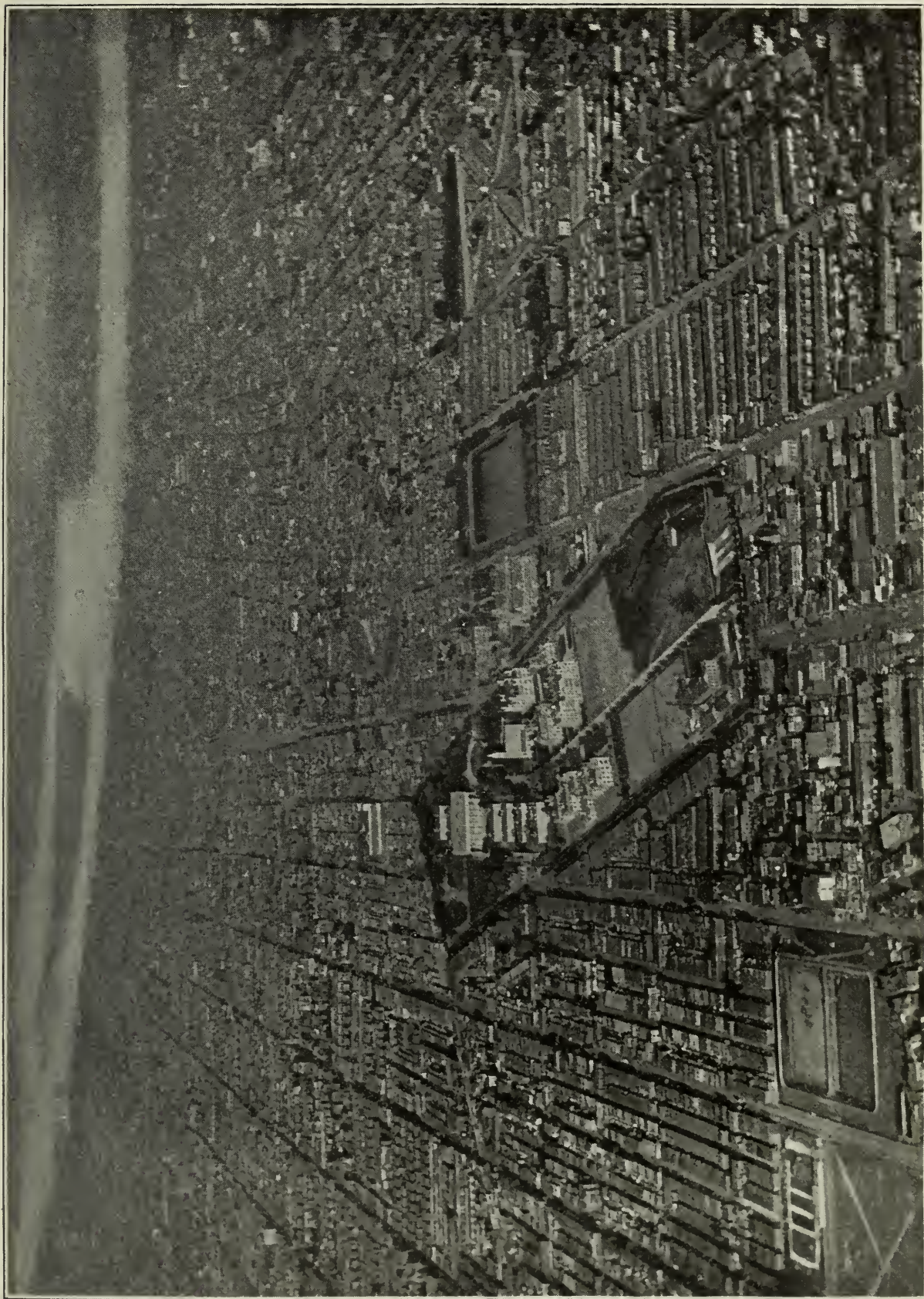
But my hobby has been the photograph-



NIAGARA HELD PRISONER BY JACK FROST



WAITING FOR THE PARADE



PHILADELPHIA—A MILE-HIGH VIEW
GIRARD COLLEGE IN THE FOREGROUND

ing of lightning flashes. More than twenty years ago my little ten-dollar camera had the honor of first securing the autograph of Jove, and seldom has a thunderstorm occurred since that time without being watched by the blinking eye of that same camera. One August night, while crossing the prairie of North Dakota, I ran into a real Western thunderstorm. All the lightning discharges I had ever seen were mere threads in comparison with these broad bands of flame. My berth being the last one in the rear car, the temptation to take a few snapshots from the end platform was too strong to resist. After Jove had given me several "sittings" I turned to enter the car, but found that the door had become latched. Knocking was useless, as the porter was shining shoes at the other end of the car. To kick with bare feet in a thunderstorm is a decided waste of energy. I could only wait until the train stopped at a way-station; but stops are more than an hour between, on the prairie. When at last the train drew up in front of a water tank, the entire storm poured into my lap,

and I thanked goodness I had on only a single garment to wet through. A few hurried steps over the cinder ballast changed my mind about running ahead to the front of the car, especially as I realized that the train was vestibuled and only the day-coach doors at the head of the train were open at night.

The train followed the course of a stream, and at every turn the storm threatened to wash me off the platform. Every now and then balls of lightning seemed to be running along the rails after the train, and I flattened myself against the car door to evade their shocking influence. The rain was followed by a hailstorm, and I did some lively gymnastic exercises to escape the smarting battery of bounding hailstones. There is where the other Kodak fellow lost his masterpiece.

At four o'clock in the morning I watched the dawn of another day. It was a glorious sight, but the enjoyment was somewhat marred by a battle with a swarm of prairie mosquitoes. At half-past five the porter opened the door of the car.



GREAT FIRE AT ATLANTIC CITY, 1902



JOVE'S AUTOGRAPH

"Mawnin', sah. Watchin' the sunrise?"

"Yes, been waiting for him for some time," was my reply.

My only regret was that I didn't have more plates—and a suit of clothes.

If it chanced that the photographer of today is a newspaper man, he must be ready at a moment's notice to snapshot anything, or anyone, at any time and place. And in filling the assignment every minute counts. Every detail of preparation, as to instruments and materials, must be constantly kept in mind.

Half-past two o'clock: A ring at the telephone:

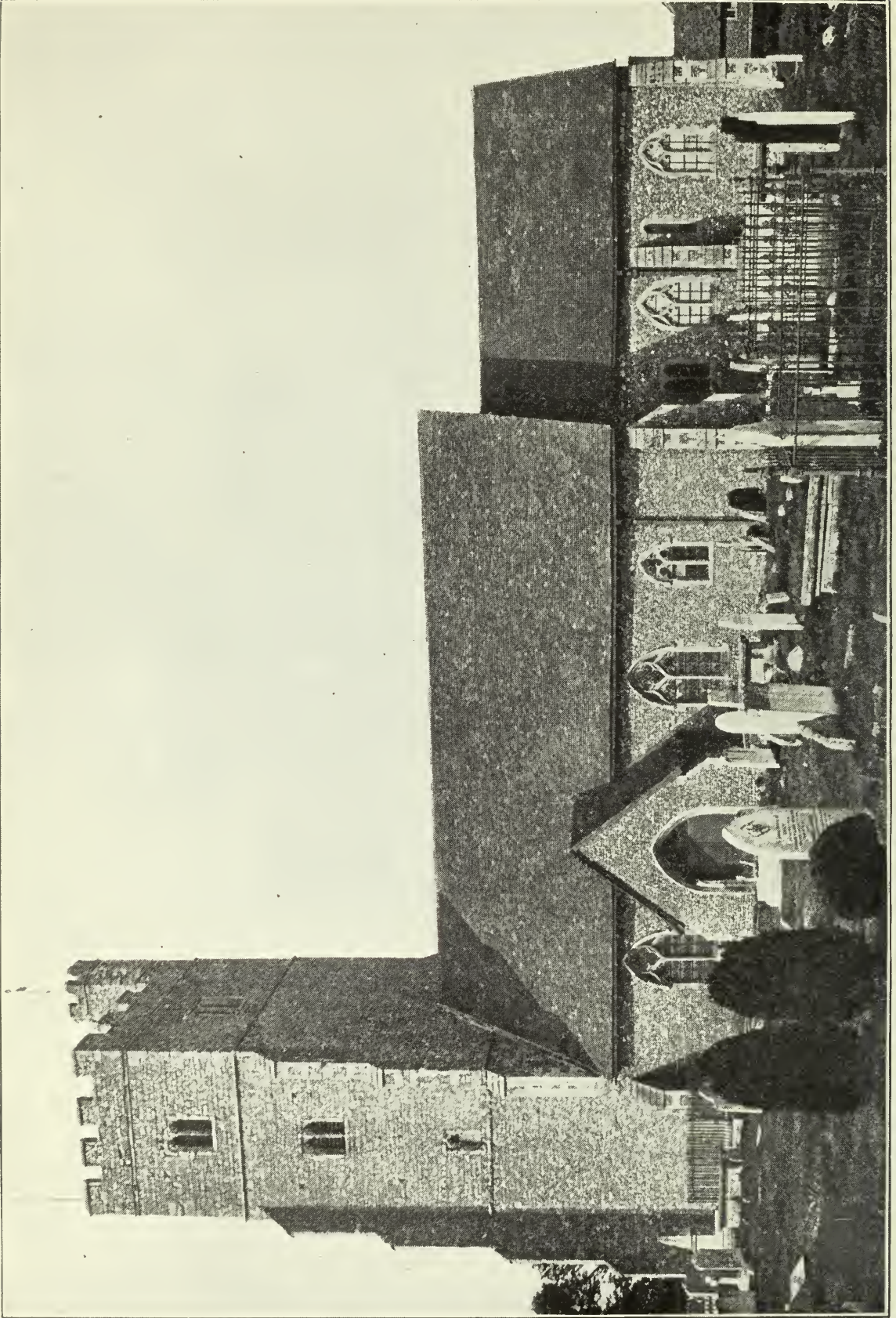
"This is New York *Hustler*. Big fire at Atlantic City. Get four pictures. Have 'em here before ten, sure."

Half-past two o'clock. I make the three train. From the cupola of a hotel at the fringe of the fire my camera shutter clicks. A few more exposures on the way to the railroad station. Philadelphia is reached at seven o'clock. Six plates developed. Prints made from wet negatives. Three squares

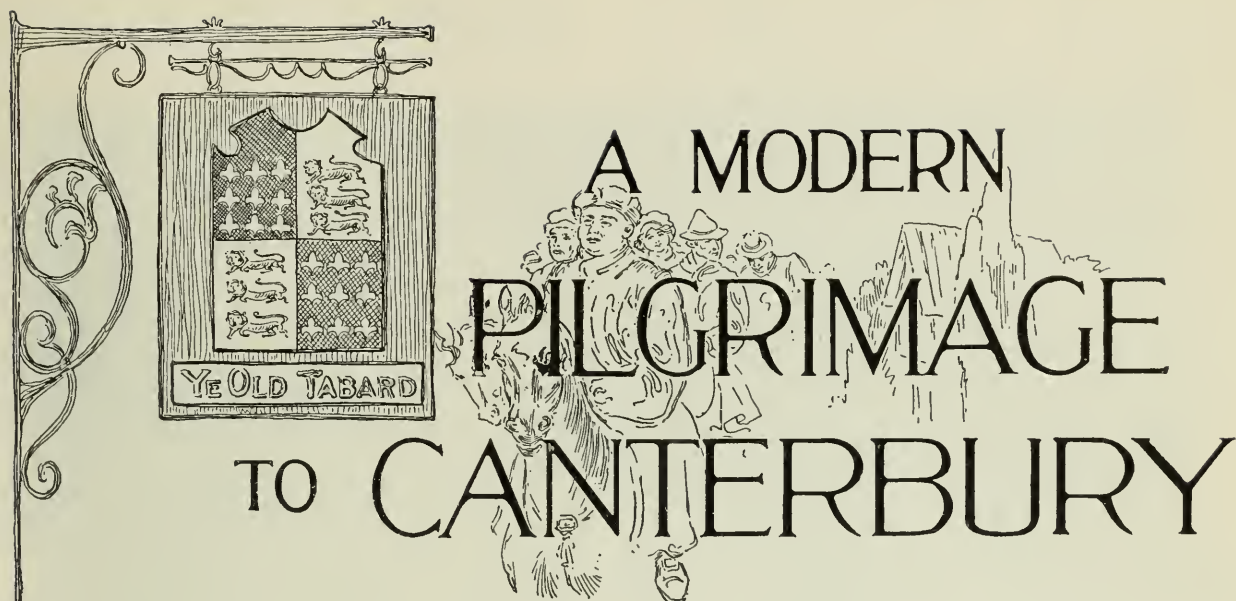
from station, five minutes to make the eight o'clock train. Pour hypo off prints and take them, still attached to bottom of fixing tray, on a wild rush to the depot. Run along train shed and just manage to board the fleeting train. Wash and dry the prints en route.

At nine-forty-five the editor of the *Hustler* glances up from his desk; grabs the package; selects four prints. "Good stuff," he mutters; writes on back: "5 col. layout." Before the City Hall clock strikes ten, the two remaining pictures have been accepted by another newspaper, and as I wend my way to the ferry-slip I sadly reflect upon the fact that the result of my half-day's nerve-racking, muscle-wearing, baldness-producing labor is simply so much "stuff."

E. J. Jennings.



RAINHAM PARISH CHURCH



Three main routes led to the shrine of St. Thomas, the objective point of Chaucer's immortal pilgrims. One lay along the Roman road which runs northwest from Dover. A second, pre-Roman in origin, and probably a trade-line of the early Britons, came by Winchester and the hillsides of mid-Kent and Surrey, meandering much from shrine to shrine. Our own course lies more to the north, and connects London with the ecclesiastical metropolis. It was the most important of the three, because the most frequented; it remains the most celebrated because Chaucer chose it for the background of his *Canterbury Tales*, that "well of English undefiled," which first made our language classic and fixed its features for all time.

The general direction of the route eastwards will appear from the sketch, which is taken from the publications of the Chaucer Society with the kind permission of the president. The dotted lines indicate the alternative routes suggested by Mr. Littlehales. The nature of the ground and the internal evidence of the poem led me to believe that the straight Roman road, itself a continuation of Watling Street, was the one selected by Chaucer. The journey to Canterbury is divided into four stages, marking the usual day's travel, at least on state occasions. To suppose, as many editors assumed, that the whole fifty-six miles were traversed and the stories told in a single day, does violence to the

tenor of the poem no less than it does to its text. Several of the characters are women, and others men of staid habits; they had no need of break-neck speed to prove an *alibi* or make a record; they set out "at a litel more than pas," that is, at a foot pace, and their purpose was "to talen and to pleye by the way." They dawdled along no doubt, as Thorpe tells us was the manner of pilgrims, with the undulatory motion we inherit from that time, and from Canterbury call a *canter*—a motion that is easier than a walk, but a rate of going that will scarcely bring you further than fifteen miles a day. Another consideration seems to me to be of weight. Our host of the Tabard, Henry Bailly, formerly member of Parliament, was treasurer and general caterer as well as commander of the party; he would naturally select the best lodging-places; and, with the exception of Ospringe, the most convenient houses of entertainment now, as then, are to be found in the towns indicated.

Our first stage extends from London to Dartford. Chaucer defines his starting point:

In Southwerk at the Tabard as I lay.

The site of the ancient hostelry can easily be identified from "Ye Old Tabard," No. 85 on the Borough High Street, not far from the south end of London Bridge and almost opposite the birthplace of John

Harvard, so well known in the history of New England. Beyond this, the two buildings have nothing in common. A like remark applies to the weather-beaten structure which occupied the same spot fifty years ago, illustrations of which are sometimes found in Chaucer's works, for no portion of the original Tabard Inn survived the destructive fire of 1676. To reconstruct Bailly's inn we must imagine a large wooden edifice butting on the High Street, of which "the chambers and the stables weren wide." An archway led to a spacious courtyard which lay four square, was surrounded by buildings, and roofed above. From the junction of the first and second stories there projected inwards on every side a gallery or platform guarded by a railing, as at

the Bull in Dartford, which gave access to the guests' sleeping apartments, and from which you might safely witness the plays and gambols so common in the inn-courts of Merry England. From this station, it is supposed, Chaucer watched the arrival of his future fellow-travelers :

Well nyne and twenty in a companye,
Of sondry folk, by aventure y-falle,
In felawshipe, and pilgrims were they alle,
That toward Caunterbury wolden ryde.

He is said to have made a private pilgrimage in 1388.

Proceeding by the High Street, we turn to the right at St. George's Church, and get into a thoroughfare whose successive designations are suggestive: the great Dover Road, Old Kent Road, New Cross Road. At St. Thomas A' Waterings, about two miles on and half way to Deptford, Boniface marshalled his array and had lots drawn, on pain of forfeit, who should tell the first story. No watering-place is now visible, for warehouses cover the ground, but the memory of St. Thomas is preserved in the name of a street and a tavern. Near-by is a Nonconformist chapel with the inscription :

This Tablet commemorates the martyrdom
At St. Thomas A' Waterings, Old Kent Road,
Of John Penry, M.A., on May 29th, 1593.
He died for liberty of conscience.
Erected in 1894.

Even good Queen Bess made martyrs of her subjects.

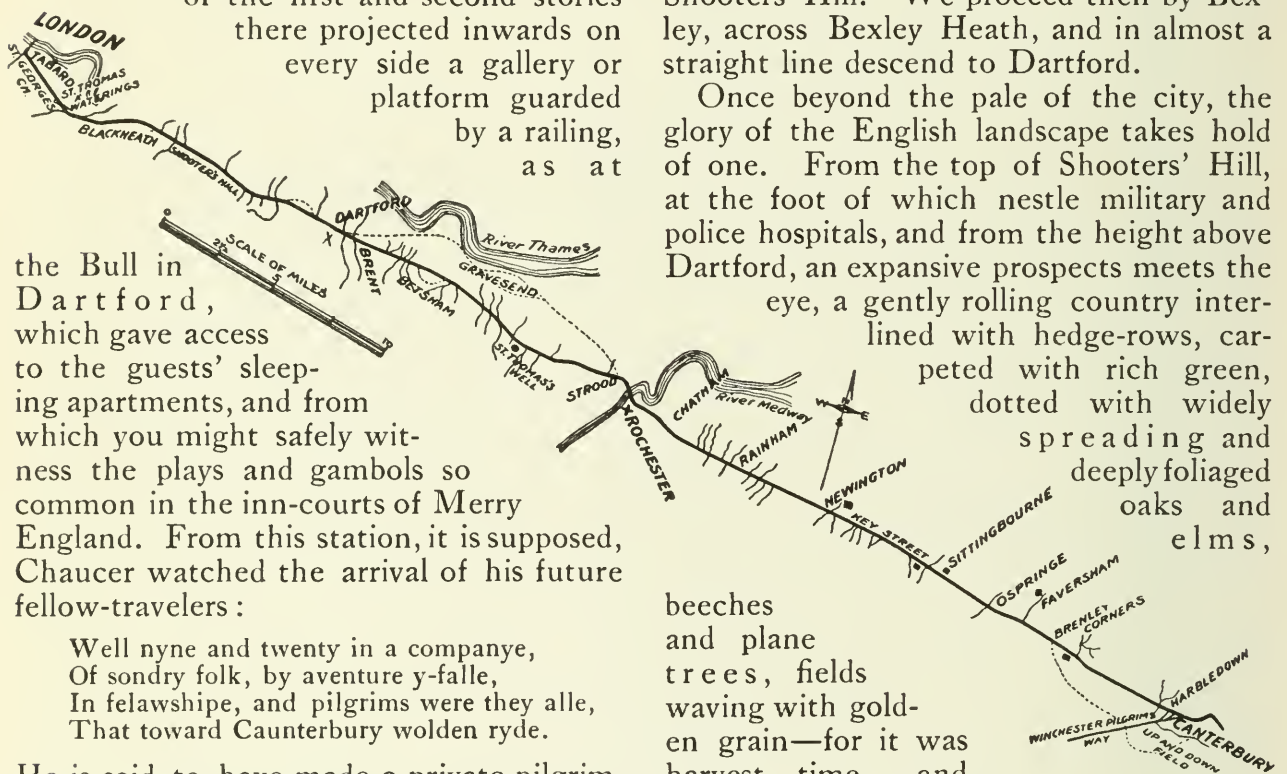
Crossing the Surrey boundary at Deptford, we enter Kent, climb Blackheath Hill, and soon find ourselves on the Heath, so noted in the past history of England, now one of the large open spaces which London liberally provides. Keeping close by Greenwich Park on the left hand, we diverge a little from the modern highway, to rejoin it further on, before it ascends Shooters' Hill. We proceed then by Bexley, across Bexley Heath, and in almost a straight line descend to Dartford.

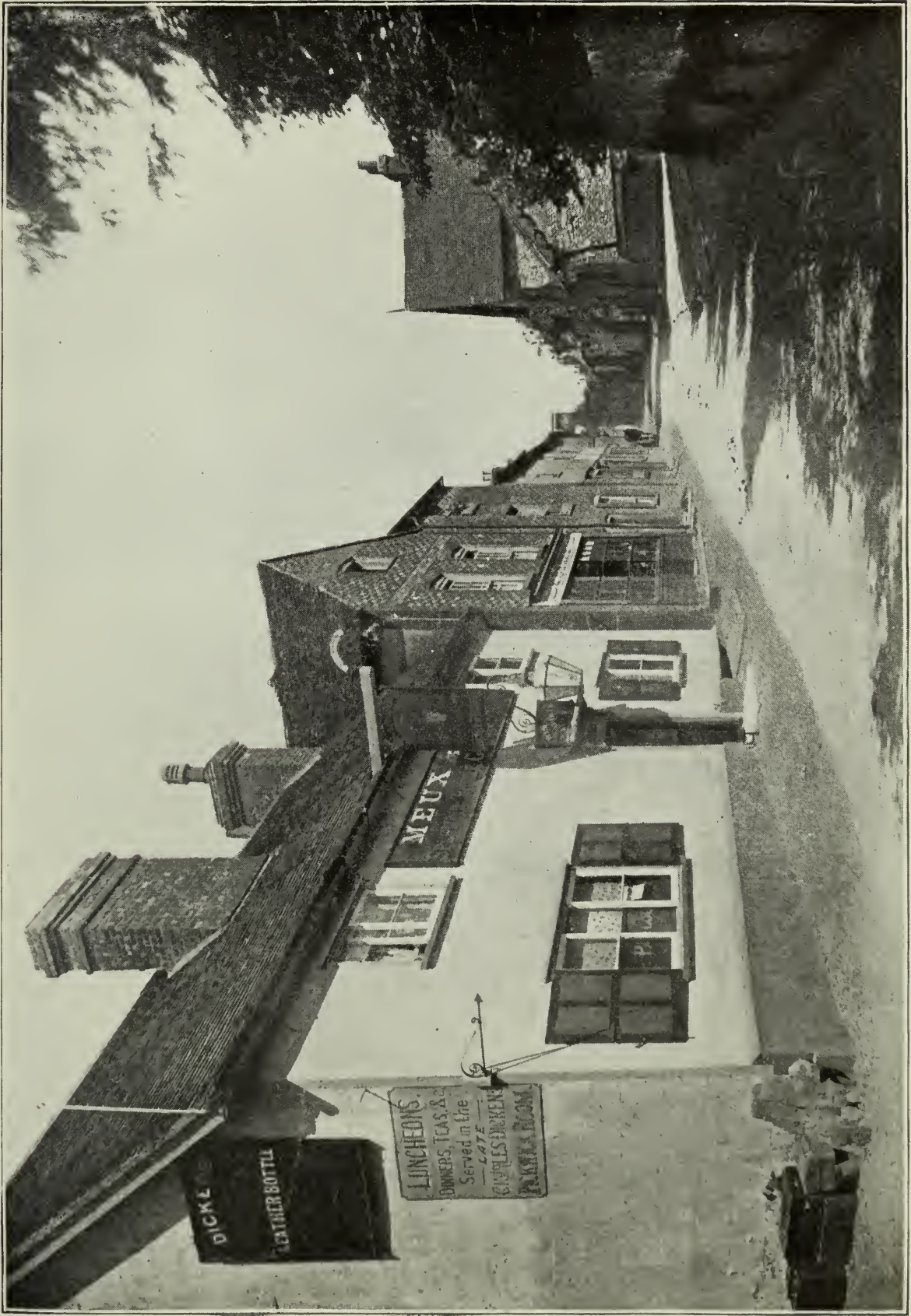
Once beyond the pale of the city, the glory of the English landscape takes hold of one. From the top of Shooters' Hill, at the foot of which nestle military and police hospitals, and from the height above Dartford, an expansive prospect meets the

eye, a gently rolling country interlined with hedge-rows, carpeted with rich green, dotted with widely spreading and deeply foliaged oaks and elms,

beeches and plane trees, fields waving with golden grain—for it was harvest time—and stately homes set in lawns, a picture of peace and wealth, the accumulated culture of a thousand years.

Rochester is our second stopping-place. We had come from the Tabard Inn by the Roman way, or very close to it, and had no serious difficulty in distinguishing the road. But just outside the engineering town of Wat Tyler, and arrived on the Brent or Common where Edward III. held high tournament in Chaucer's day, the question at once arose: Shall we take the present highway which bends to the north and passes through Gravesend—a route commonly used by pilgrims in the





INN AT COBHAM

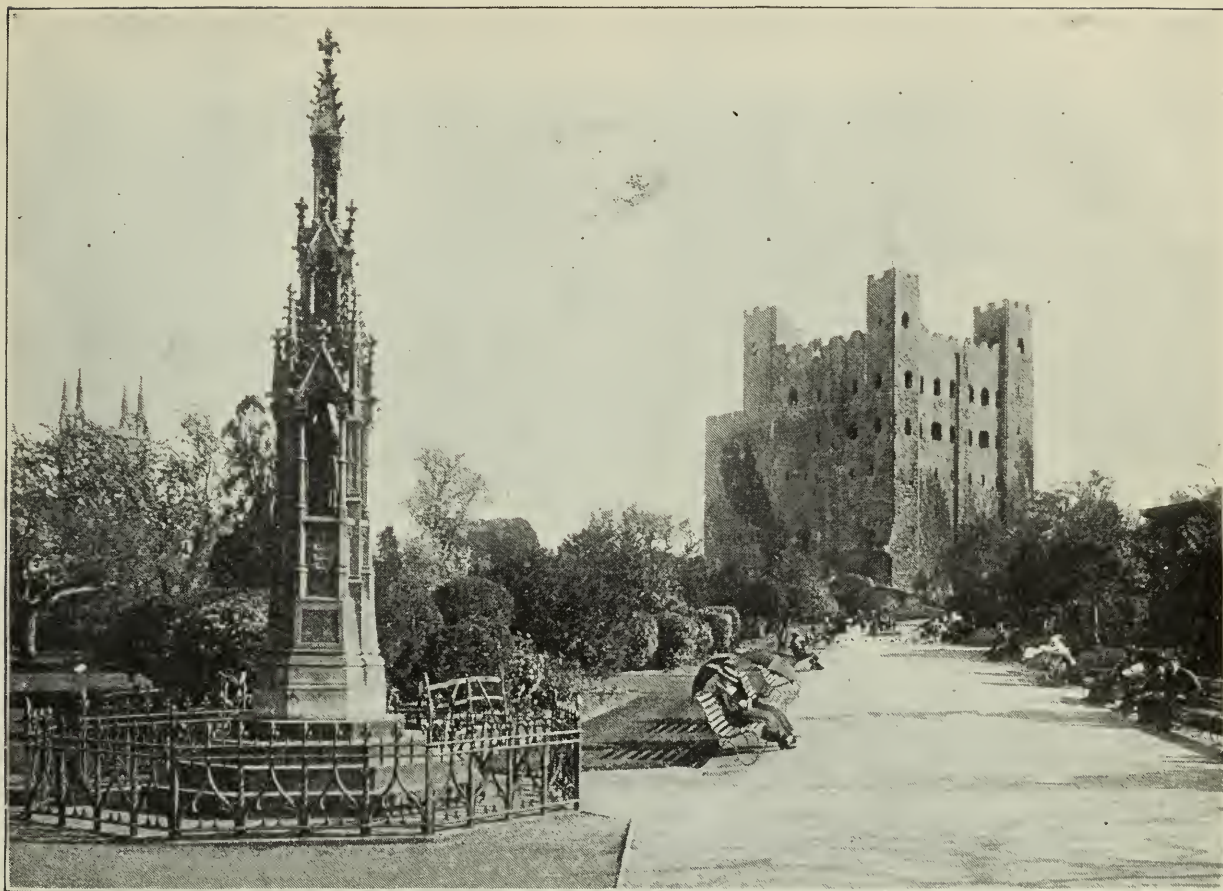
14th and 15th centuries? Or shall we choose the high and less frequented track which turns neither to the right nor the left but keeps straight on, over hill and down dale, so significant of Roman handiwork? In such a pass one has no small pleasure in following the opinion of so ripe a Chaucerian scholar as Dr. Furnival; and in doing so I was rewarded much beyond my expectations. Just above Betsham it brought me to the oldest specimen of Roman road-making I had seen, and for some miles together afforded the grateful shade of overhanging oaks and elms and limes leading to and through the famed woods of Shornham and Cobham. A visit to Cobham Hall—fortunately open on that day—its picture gallery, its park of about seven hundred acres, the Crow's Nest and Lake, naturally followed. A short excursion to the right brought me to the old village named from the ancient Lords de Cobham, the most famous of whom, Sir John Oldcastle, died for Lollardry or as a follower of Wicklif; another to

the left led to Gadshill, the later home of Dickens, the scene of Falstaff's attempt at highway robbery, "where oft good people did lose their ill-kept purses." By the side of the road is St. Thomas's Well and the remains of a pilgrim's shrine. Passing through the busy village of Strood, I reached Rochester in good time and found lodgment at the Bull, in the same room, I was told, that Dickens frequently occupied. Rochester is redolent of the *Pickwick Papers*.

The cathedral of the city bears its history on its front, for part is Saxon, part Norman, and part restored or modern Gothic. Its west door and the door of the Chapter House are good samples of English decorative art. Beyond the cathedral is the Norman hold or castle. From its walls I could observe the ancient Danish settlement, one of few made on the south side of the Thames. These free-booters had forced a passage up the Medway and had for long enjoyed special privileges. Watt's hospital for poor travelers "not



DICKENS' HOUSE, GADSHILL



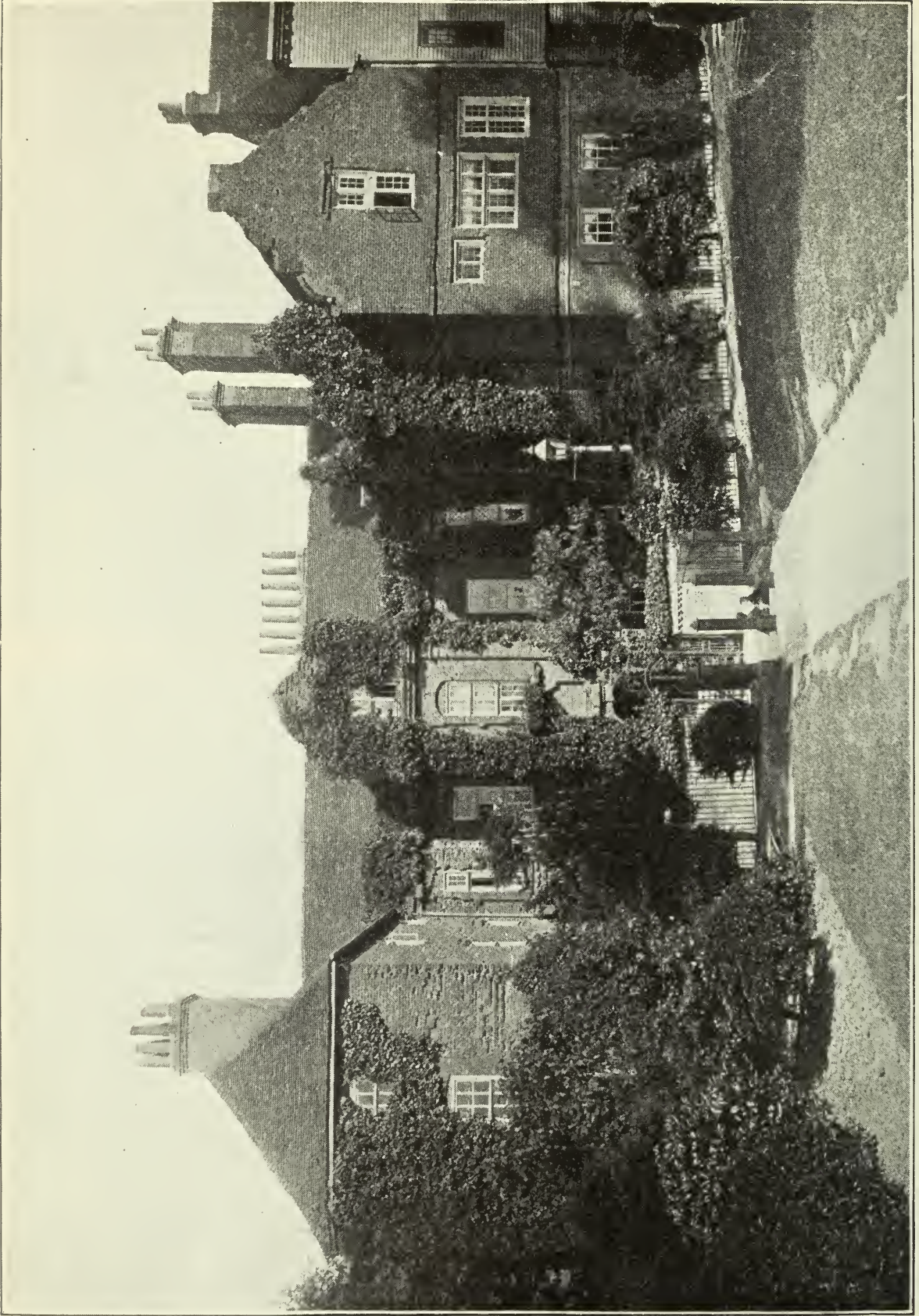
ROCHESTER CASTLE AND MEMORIAL

vagabonds nor proctors" is known to all readers of Dickens. The Eastgate House and Restoration House, so called because Charles II. rested there, are representative of the 16th century in England, and recall respectively its earlier and later development in domestic architecture.

In the third stage I stopped short at Sittingbourne, which has better accommodation than Ospringe. The Chatham dockyards and a stroll over the Garrison Common, which is next in size to Salisbury Plains in England, and from which there is a good view of the junction of the Medway with the Thames, occupied the first part of the day. Resuming the Pilgrims' road and ascending the hill at New Brompton, Jezreel's Temple, grim and gaunt, stands four square in the foreground, an unfinished structure of thirty years ago and now falling into ruin. It was built by a body of enthusiasts under the leadership of a discharged soldier whose name it bears, and was intended for a habitation where they might put in practice Owen's communistic theories of the

new life, and whence they might ascend to heaven at the sound of the last trumpet, then presently expected. Separatist in doctrine, they were credited with economical as well as spiritual instincts. I found but a solitary occupant of the hideous monster.

From New Brompton, Watling Street runs straight through Rainham, Newington, and Sittingbourne in the midst of a fruitful district abounding in hop-fields. The church at Rainham shows the prevailing type of minor ecclesiastical buildings in Kent. It is of the style called perpendicular, dates from Tudor times, is built of flint, and has numerous brasses commemorative of local celebrities. In passing through Newington, once the site of a monastery, I seemed to have come unawares on Irving's Sleepy Hollow by the Hudson, or dropped suddenly on Rabelais' Chinon, "the oldest city in the world." Not a man, woman, or child was to be seen; the shutters were up and the blinds down; there was not even a dog to break the silence, which grew more eery as the



RESTORATION HOUSE, ROCHESTER

sound of my footsteps echoed and re-echoed through the vacant habitations, while yet the sun stood high. It was with no small feeling of relief that I emerged into the open country and pursued my way to Sittingbourne. I learned afterwards that the whole town had gone "a-hopping." Sittingbourne is a thriving industrial village and has several good hotels, among them the "Red Lion," an ancient fabric where, tradition says, Henry V. was sumptuously entertained, on his return victorious from France, at the cost to the freeholders of nine shillings and nine pence.

The last stage brings us to Canterbury. Whatever it may have been in Chaucer's time, Ospringe is now a geographical expression. I turned off the highway to see the "King's litel town of Fefresham," where St. Crispin learned his trade, James II. was detained in his attempted flight, and a *Maison Dieu* still stands to remind us that leprosy once prevailed in England; but not less to examine its curious and vast chalk caves or pillared caverns. Some say that they are nature's work; others, that they were excavated by our Celtic forefathers for purposes unknown; while a third party confidently affirms that the smugglers of the coast knew well how they came into existence. However that may be, the newly created rural authorities, in their zeal for the local weal, have safeguarded the public interest by interdicting to the gypsy sisterhood the enjoyment of their ample accommodations.

The country side grows more and more attractive as one approaches Canterbury. At Boughton under Bleau, as will be remembered, our pilgrims shook off the alchemist and his black art that turned everything to gold. Just beyond the free port of Dunkirk and within hail of the Black Prince's Well is Harbledown where Erasmus and Colet, their pilgrimage over, had their wrangle about the begging propensities of the brotherhood. It is generally supposed to be the

place indicated by Chaucer in these words:

Wite ye nat wher ther stant a litel town
Which that y-cleped is Bop-up-and-Doun,
Under the Blee, in Caunterbury weye?

Taking the high road, we turn to the right by St. Dunstan's Church and, passing through the West Gate, proceed up High Street to the County Hotel. A little further on stands an old but renovated inn. It claims to have associations with the pilgrims, but not of so early a date as Chaucer's time. We should recollect that pilgrimages to Canterbury continued till Henry VIII.'s day.

It was Saturday evening, the sun was setting but the sky was still bright; I



WEST DOOR, ROCHESTER CATHEDRAL

could not therefore resist the temptation to seek the higher ground above Harbledown for a complete view. Below me lay the city with its many pinnacles and, further on, the valley of the Stour broadening down to Ebbesfleet. Up this valley fourteen hundred years ago, came Augustine and his little band to reconquer Britain to Christianity. What hard work they found it, history tells. For six hundred years Canterbury remained of merely local fame. How then came it to raise so vast a cathedral pile as this, to draw pilgrims not merely "from every shires ende of Engelond" but from Europe, to besprinkle its approaches with shrines to a radius of fifty miles, and, at a bound, as I may say, become in the twelfth century the second city of Christendom in dignity, the first in sanctity? This great miracle came by a tragedy that was enacted here on the 29th of December, 1170, when Thomas A' Becket, foremost of English saints, was done to death in the transept of his

own Cathedral, close to the shrine of St. Benedict. It was a murder of a defenceless man by four armed and noble ruffians; if you consider his person, his high office or the place, it was a sacrilege of no common atrocity; it was a martyrdom, if you recall the conflict he was engaged in, the cause for which he died. To be thus stricken down by ruthless power and have the courage so to die, was a victory for him, a victory for the church he served, a victory for humanity, the benefit of which we still enjoy. When one thinks of these things, one ceases to wonder that miraculous virtues were attributed to his tomb, that miraculous deeds were wrought at his shrine, or that thousands bent their steps yearly to Canterbury

The holy blisful martir for to seke,
That hem hath holpen, whan that they were
seke.

J. B. Browning.



CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL

A TWENTIETH CENTURY FORECAST

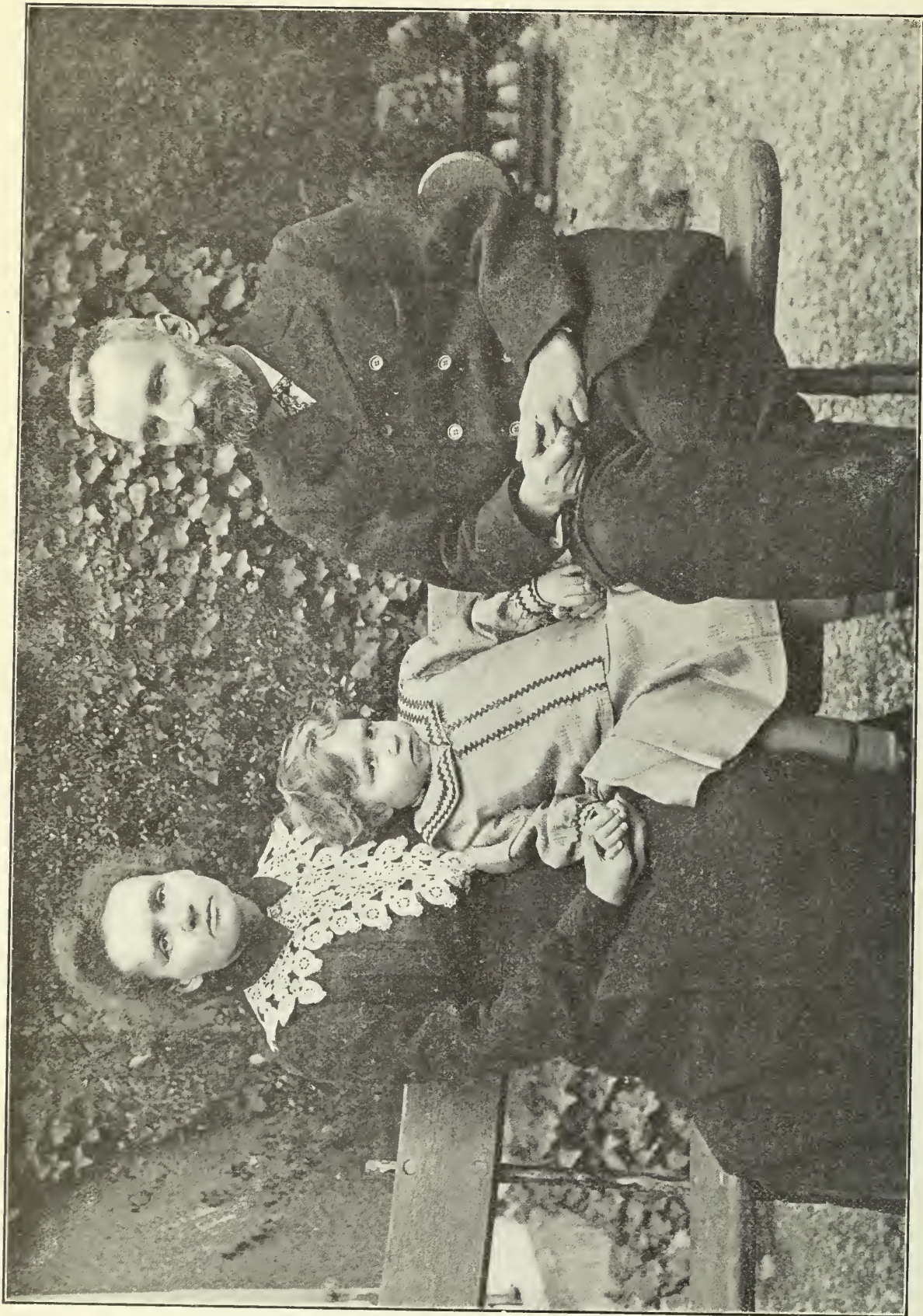
BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE

Nature is described by philosophy as the physical correspondence of a spiritual truth; so that it has two sides, or approaches, either or both of which may be attempted by those who would solve its secrets and acquire control over it. Up to the time of Bacon, roughly speaking, investigations were carried on from the spiritual side, by the so-called Hermetic philosophers; but after him the present scientific methods were adopted, and have been pushed with great vigor and success. Science, for practical purposes, ignores the spiritual aspect of nature; or it assumes that the spiritual is but a refinement of the physical, continuous with the latter, and accessible through it. But the analysis of matter has now been pushed so far that the situation is ambiguous; for the atom is held to be a manifestation of force; and the distinction between force and spirit is less than that between force and matter. As the pursuit proceeds, definitions become obscure, and the physicist and the metaphysician get entangled. With this condition, the twentieth century opens.

The foregoing century had been regarded as the period *par excellence* of scientific discovery and invention. Certainly, its achievements, especially in the manipulation of electricity, were large and striking. But though electricity is employed in the arts and manufactures, in lighting, heating, transportation and communication, we do not know what it is in itself; it may be the effect of a cause as yet unguessed. Some of its manifestations imitate so closely the phenomena of life that it has been suggested that they may be at bottom the same thing. The theory of vibrations has also attained great importance; and it seems as if, could we control these, we might hope to create matter itself. The general tendency, at "the end" of the nineteenth century, was towards the elimina-

tion of physical media (as in wireless telegraphy) and to approach a condition where the mind or will of man should act directly upon matter. It remains for the twentieth century to prove whether this anticipation can be warranted by experiments. Doubtless, the distance between the forecast and the realization is still vast; but, remembering what victories have already been won, one would not care to say that even this is impossible.

It has, indeed, been prophesied that scientific discovery and invention have seen their most active phase, and that henceforth there will be a gradual cessation of sensational events. But this view is probably due to a feeling that science cannot go much beyond its present point, and remain science. It may be surmised, however, that investigation and discovery will still go on, whether or not on technically scientific lines; and that whatever may be discovered will ultimately be reduced to scientific terms, of a kind. We may conceivably find it expedient to revert to something resembling former methods; and, while not abandoning the physical approaches to nature, supplement them by incursions from the spiritual side. It would not be surprising if, a hundred years from now, we should find great gains made by an intelligent and systematized application of what we should now regard as purely mental forces. Miracles are miracles only until you know how to do them. The Hindu occultists, who seem to use *a priori* methods, proceed also by induction, but so subtly that the student of their result is deceived. Any alert mind, in meditating upon abstruse subjects, may detect in itself a similar spontaneous jugglery; and it is very likely that this is the better way, and may finally supplant the present plodding system.



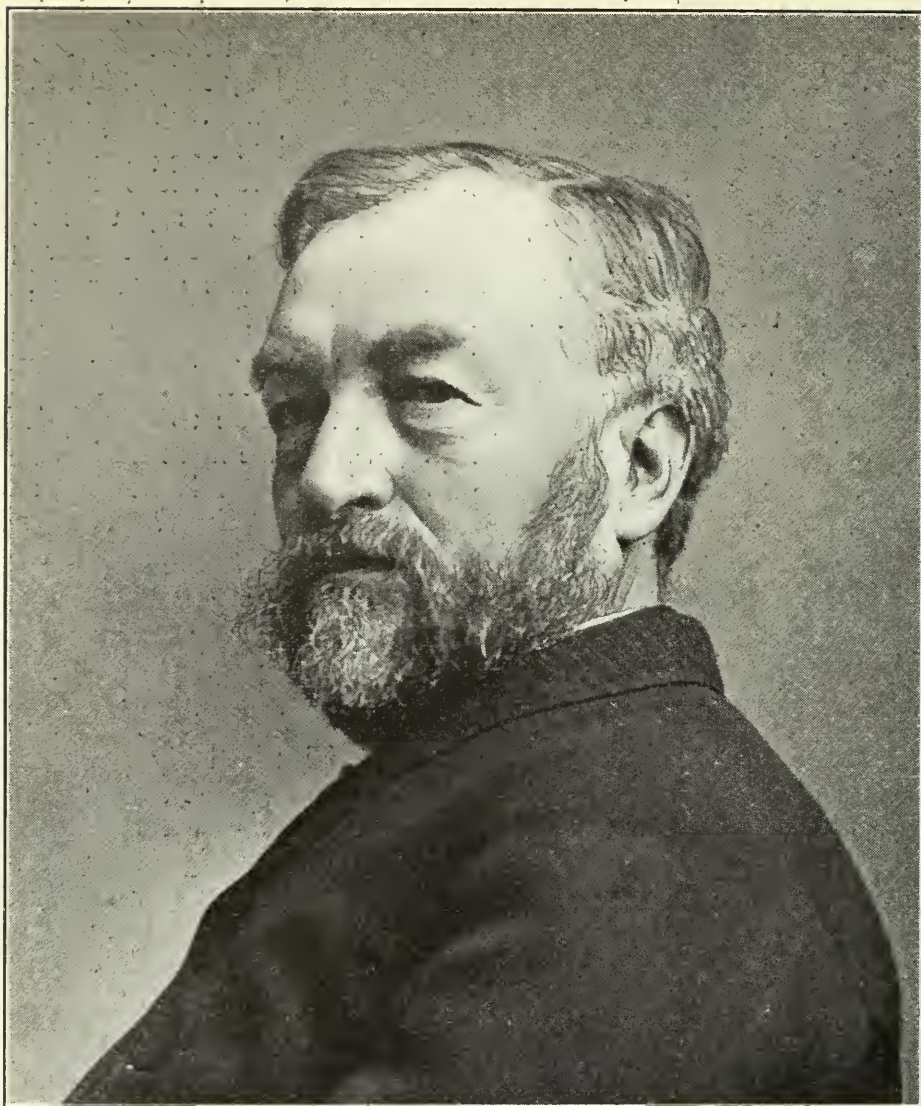
PROFESSOR AND MADAME CURIE

JOINT DISCOVERERS OF RADIUM

But the processes may be left to the experts; the results are fascinating enough to the layman. The nineteenth century tried to fly and failed, after getting, apparently, very close to it in the experiments of Maxim with aeroplanes; which seems, after all our Santos-Dumont vicissitudes, the sounder principle of the two. The balloon flies, or floats, but the public, when it comes down to them, will not trust themselves to air-currents for the transaction of their aerial business; they want safety and certainty. Professor Langley, while this is being written, is at actual grips with his theory; his machine is finished and balancing on the brink before spreading its wings; and if his theory be right, it is a matter of practice only before we shall see that great problem solved, and marvel that we did not solve it long ago. But it is also imaginable that we may improve upon him by finding out how to annul this great bugbear of gravitation; the investigations into the finer qualities of matter may explain just what this thing we call weight is; and when we know that, we shall be on the way towards getting rid of it. The flying machine, commercial and domestic, will introduce such enormous modifications into our economic and social order that it seems as if we would have to reconstruct them entirely; war, custom-houses, architecture, cities, and all that depends on them, can no longer remain as they were. Meanwhile, in the event of Langley's failure, it would be well to study birds a little more closely; it has been assumed that muscular force has much to do with their powers of flight; but we think so only because most of our physical activity is based upon muscular exertion, or seems to be so. But there is nothing in the muscular system of a sea-gull which can explain its remaining for hours and perhaps for days on the wing; and it may turn out that electricity, or some sister power, is helping them in a manner so simple as to have hitherto escaped detection. Why should not man walk on air, or cleave it with the speed of an arrow, without any material machinery whatever? The atmosphere should open before him and let him through, in an instant, to the point his mind has fixed upon. But this is after the secret of matter has been penetrated.

The telegraph and telephone are doubtless destined, in the coming century, to be superseded by some far simpler and more effective device. The ideal is, not only to converse, but to see, freely and distinctly, at any distance, without cumbersome apparatus. I must say that Mr. Marconi's expedients appear rather primitive and awkward. We must not be hindered by the height of poles or the curvature of the planet. We may build machines of greater and greater refinement and delicacy; but when we come to our limit in that direction, shall we not find in ourselves all the machinery that is needed, and in a form far more efficient? Why not study our own nervous organism, of the resources of which we are so singularly ignorant? Already it does strange feats, but only by fits and starts, and uncontrollably; surely it is thinkable that we may learn to control such manifestations. The organic processes of the body are still beyond our power to regulate them; we do not know how to slow down our heart-beats, or to stimulate our digestion; but it would be rash to question our ability to improve in this direction. When we come to apply this nervous control to that wonderful engine called the brain, we shall begin to get ahead. By concentrating attention and will upon this or that particular region of it, we should be able to arouse it to a state of sensitiveness hitherto unknown; and a system of rapport between persons could be established which would achieve startling, but perfectly natural, results. It is humiliating, when you come to think of it, that we should remain such helpless waiters upon the brute phenomena of space and time; and I cannot believe our servitude is destined to last much longer.

In the category of vibrations there has recently appeared a singularly interesting suggestion looking towards the abatement of the mosquito pest. The charge against mosquitoes of propagating disease makes this important; yet it would hardly be worth mentioning here, did it not hint at further developments of the principle involved, to take in more considerable creatures than these noxious insects. By sounding a certain note on a tuning-fork, it is asserted that mosquitoes may be violently attracted towards the sound, and by



PROFESSOR S. P. LANGLEY

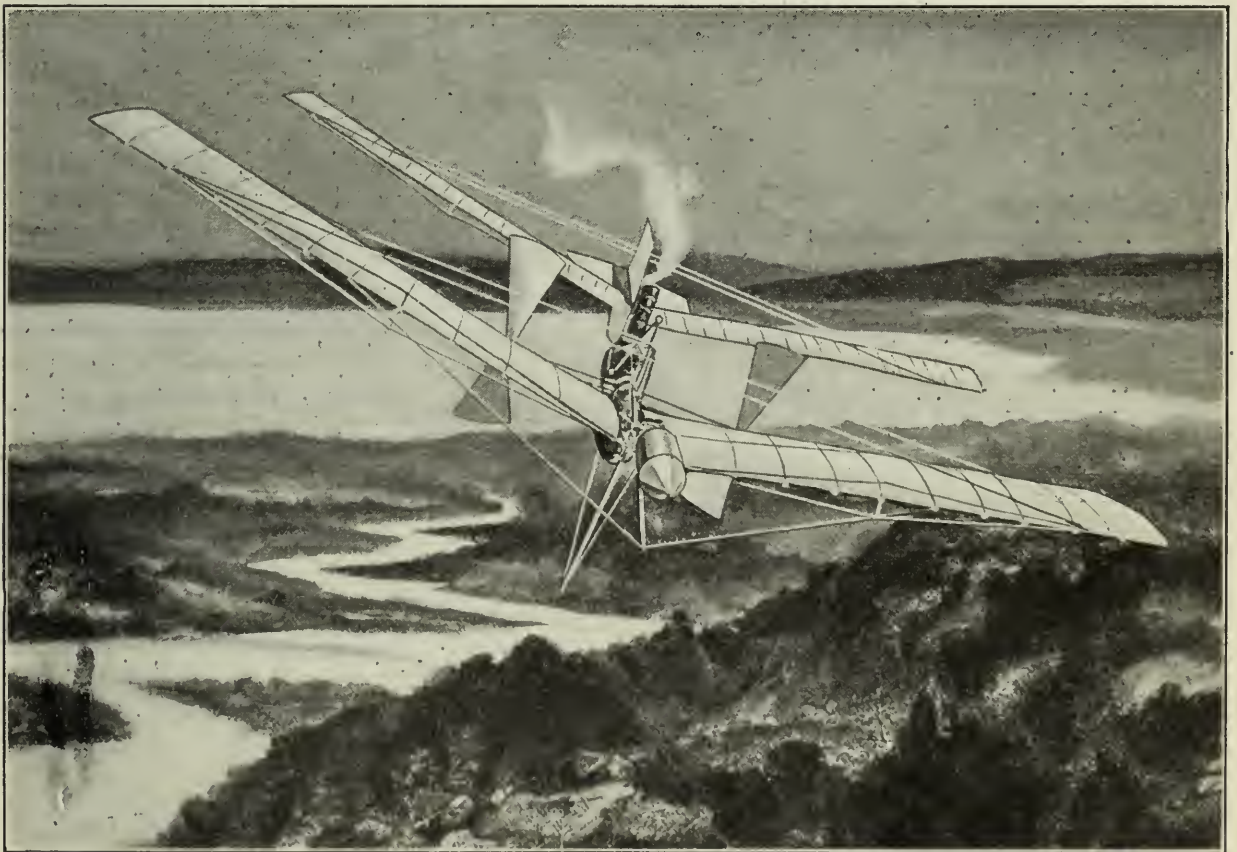
rigging up a screen through which an electric current can be sent they may be slaughtered wholesale. There can be nothing unique or unprecedented in the organism of the mosquito; all animals, and even all material objects, are probably responsive to certain musical sounds. If this be so; nothing but a series of carefully-conducted experiments lies between us and the discovery of the "key-note" of any given thing or creature. It is well known that a note from a singer's throat may cause a wine-glass to fall in fragments. Certain harmonies powerfully affect certain human beings. Dogs howl at certain musical passages; and there are many cognate instances. These are hints, which should be resolutely and keenly followed up. It may be that death and life (within

limits) lie between the extremes of the musical scale. In fact, the power of music, in the broad sense of the term, has hardly been touched upon; but vibrations which cannot affect the tympanum consciously may prove far more effective, through the brain, than any so-called sounds. Our time will not be wasted by giving it to the pursuit of these researches.

Professor Röntgen's discovery may be conceded to the nineteenth century; but its cousins, of which the chief is radium, appear to belong to the twentieth; at present, in its expensive state, it is the perquisite of a small group of favored individuals, one of whom belongs to the superior sex. It is extraordinary, not only in itself, but in the fact that nobody as yet pretends to know what it is, or why it acts as it does.

One of the great guns of science is quoted as saying that it endangers the theory of the conservation of energy; and it is also surmised that it may alter our views as to the nature of matter itself. Nevertheless, it may prove to be one of the most widely distributed substances in nature. The small pieces of it that are extant in an approximately pure state are said to keep up a continual bombardment of space with minute particles of itself; in spite of which its weight is so little diminished that at the end of millions of years it is practically the same as at first. Whence comes this enormous energy, which propels fragments of matter at the rate of one hundred and twenty thousand miles a second, without ever seeming to draw breath or to lose power? These fragments are so small, or otherwise so penetrating, that they pass through most other kinds of matter unhindered; they produce photographs under the most unlikely conditions, they generate painful sores or burns on the skin, and do other odd things. If you went into a room with a pound of radium in it, you would

probably be killed. A thing which has this capacity for mischief ought to be not less valuable as a curative agent in certain ailments; in fact, here we have an engine of unknown but undoubtedly enormous powers, which we may use as soon as we can find a handle to safely take hold of it by. Radium appears to give us access to a very interior shrine of nature; and, of course, the farther we penetrate into nature's interior the closer we are to the principle which controls all her manifestations. Radium is like the magic sword of the fairy tales, which conquers everything. If the various forms which matter assumes, which we call substances, are produced by some fine medium in various states of vibration; if we can find out what the respective rates of these vibrations are; and if we can get hold of a thing which will give us control of them—enable us to change one rate of vibration into another—then, surely, the realm of material things is at our command. Discussing the investigations of Professor and Madame Curie of Paris, the discoverers of polonium and



THE LANGLEY AERODROME IN FLIGHT

radium, Sir Oliver Lodge has recently said: "Here, then, we appear to have, in embryo, a transmutation of the elements, the possibility of which has for so long been the guess and the desire of alchemists. Whether the progress of research will confirm this hypothesis, and whether any of the series of substances so produced are already familiarly known to us in ordinary chemistry, remains to be seen. It is not in the least likely that any one radio-active substance can furnish in its stages of collapse the whole series of elements; most likely one substance will give one series, and another substance will give another."

The power to transmute one thing into another is the master power of all. What is gold? What is granite? What is wood-fibre? What is the stuff of which the animal cell is composed? They are all the same thing at bottom; nature, at the root, is an absolute unity. Fix your grasp on that unity; learn how to wield it, and you may retire into space and manufacture a planet and set it whirling. Of course, when I talk of radium, I do not know what I am talking about, and my ignorance is in good and numerous company. But the point is, that radium, though it may not be the key to unlock the unity to us, does appear to be a step towards finding that key; if we have not yet arrived, we are on the road to our destination. This is an immense advantage; though there may be a long road before us ere we get to the end. Here is a finger-post; let us travel whither it points.

And, if radium does undermine the time-honored theory of the conservation of energy, it is an intimation of things which are precious to philosophy, if not to practical life. The conservation of energy shuts us up in a box, into which nothing new can enter, from which nothing can escape. Among other things which are thus shut out, or in, is the Creator Himself. But the Creator is infinite; how can He be enclosed or excluded? The destruction of the conservation of energy theory would discredit that other great creed of the last century—the alleged truth of evolution. Man would not have been evolved, through interminable continuous processes, from the protoplasmic cell; but each successive

order in nature would be distinctly created, without continuity. There would be some—and that the characteristic—thing or principle in each step of the series which had not been in the series up to that time. And the Creator, consequently, would be relieved from the present charge of having set a machine going in the beginning which has been running ever since without His interference, leaving Him to amuse Himself otherwise or not at all, and He would be shown in a state of constant and infinite activity; forever bringing in fresh energy from His infinite resources, and applying it to our daily and momentary needs. Industrious gentlemen would no longer occupy themselves with the search for missing links; since the characteristic thing about creation would be that there were not, and could not be, any missing links in it.

We catch sight of these mountain peaks far ahead; but the eye outruns the foot, and before we can enter into possession of the peaks we must climb up to them, step by step. Let us be content that the peaks are there, and we are drawing nearer to them. Machinery will become more and more automatic, until it does all our drudgery without our needing to turn the crank. When that point is reached, machinery will disappear altogether, and we shall produce what it now effects by a direct fiat of volition. We shall lay aside our telescopes and microscopes, and enter into familiar intercourse with the remote and minute through the employment of senses indefinitely developed from those we now possess, or, shall I say, freshly created for our need. We shall control climates, and modify the surface of the planet; removing what is noxious, and bringing forth what is good and beautiful. We shall live long lives, in health and felicity, and die with a closing of the eyelids, passing from the externally to the internally seen—from the appearance to the reality. This world and the next will look lovingly in each others' faces, and consciously coöperate with each other.

Duncan Stewart



Odd Applications to an Ambassador

But at times zeal for improvements at home goes perilously far toward turning the activity of an ambassador or minister from its proper channels. Scores of people write regarding schools for their children, instructors in music, cheap boarding-houses; and I have had an excellent fellow-citizen ask me to send him a peck of turnips.

Among the many odd applications received at that period, one revealed an American superstition by no means unusual. The circumstances which led to it were as follows:

An ample fund, said to be forty or fifty thousand dollars, had been collected in Philadelphia for the erection of an equestrian statue to Washington, and it had been finally decided to intrust the commission to Professor Siemering, one of the most eminent of modern German sculptors. One day there came to me a letter from an American gentleman, whom I had met occasionally many years before, asking me to furnish him with a full statement regarding Professor Siemering's works and reputation. As a result I made inquiries among the leading authorities of modern art, and, everything being most favorable, I at last visited his studio, and found a large number of designs and models of works on which he was then engaged, two or three being of the highest importance, among them the great war monument at Leipzig.

I also found that although he had executed and was executing important works for various other parts of Germany, he had not yet put up any great permanent work in Berlin, though the designs of the admirable temporary statues and decorations on the return of the troops from the Franco-Prussian War to the metropolis had been intrusted largely to him.

These facts I stated to my correspondent in a letter, and in due time received an answer in substance as follows:

SIR:—Your letter confirms me in the opinion I had formed. The intrusting of the great statue of Washington to a man like Siemering is a job and an outrage. It is clear that he is a mere pretender, since he has erected no statue as yet in Berlin. That statue of the Father of our Country ought to have been intrusted to native talent. I have a son fourteen years old who has already greatly distinguished himself. He has modeled a number of figures in butter and putty which all my friends think are most remarkable. I am satisfied that he could have produced a work which, by its originality and power, would have done honor to our country and to art.

Yours very truly,

Curious, too, was the following. One morning the mail brought me a large packet filled with little squares of cheap cotton cloth. I was greatly puzzled to know their purpose until, a few days later, there came a letter which, with changes of proper names, ran as follows:

PODUNK, ———, 1880.

SIR:—We are going to have a fancy fair for the benefit of the ——— Church in this town, and we

are getting ready some autograph bed-quilts. I have sent you a package of small squares of cotton cloth, which please take to the Emperor William and his wife, also to Prince Bismarck and the other princes and leading persons of Germany, asking them to write their names on them, and send them to me as soon as possible.

Yours truly,

P. S.—Tell them to be sure to write their names in the middle of the pieces, for fear that their autographs may get sewed in.

—*Andrew D. White* in *The Century*.

The Birth-Rate in Fiction

As the question of the size of the family appears to be much discussed just now, I should like to call attention to the low birth-rate in novels and plays, which, united as it is with a high death-rate, will inevitably lead to the rapid extermination of the hero and heroine. I am under the impression also that the birth-rate is decreasing, and while families of a respectable size may be found occasionally in Thackeray and Dickens, they scarcely exist in Meredith, Hardy, and James. Although, so far as I am aware, attention has never been called to the alarming conditions, their existence will be recognized readily by readers of novels and play-goers. It will suffice to refer to two novels, which I think are fairly typical — *Vanity Fair* and *Beauchamp's Career*.

Becky Sharp was an only child, nor do we hear of uncles or aunts. *Vanity Fair* is a novel without a hero. Sir Pitt Crawley, twice married, has four children, his brother five, and his sister none; so there is an average family of three, just sufficient to maintain that questionable line. Osborne and Dobbin each have two sisters, and we have again the family required for a stationary population. The Sedley family consists of brother and sister. In the next generation, however, things are worse. Amelia has two husbands and two children, Becky one child, Sir Pitt one, and Josh none. This is apparently an average family of 1.83, which is almost exactly that of the Harvard graduates, according to President Eliot.

In *Beauchamp's Career* Nevil is an only child and leaves a child to survive him;

Everard Romfrey, marrying childless Mrs. Culling, has one child who dies in infancy; his brother has none; old Mrs. Beauchamp has none. Austin, Baskellett, Lydiard, and Dr. Shrapnel leave no posterity. Of the three heroines, Jenny and Cecilia are only children; Renée is of the typical French family of two, but has herself no children. This is obviously a very bad state of affairs — an average family of one-half child and a net fertility of only 0.43. As these statistics have been collected in large measure from a fallible memory, they may not be exactly correct, and they may not be entirely representative, but I am confident that they would be substantially confirmed by more accurate and extensive data. They certainly foretell the rapid extermination of the population of the novel.

The conditions appear to be still worse in the drama. It is true that here the marriage rate is high, and something may be left to the imagination. But Hamlet, Macbeth, Othello, and Romeo have no lines of descent, nor does Lear, though he has three daughters. In the current play the woman with a past may occasionally have a child; she certainly never has the average family of four to five; but her extermination is not so deplorable. — *Popular Science Monthly*.

The Money Trust

The marvelous development of American industry in recent years has increased very decidedly the demands made upon our banking system at the very time when such business has been drifting toward the city of New York. Between 1897 and 1902 the total bank clearings of the country increased from fifty-four to one hundred and sixteen billions of dollars, while the proportion falling to the New York Clearing House rose from fifty-seven to sixty-four per cent. of the entire volume of these transactions. This has caused an unprecedented increase of the capital employed; so that within five years the banking institutions of New York have enlarged their capital, surplus, and undivided profits from \$232,000,000 to \$451,000,000. And if to these figures we add the increased deposits secured from outside banks, we



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Courtesy McClure's Magazine

THE CONTENTED GOOSE-HERD

The chief asset of these corporations is the stupidity of the public. Inflated securities sell because bankers and promoters can rely upon the willingness of the people to be robbed. Enormous bond issues can be underwritten because the people can be relied upon to pay the interest in the shape of unnecessary and exorbitant charges or prices. An examination of all the franchise property in the City of Westport will show that only about twenty-five per cent. of their nominal capitalization represents honest investment, the remaining seventy-five per cent. being the net capital value of the people's consent. Nor is Westport an exceptional city.—*J. McA. Palmer in McClure's Magazine.*



From a drawing by Paul Thiriat

From The Tatler

THE MOTHER OF PRESIDENT LOUBET

can form some adequate estimate of the strength of the forces that have been concentrating our banking interests in a single city.

In this connection it must be observed that the largest banks in New York are, for all practical purposes, corporation banks. Some of them frankly state that they do not care for small customers, by which is meant depositors whose accounts average from one to twenty thousand dollars; and all of them cultivate principally the business of the larger corporations and of out-of-town banks. These features of their policy entail certain important results. It is a well-known fact that deposits of a small or moderate size are more stable than "millionaire" accounts, which are likely to be drawn down very rapidly when money is high. Only a short time ago one of the big banks was notified, an hour before closing for the day, that a check for \$5,000,000 had been drawn against a large account. With "a little skirmishing," so a reliable financial paper states, "the situation was met in a few minutes"; but the incident illustrates the conditions under which the operations of such institutions must be conducted. The same tendencies exist also in the case of the deposits by country banks. At the approach of anything resembling a panic these are drawn with great rapidity; so they have been justly called the "explosive element" of our banking system. It is evident, therefore, that more than ordinary conservatism will be required if the largest banks are to exercise a steadying influence in times of actual or impending danger.

This point can be made somewhat clearer by a brief reference to the conditions that prevail in other lands. In France or in England, for example, the specie reserves of the whole country are concentrated very largely in the vaults of a central bank. The Bank of France and the Bank of England occupy an independent position, and are dominated by no outside interests that can involve them in the fortunes of special enterprises. Sobered and steadied at all times by an appreciation of the enormous moral responsibility that rests upon them, the managers of these institutions adhere to their ultra-conservative policy even when the spirit of speculation is rampant in other financial circles.

Against its enormous deposits the Bank of England maintains a cash reserve of over fifty per cent., while the position of the Bank of France is even stronger; when, therefore, other banks experience a demand for ready money, relief can be quickly afforded by these central institutions. And it is only through such conservatism as these banks display in periods of prosperity that they can contribute to stability in times of stress and storm. When it is remembered that the reserves of the New York banks seldom exceed very greatly the twenty-five per cent. limit which has been established by law and by custom, the contrast between American and French or English conditions becomes at once apparent.—*Chas. J. Bullock in Atlantic Monthly.*

Morals and Nerves

It is generally recognized that the New Englander of the older stock is emotionally more sombre than the lighter-hearted people of the South and the frankly natural, unrepressed people of the West. It is a serious question whether the temperamental gloom which undeniably was a characteristic of New England Puritanism, and which has been in a measure diffused throughout the population that moved westward through New York, Ohio, Michigan, Northern Indiana, and Illinois, and on into Iowa, Kansas, and Nebraska, has not been correlated with the pathological phenomenon which is known as American nervousness, and especially with the susceptibility of American women in the Northern States to "nervous prostration." Certain it is that the so-called New England conscience is less a fact of morals than of temperament. It is a disposition to look too much upon the evils of life and the shortcomings of mankind; to be less kind to virtue and blind to faults than infallible in discovering sin. Naturally with this temperamental quality the people of Puritan blood and traditions in their emotionalism have tended somewhat toward fanaticism. The spontaneous expression of human feeling can not habitually be repressed, and the world can not habitually be looked at in a spirit of condemnation, without creating forces which at times will burst forth in destructive

activity. To one familiar through his historical studies with the teaching and the practice of New England Puritanism two hundred and fifty years ago, it is wonderful, not that the witches of Salem should have been burned, or that the Baptists and Quakers of Massachusetts should have been expelled, but rather that there should not have been extensive persecutions, accompanied by great cruelty and widespread criminality.

It speaks volumes for the average good sense and the high intelligence of the people of New England and their descendants that the fanaticism which undoubtedly they have exhibited at one and another time has been relatively mild and harmless, and that it has almost without exception been called out by evil conditions that right-feeling men could not fail to abhor. The anti-slavery movement, for example, was not devoid of the element of fanaticism; the prohibition and allied temperance movements have had their measure of it, especially in Maine and in Kansas. The anti-Mormon feeling in the days when the followers of Joseph Smith were being driven from New York to Ohio, from Ohio to Illinois, and from Illinois to Missouri and beyond, was marked by both fanaticism and criminality; and it is safe to say that calm-minded men two hundred years from now, who read the anti-imperialistic literature which has been put forth since the Spanish War, will find it not wholly free from the fanatical spirit.—*Franklin H. Giddings* in *International Quarterly*.

A Servant-Girl Union

To the housekeeper the news from Holyoke is somewhat like the firing on Sumter. The growing trouble between mistress and maid has come to a climax in the formation of the first Household Employees' Union, and the fight is on now in good earnest. Holyoke, Mass., took the initial step toward organization, and New Haven has followed it up, while the newly enrolled members are proselytizing eagerly in every direction. If all the original stipulations of the union are adhered to, there will, indeed, be no place like home, and we shall have cause to be

thankful for that. The following schedule is to be posted in every kitchen where union labor is employed—other kitchens being deprived of all labor as far as possible under the boycott system:

WAGES AND HOURS SCHEDULE OF THE HOUSEHOLD EMPLOYEES' UNION

Sixty hours shall constitute a week's work for cooks, general housework girls, and second girls. The hours of work shall be as follows:

6 a.m. to 1 p.m., 5 to 7 p.m. daily; 8 a.m. to 2 p.m. Sunday.

Overtime shall be paid for all work in excess of these hours at the rate of fifteen cents an hour. For overtime at night, Sundays, and holidays, double rate, or thirty cents an hour.

WASHING AND IRONING

All laundry work done at home must be paid for at regular laundry rates, or twenty cents per hour for washing and fifteen cents per hour for ironing, in addition to the regular weekly salary of cook, general housework girl, or second girl.

SPECIAL SERVICES

General housework girls and second girls required to attend babies or otherwise care for children shall be allowed fifteen cents an hour in addition to their regular weekly salary.

Cooks, general housework, and second girls required to tend to furnaces shall be paid \$1 per week in addition to regular weekly salary.

Cooks shall not be required to perform any services whatever outside of the kitchen.

WAGES AND OVERTIME

The minimum weekly wages for cooks or general housework girls shall be \$5 per week.

The minimum weekly wages for second girls shall be \$4 per week.

All overtime, as above enumerated, shall be in addition to these weekly salaries. Wages and overtime charges must be paid every Saturday evening.

NURSE GIRLS

The nurse girls' hours shall be as follows:

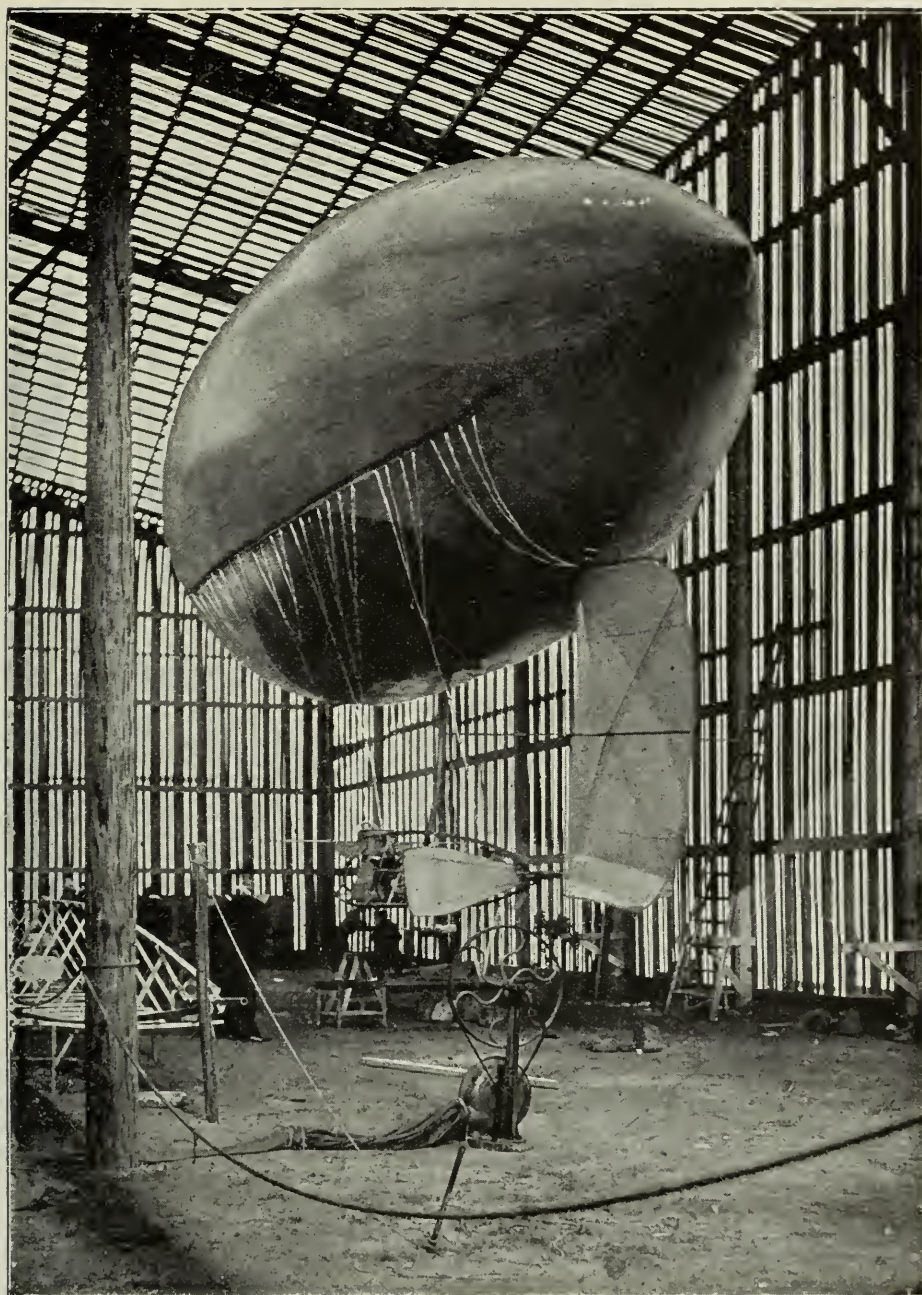
7 a.m. to 7 p.m. daily; 8 a.m. till 1 p.m. Sunday.

The minimum wages for nurse girls shall be \$3.50 per week. When required in case of sickness of children, nurse girls shall be paid overtime at the rate of twenty cents per hour, in addition to regular weekly wages.

VACATIONS

All household workers who have been in any one employer's household for nine months or more shall be given a vacation of two weeks with full salary.

—*Marian West* in *Everybody's Magazine*.



Courtesy of Scientific American

SANTOS-DUMONT'S BALLOON SHED

Santos-Dumont's St. Louis Racer

Santos-Dumont's new airship, the No. 9, has been tried in the neighborhood of Paris with considerable success. The tests thus far made may be considered as experiments with the new egg-shaped form of balloon before building a larger airship on the same plan. The vessel is the smallest airship ever built. Its gas capacity is only 340 cubic yards. No. 9 is not intended to make any great speed, as the balloon

body is of egg-shaped form and travels with the large end foremost. This construction makes it steadier than the pointed form. Hence the balloon is not as likely to pitch. The experimental No. 9 having proved so successful, the new No. 10, which is to be the largest airship yet built, and which will carry ten persons, will be constructed on the same lines.

A vast balloon-shed has been erected by Santos-Dumont on the bank of the Seine, just outside the city. It consists of a framework of beams covered at the sides as well

as the top with a red and white striped awning. One feature is the ease with which the front may be opened to let out the airships. The two frames which form the sliding doors, and uncover the whole end of the shed, are mounted on rollers upon an upper framework, and are guided below on rollers, so that they can be easily slid back and forth. Alongside the balloon-shed has been installed a hydrogen generator of large capacity to be used for this and the future balloons. Tubes of compressed hydrogen are at hand for emergencies. The engraving shows the inside of the balloon-shed with No. 9. The shed will soon contain as many as three new airships, as Santos-Dumont is now building two new ones, the large No. 10, which is to be a touring balloon, and the new racer No. 7, with which he is to enter the St. Louis contest next year, the framework of which, ninety-seven feet long, will be observed on the left.—*Paris Correspondent of Scientific American.*



Alice and the Book-Worm

The Worm seated himself comfortably on the edge of the book.

"Do you like limericks?" he asked; "I don't. They remind me of limerick hooks, and they use worms to bait limerick hooks."

"I don't believe I know what they are," said Alice, doubtfully, "but they *sound* as if I didn't like them."

"Then I will be glad to sing a couple," said the Worm, and, crossing his eighteen feet, he sang in a low, tearful voice:

"A lady named Rose had a Daughter
Who did things no lady had ought 'er;
The good folk confessed
She was none of the best,
But I notice they all of them bought her."

"You see," he continued, "people couldn't agree about the book. It was a

regular case of Ward politics. But it was different with the Pit. Every one enjoyed that. I tasted it myself and I made a limerick about it. It goes this way:

"Said Annabelle Susan De Witt,
'I fear I have fallen a bit;
For several nights
I was Up On the Heights,
But now I am deep in The Pit.'"

"Why," exclaimed Alice, "that's a pun!"

"Of course it is," said the Worm, happily. "You wouldn't think it of me, would you?" Without pausing he sang:

"A poet swore several curses,
'For empty,' he said, 'my poor purse is:
My poems, alack!
Ne'er fail to come back,
And my verses are always reverses.'"

"I don't think that is very funny," said Alice, doubtfully, for the Worm was laughing until the tears ran down his nose, which was odd, because he hadn't any nose.

"Don't you?" he asked. "Neither did the poet. He had to pay the postage every time they came back. And they always did come back, because he was a real poet. You see," he said, "there are three kinds of poets—real poets, magazine poets, and Rudyard Kipling. The real poets write Edgar Allan Poetry; the magazine poets write magazine poetry, and Kipling writes apopoetry."

"I never heard of apopoetry," said Alice, gently, for she did not want to hurt the Worm's feelings.

"Certainly not," said the Worm, proudly. "I invented the word myself. Apopoetry is the kind that is apropos. I invent a great many words. I invented the word 'to Kipple.' Its definition is 'to jump on with both feet while wearing running shoes in which there are long, sharp spikes.' And the participle is Kipling. I have used it in a little poem I wrote recently:

"When the season is dull, or the Ministers slip,
Or a sassy sensation is due,
Or the cricketing, foot-balling oafs need a jab,
We Kipple—yes, Kipple, a few.

"Then we slap in the words in a barbaric way,
And we skewer the indolent crew
On barrack-room bayonets, done into rhyme,
And we Kipple—yes, Kipple, a few."

When I'm a publisher I'm going to get



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KING EDWARD VII.

FROM HIS LATEST PHOTOGRAPH

out an edition of Lamb with mint sauce. Do you like Lamb's Tales?"

"I like ox-tails in soup," Alice said.

"I mean Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare," said the Worm, crossly. "Don't show your ignorance and interrupt me when I am getting ready to recite :

"Mary had a set of Lamb
All neatly bound in calf;
She bought it at a dry goods store—
One dollar and a half.
Little Bo Peep had a set in sheep
With a contract that did bind her
Instalments to pay, but she ran away
And left her Tales behind her."

—E. P. Butler in *Frank Leslie's Monthly*.

According to Directions

Every time a man without governmental experience goes into the Cabinet he is amazed to find he is expected to sign hundreds of letters about which he knows nothing. Usually, a new Secretary starts out bravely to read the letters that come to his desk, but this does not last long. In the Government service the men who do the letter signing turn the routine letter writing over to various subordinates and require the initials of those subordinates on the letters as a guarantee that they are all right.

When Secretary Shaw went into the Cabinet he had the usual experience. He found that twice a day a negro messenger brought in bales of typewritten letters, placed them before him, and stood ready to blot and remove them deftly after he had signed. On the second day the messenger came with his cargo of letters. The first was a long, technical reply to an appraiser who had submitted a complicated customs problem, written by the Department expert. The Secretary read the letter carefully. It was Greek to him. He puzzled over it a minute and then said: "What's all this about? I am sure I don't know."

The negro messenger stood with blotter ready, fearful lest the Secretary should keep him after four o'clock. "Neither do I," he said, "but sign here."

The Secretary signed.—*The Saturday Evening Post*.

The Facility of Fitch

Swat,
And out of the glittering social grot
Of the very Fitchiest, fetchingest lot,
Stirred in the scorching society pot,
Hot,
He plucks a wild, weird name and a plot;
Whiz!
Through all the scenic mysteries,
The gayly appareled fantasies,
Likewise the dramatic unities,
He shoves his pen till he makes it sizz.
Biff!
Act I.—Act II.—Act III. as if
The thing were a cigarette to whiff.
Slambang
The word goes out to the Broadway gang:
Hooray,
Clyde Fitch has written another play.

—*New York Sun*.

Dishonorary Degrees

A French writer who has recently passed away, Paul Blouet, visited America some years ago, and the inevitable book of impressions was the consequence. His fondness for epigram had amused many readers of a previous book entitled *John Bull and His Island*. The first chapter of *Jonathan and His Continent* began with the following words in imitation of Carlyle: "The population of America is sixty millions—mostly colonels." In a subsequent chapter he emphasized this idea with the statement, "Every American with the least self-respect is colonel or judge; but if you should discover that your interlocutor is neither colonel or judge, call him 'Professor,' and you are out of the difficulty." This implication that professors belong by exclusion to a class without the least self-respect may be unwelcome to some of the unfortunates who are compelled to carry this mark of Cain; but there is enough truth in the Frenchman's epigram to suggest the question whether democratic America is not the richest in titles of any country in the world; and, if so, why should it be so?

Let an American visit Germany or Russia; any country of continental Europe where the encroachment of free institutions upon the military control of society

is less marked than among our people. The first feature that obtrudes itself is that soldiers in uniform are to be seen in every important town. The visitor is required to register at police headquarters and answer a variety of questions, rational and irrational, about his present, past, and probable future. He learns that titles of all kinds, but especially military titles, are protected by law. The man who calls himself a colonel, or allows his friends to call him so, is soon required to prove his claim to the title. Where is his uniform? If he is a foreigner, why did he not report his rank at the police registration office? Is he not a suspicious character whose actions must be watched? If he is a native jackdaw trying to wear borrowed plumage he is lucky if he avoids arrest. The professor, moreover, is an officer of the government, whose salary is paid from the public treasury, so far as his income is derived from a salary. Any one who assumes the title without official sanction does so at his own peril. To hold such an office is presumptive evidence of marked ability, and it carries with it a claim to social deference that is universally accorded. No colonel or professor in Germany can exist as such without having stood tests of special training that prove him an educated man. No such title comes by inheritance or courtesy. It means much and its value is great. No such prize can be stolen by the unworthy, for danger attends the violation of a law where popular sentiment sustains the military power that ensures its enforcement.

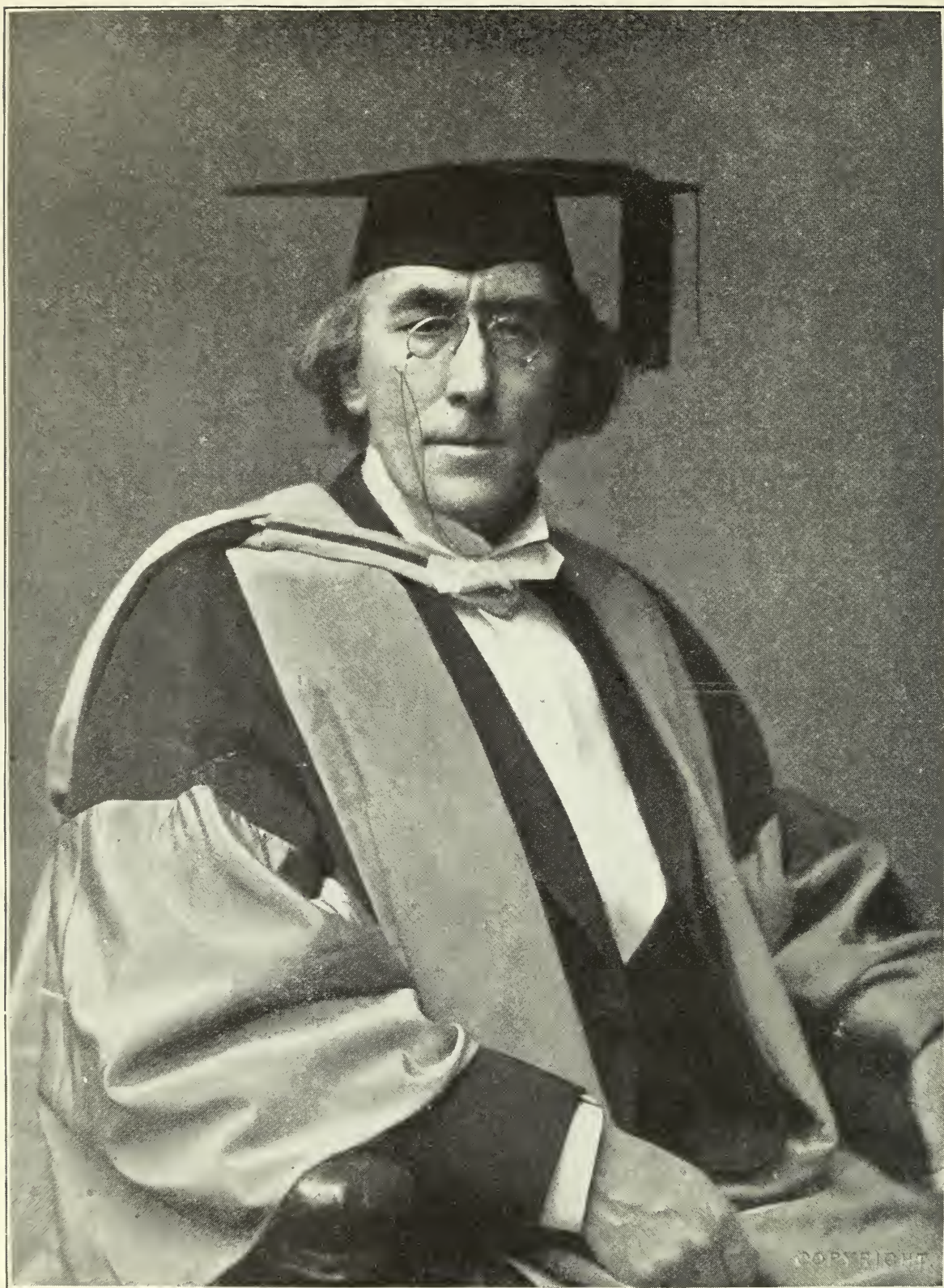
But in this free country, made up of forty-five separate States with varying grades of civilization, each with its legislature able and willing to incorporate colleges with standards suited to local demands

and local ideals, or absence of ideals, there is little hope of outgrowing the tendency to degradation of titles. If the dancing master was professor a third of a century ago, he is equally free in the early future to advertise himself as D.D., which for him means Doctor of Dancing. Our only hope is in the gradual elevation of educational standards, causing the people to become intolerant of such dishonesty. Titles received from universities should be protected by law in America, as they are in Europe. The corrupt purchase and sale of professional degrees and of honorary degrees, which is now practiced secretly, is to some extent punishable by law, but there is little vigilance in ferreting out offenders, and we seldom hear of prosecutions. Charlatany will continue to be practiced so long as there are gulls to be fooled in this world. Legislatures will



SYMPATHETIC

TOASTMASTER (TO CHAIRMAN OF PUBLIC DINNER)—WOULD YOU LIKE TO PROPOSE YOUR TOAST NOW, MY LORD, OR SHOULD WE LET 'EM ENJOY THEMSELVES A BIT LONGER?—*Punch*.



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SIR HENRY IRVING

IN OXFORD CAP AND GOWN

continue to incorporate colleges without endowment, and these colleges will give degrees that imply no scholarship. With full knowledge that present evils will not be removed during the lifetime of any one now living, each educational institution that has a faculty of honest men can do its share toward the attainment of a higher moral standard of titles and distinctions by setting an example of truthfulness and moderation.—*Prof. W. LeC. Stevens in The Popular Science Monthly.*

Autocarmen Seclare

A Parody on W. E. Henley's
Song of Speed

Speed—
Speed and the joy of starting!
Scattering urchins
Who play in the roadway;
Bustling the bicyclist
Into the gutter;
Grazing the sandwichman,
Filling old ladies
With fearful frustrations;
Fright'ning the horses
(Obsolete quadrupeds);
Running amok
Through suburban thoroughfares—
Camberwell, Brixton,
Possibly Peckham—
Then with the hoot
Of an angry gorilla,
Leaping in glee
As we gain the country,
On the yokel who trudges,
Patiently plodding,
With dragging footsteps
Home to his supper—
Scaring the squirrels,
Bashing the butterflies,
Stirring the peacock
To strident approval,
But drowning the voice
Of the thrush and the nightingale.

* * * * *

Speed—
Speed in the lap of the magistrate,
In the eye of the law,
On the knees of the constable,
Twelve miles an hour!
O England, O England,
In the words of the Laureate's
Immortal effusion,
'Hurry up for pity'
Or I shall be driven
To write other poems
In this tittuping metre.

—*G minor in Cornhill Magazine.*

English for the English

At the beginning of the nineteenth century English was spoken as a native tongue by a few more than twenty millions of men and women; and at the end of the century it was spoken by very nearly a hundred and thirty millions. Probably the English-speaking race cannot possibly quintuple itself again or even quadruple itself in the twentieth century; but it will pretty certainly double and it may very likely treble itself within the next hundred years. Before the year 2000 the number of those who use English as their natural speech will be between two hundred and fifty millions and five hundred millions. Before the year 2000, English will have outstripped all its rivals—excepting only the Russian, which represents another civilization in a more or less remote part of the globe. Before the year 2000, English will have forced a recognition of its rights to be considered a world-language.

From the very beginning English has been most hospitable to words from other languages, ancient and modern. It has been constantly enriching its vocabulary by contributions from almost every other tongue, dead and alive. It has revealed a splendid willingness to absorb and assimilate foreign words—taking them first as a loan and then retaining them as a gift, and enrolling them finally in the register of English.

But these words have all of them been assimilated by the English language; and we use them without giving a thought to their foreign origin. We have made them ours, once for all, and they are incorporated in our speech finally to be governed by all the rules of our own language.

There is no reason why we should employ the French *résumé* when we have the English *summary* and *synopsis*. There is no reason why we should take pleasure in describing a young man engaged to be married as a *fiancé*. There is every reason why we should not make use of *pianiste* as though it was the feminine of *pianist*, and *artiste* as though it was the feminine of *artist*—since a very elementary knowledge of French would inform us that *artiste* and *pianiste* are both masculine. There is every reason why we should not indulge in *nom de plume* and in *double-entendre*—since

neither of these phrases has any place in the French dictionary.

A few years ago the energetic German Emperor besought his subjects to oust the unfriendly French language from their bills of fare, and to call the dishes of their midday dinner by native German names. He went even further and advised the giving of distinctly Teutonic titles to implements and devices taken from other countries, discarding *telephone* in favor of *Fernsprecher*. And here perhaps the royal and imperial ruler may have gone too far. So long as *telephone* is the word used by most other peoples, the Germans would be under some slight disadvantage in having a word of their own, instead of taking over the broadly cosmopolitan word. But the desire of the German Emperor to have his people speak their own language, with no interlarding of undigested foreign words, is one that every student of English must sympathize with. The question he put to his subjects resolves itself into this—Since you are Germans, why not speak German? —*Brander Matthews in Harper's Monthly.*

Shelved Classics

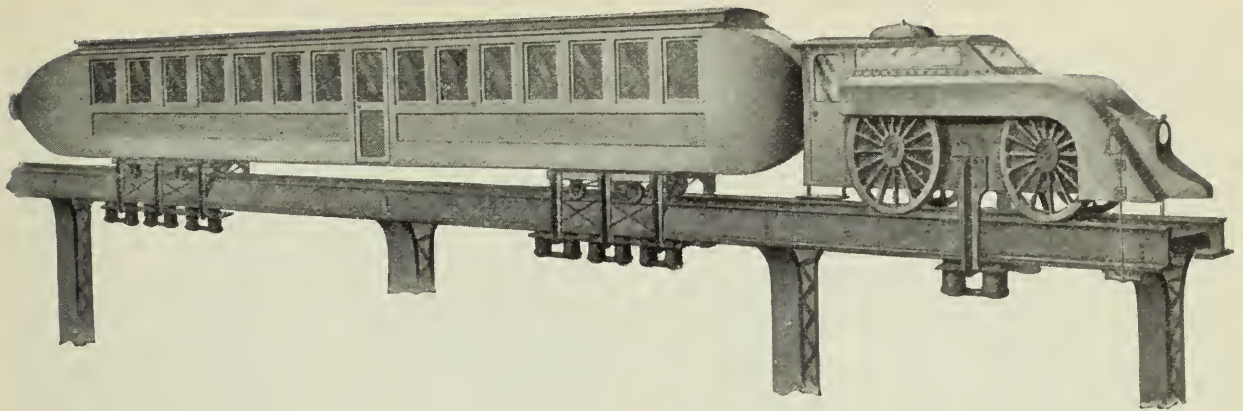
The statement that no one reads the best-known authors is a paradox; but it is true. Its seeming absurdity comes from the fact that everyone knows their names, Homer, Virgil, Dante, Milton, Shakespeare. Every man who has read anything would feel aggrieved at the suspicion that he did not know something of each. But who—beyond the small proportion of men who have read for classical honors at the universities—knows anything of Homer? All men speak with respect of Edmund Spenser (though some confuse him with his namesake Herbert). But a small table-cloth would cover the men of London who have read the *Faerie Queene*. On the other hand, there are probably few men of education in London, living in well furnished houses, who do not possess a copy of the *Faerie Queene*. The constant flow of new editions of great authors is deceptive. They are regarded as part of the necessary furniture of the house—not of the mind; and having been duly and dutifully bought, they are taught to know their place on their appointed shelf.

This ignoring of the greatest writers is no new thing, and it is only the allusiveness of current literature, with the assumption that everybody has read everything, that forces the ordinary man of ordinary education into a life of self-deception. For it is not only true that—roughly speaking—no one reads the world's classics today; it is also true that no one ever did read them. There was no "reading public" in the modern sense when the *Æneid* was written and copied and handed about among the few and fit. We talk of Athens as the home of culture; but the Athenian read nothing. The conditions were much the same when Milton received for *Paradise Lost* a mere fraction of what a popular writer of today would get for a short story. It was the market price; for most Englishmen could not read it, and most of the rest did not want to read it.—*London Academy.*



"OBSERVE, PROFESSOR, THAT INVARIABLY WHEN I PLAY THE PIANO MY YOUNGSTER INTERRUPTS AND DISTURBS ME! HE IS CERTAINLY QUITE UNMUSICAL." "ON THE CONTRARY, VERY MUSICAL."

—*Fliegende Blätter*



THE NEW MAGNET TRAIN

Three Hundred Miles an Hour

There is at the present time on view at Cable Building, New York, a model of a magnetically suspended train which has reached approximately the terrific speed of three hundred miles an hour. The invention is attracting considerable attention among railway engineers, and capitalists are even now endeavoring to secure right of way for a practical line of this kind. The invention is the work of Dr. A. C. Albertson, a prominent member of the Royal University of Copenhagen.

The model of this novel railway train consists of some eighteen feet of track and a small car which runs backwards or forwards magnetically suspended, and with an ease that is remarkable. Briefly, the whole invention is the solving of the problem of subtracting weight by the aid of powerful magnets. To better understand how this is accomplished let us suppose that a train weighs twenty tons. Then, if we use magnets possessing an attraction sufficiently powerful to raise eighteen tons, the weight of the train will be reduced to two tons. Then, as may be readily understood, when the magnetic force is turned on the train would slide along the rails with a friction equal to one-tenth of the original weight of the train.

At first glance it might seem that whatever is gained by the reduction of locomotive power must be applied to the establishment of magnets strong enough to lift a given weight. But this is not so. Five hundred amperes, for example, will lift at least sixty tons, the moving of which ordi-

narily requires a steam locomotive, but which, suspended, can be drawn by a few horse-power. The current for the purpose could be picked up from a wire along the track or from storage batteries placed in the cars.—*The Sphere*.

A Little Too Smart

The clever young man was wandering up and down the platform of an English station, intent on finding an empty carriage in the express which was almost due to start. But, alas, his search was in vain.

Still, it is difficult to disappoint a clever young man when he has set his mind on getting something. An idea occurred to him, and, assuming an official air, he stalked up to the last carriage, and cried in a stentorian voice:

"All change, here; this carriage isn't going."

There were exclamations low but deep from the occupants of the crowded compartment; but, nevertheless, they scurried out of the carriage, and packed themselves away in other parts of the train.

The smile on the face of the young man was childlike and bland as he settled himself spaciously in a corner of the empty carriage, and lit a cigar.

"Ah," he murmured, "it's a grand thing for me that I was born clever! I wish they'd hurry up and start!"

Presently the station master put his head in the window and said:

"I s'pose you're the smart young fellow who told the people this carriage wasn't going?"

"Yes," said the clever one. And he smiled.

"Well," said the station master, with a grin, "it isn't. The porter heard you telling the people, and so he uncoupled it. He thought you were a director."—*Stray Stories*.

Fishing for Suckers

The jokers have found that facetiousness pays when it runs in such channels as are not likely to be dammed up by interposition of the law. The man who has made a fool of himself is usually the last man to bring his case into court. He prefers to pocket his loss rather than to parade his silliness. In nearly all so-called "story papers" one comes upon various advertisements which are thrown out as baits to catch the gullible. The amount asked for is usually so small that it could not be recovered in court; but in the aggregate these fakirs make large sums. One which has lately gone the rounds promised a "sure cure for drunkenness on receipt of one dollar." In return the sender of the cash was told to "sign the pledge and keep it." An investment in postage stamps secured the information that "the way to raise turnips" was to "take hold of the tops and pull." A dozen or so of these schemes have lately been exposed by our contemporaries, but the one which must have added insult to injury was the answer returned to inquiries as to how "to make money without work,"—namely, "Fish for suckers as we do."—*The Interior*.

A Picturesque Radical

Truth brought out qualities in Labouchère for which he never before had credit. He was known to have had a good education at Eton and Cambridge, and to be well off financially, and his vagaries in the Foreign Office and as a newspaper correspondent were common talk, but people were not prepared for such a fearless onslaught on all sorts and kinds of evils as Labouchère began. It is generally known that this intensity of purpose was inherited; and yet, if Labouchère is to be believed, his father was just as strenuous in purpose. One illustration is supplied by the son, which the latter vouches for as true in

every particular. It appears that John Labouchère, the father, was in his youth a clerk in the banking house of Williams, Deacon and Company. Once they wished to send some important papers to a rich client in Paris, and entrusted John Labouchère with the task of taking them and settling what matters pertained thereto. While transacting his business with the millionaire, the bank clerk employed his spare time in making violent love to the daughter of the house. His business being done, John Labouchère asked for a private interview with the old man, and there and then asked the hand of his daughter in marriage. The father was indignant. A mere bank clerk! It was absurd. "Well," said Labouchère's father, "supposing I was a partner in the bank, would that make any difference?" The answer was that most certainly it would. Back went John, and after being congratulated on the successful issue of his work, asked for an interview with the partners, at which he begged to be taken into partnership. The request was, of course, laughed at. Nothing daunted, Labouchère's father asked if it would make any difference if he was the son-in-law of the millionaire to whom he had been sent. The answer was similar to the one he had received in Paris; so, somehow or other, Labouchère's father married the girl and became a partner in the banking firm.

Early in life Labouchère entered the diplomatic service, and his great boast has always been that he is the only man who has ever got the best of the English Foreign Office. To instance this he tells the following tale, which possibly has the elements of a certain amount of accuracy. He was always, he confesses, drawing, or trying to draw, some of his salary in advance, so on receiving instructions from the Foreign Office to go from where he was stationed, Paris, to St. Petersburg, he promptly wrote back for some money in advance. To this request he received no reply, and to all intents and purposes disappeared. For six weeks he was not to be found. Finally he was discovered to be at Homburg, and on being asked to explain, he replied that, as he had received no reply to his letter, and having no money for his travelling expenses, he had started out to walk to St. Petersburg, and at the present



THE IDEALISTS

SHE: OH, RIPPIN'! YOUR WORK HAS NOT BEEN SO GOOD OF LATE, BUT THESE PIGS ARE QUITE LIKE YOUR OLD SELF.—*The Sketch.*

moment had got as far as Homburg. This retort so staggered his superiors that they forgave him for his misdemeanor.

Still another story which he is fond of telling, and which is certainly characteristic of his *sang froid*, if nothing else, runs that, while he was attached to the British Embassy at Washington, an Englishman strode into the office in all his glory and demanded to see his country's representative. Labouchère explained that he was out, and offered his services in lieu. The visitor was indignant. He would have nothing to do with any understrapper. The word hurt Labouchère, who politely invited him to take a chair and wait. The man waited and waited till over an hour had gone by. Then he inquired when Lord Lyons, the ambassador, would be in. "I really don't know," said Labouchère. "He went to Europe this morning, and may not be back for three months!"—*Ernest L. Hancock*, in *The Bookman*.

Criticised

The American Eagle edged over toward the Russian Bear with real sorrow in his blood-red eyes.

"I feel keenly the disgrace you have brought upon modern civilization," he said, as he scratched the clothes off his Filipino children and shook out the change.

"It's a beastly shame, you know, to allow such outrages in your kingdom. Have you no sense of shame?"

"None whatever," said the Russian

Bear curtly. "I am but fulfilling my destiny."

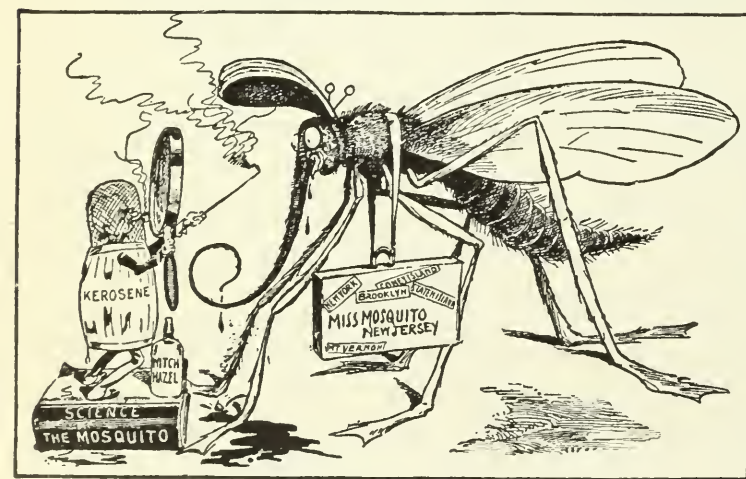
"Well," said the Eagle, as he swooped down on two colored men and put them slowly out of their misery, "you might at least be hypocritical about it and preserve appearances."—*Tom Masson* in *Life*.

Remarkable Growth of German Socialism

For the service the Socialists are going to perform for the Empire, they will, of course, receive no thanks from either Kaiser or cabinet; no more than they did ten years ago for a similar service. And yet the position of their party within Germany is a much more powerful one than it was then. Their strength at the polls has been doubled since 1893. They represent three million voters, or three-eighths of the total vote cast. . . . By their vote of to-day, the Socialists would be entitled to about 160 seats out of the 397 in the Reichstag, instead of their eighty-one. Even under the existing very unfair conditions, it was only by consolidating and voting jointly against the Socialist candidates, that the other parties in many districts snatched victory out of the jaws of defeat.

Nevertheless, as before hinted, the Socialists will remain emphatically a non-government party, and they will exert, during the Reichstag quinquennial period 1903-08, no more influence over the internal or foreign relations of the Empire than they have during the term just closed. This, it is not necessary to point out, is an unhealthy political condition. When the feelings and aspirations of almost one-half of the entire population are completely submerged and ignored, nay, directly and studiously antagonized, when their spokesmen, editors, and other representatives are sent to jail on every technical chance that presents itself, the political and social development of a nation cannot proceed normally.

Such, however, are the facts. We need not look, therefore, for any important alteration in



IN THE WAR OF EXTERMINATION THE 'SKEET SEEMS SEVERAL POINTS AHEAD.

—The New York Times

Germany's foreign policy, and we may expect no modification in her internal policy except such as the exigencies in each individual case will render absolutely unavoidable. As a sop to the Socialists and to the whole laboring class the existing legislation on compulsory old age and injury insurance, invalid pensions, etc., will probably be enlarged. On the other hand, it may be expected that all the reactionary elements in the Empire, during the coming five years, will bend their efforts towards some legislation intended to take away the general franchise, the "secret, unrestricted, and cowardly ballot," as a Conservative spokesman stigmatized that institution.

For the ensuing twelvemonth and more, however, it will tax the combined skill of Kaiser Wilhelm and Chancellor von Bülow to the utmost to effect new commercial treaties. That task will consume the larger part of the government's energies, and other issues, unless they be weighty

and admit of no delay in their adjustment, will be shelved.

There are some persons who think it likely that the Kaiser, now that the nation over which he rules has itself answered his bitter invectives and his whole abuse of Socialists by depositing nearly a million more ballots in favor of the latter than was done five short years ago, will turn over a new leaf. He assuredly has done this on other matters and occasions. In fact, it would be hard to name an important foreign or domestic issue on which he has not changed his mind during his reign. He is too open-minded on many topics, and does not hesitate to publicly proclaim modifications in his faith and views. But I deem it very improbable that Wilhelm II. will change his mind about the Socialists—as yet. There is too much venom in his soul against the Socialists, venom which has been gathering, drop by drop, since 1888. He is a good hater, this Kaiser, and a rather vain and, one might almost



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Courtesy of Country Life

AN IMPROVEMENT UPON NATURE

A PRIVATE SWIMMING POOL, BUILT BY DR. HORACE JAYNE OF PHILADELPHIA, AT A COST OF ABOUT \$4500



—The Graphic

A CHINESE CRICKET FIGHT

say, conceited person, and the Socialists have hurt his feelings too often to be so soon forgiven. Still, fate is stronger than he. Not long ago, while in Copenhagen, he conversed for an hour with the Socialist mayor of that town, whom he had met at that extraordinary Danish court—a guest there like himself. Perhaps circumstances ere long will compel him to abandon his illogical attitude towards that party whose men shape, despite all he can do, the destinies of the nation in no small degree.—*Wolf von Schierbrand in North American Review.*

Parisites

The following story has the merit of being literally true. Two fair inhabitants of our glorious country, mother and daughter, were “doing” the French capital, paying particular attention to the shops. Meeting by chance an acquaintance from home, the following dialogue took place:

“So you have found Paris charming?” inquired the friend. “Just great,” replied the mother. “We’ve been here for a fortnight, and we’ve seen everybody and everything.” Then the daughter chimed in: “Yes, as Ma said yesterday, if we stopped here much longer, we should become regular parasites.”—*McCall's Magazine.*

The Chinese Cricket-Match

The Chinese love of gambling finds vent in many strange ways, one of the most curious being combats between crickets, on which large sums of money are staked and won or lost. Before entering them for a fight their owners make the crickets undergo a regular training. When caught, they are placed in a bamboo cage and fed with rice and green stuff. After a few days they are taught to fight by measuring their strength with a veteran. After a number of trials the champions are selected for appearance in public, and the betting begins. The combatants are placed facing each other, and their trainers tickle their heads with a straw until their anger is thoroughly aroused, when they make a dash at one another. The victory is decided

in the first round, the vanquished cricket, if still alive, crawling away quite dejected, whilst the victor struts about and celebrates his triumph by chirruping.—*London Graphic.*

The Novelist in Politics

The MacMasters and McCarthys of the mid-twentieth century will record this as the age of novelists. The rising of the Third Estate has been chronicled and celebrated enough. The Fourth Estate has celebrated itself more than enough. The Fifth Estate now advances proudly in tally-hos and ten-thousand-dollar automobiles, to the sound of trumpets and typewriters. Nobody writes anything but novels. Nobody reads anything but novels. The world is the novelist. The school-girl and the sage, the captain of industry and the private of laziness, the lean and slippered pantaloons and the strong man rejoicing in his strength and his golf score—all ages, sexes, and sorts—pay willing homage and royalties to King Novel, and Grub Street is paved with gold.

Inevitably the novelist becomes the instructor and director of the public mind. He is literature, history, morals, the universal professor. He is the successor of our old friend the Moulder of Public Opinion. Sole possessor of the intellectual throne, he is the real ruler of his adoring countrymen.

This unofficial power of his might be dangerous and irresponsible. It is his duty to go into politics; to accept the offices which stretch out supplicating hands to him; to be the actual, as well as the nominal, ruler. Fortunately, some American novelists have heard their political calling call. Mr. Booth Tarkington heard and obeyed. The Indiana Legislature was his trying-ground. He was “an immediate success,” as the advertisements of “best-selling” novels say. He was a good fellow. He was shrewd. He studied parliamentary law as diligently as if it were an Epoch out of which an historical novel were to be milked. His experience in dialogue fitted him for debate. In short, he took naturally the leadership which belonged to a leading novelist; and his legislative laurels are causing insomnia among



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A COMBINED HARVESTER AND THRESHER

Courtesy of *World's Work*

his brethren of the novel in Indiana. They yearn to follow where he has bravely led. Meanwhile he looks toward Washington, the House of Representatives, the Senate Chamber, the White House. The world is all before him where to choose, and the Hoosiers long to choose him.

The good example soon bore fruit. Mr. Winston Churchill was elected a member of the New Hampshire House of Representatives, a body already consecrated to literature, dramatic literature, by the late Mr. Charles H. Hoyt. Only the other day Mr. Richard Harding Davis was "mentioned" as the fittest candidate for member of the General Court of Massachusetts from the town of Marion. Mr. Davis has waved away the promised honor in a modest letter. He has not left us. His heart is still true to New York. He will not give up his citizenship here. New York is a "pivotal" State. A novelist ambitious to be a pivotal politician will naturally settle in New York.

So Mr. Davis may yet take opportunity to study close at hand the *Soldiers of Fortune* in the Legislature. One after another, the novelists will take the position that belongs to them. The scholar in politics has not amounted to much. The novelist in politics has almost a clear field and general favor. And novelists are never wearisome—in politics.—*Harper's Weekly*.

Up-to-date Harvesting

The most spectacular scene of agricultural progress is the combined harvester and thresher which is used on the great grain ranches in California. As far as the eye can reach stretches a sea of golden grain. It is a glorious sight, this immense plain of ripened wheat—the food of a nation awaiting the hand of the reaper. Where are the harvesters who shall garner a crop so large? Measured by the methods of small eastern farms, the problem of saving such a crop seems hardly less than the emptying of the Great Lakes with a dipper. But the steam-harvester moves steadily forward into it. On one side the grain falls in a great swath. It melts away before the majestic advance of the machine. On the other side, with the same regularity, drop sacks of grain ready for the miller. The ranchman, following with his team,

picks up a sack filled with threshed and winnowed wheat from the very spot where but five minutes before the wheat stalks stood in the sunshine. In the broad path between the standing grain and the line of brown sacks has passed one of the greatest triumphs of American machinery, the combined harvester and thresher.

This machine is at its best on level plains like those of the great central valley of California, but special side-hill machines for rolling country have been so far perfected that they can go wherever the gang-plow can go. Horse or mule power is used instead of steam for many of these, thirty-two and thirty-six animals being required. Such a machine, with a twenty-two-foot header, under favorable conditions can cut, thresh, and sack forty acres of wheat in a day. It requires a crew of four men—a driver, a head-runner, a separator-tender, and a sack-sower. The cost of cutting and threshing is about \$1.25 per acre.

The amount of human labor now required to produce a bushel of wheat from beginning to end is on an average only ten minutes, and the cost of such labor is $3\frac{1}{3}$ cents. Yet when men now living were boys a bushel of wheat represented three hours and three minutes of labor, at a cost of $17\frac{3}{4}$ cents. Just previous to the Civil War a bushel of corn represented more than four and one-half hours of human labor, at a cost of $35\frac{3}{4}$ cents, while today forty-one minutes of labor produce the same amount for $10\frac{1}{2}$ cents. The potential saving in money, to say nothing of time and strength, thus becomes enormous.—*W. B. Thornton* in *The World's Work*.

A Modest Proposal

Law reflects opinion. Burning for certain crimes is a punishment which, according to some observers, satisfies the public conscience. Therefore, why not enact this conscience into law? Let us have a statute, in each State where lynching is approved, enacting that whenever the community becomes excited over a crime, it shall be the duty of all citizens to seize some negro, the guilty one if convenient, conduct him to a public place, collect together the little children and women as audience, and there burn his flesh until it disappears. Arrangements could be made

for photographing the postures and struggles of the victim, and the phonograph might preserve his screams. A half-holiday should be given to the schools. In cases where the necessary haste resulted in killing the wrong man, two views would be possible. Some would argue in favor of an apology, or statement of regret, to the wife and children of the dead negro, explaining clearly that the real culprit would have been preferred had he been accessible within the few hours in which it was necessary to burn somebody. Others would advise saying nothing about such cases, but assuming that the man burned was *ipso facto* guilty. A powerful recent German tragedy is called *Schuldig*, or *Guilty*. It tells of a man released, after twenty years' imprisonment, because the actual murderer had confessed. He finds

that, under the stigma of his conviction, his family has degenerated. His wife, in poverty and shame, has consented to the support of another man. His daughter has followed the mother's example. The son has accepted his inheritance of crime. Crazy by all these consequences, the distracted husband and father kills his wife's seducer. He is caught standing dazed, with axe in hand, and hurried off to prison again. This time he is really "guilty."—*Collier's Weekly*.

Plaint of the Plutocrat

I have bought everything I can buy;
I have tried everything I can try;
I have eaten each eatable,
Beaten each beatable;
I have eyed everything I can eye.



HOW IS THIS—IS ROUGHEN READY MAKING UP A CONDITION IN VACATION?

OH NO; HE IS JUST TRYING TO SOLVE THE MYSTERIES OF THE NEW FOOTBALL RULES BEFORE FALL.

—Minneapolis Journal

I have sold everything I can sell;
 I have told everything I can tell;
 I have seized all the seizable,
 Squeezed all the squeezable,
 Till they've shelled everything they can shell.

I have ridden each thing I can ride;
 I have hidden each thing I can hide;
 I have joked all the jokable,
 Soaked all the soakable;
 I have slid everywhere I can slide.

I have walked everywhere I could walk;
 I have talked everywhere I could talk;
 I have kissed all the kissable,
 Hissed all the hissable;
 I have balked everything I can balk.

I have crushed every one I could crush;
 I have hushed every one I could hush;
 I have drunk every drinkable;
 Thought every thinkable;
 I have rushed everywhere I could rush.

I have been everything I can be,
 And the scheme of things will not agree;
 I have spent all that's spendable—
 Still it's not endable,
 And I mean it's a bother to me.

—*Chicago Tribune.*

Mr. Whistler's Epigrams

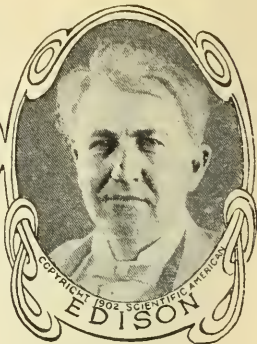
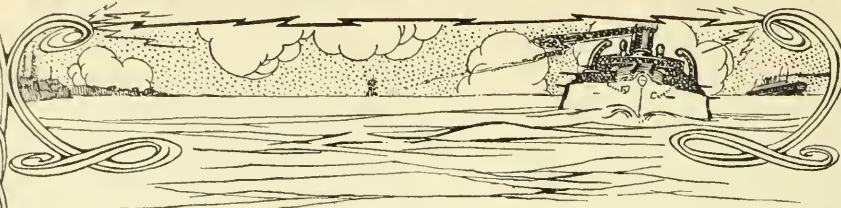
Apart entirely from any question of the value of his work—which it does not fall to the present writer to discuss—the career of James McNeill Whistler, whose death a large number of personal friends have lately mourned, is full of deep interest. Few men have been possessed of a more original and independent spirit; few have stood more deliberately aloof from the crowd, not hating it as profane, perhaps, so much as despising it as ignorant; and few have taken so keen a delight in fashioning the sentence “with its own honey, small-bodied, and a sting in the tail.” Mr. Whistler was a master of epigram, and especially of the epigram that wounds, and is meant to wound. He seemed, indeed—we say seemed, for there is a reservation, perhaps, to be made—to take a pleasure in wounding with words: and to take especial pleasure in wounding friends with whom he had quarrelled. His rapier was always out; but to fight friends with whom he had a difference he spent pains in secret to make it diabolically sharp.

Probably there is no better illustration of his attitude towards his critics than the character of the man as revealed in the famous trial, “Whistler *v.* Ruskin.” Ruskin, “art critic,” as Whistler savagely adds

in a marginal note on the report of the trial, had dismissed Whistler's work with the contemptuous criticism that he had “seen and heard much of Cockney impudence before now; but never expected to hear a coxcomb ask two hundred guineas for flinging a pot of paint in the public's face.” That sentence fairly well sums up the attitude taken by the defense in the trial, and Whistler's attack is self-contained in ten words of his own. How long had he taken to “knock off” the Graham *Nocturne in Blue and Silver*? he was asked. There was a questioning silence. The Attorney-General begged his pardon; perhaps he had used a phrase descriptive rather of his own work than the plaintiff's. Whistler would not dream of being asked to pardon a comparison between the barrister's work and his own; and answered that perhaps he had taken a day over the picture; or perhaps, he added, he might have added a touch or two the next day. He would answer, then, that he had spent two days on the painting. Sir John Holker had got the opening he wanted, and pressed in. “The labour of two days, then”—one can hear the stinging emphasis of each word—“is that for which you ask two hundred guineas?” Perhaps it needed an Attorney-General to realize the piercing finality of the *reprise*:—“No,—I ask it for the knowledge of a lifetime.” There was applause in Court,—testimony to the appreciation of a fine stroke.

Not all Whistler's epigrams were meant to wound, however. Everybody knows his reply to the gushing critic who exclaimed that there were but two painters, Whistler and Velasquez. “Madam, why drag in Velasquez?” “Nature,” he wrote once, “is usually wrong that is, the condition of things that shall bring about the perfection of harmony worthy a picture is rare, and not common at all.” It was that belief which inspired him, when some one observed that a splendid sunset reminded him of one of the much disputed *Nocturnes*, to the extraordinarily sardonic remark, “Nature is creeping up.” The “Ten o'Clock” lecture, too, is full of the quieter form of epigram. “There is no such thing as English Art. You might as well speak of English Mathematics,” is characteristic.—*The Spectator.*

A MARCONI OPPORTUNITY



BY
HERBERT WALLACE

THE announcement that the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company of America has decided to release a part of its treasury stock for the purpose of securing additional working capital for the development of the system and the completion of plans for commercial operations will be particularly gratifying to the many readers of this magazine who believe in Marconi and his work. The information follows close on the news of the accession of Edison to the ranks of workers in the field of Marconi wireless telegraphy—a fact which is additional assurance that the Marconi system is an undoubted commercial success. Marconi himself has successfully gone through three great stages of endeavor—discovery, invention, and development—and it is fitting that now should come his reward.

The United States in the Field

When Marconi reached the point in his wireless telegraph operations where he could wave a message across the Atlantic from England to this country, it became evident that these United States would shortly become one of the most profitable fields for wireless telegraph operations. Our country does an enormous telegraph business with Europe; our trade with Cuba, Porto Rico, the Philippines, and Alaska makes us more and more a world power, and it is not too much of a dream to conceive of "Marconigrams" as the daily means of communication from our shores to our various possessions and other countries over the seas. There was additional reason for an American Company in the need for direct care of the wireless telegraph service on American merchant marine, on overland operations, and particularly that immediate charge might be had over the installations to be made on the Pacific, over the work in Alaska, Cuba, Hawaii, and over the American share of the trans-Atlantic business.

What Marconi has done

Most people do not know that Marconi has been making constant experi-

ments for almost nine years; that over one hundred patent claims cover all phases of his inventions in every country which affords legal protection to the inventor; that the English company has been developing the system for the past six years; and that now the business is a factor of the commercial world in that it is carried on regularly and profitably. The great shipping agency of Lloyds has contracted for its use for a period of fifteen years, and has already installed the system on over fifty of its land stations in all parts of the eastern hemisphere. The Italian and British navies use the system regularly on their warships. Thirty trans-Atlantic passenger steamers are equipped with the instruments and now report their safe arrival a day ahead of getting into port. "Wireless reports of passing ships" is an operation carried on by land stations here and in England, and has been a feature of news in leading daily papers for nearly two years. This is a partial story of accomplishment up to the present. As Andrew Carnegie once remarked of Marconi: "No one can tell or even dream of what tremendous things he will be able to do in a few years."

The American Company, organized a year ago, has been working quietly but effectually. It has constructed the trans-Atlantic station at Cape Cod, Mass., a Marconi school at Babylon, stations at Chicago and Milwaukee, a ship-reporting station at Sagaponack, L. I., installed the system on several steamships, and begun work in Cuba and Alaska.

Practical Results Here

There remains for it now only the development of the system, the building of more stations, and the extension of its business in all parts of the United States, to reap the reward. In the Company's purpose to distribute a part of its treasury stock in the present manner, there is considerable wisdom. The more widely its stock is held, the more stable will be its condition. Moreover, in the present opportunity, the advantages of the invest-



THE
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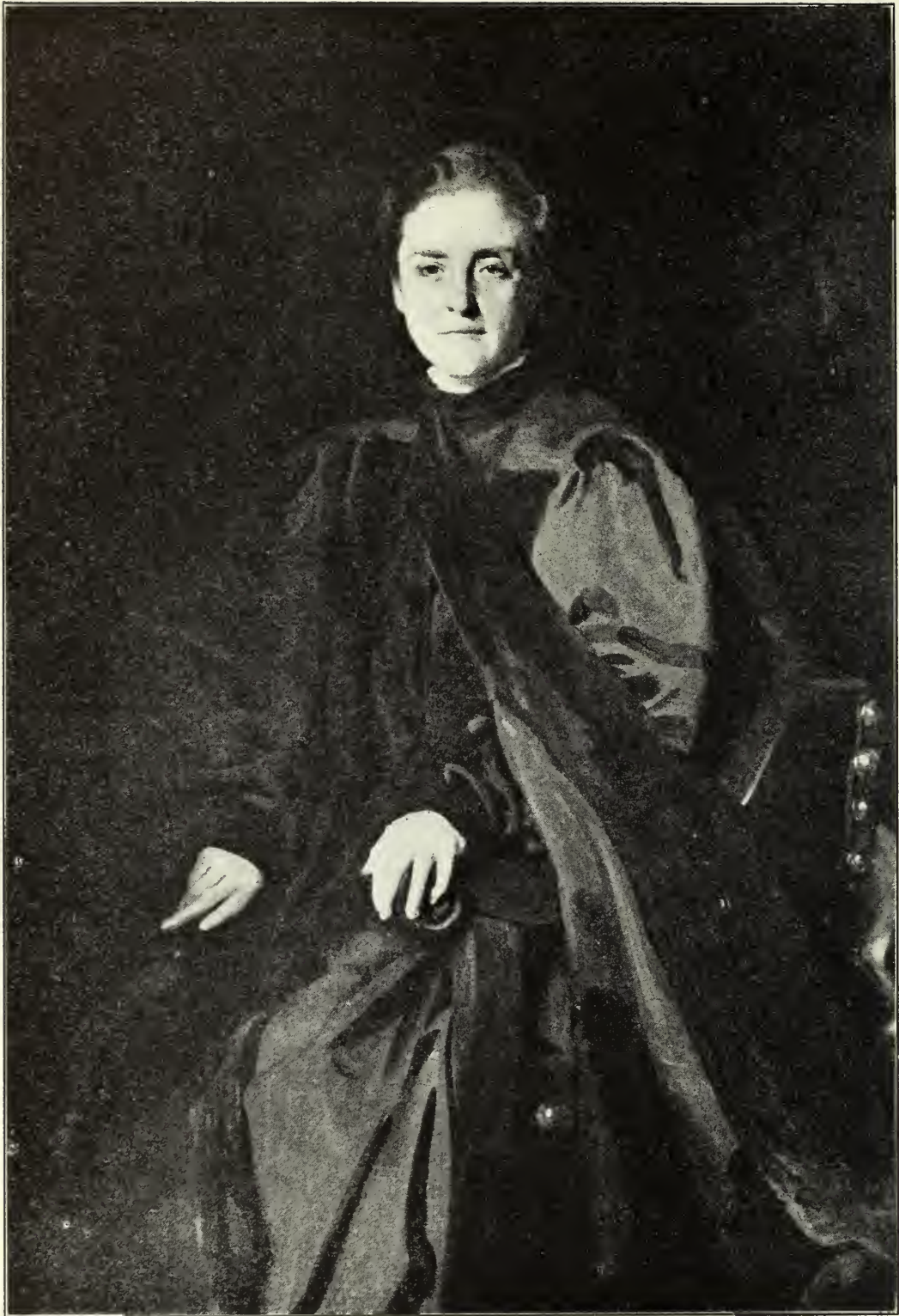
OCTOBER
1903

VOL II NO IV

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE
THREE DOLLARS A YEAR
TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A NUMBER
PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
THE LIBRARY PUBLISHING COMPANY

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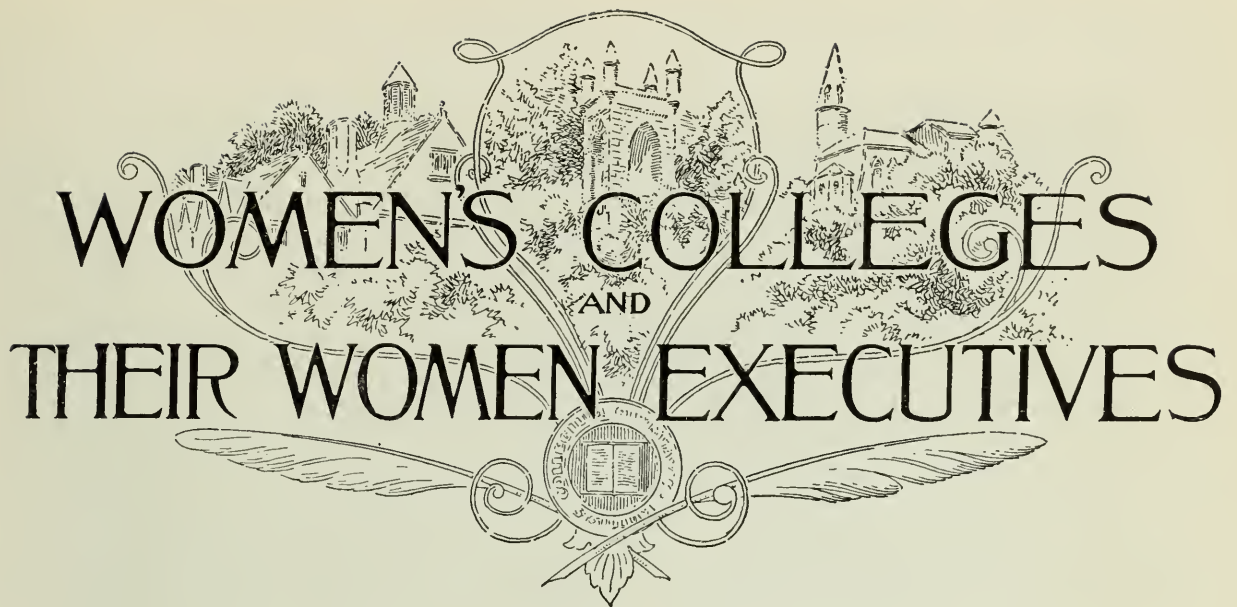
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From the painting by John S. Sargent

M. CAREY THOMAS

PRESIDENT OF BRYN MAWR COLLEGE



WOMEN'S COLLEGES AND THEIR WOMEN EXECUTIVES

One of the most striking features of modern educational development is the rapid growth of institutions for the higher education of women. A generation ago it was safe to assume that a college-bred woman was either a teacher or a woman with a "mission" of some sort, generally religious. Today the ambitious daughter of a family of comfortable income goes to college almost as a matter of course, for much the same reasons which move her brother. It is true that the college woman is still a trifle self-conscious over her superior advantages, and is inclined to parade her diploma in public more prominently than her brother would think of doing, but this self-conscious attitude is changing rapidly as the college training becomes less of a rarity.

At the time of the Civil War there was but one educational institution of college grade which had women students. This was Oberlin College, which has been open to women since 1833. Now there are more than four hundred and fifty colleges and universities in the United States which are offering to women opportunities for higher culture and professional training. In the universities and colleges where a generation ago scarcely any women were enrolled, more than a third of the total number of students are women. In the eleven higher educational institutions for women only, which fulfill the true college standard in entrance requirements, training of faculty, and curriculum, there are now

enrolled 5,152 students, and a teaching force, with university attainments, numbering 502. The total number of women college students is estimated at 40,000.

The increase of women in professional schools has been particularly marked in the past fifteen years. According to the carefully compiled figures of President Thomas of Bryn Mawr, the gain in numbers of students in medicine from 1890 to 1898 was 51 per cent. of men, and 64 per cent. of women; in dentistry, 150 per cent. of men, 205 per cent. of women; in pharmacy, 25 per cent. of men, 190 per cent. of women; in technology and agriculture, 119 per cent. of men, 194 per cent. of women.

There are three distinct types of institutions for the higher education of women in the United States. First, there is the independent college for women only, which has developed out of the private school and seminary, where our grandmothers were taught the meagre branches of knowledge which past generations deemed fitting for the sex which was destined to a purely domestic sphere. This type of college predominates in the East. Second, there is the compromise type which is attached to a men's college as an "annex." The chief examples of this type, Barnard and Radcliffe, are also in the East. And third, we have the coeducational type, which has now spread throughout the country, but which is best represented by the State universities of the middle West.

The independent college exclusively for women—the type which claims our first consideration—is based on the conservative tradition of the separateness of women's sphere of work. Nevertheless, the great institutions of this type have swung into the main current of educational progress, and such colleges as Bryn Mawr, Vassar, Smith, and Wellesley stand for the broadest and most advanced ideas of curriculum and method. At the opening of Vassar College, the first institution of true college grade established especially for women, the curriculum included certain accomplishments—music, drawing, and painting—to which a considerable proportion of time was given. Wellesley and Smith, ten years later, followed the example of Vassar in this regard. In the course of time these accomplishments have been largely eliminated from the college course. No recognition is now granted for them to students seeking bachelor's degrees at either Vassar or Wellesley. Bryn Mawr never offered them.

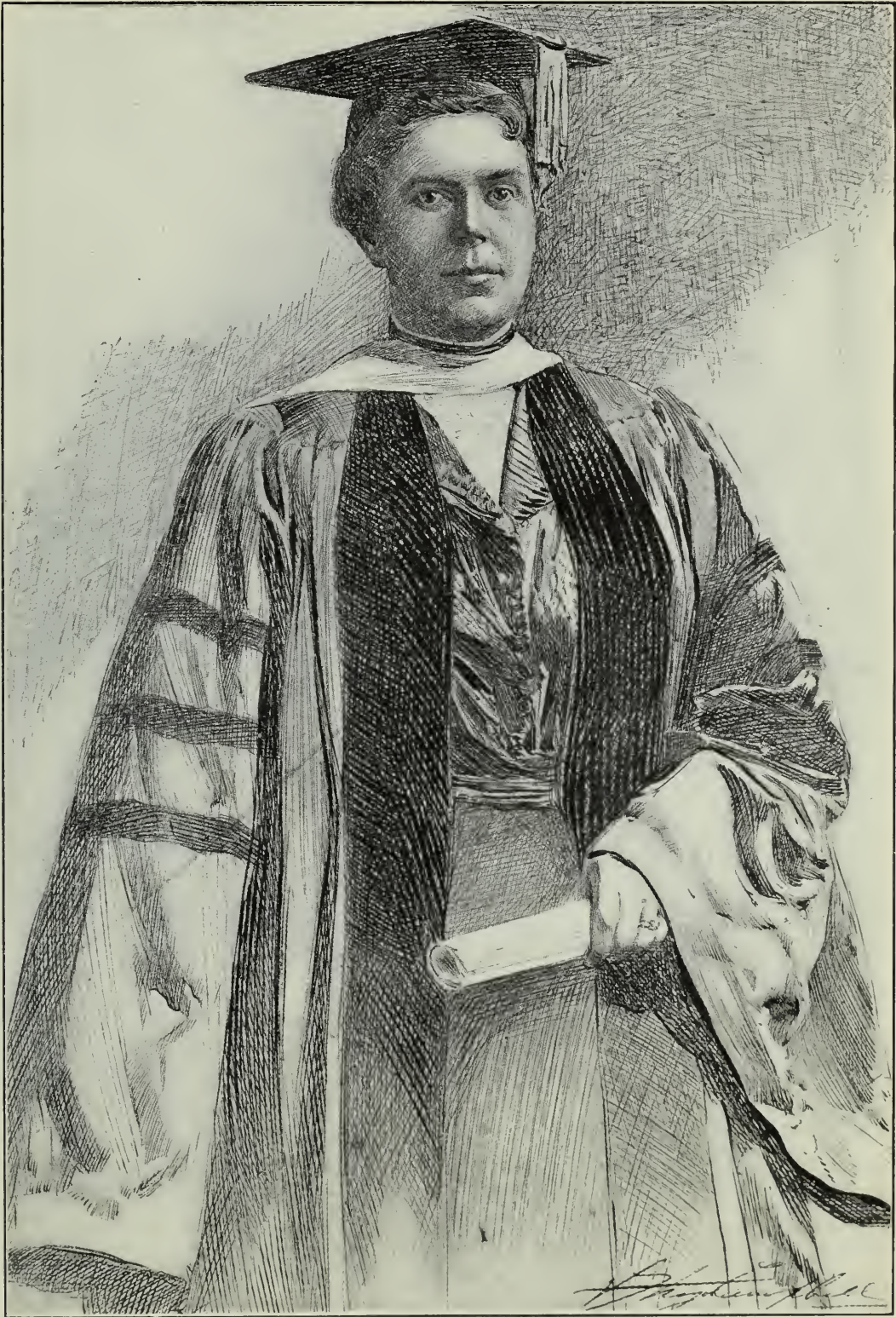
Vassar, Smith, and Wellesley in the beginning found it necessary to admit special students, and both Vassar and Wellesley at the outset organized preparatory schools with resident pupils taught by the college faculty. The special student has become an almost obsolete element in the college halls of the twentieth century, and the preparatory school as an integral part of the college equipment is a thing of the past. Smith College has not admitted special students since 1891; Bryn Mawr never made any provision for them. Neither Smith or Bryn Mawr ever established preparatory schools; Mt. Holyoke, Wells College, and the Women's College of Baltimore have, within the last decade, followed the earlier example of Wellesley and Vassar in closing their preparatory departments.

Most of the colleges of the first type, the privately endowed institution for women exclusively, confine themselves strictly to undergraduate work. The striking exception to this rule is Bryn Mawr, which lays special emphasis on graduate work, and affords opportunities for advanced study which compare favorably with those of the best equipped universities. A liberal number of resident fellowships, together with fellowships which provide for advanced

work abroad, are awarded annually, and by the wise generosity of the management these fellowships are open to graduates of other institutions than Bryn Mawr.

Of the independent colleges of the highest grade Mt. Holyoke is the best exemplar of the conservative tradition. Strongly tinged with the positive religious convictions which gave strength and character to the old Seminary, it stands as the foremost representative of the so-called Christian colleges. Its conservatism is reflected by the fact that the old custom of having the lighter domestic work done by the students is still in vogue. This plan was also followed at Wellesley until 1896, when it was abandoned because it interfered with the academic work. Mt. Holyoke now values this survival of the old Seminary days as an aid to its purpose of making a college course as inexpensive as possible. The modest sum of three hundred dollars a year suffices to carry the student through the course in comfort at an institution where the simple life is made practicable and popular.

The compromise type of women's college, the "annex" or "co-ordinate" college, to use the more dignified term, is adequately embodied in the two best known examples of Radcliffe and Barnard. Both are attached to great universities, and naturally both are of the highest grade. Barnard College, one of the youngest institutions of higher learning for women, is most closely affiliated with Columbia University. The faculty of Columbia give instruction to the students of Barnard, though there are also instructors who work with the women students only. In the post-graduate courses the women are admitted to lecture rooms and laboratories on equal terms with the men, and the higher work thus becomes purely coeducational. There is no dormitory system in Barnard, and the College therefore lacks the social life, which is such an important element in college training in general. The students are principally mature women who can afford to forego the social intercourse which plays a large part in shaping the ideals of the college woman elsewhere. The association of Radcliffe with Harvard is even closer than that of Barnard with Columbia, for Radcliffe has no separate teaching force. Both of these "co-ordi-



From photograph by Notman

CAROLINE HAZARD
PRESIDENT OF WELLESLEY COLLEGE



From photograph by Horton

MARY WOOLLEY

PRESIDENT OF MOUNT HOLYOKE COLLEGE

nate" colleges naturally offer the best of facilities for advanced work, for they have at command the resources of two of the greatest universities in the land.

Of all the types of institutions for the higher education of women, the coeducational is most interesting at the present moment. Its advocates claim that it is the ultimate type, and that the other two are simply stages in educational evolution. Aside from the educational theory which maintains that women and men are mutually benefited by association in lecture room and laboratory, coeducation is supported by that strongest of arguments, economy. President Jordan, of Leland Stanford, sums up the educational theory by claiming that women do more work, in a more natural way, with better perspective, and with saner incentives, than when isolated from the influence and society of men; and that other things being equal, through association with women in the class room the young men are made more earnest, and improve in manners and morals.

Accepting this statement, even with reservations, the economic motive completes the case for coeducation. The separate college for women is a product of private endowment. The State university, which is the cap-stone of the educational structure of so many of our commonwealths, is invariably coeducational. Public opinion in the United States has demanded that universities supported by public taxation should provide for the college education of women as well as men. This opinion has obtained throughout the West since the first educational institution in the country, Oberlin, opened its doors to women. A few years later women entered Antioch College, and Horace Mann, its first president, becoming one of the earliest supporters of the coeducational idea, gave it the vogue in the West and North which it has never lost.

In succession, the State universities as they were organized were placed upon a coeducational basis. It was in 1870, at the opening of the University of Michigan, that women were first admitted to institutions of true college grade. A number of private colleges fell into line with popular sentiment in this regard, and by 1880, 51 per cent. of the colleges and

universities of the entire country were opened to women. Ten years later this proportion had increased to 65 per cent.; and in 1900, excepting Catholic institutions, 80 per cent. of the colleges of the country received women students on equal terms with men. There are at present only a small number of important colleges and universities which are not fully coeducational. They are all in the East, where they are counterbalanced by the independent colleges for women. Of these Yale affords post-graduate courses to women; Johns Hopkins offers graduate courses in medicine; New York University gives graduate courses in law, commerce, and pedagogy. Princeton and Dartmouth have declined so far to make provision for women's tuition.

The movement toward coeducation in colleges, which was apparently sweeping so triumphantly forward, has recently been checked in a manner which is most surprising to those who had ceased to consider the question as a practical debatable issue in the educational field. For some reason not entirely clear the institution which has led the vanguard of progress, Chicago University, has provided separate classes for women of the freshman and sophomore classes. At the same time President Edmund J. James, who has recently assumed the administration of Northwestern University, one of the ancient strongholds of coeducation, has expressed very plainly his fear that the University will be "feminized." With such men as President Harper and President James revitalizing the controversy, which many had regarded as a dead issue, the coeducational question is doubtless entering upon a new and possibly vigorous phase of discussion. It is interesting to note in this connection that the attitude of the men students toward the "co-eds" in some colleges is apparently changing. It is the testimony of graduates of certain Western colleges that in social functions the college girl is now systematically ignored by her male associates, and that girls from outside the college circle are chosen as companions at dance, dinner, and general social gatherings. Whether this latest phase is a simple temporary reaction from a tendency which has apparently swept resistlessly over all barriers toward universal coeduca-

tion, or whether we have now reached the limits of coeducational efficiency, is a question which cannot be answered at present.

A general survey of the women's colleges of all types shows that from whatever standpoint we view the institutions open to women, the prospective girl student has as wide choice of educational advantages as her brother who is deliberating on the choice of an alma mater. All the advantages of either urban or suburban college are presented in the group of leading women's colleges. Vassar and Wellesley, with their charming environment in isolated country districts, are as fully equipped as the city institution in touch with the action and pulsing energy of congested human life. At Wellesley the picturesque beauty of surroundings has contributed greatly to the happiness of college life, and the isolated community has a charming social life of its own—a feature in which the independent woman's college will always excel the affiliated and coeducational types. At Smith and Vassar social life receives equally strong emphasis. Entertainments are arranged in generous profusion, and abundant provision is made for the physical well-being of the students through out-of-door sports, gymnastics, clubs, and societies.

From the standpoint of curriculum and method the woman student has the same range of choice as the man. If she wishes a college which lays special stress on graduate courses and offers large facilities for research work, there are Bryn Mawr, Barnard, Radcliffe, and Chicago. If she seeks rather the general culture of institutions which emphasize the under-graduate work, and make much of the personal touch of instructor and student, there are such colleges as Wellesley and Smith. If she desires a distinctively religious atmosphere which is positive without being stifling to her broader impulses, she turns to a class which is typified by Mt. Holyoke and Oberlin.

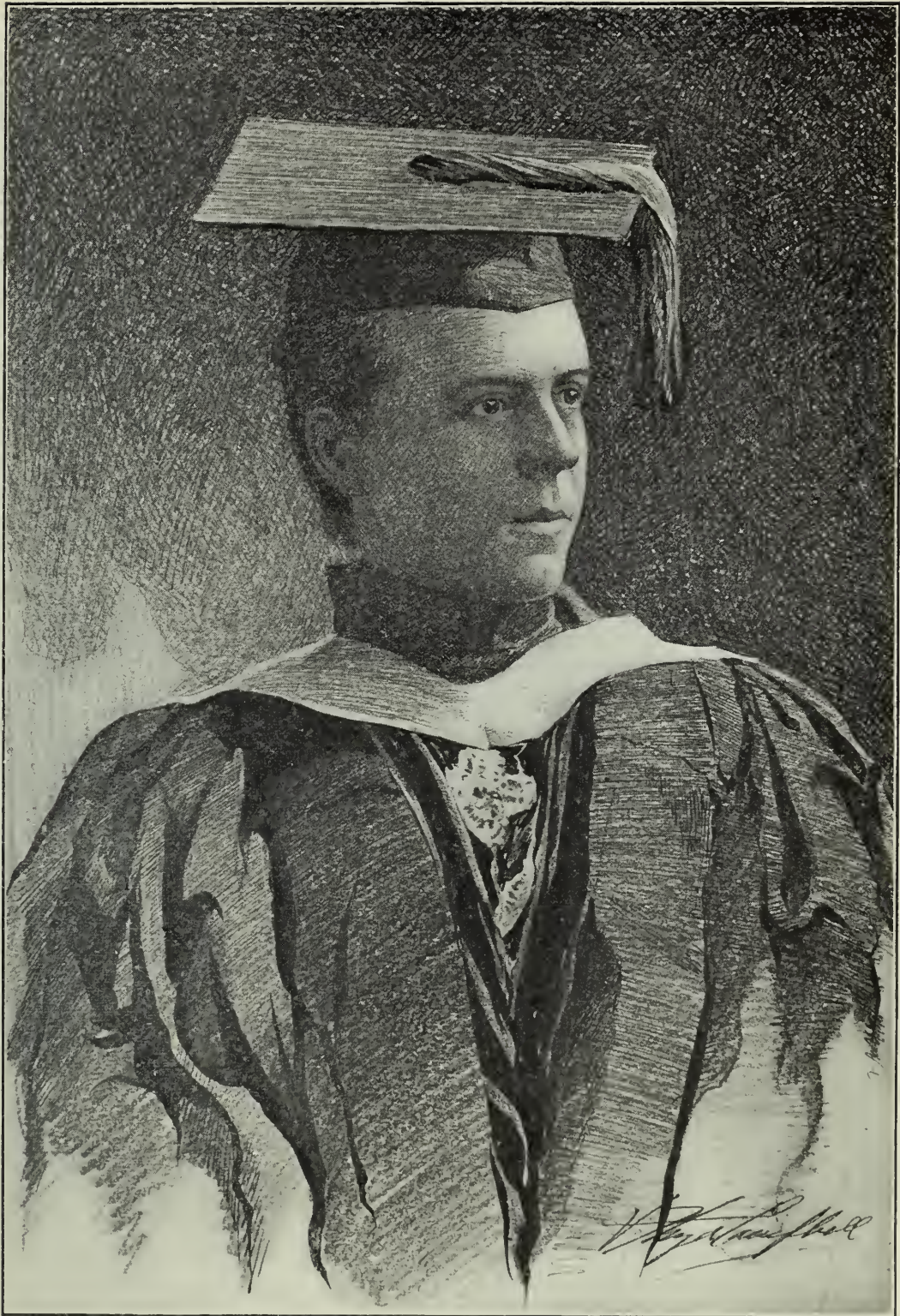
The privately endowed institutions exclusively for women are well equipped materially, and the endowments of the principal colleges are growing rapidly. Three of them, Bryn Mawr, Smith, and Vassar, are included among the fifty-two colleges of the United States having vested funds

of more than a half-million dollars; and two, Vassar and Bryn Mawr, are listed among the twenty-nine colleges possessing productive funds of one million dollars and over. The total value of the property and endowment as given for last year is: Vassar, \$2,611,150; Bryn Mawr, \$2,000,000; Wellesley, \$1,500,000; and Mt. Holyoke, \$1,400,000.

If numbers were a gauge of worth, Smith would be ranked as the first under-graduate college of the United States, for it has an enrollment of 1,048 students. Wellesley is next with 889; Vassar, 860; Mt. Holyoke; 675; and Bryn Mawr, 426.

Turning from the consideration of the colleges themselves to the personalities of those who administer them, one is introduced to a notable group of women. The old tradition required a man at the head of a women's college, and a few of the important institutions cling to the old practice. Smith and Vassar, for instance, still have men as their chief executives, and Bryn Mawr was in the same category until the advent of Miss M. Carey Thomas. Women have now proved their right to preside over their own distinctive colleges, and will doubtless capture in time the presidencies of the whole series.

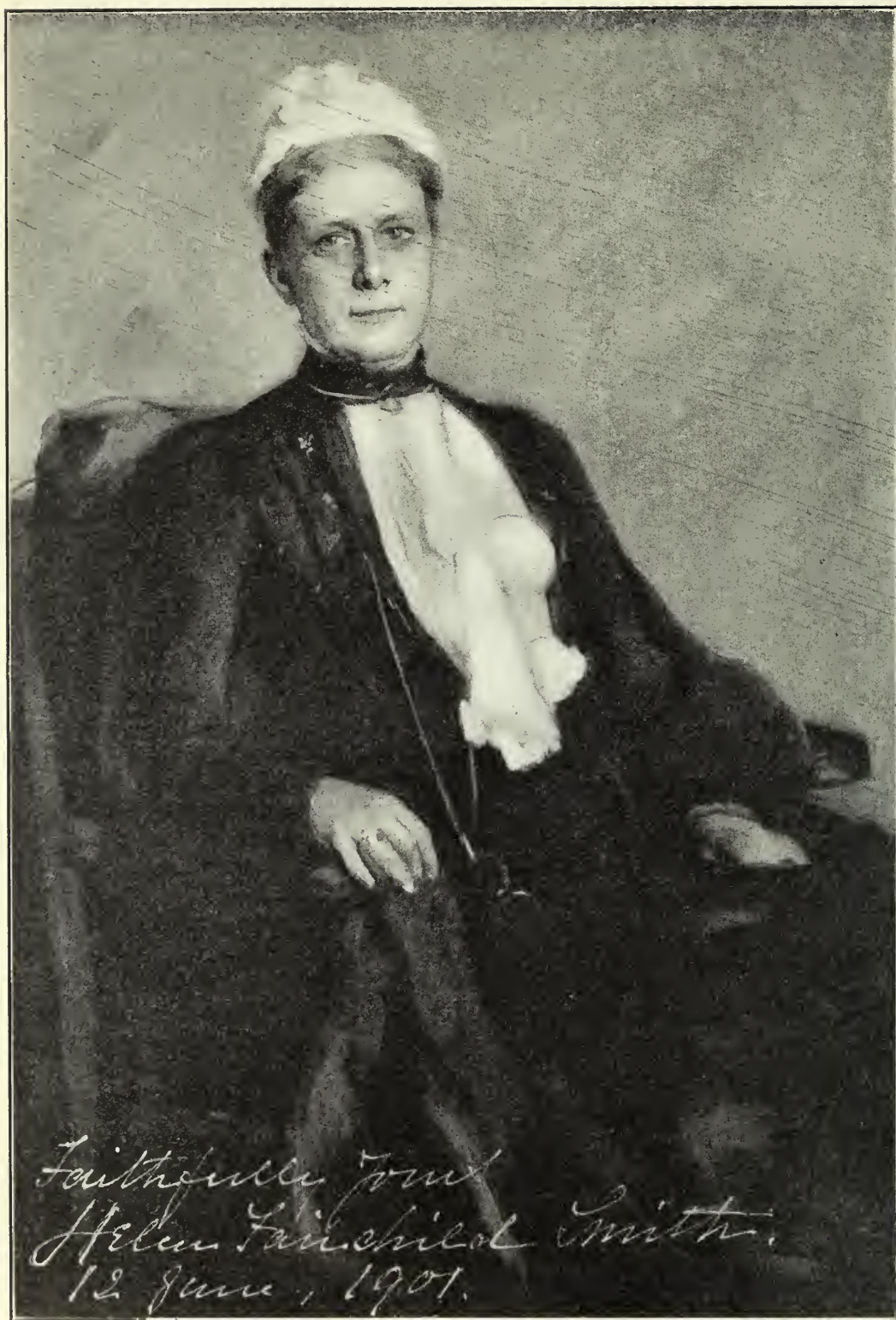
The presidents and deans of the colleges for women embody the ideals of their colleges, and at the same time reflect the principal phases through which woman's education has passed in the last generation. The younger women among them are, almost invariably, carefully polished products of the well-equipped American colleges of the last decade, with an added touch of European university culture. But some of the older executives have won their high places in the educational world by force of character and a breadth of culture which is not based on the formal training of any college; simply because in the days when they were receiving their preparation for life the opportunities for higher education were slight. Thus we have what we shall probably never have again, college executives who hold no college diploma, save that of an honorary degree. And further, there is one striking instance of a college president who represents the new theory that business training is even more vital than scholarship in the head of an institution of higher learning.



From photograph by Eudean

MARION TALBOT

DEAN OF WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT, UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO



From the painting by Adelaide Cole Chase

HELEN FAIRCHILD SMITH

DEAN OF WELLS COLLEGE

The evolution of the modern college president is exceedingly interesting. In former days he was of necessity an eminent scholar, and by preference a clergyman. Then as college equipment became more elaborate and expensive, and as the old-fashioned college with its somewhat narrow curriculum expanded into the modern university with its far reaching administrative requirements, the scholar frequently broke down under the new responsibilities. Disastrous results followed, and the trustees demanded men of sound business instincts as heads of institutions which were involved in heavy financial transactions. At the same time the scholarly ideal could not be entirely abandoned. The combination of executive ability and scholarly attainments is not common, and a survey of the important colleges of the United States will reveal some curious compromises with financial necessity. Sometimes there is no compromise, and the man who wears the president's gown is a financier whose training in a mercantile or manufacturing business, or whose personal bank account, atones for utter unfamiliarity with the field of scholarship. But the ideal remains—a union of genuine scholarship, in some special field, with sound business sense and a practical knowledge of affairs.

Among the presidents of women's colleges this ideal is admirably fulfilled by President Thomas of Bryn Mawr. Dr. Thomas has smoothed the path to advanced work for many ambitious young women, but her own road to the goal of scholarship was rough enough. Graduating from Cornell, she sought advanced courses at Johns Hopkins University in her native city of Baltimore. But Johns Hopkins offered no regular courses to women, and Miss Thomas was forced to go abroad. Leipzig University received her, but would not grant to a woman the degree of doctor of philosophy to crown her course.

She then repaired to Zurich and passing triumphantly the vigorous oral examination before the philosophical faculty of the University, she received the highest degree, *summa cum laude*, the first time such an honor had been conferred. After a year spent in study at the Sorbonne and the University of Paris, Dr. Thomas returned to Baltimore in 1884, and immediately

entered on the work of organizing the new women's college—Bryn Mawr—of which she was appointed dean. It was after an exhaustive study of college organization that she finally decided upon the "group system," combining certain required courses with varied elective groups of two chief studies in fixed combinations, and the rest free electives. When President Rhoads resigned in 1895, the energetic and scholarly dean was elected to the presidency by a board of trustees composed exclusively of men, and was thus called upon to preside over a faculty of fifty members, a large majority of whom were men.

The choice of the trustees has been abundantly justified by the highly successful administration of President Thomas. She has met the business requirements of a college presidency most satisfactorily, and has greatly strengthened the financial foundations of her institution. But her chief service to the cause of women's education consists in her rigid insistence on high scholarly standards. The entrance examinations of Bryn Mawr are notably severe, and throughout the course there is the same requirement of serious work. Moreover, under the inspiration of a president whose own scholarship is broad and deep, there is generous encouragement for advanced study both at the College and at European universities.

President Thomas preaches the doctrine of the responsibility of educated women for leadership in public affairs, and amid the engrossing cares of a great college she makes time to put her preaching into practice. She is actively concerned in the advancement of the standard of public elementary education as well as of higher education, and she is ever ready to lend her influence to movements for social betterment, particularly in the great city near which her college is located. President Thomas has the militant spirit, and she is a fearless critic as well as a bold pioneer in new educational fields.

The institution most often bracketed with Bryn Mawr is Radcliffe. It is worthy of note that Miss Irwin, the efficient dean, like several other successful college executives, never had a formal academic training. Her opportunities for culture outside academic lines have been unusual, how-

ever. Her father was Minister to Denmark during President Polk's administration, and her youth was spent in Washington in the stimulating atmosphere of the diplomatic circle. Miss Irwin made excellent use of her opportunities. Not unnaturally, her educational tendencies are somewhat conservative.

The dean of Barnard College, which maintains a notably high standard of scholar-

close of the war she was, for two years, in charge of the Cuban Orphan Society. Her inauguration as dean of Barnard College took place in May, 1901, and was the occasion of a notable gathering of eminent educators. Dean Gill combines with her genuine scholarship a remarkable talent for administering affairs. She has the broadest possible conception of her office, and with the unusual opportunities



MARGARET HARVEY

DEAN OF SAGE COLLEGE, CORNELL UNIVERSITY

ship, is herself a thorough scholar. After receiving her master's degree at Smith College, she took courses in German, Swiss, and French universities. Dr. Gill's special field is mathematics and astronomy. That her outlook on life is not limited by college walls is indicated by the fact that during the Spanish War she went to Cuba as a nurse under the auspices of the Red Cross Society. At the

of her position as head of a college backed by the magnificent resources of Columbia University, Dr. Gill is doubtless launched upon a career of wide usefulness.

A significant event in recent educational history was the election to the presidency of Wellesley College of a woman whose training for the position departed widely from the orthodox lines. President Hazard

is of the newer type of college president ; lacking deep knowledge in specialized lines of scholarship, she possesses strongly developed administrative abilities. She is the daughter of a great woolen manufacturer of Rhode Island, and was closely identified with the important business affairs entailed by her father's large property interests. She is a woman of broad culture, although her formal training in aca-

educational world. President Woolley is a New England woman, and a graduate of Boston University. She is of the distinctively magnetic type, and inspires her college community with an unusual degree of enthusiasm for its work. She is taking a prominent part in educational discussions of the day, and her clear and forceful public addresses are genuine contributions to current educational thought.



MARTHA FOOTE CROW

DEAN OF WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT, NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY

demic subjects was somewhat meagre. She has displayed a comprehensive grasp of college needs, and a highly intelligent sympathy with the scholarly aims of her co-workers.

The youngest of women presidents of women's colleges, Miss Mary Woolley, presides over one of the oldest institutions, Mt. Holyoke. She has already won for herself a place of preëminence in the

Turning to the Western coeducational institutions, we find that the dean of Chicago University, Miss Marion Talbot, prepared for the exacting requirements of her academic position by a special training in science. Boston University and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology gave her a basis upon which she built up a superstructure of foreign training. She is thus a product of severe



ALICE HANSON LUCE

DEAN OF WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT, OBERLIN

intellectual discipline, and is thereby fitted to command the confidence of the mature women students of serious purpose who form a considerable element in Chicago University.

Oberlin College, the brave pioneer in coeducation, has a dean who received her training in an independent college of the conservative East. Dr. Alice Luce graduated from Wellesley, and went abroad for further study. After receiving the degree of doctor of philosophy from the University of Heidelberg, she taught at Wellesley, and later at Smith College. Four years ago she resigned from Smith to assume the direction of the woman's department of Oberlin. An attempt is sometimes made to distinguish between the ideals of culture of the different colleges. One hears discussion of the Smith type, the Wellesley type, the Vassar type of college girl. The differences after all are very slight, and are growing less as the colleges are coming into closer contact. Nevertheless, there is something quite distinctive about the Oberlin ideal. A certain moral enthusiasm and an emphasis on the social service which the college man and woman owes the world have marked this College from its earliest days. Dean Luce is an excellent representative of this splendid spirit.

One of the most widely known women educators of the middle West is Dr. Martha Foote Crow, the dean of Northwestern University. Dr. Crow, like President Woolley, is a daughter of a Methodist clergyman. Graduating from a Methodist university, she has had an unusually varied career as an instructor, having been associated with a number of widely separated colleges. She was, for a time, dean of the Woman's Department at Chicago University. Dr. Crow, in her present position, stands in line with a series of earlier women deans who have brilliantly served Northwestern—Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller, Prof. Rena Michaels, and the late Frances E. Willard, who originated and inaugurated, during her term of office at the Northwestern University, the approved plan of self-government for students, which has later found its highest development at Bryn Mawr, and in a modified form at Wellesley.

President Thomas, in her carefully wrought report on "The Education of

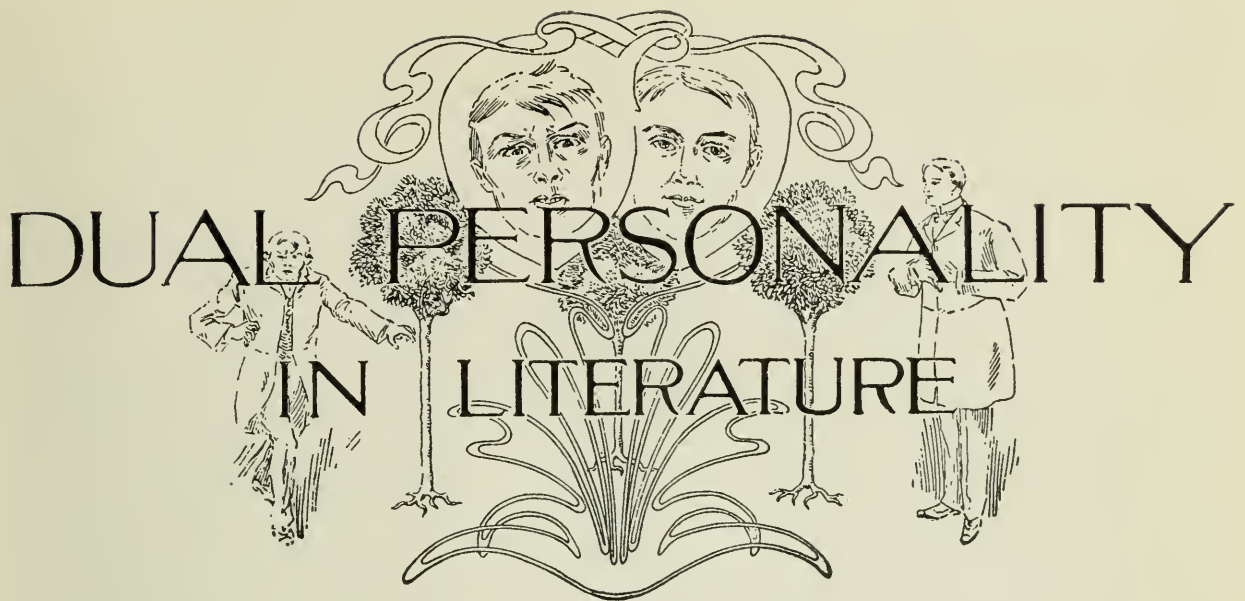
Women," published in 1898, attempts to grade the institutions of widely different character which claim the name of college. From the four hundred and eighty colleges listed by the Commissioner of Education she chooses fifty-eight as of true college grade. Only four independent colleges for women fall within this class. The other women's colleges which are deserving of the name, but which by reason of smaller financial resources cannot offer the full advantages of the stronger colleges, include such institutions as Wells College of New York, the Woman's College of Baltimore, and Randolph-Macon College of Virginia. Just as the small college for men has played an important part in the development of educational ideals, so these women's colleges of relatively slender resources, scattered over the country, have done most admirable work. In the process of evolution the smaller, inadequately equipped colleges are doubtless doomed to gradual extinction; and possibly we have no right to regret the displacement of a struggling, half-starved institution by the magnificently equipped creation of State bounty or of princely private endowment; but we can, nevertheless, recognize with gratitude the work of the small college in its day and generation. At the head of these small colleges are many admirable women of the type of President Mills, of Mills College. Mrs. Mills was associated with Mary Lyon in the early days of Mt. Holyoke, and, inspired by the spirit of that great woman, she went to the Pacific slope to kindle the torch of learning in what was then an educational wilderness. Struggling against heavy financial odds, she has, like so many others in similar situations, persisted in her mission of culture, shaping the methods of the college so far as possible in accordance with the best experience of the most modern educational theory. She is a representative of many women of genuine culture and high ideals who deserve, at least, a passing thought in connection with the more widely known educational executives who are privileged to wield influence over the masses of students in the larger colleges and universities.

Jane Stewart



EDGAR ALLAN POE

From engraving by F. Chilfact



DUAL PERSONALITY
IN LITERATURE

WILLIAM WILSON

By EDGAR ALLAN POE

I am the descendant of a race whose imaginative and easily excitable temperament has at all times rendered them remarkable; and, in my earliest infancy, I gave evidence of having fully inherited the family character. As I advanced in years it was more strongly developed; becoming, for many reasons, a cause of serious disquietude to my friends, and of positive injury to myself. I grew self-willed, addicted to the wildest caprices, and a prey to the most ungovernable passions. Weak-minded, and beset with constitutional infirmities akin to my own, my parents could do but little to check the evil propensities which distinguished me. Some feeble and ill-directed efforts resulted in complete failure on their part, and, of course, in total triumph on mine. Thenceforward my voice was a household law; and, at an age when few children have abandoned their leading-strings, I was left to the guidance of my own will, and became, in all but name, the master of my own actions.

My earliest recollections of a school-life are connected with a large, rambling, Elizabethan house, in a misty-looking village of England, where were a vast number of gigantic and gnarled trees, and where all the houses were excessively ancient. In truth it was a dream-like and spirit-soothing place, that venerable old town. At this moment, in fancy,

**The Dual Personality in
Literature and Life**

BY ALBERT ELMER HANCOCK

“Homo duplex! Homoduplex!” writes Alphonse Daudet. “The first time I perceived that I was two was at the death of my brother Henri, when my father cried out so dramatically, ‘He is dead! He is dead!’ While my first self wept, my second self thought, ‘How truly given was that cry; how fine it would be at the theatre.’”

The dualism of man’s nature from time immemorial has been at the basis of religion. Ormuzd and Ahriman in the ancient Persian, God and the devil in the theology of the medieval schoolmen, conscience and the natural instincts of self-preservation in modern evolution—philosophical synonyms—have been the inimical actors in that drama which is unceasingly played within the curtained chamber of the human mind. The lives of saints and sinners are filled with records of indwelling monitors and tempters. Socrates had his dæmon; Augustine, the profligate Carthaginian, was tormented into sainthood by

I feel the refreshing chilliness of its deeply shadowed avenues, inhale the fragrance of its thousand shrubberies, and thrill anew with undefinable delight at the deep hollow note of the church-bell, breaking, each hour, with sullen and sudden roar, upon the stillness of the dusky atmosphere in which the fretted Gothic steeple lay imbedded and asleep. The house, I have said, was old and irregular. The grounds were extensive, and a high and solid brick wall, topped with a bed of mortar and broken glass, encompassed the whole. This prison-like rampart formed the limit of our domain; beyond it we saw but thrice a week — once every Saturday afternoon, when, attended by two ushers, we were permitted to take brief walks in a body through some of the neighboring fields — and twice during Sunday, when we were paraded in the same formal manner to the morning and evening service in the one church of the village.

The ardor, the enthusiasm, and the imperiousness of my disposition, soon rendered me a marked character among my schoolmates, and by slow but natural gradations gave me an ascendancy over all not greatly older than myself — over all with a single exception. This exception was found in the person of a scholar who, although no relation, bore the same Christian and surname as myself — a circumstance, in fact, little remarkable; for notwithstanding a noble descent, mine was one of those every-day appellations which seem, by prescriptive right, to have been, time out of mind, the common property of the mob. In this narrative I have therefore designated myself as William Wilson — a fictitious title not very dissimilar to the real. My namesake alone, of those who in school phraseology constituted “our set,” presumed to compete with me in the studies of the class — in the sports and broils of the playground — to refuse implicit belief in my assertions and submission to my will — indeed, to interfere with my arbitrary dictation in any respect whatsoever. If there is on earth a supreme and unqualified despotism, it is the despotism of a master-mind in boyhood over the less energetic spirits of his companions.

Wilson's rebellion was to me a source of the greatest embarrassment; the more so as, in spite of the bravado with which in public I made a point

the inexorable voice within his soul; and John Bunyan, whose morbid consciousness was such a picturesque battle-ground of the spirit, was driven by his puritanic fears from the most innocent diversions; first, from the pleasure of tolling the church bell, next from the sound of the ringing, and finally from the sight of the belfry steeple.

Fiction has not failed to make use of such vital elements in human psychology. One of our earliest English poems is a Discourse between the Soul and the Body. Everyone will remember, in the *Merchant of Venice*, the soliloquy of Launcelot Gobbo, in which, with the fiend at his elbow for counsellor, the servant absolves himself of loyalty to the Jew. *Pilgrim's Progress* is an allegory, objectified in the external world, of Christian's spiritual battle with the underlings of the prince of darkness, striving to capture his soul. And Goethe's *Faust*, most important of all, is the biography of the natural, knowledge-loving, sense-craving man, accompanied by the outward personification of evil.

It is singular that Poe, one of the greatest of our analysts of psychological states, did not give more attention to this subject, which would have been such a fertile field to a genius like his. There are haunting suggestions of it, indeed, in much of his work. The *Raven*, in its real import, has a close bearing on the theme, for the lover, mourning at night over the lost Lenore, represents the higher nature of man putting the eternal query concerning the life beyond the grave, while the bird is the blind spirit of negation mocking his question with answers as puzzling as the silence of the Sphinx. The *Tell-Tale Heart* might come under the classification by a stretch; but apart from these, *William Wilson* stands practically alone among his tales as a

of treating him and his pretensions, I secretly felt that I feared him, and could not help thinking the equality which he maintained so easily with myself a proof of his true superiority; since not to be overcome cost me a perpetual struggle. Yet this superiority—even this equality—was in truth acknowledged by no one but myself; our associates, by some unaccountable blindness, seemed not even to suspect it. Indeed, his competition, his resistance, and especially his impertinent and dogged interference with my purposes, were not more pointed than private. He appeared to be destitute alike of the ambition which urged, and of the passionate energy of the mind which enabled me to excel. In his rivalry he might have been supposed actuated solely by a whimsical desire to thwart, astonish, or mortify myself; although there were times when I could not help observing, with a feeling made up of wonder, abasement, and pique, that he mingled with his injuries, his insults, or his contradictions, a certain most inappropriate, and assuredly unwelcome, *affectionateness* of manner. I could only conceive this singular behavior to arise from a consummate self-conceit assuming the vulgar airs of patronage and protection.

It was no doubt the anomalous state of affairs existing between us which turned all my attacks upon him (and they were many, either open or covert) into the channel of banter or practical joke (giving pain while assuming the aspect of mere fun) rather than into a more serious and determined hostility. But my endeavors on this head were by no means uniformly successful, even when my plans were the most wittily concocted; for my namesake had much about him, in character, of that unassuming and quiet austerity which, while enjoying the poignancy of its own jokes, has no heel of Achilles in itself, and absolutely refuses to be laughed at. I could find, indeed, but one vulnerable point, and that, lying in a personal peculiarity arising perhaps from constitutional disease, would have been spared by any antagonist less at his wit's end than myself—my rival had a weakness in the faucial or guttural organs which precluded him from raising his voice at any time *above a very low whisper*. Of this defect I did not fail to take what poor advantage lay in my power.

patent treatment of the dual personality. This story, however, in its subtlety of detail, its theatric succession of crises, and its suspense of ultimate meaning, is to be ranked among the most artistic conceptions of his imagination.

The great weakness of Poe's technique, considered in cold critical mood, is the impossibility of his situations. The close of *The House of Usher*, possibly his greatest narrative, is an illustration that is typical. *Berenice*, *Ligeia*, the *Descent into the Maelström*, are other examples. But Poe, like Coleridge in *The Ancient Mariner*, had the power to take the impossible situation, and, by investing it with human interest and absorbing vividness, to heat the imagination, and to suspend thereby, temporarily at least, the reader's incredulity. His art has the spell of superstition on the sensitive temperament.

In the narrative of *William Wilson* one does not feel the effect of this so much until the close. The conception of a man and his double is a well-worn convention of fiction; the sudden, mysterious, ghost-like appearances of the double at critical moments are also artificial devices such as readers of romance and spectators at the theatre must accept as dramatic necessities for the sake of the story. If Poe's art went no further than this mechanical stock-in-trade, one would be justified in calling it cheap melodrama, and in passing it on to the devotees of the penny dreadful or the shilling shocker.

But Poe does go further; before he is through with you he has pointed his moral and adorned his tale with an imaginative flash of suggestion that binds all the discordant improbabilities into unity. You haven't been reading something absurdly artificial; you have been reading an allegory of the dual personality. William Wilson's double, who resembled him

Wilson's retaliations in kind were many, and there was one form of his practical wit that disturbed me beyond measure. His cue, which was to perfect an imitation of myself, lay both in words and in actions; and most admirably did he play his part. My dress it was an easy matter to copy; my gait and general manners were, without difficulty, appropriated; in spite of his constitutional defect, even my voice did not escape him. My louder tones were, of course, unattempted, but then the key, it was identical, *and his singular whisper, it grew the very echo of my own.*

I have already more than once spoken of the disgusting air of patronage which he assumed toward me, and of his frequent officious interference with my will. This interference often took the ungracious character of advice; advice not openly given, but hinted or insinuated. I received it with repugnance which gained strength as I grew in years. Yet, at this distant day, let me do him the simple justice to acknowledge that I can recall no occasion when the suggestions of my rival were on the side of those errors or follies so usual to his immature age and seeming inexperience; that his moral sense, at least, if not his general talents and worldly wisdom, was far keener than my own; and that I might, today, have been a better, and thus a happier man, had I less frequently rejected the counsels embodied in those meaning whispers which I then but too cordially hated and too bitterly despised.

It was about the same period, if I remember aright, that, in an altercation of violence with him, in which he was more than usually thrown off his guard, and spoke and acted with an openness of demeanor rather foreign to his nature, I discovered, or fancied I discovered, in his accent, his air, and general appearance, a something which first startled, and then deeply interested me, by bringing to mind dim visions of my earliest infancy—wild, confused, and thronging memories of a time when memory herself was yet unborn. I cannot better describe the sensation which oppressed me than by saying that I could with difficulty shake off the belief of my having been acquainted with the being who stood before me, at some epoch very long ago—some point of the past even infinitely remote.

so accurately in physical lineaments, in everything except the hidden traits of character, who always spoke in a whisper, and who always made his presence known in a moral crisis—was the sinner's conscience. The protagonist of the story, to be sure, sees him as a distinct personality. That, however, is a trait natural to Poe's male creations; they all see phantoms, and mistake mind-made images for reality. Analyzed in cold blood, as already admitted, the conception shows the artifice; but read under the spell of the artist's mood, one thinks less of the artifice and more of the fundamental significance of the motive. The burden of it is profoundly true in philosophy. The man who stifles his higher self in the poisonous atmosphere of vice is doomed ultimately to extinction. The man who kills his conscience is no longer a man. He is dead for this life and for the life to come.

William Wilson is the forerunner, perhaps the literary parent, of a story which stands supreme, in modern fiction, as a treatment of the dual personality. Intrinsically an illustration of the same theme, Robert Louis Stevenson's *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, in technique, style, and narrative tactics, is widely different. Here a doctor, a respected member of the community, discovers a drug which divorces the good and evil in his nature, and which transforms his physical body into a depraved human animal—a libertine of selfishness and crime. Passing from one to the other, he lives at will two antipathetic existences, indulging without restraint the nobler and the baser instincts. Stevenson has surpassed Poe as a story-teller in unfolding his plot. Until the very end there is nothing to tax the reader's credulity. *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* apparently are two persons, pursuing different careers, and occupying the stage



Illustration by F. S. Coburn for *Arnheim* edition of Poe Courtesy of G. P. Putnam's Sons

“WERE THESE—THESE THE LINEAMENTS OF WILLIAM WILSON?”

One night, about the close of my fifth year at school, and immediately after the altercation just mentioned, finding everyone wrapped in sleep, I arose from bed, and, lamp in hand, stole through a wilderness of narrow passages from my own bedroom to that of my rival. I had long been plotting one of those ill-natured pieces of practical wit at his expense in which I had hitherto been so uniformly successful. It was my intention now to put my scheme in operation, and I resolved to make him feel the whole extent of the malice with which I was imbued. Having reached his closet, I noise-

at different moments only. The engrossing mystery is held in suspense until the tale is told, and then it is cleared up in an epilogue. If Stevenson, on the one hand, is more skillful in the main thread, Poe, on the other, is more convincing at the untying of the knot. The motive of the drug and the two physical beings is ingenious, but it does violence to natural law; Poe's use of the phantom conscience is far more subtle; it is universally typical of the workings

lessly entered, leaving the lamp, with the shade over it, on the outside. I advanced a step, and listened to the sound of his tranquil breathing. Assured of his being asleep, I returned, took the light, and with it again approached his bed. Close curtains were around it, which, in the prosecution of my plan, I slowly and quietly withdrew, when the bright rays fell vividly upon the sleeper, and my eyes at the same moment upon his countenance. I looked—and a numbness, an iciness of feeling instantly pervaded my frame. My breast heaved, my knees tottered, my whole spirit became possessed with an objectless yet intolerable horror. Gasping for breath, I lowered the lamp in still nearer proximity to the face. Were these—*these* the lineaments of William Wilson? I saw, indeed, that they were his, but I shook as if with a fit of the ague, in fancying they were not. What *was* there about them to confound me in this manner? I gazed—while my brain reeled with a multitude of incoherent thoughts. Not thus he appeared—assuredly not *thus*—in the vivacity of his waking hours. The same name! the same contour of person! the same day of arrival at the academy! And then his dogged and meaningless imitation of my gait, my voice, my habits, and my manner! Was it, in truth, within the bounds of human possibility, that *what I now saw* was the result, merely, of the habitual practice of this sarcastic imitation? Awe-stricken, and with a creeping shudder, I extinguished the lamp, passed silently from the chamber, and left, at once, the halls of that old academy, never to enter them again.

After a lapse of some months, spent at home in mere idleness, I found myself a student at Eton. I do not wish, however, to trace the course of my miserable profligacy here—a profligacy which set at defiance the laws, while it eluded the vigilance, of the institution. Three years of folly, passed without profit, but had given me rooted habits of vice, and added, in a somewhat unusual degree, to my bodily stature, when, after a week of soulless dissipation, I invited a party of the most dissolute students to a secret carousal in my chambers. We met at a late hour of the night; for our debaucheries were to be faithfully protracted until morning. The wine flowed freely, and there were not want-

of law in man's spiritual nature. Both agree in the moral, however. When Wilson repeatedly crushed his monitor, and Jekyll repeatedly indulged himself in the disguise of Hyde, through sin they both lost the power of regaining themselves.

In these two instances of the dual personality in fiction—and they may fairly stand as representatives—the opposition is confined to the domain of morals. The line is drawn sharply between good and evil; and in general it may be said that fiction has followed the theoretical traditions of religion and speculative philosophy, and has observed their distinctions of man's duality.

This theoretical idea of the dual personality as a strict alignment of good and evil forces is disappearing before the revelations of modern psychology, and the dualism in fiction is quite different from its manifestations in actual experience. The Society for Psychical Research, although its work is yet fragmentary, has shown that the distinction of the schoolmen is not warranted by the facts. The opposition is not confined to the realm of morals. In a far broader way two personalities may co-exist in the same body, one dormant while the other is active, and two or more trains of memory, of feeling, and of will may proceed from one brain. Shakespeare rather vaguely phrased the matter in those lines which are at once poetically and scientifically true:

We are such stuff
As dreams are made on; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

Two very striking instances of the modern view are found in the cases of Ansel Bourne and Mlle. Hélène Smith.

Ansel Bourne, a preacher, aged sixty-one years, living in Rhode Island, went to Providence one morning and drew a large sum of

ing other and perhaps more dangerous seductions; so that the gray dawn had already faintly appeared in the east while our delirious extravagance was at its height. Madly flushed with cards and intoxication, I was in the act of insisting upon a toast of more than wonted profanity, when my attention was suddenly diverted by the violent, although partial unclosing of the door of the apartment, and by the eager voice of a servant from without. He said that some person, apparently in great haste, demanded to speak with me in the hall.

Wildly excited with wine, the unexpected interruption rather delighted than surprised me. I staggered forward at once, and a few steps brought me to the vestibule of the building. In this low and small room there hung no lamp; and now no light at all was admitted, save that of the exceedingly feeble dawn which made its way through the semi-circular window. As I put my foot over the threshold, I became aware of the figure of a youth about my own height, and habited in a white kerseymere morning frock, cut in the novel fashion of the one I myself wore at the moment. This the faint light enabled me to perceive; but the features of his face I could not distinguish. Upon my entering he strode hurriedly up to me, and, seizing me by the arm with a gesture of petulant impatience, whispered the words "William Wilson!" in my ear.

I grew perfectly sober in an instant.

There was that in the manner of the stranger, and in the tremulous shake of his uplifted finger, as he held it between my eyes and the light, which filled me with unqualified amazement; but it was not this which had so violently moved me. It was the pregnancy of solemn admonition in the singular, low, hissing utterance; and, above all, it was the character, the tone, *the key*, of those few, simple, and familiar, yet *whispered* syllables, which came with a thousand thronging memories of by-gone days, and struck upon my soul with the shock of a galvanic battery. Ere I could recover the use of my senses he was gone.

Although this event failed not of a vivid effect upon my disordered imagination, yet was it evanescent as vivid. For some weeks, indeed, I busied myself in earnest inquiry, or was wrapped in a

money from the bank. He then suddenly disappeared, and for a long time his friends and relatives, aided by the police, could obtain no trace of his existence. In the meanwhile a man calling himself A. J. Brown arrived in Norristown, Pennsylvania, and opened a store for the vending of small wares. He lived in the rear room of his shop a life of abstemious habits, was highly respected by his neighbors, and participated actively in the work of a local church. After a residence of six weeks this stranger woke up one morning and discovered himself to be in an unknown place. Upon asking for an explanation, a neighbor told him he was A. J. Brown, who had come there six weeks previously and had started in business. The man declared he had no recollection of such a person; he said he was Ansel Bourne, a resident of Rhode Island, and gave the address of his relatives. Letters, in the course of a few days, confirmed his statements, and shortly afterwards he was restored to his friends. Since that time he has resumed his normal life. As Ansel Bourne he has no memory of any details of the career of A. J. Brown. Professor James of Harvard, by the use of hypnotism, has restored the consciousness of Brown, and in the hypnotic trance the man has described his journey from Providence, through New York and Philadelphia to Norristown, giving in addition, an account of the storekeeper's transactions. Awakened from the trance, however, he immediately lost all knowledge of Brown.

The case of Mlle. H el ene Smith, studied for years by Professor Flournoy of the University of Geneva, is one of greater complexity, far more so than a short sketch can indicate. Mlle. Smith, since the age of fifteen, has been employed in a commercial house of her native city. She is a young woman of the middle class, fairly

cloud of morbid speculation. But in a brief period I ceased to think upon the subject, my attention being all absorbed in a contemplated departure for Oxford. Thither I soon went, the uncalculating vanity of my parents furnishing me with an outfit and annual establishment which would enable me to indulge at will in the luxury already so dear to my heart—to vie in profuseness of expenditure with the haughtiest heirs of the wealthiest earldoms in Great Britain.

It could hardly be credited, however, that I had, even here, so utterly fallen from the gentlemanly state as to seek acquaintance with the vilest arts of the gambler by profession, and, having become an adept in his despicable science, to practice it habitually as a means of increasing my already enormous income at the expense of the weak-minded among my fellow-collegians. Such, nevertheless, was the fact. And the very enormity of this offence against all manly and honorable sentiment proved, beyond doubt, the main if not the sole reason for the impunity with which it was committed. Who, indeed, among my most abandoned associates, would not rather have disputed the clearest evidence of his senses than have suspected of such courses the gay, the frank, the generous William Wilson—the noblest and most liberal commoner at Oxford—him whose follies (said his parasites) were but the follies of youth and unbridled fancy—whose errors but inimitable whims—whose darkest vice but a careless and dashing extravagance?

I had now been two years successfully busied in this way, when there came to the university a young *parvenu* nobleman, Glendinning—rich, said report, as Herodes Atticus. I soon found him of weak intellect, and, of course, marked him as a fitting subject for my skill. I frequently engaged him in play, and contrived, with the gambler's usual art, to let him win considerable sums, the more effectually to entangle him in my snares. At length, my schemes being ripe, I met him (with the full intention that this meeting should be final and decisive) at the chambers of a fellow-commoner. To give to this a better coloring, I had contrived to have assembled a party of some eight or ten, and was solicitously careful that the introduction of

well educated, and of unusual business ability. At frequent intervals she loses her normal personality and enters capriciously into one of several others.

In the first she is the re-incarnation of the daughter of an Arab sheik, who, about the year 1400, was given in marriage to a Hindu prince named Sivrouka, and upon his death she sacrificed herself in the suttee. This prince, an obscure ruler, is mentioned in only one history of India, and that, too, is a forgotten volume found after long search. In this role Mlle. Smith shows an intimate knowledge of Hindu customs, converses with some of her dead countrymen, and speaks a language which, although not altogether recognized by oriental scholars, contains unmistakable traces of Sanskrit.

In another personality her mind travels to the planet Mars, where she discourses with several of its inhabitants, one of whom, named Esenale, is a transmigrated French boy; and another, called Astané, is a sort of prophet. She reproduces little sketches of Martian objects—weird distortions of earthly reminiscences—carriages without horses, houses with fountains on the roofs, men and women in the same style of costume, and landscapes with buildings resembling Chinese pagodas. In this condition she speaks a Martian language; it sounds to the uninitiated like gibberish, but it is perfectly consistent and has been analyzed into a phonetic structure similar to French.

A third impersonation, the re-incarnation of Marie Antoinette, in which she acts out the gayer moods of that ill-starred queen, is less interesting and more easily explicable; while a fourth, that of Cagliostro, whom she sometimes objectifies as her guardian spirit, is allied and confused with the other three. It is he who acts as interpreter of the Martian language. Apart from these assumptions of



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

From the painting by Richmond

cards should appear accidental, and originate in the proposal of my contemplated dupe.

We had protracted our sitting far into the night, and I had at length effected the manœuvre of getting Glendinning as my sole antagonist. The game, too, was my favorite *écarté*. In a very short period Glendinning had become my debtor to a very large amount, when, having taken a long draught of port, he did precisely what I had been coolly anticipating—he proposed to double our already extravagant stakes. With a well-feigned show of reluctance, and not until after my repeated refusals had seduced him into some angry words, which gave a color of *pique* to my compliance, did I finally comply. In less than an hour he quadrupled his debt. For some time his countenance had been losing the florid tinge lent it by the wine; but now, to my astonishment, I perceived it had grown to a pallor truly fearful. That he was overcome by the wine just swallowed was the idea which most readily presented itself; and, rather with a view to the preservation of my own character in the eyes of my associates than from any less interested motive, I was about to insist, peremptorily, upon a discontinuance of the play, when some expression at my elbow from among the company, and an ejaculation evincing utter despair on the part of Glendinning, gave me to understand that I had effected his total ruin under circumstances which, rendering him an object for the pity of all, should have protected him from the ill offices even of a fiend.

What now might have been my conduct it is difficult to say. The pitiable condition of my dupe had thrown an air of embarrassed gloom over all; and, for some moments, a profound silence was maintained, during which I could not help feeling my cheeks tingle with the many burning glances of scorn or reproach cast upon me by the less abandoned of the party. I will even own that an intolerable weight of anxiety was for a brief instant lifted from my bosom by the sudden and extraordinary interruption which ensued. The wide, heavy folding doors of the apartment were all at once thrown open, to their full extent, with a vigorous and rushing impetuosity that extinguished, as if by magic, every candle in the room. Their

various characters, Mlle. Smith, who is a neurotic, is subject to all kinds of grotesque hallucinations.

She is a spiritualist in her faith, and believes in the verity of these incarnations. Professor Flournoy, a careful, cool-headed man, in his biography, entitled *From India to the Planet Mars*, sarcastically rejects all such claims and thinks her vagaries, though logically consistent in themselves, are romances of abnormal psychology. Her sub-consciousness, he assumes, retains very tenaciously the impressions of her past life, and her hysterical temperament produces a disassociation of the mental faculties and evolves manifestations of multiple personality.

So much for the cases; the facts are indisputable, and they are attested, moreover, by scores of similar instances. The crux comes with the demand for a satisfactory and comprehensive explanation. The philistine disciples of physical science flout the whole subject as unworthy of attention, and they scorn the students of psychic research as dabblers in the black arts. The investigators, in truth, do not know just exactly where they are; this particular field of science has only recently been opened to explorers. The most plausible theory is that of the subliminal consciousness, advocated by Frederic Myers. "The stream of consciousness in which we habitually live," he writes, "is not the only consciousness that exists in connection with our organism." The so-called self is always manifested through the physical body, but there is always some part of self lying latent in the sub-consciousness, just as there are sounds in nature imperceptible to the human ear. And when morbid conditions are produced these hidden phases may rise above the submerged levels to the surface and reveal themselves, when logically consistent, as separate identities.

light, in dying, enabled us just to perceive that a stranger had entered, about my own height, and closely muffled in a cloak. The darkness, however, was now total; and we could only *feel* that he was standing in our midst. Before any one of us could recover from the extreme astonishment into which this rudeness had thrown all, we heard the voice of the intruder.

"Gentlemen," he said, in a low, distinct, and never-to-be-forgotten *whisper* which thrilled to the very marrow of my bones, "gentlemen, I make no apology for this behavior, because in thus behaving, I am but fulfilling a duty. You are, beyond doubt, uninformed of the true character of the person who has tonight won at *écarté* a large sum of money from Lord Glendinning. Please to examine, at your leisure, the inner linings of the cuffs of his left sleeve, and the several little packages which may be found in the somewhat capacious pockets of his embroidered morning wrapper."

Many hands roughly seized me upon the spot, and lights were immediately re-procured. A search ensued. In the lining of my sleeve were found all the court cards essential in *écarté*, and in the pockets of my wrapper a number of packs, facsimiles of those used at our sittings, with the single exception that mine were of the species called, technically, *arrondées*; the honors being slightly convex at the ends, the lower cards slightly convex at the sides. In this disposition, the dupe who cuts, as customary, at the length of the pack, will invariably find that he cuts his antagonist an honor; while the gambler, cutting at the breadth, will, as certainly, cut nothing for his victim which may count for the records of the game.

Any burst of indignation upon this discovery would have affected me less than the silent contempt or the sarcastic composure with which it was received.

"Mr. Wilson," said our host, stooping to remove from beneath his feet an exceedingly luxurious cloak of rare furs, "Mr. Wilson, this is your property." (The weather was cold; and upon quitting my own room, I had thrown a cloak over my dressing wrapper, putting it off upon reaching the scene of play.) "I suppose it is supererogatory to seek here (eyeing the folds of the garment with

Below the conscious self, which thinks and reasons, there is an underworld of mental existence, wherein are stored the lost data of experience, wherein are performed the involuntary automatic actions of the physiological functions, and wherein, too, may be received impressions from the external world that the conscious self can never know through the senses, just as the actinic rays of light and other ether vibrations beyond the gamut of the visible spectrum pass into the eye without giving us any sensation. This underworld Mr. Myers calls the subliminal consciousness. In the normal mind it is under the domination and control of the conscious reasoning self, and like an engine under the control of the engineer it keeps on the straight track. But let the guiding influence be dethroned and then the automatic engine of the mind is left without guidance, to the play of its unregulated caprices. The extreme result is insanity. The manifestation of dual personality occurs in the borderland between sanity and madness—when the reasoning self has imperfect control of the submerged data of the mind. It is then that the latent impressions rise like rebels; and when, for some cause or other, there is method in the madness of their confusion, we see the revelation of an apparently alien identity.

Formerly such cases were confined in the asylum to wait for death. Today, from the light which has been thrown upon the whole subject by careful study, it looks as if we might discover means of cure. Hypnotism, in many instances, has been applied with beneficial results. The lunatic who insists that he is Napoleon Bonaparte, or that he is himself and his brother by different mothers, can often be hypnotized out of his delusions. Telepathy, clairvoyance, spiritualism, hitherto involved in the trickery of charla-



Photograph by Van der Weyde

RICHARD MANSFIELD AS DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE

a bitter smile) for any further evidence of your skill. Indeed, we have had enough. You will see the necessity, I hope, of quitting Oxford—at all events, of quitting instantly my chambers." I left the apartment with a resolute scowl of defiance; and next morning ere dawn of day commenced a hurried journey from Oxford to the Continent, in a perfect agony of horror and of shame.

I fled in vain. My evil destiny pursued me as if in exultation, and proved, indeed, that the exercise of its mysterious dominion had as yet only begun. Scarcely had I set foot in Paris ere I had fresh evidence of the detestable interest taken by this Wilson in my concerns. Years flew, while I experienced no relief. Villain! at Rome, with how untimely, yet with how spectral an officiousness, stepped he in between me and my ambition! At Vienna, too—at Berlin—and at Moscow! Where, in truth, had I *not* bitter cause to curse him within my heart?

It was at Rome, during the carnival of 18—, that I attended a masquerade in the palazzo of the Neapolitan Duke Di Broglio. The suffocating atmosphere of the crowded rooms irritated me beyond endurance. The difficulty, too, of forcing my way through the mazes of the company contributed not a little to the ruffling of my temper; for I was anxiously seeking (let me not say with what unworthy motive) the young, the gay, the beautiful wife of the aged and doting Di Broglio. With a too unscrupulous confidence she had previously communicated to me the secret of the costume in which she would be habited, and now, having caught a glimpse of her person, I was hurrying to make my way into her presence. At this moment I felt a light hand placed upon my shoulder, and that ever-remembered, low, damnable *whisper* within my ear.

In an absolute frenzy of wrath, I turned at once upon him who had thus interrupted me, and seized him violently by the collar. He was attired, in a costume altogether similar to my own.

"Scoundrel!" I said, in a voice husky with rage, while every syllable I uttered seemed as new fuel to my fury; "scoundrel! impostor! accursed villain! you shall not—you *shall not* dog me unto death! Follow me, or I stab you where you

tans, or relegated to the realms of the occult, may turn out to be functions of the subliminal consciousness, and all the "psychic oscillations" of the human mind may be explained on the basis of natural law as acceptable as the atomic theory or the attraction of gravitation. "We are only at the mouth of the river," says Frederic Myers, "which runs up into the unexplored interior of our being."

One thing is already certain—our old categories of science have been too dogmatic, too exclusive. The old opposition of the dual nature of man as strictly good and evil will have to go, and we shall have to recognize in the human mind more complex relations of the mental and moral faculties. Who can say that anger, if the new theory be true, is not an incipient form of insanity, "a psychic oscillation," which temporarily dethrones the moral governor of the mind and leaves the agent irresponsible for the act? It is too early yet, perhaps, to come to any definite conclusions, but when one stops to consider the possibilities of changed opinion which might result from this conception of the dual personality, one must realize that like Columbus we have touched on the shore of a new world.

Fiction has made good use of the old tradition of the schoolmen. It is a question whether the new field will ever offer the same opportunity for art. Art demands a sympathy which implies a continuous identity of character. You cannot make a hero out of a lunatic; Wordsworth tried to do so in *The Idiot Boy*, but the result as well as the hero was idiotic. Art cannot desert the settled order of reason without compromising its dignity and without becoming grotesque. If you say that Hamlet was mad, then Shakespeare's masterpiece, with its wonderful study of the human will paralyzed by a complication of motives, has

stand!" and I broke my way from the ball-room into a small ante-chamber adjoining, dragging him unresistingly with me as I went.

Upon entering, I thrust him furiously from me. He staggered against the wall, while I closed the door with an oath, and commanded him to draw. He hesitated but for an instant; then with a slight sigh, drew in silence, and put himself upon his defence.

The contest was brief indeed. I was frantic with every species of wild excitement, and felt within my single arm the energy and power of a multitude. In a few seconds I forced him by sheer strength against the wainscoting, and thus, getting him at mercy, plunged my sword, with brute ferocity, repeatedly through and through his bosom.

At that instant some person tried the latch of the door. I hastened to prevent an intrusion, and then immediately returned to my dying antagonist. But what human language can adequately portray *that* astonishment, *that* horror which possessed me at the spectacle then presented to view? The brief moment in which I averted my eyes had been sufficient to produce, apparently, a material change in the arrangements at the upper or farther end of the room. A large mirror—so it seemed at first to me in my confusion—now stood where none had been perceptible before; and, as I stepped up to it in extremity of terror, mine own image, but with features all pale and dabbled in blood, advanced to meet me with a feeble and tottering gait.

Thus it appeared, I say, but was not. It was my antagonist—it was Wilson, who then stood before me in the agonies of his dissolution. His mask and cloak lay, where he had thrown them, upon the floor. Not a thread in all his raiment—not a line in all the marked and singular lineaments of his face which was not, even in the most absolute identity, *mine own!*

It was Wilson; but he spoke no longer in a whisper, and I could have fancied that I myself was speaking while he said:

"You have conquered, and I yield. Yet, henceforward art thou also dead—dead to the World, to Heaven, and to Hope! In me didst thou exist; and, in my death, see by this image, which is thine own, how utterly thou hast murdered thyself."

no more significance than fragments of wreckage; it would lack that central unity without which the play would merely exhibit the antics of a crazed brain. Disassociated personalities could appeal only to our sense of the grotesque.

Albert E. Hauweh

An Illustration of the Martian Language

At a quarter before nine in the evening Mlle. Smith, desiring to obtain a communication, gave herself up to meditation. The room seems to her to become completely obscured, except the end of the table at which she is sitting, which is illumined with a golden light. A Martian girl in a yellow robe and with long tresses then comes and seats herself beside her, and begins to trace, without ink or paper, but with a point on the end of her index finger, black figures on a white cylinder, at first placed on the table, afterwards on her knees, and which is unrolled as she writes. Hélène is near enough to see the characters clearly, and copies them in pencil on a sheet of paper, after which the vision vanishes and her mother and the room reappear.

Transcription and Translation

men mess Astané cé amès é vi itéch li tès alizé néūmi assilé kâ ianiné êzi atèv ni lé taxié é vi med ièez éziné rabriz ni libraz. Men amès di ouradé ké Matêmi uzénir chée kida ni ké chée brizi pi dézanir. évai diwiné tès luné.

Friend, great Astané, I come to thee always by this element, mysterious, immense, which envelops my being and launches me to thee by all my thoughts and desires. Friend, come thou to remember that Matêmi will await thy favor, and that thy wisdom will answer him. Be happy today.

—Th. Flournoy in *From India to the Planet Mars*.

TYRANNY OF "THE LOVE INTEREST"

BY OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR

More than one familiar fact lends color to the assertion, recently made, that novel-writing is a trade rather than an art, to be as mechanically learned and perhaps even more commercially practiced than are, for instance, politics and plumbing. A significant proof of this is the every-day novelist's blind and unesthetic concern for what is known as "the love interest." No demonstration is necessary of the amazing predominance, over every other motive, of "the love interest" in English and American fiction, the fact being commonly accepted without comment, and superficially, perhaps, requiring none. What more natural, from a department-store point of view, than that love-stories, however hackneyed and perfunctory, should be, like chocolate bon-bons, perennially in demand?

And, indeed, the intemperate consumer of countless multiplied versions of the He-and-She story would doubtless, if challenged, glibly set forth that the novel being the representation of human life, the element of transcendent importance in human life should occupy a corresponding prominence in the art that portrays it—and that the element is romantic love. But does this, after all, explain the conventional obligation, religiously accepted and lived up to by almost every novelist, to supply a hero and a heroine of amatory tendencies, and, after an interval varying in length with the contemporary taste, to apportion out to them a destiny of one of the four following approved patterns: First, they are married; or, second, she marries some one else; or, thirdly, he marries some one else; or, fourthly and lastly, she dies?

An unwritten law, it appears, thus supplies the outline for every novel; and the author, restricting his ingenuity to details

and repressing every original creative impulse with heroic firmness, dutifully applies his tracing-paper, as it were, to the familiar outline, reserving only the right of naming the characters and supplying the local color. Obviously, despite the labor involved—and no one will deny that writing a novel is at least physically arduous—this traditional scheme is absurdly simple. Yet woe to the novelist who should attempt to complicate it! For it is the first article in the faith of the publisher, who gently but firmly controls the novelist, that the central feature of a novel must be its "love interest." Yet the exclusive popularity of the story of romantic love is a question that has not as yet been tested, inasmuch as the loveless novel remains to be written.

If, then, the publisher's supposition be true, why should we patronize, with our grown-up air of tolerance, the four-year-old who demands daily stories of bears and nothing but bears, though he knows precisely how each story will begin and end, and can even prompt the narrator? We have it on excellent authority that the child is father to the man; and the child who will have bear-stories and nothing else suffers decadence rather than development in becoming the man who will have love-stories and nothing else—preferably the kind in which he can prompt the author.

To admit that love is the consummate human passion, that many though not all the greatest works in literature are based upon it—is one thing; to suggest that a work of fiction might fail to hinge upon this passion, yet be interesting, powerful, and true—is another thing.

So-called realism, though affecting to defy literary traditions, has again and again beaten about this particular bush without once squarely facing it. With a few nota-

ble exceptions, the realist is not yet realistic enough to write other than the love-novel. Oddly enough, by providing a lively "love interest," justly regarding this as a mere technical consideration, the realist feels that he buys the privilege of revelling to his heart's content in the intimate details of crime, disease, and sordidness, assuming that readers who enjoy this kind of thing will call it "strong," and those who do not will skip it. But nobody, according to the prevalent belief, skips love-scenes. And to supply this alleged demand the realist or literary radical of whatever sort conscientiously continues to manufacture the requisite amount of stereotyped sentiment.

"Although," observes Mr. Brander Matthews in this connection, "there are to be found by diligent search a few novels that are not love-tales—and of course *Robinson Crusoe* is the example that swims at once into recollection—yet the immense majority of novels have the tender passion either as the motive power of their machinery or as the pivots on which their plots turn. Although *Vanity Fair* was a novel without a hero, nearly every other novel has a hero and a heroine; and the novelist, however unwillingly, must concern himself in their love-affairs."

What power, then, impels him to pursue a course so consistently unoriginal? Doubtless the only power of which he is conscious is the publisher. But there is also to be reckoned with the very disconcerting power of tradition, of convention. A convention has forced practically every novelist to discuss the love-making of a man and a woman, and to marry them or slay them before finally laying down his pen.

Conventions, however, sometimes die natural deaths. Can it be that this excessive and unnatural regard for "the love interest" will likewise ultimately subside? It is encouraging to note that the development of the art—or trade?—of fiction has been such that various other conventions formerly governing the novelist now seem puerile enough. Singularly little attention has been paid, for instance, to the startling modifications that have taken place in the novel-heroine. An *Evelina*, as the central figure of a modern novel, would be a preposterous anomaly. And this is first, of

course, because of the change in the novel heroine's characteristics. Whereas, this once somewhat wooden young lady had formerly to be "fair as an angel" or "black as a gypsy" and, in any case, "slender as a reed" and not more than eighteen years of age—her hair may nowadays be red and her eyes of almost any fashionable color. Occasionally she is freckled, frequently she is plump. She practically never swoons, her bosom rarely heaves, and on scenting a proposal she conceals her emotions with flippancy, rather than displaying them by "a cheek mantled with blushes." She is quite out of the habit of falling in love at first sight with a gentleman-and-a-scholar who happens to be passing her window, falling in love having indeed come to be a far more elaborate process. In fact she has undergone a considerable and significant reform, and the novelist and the public taste along with her. And her evolution from a painted stick into a sentient being has been accompanied by a similar departure from the stereotyped in the characters who woo her, or intrigue against her, and in the situations that lead—that are still bound to lead—to her betrothal and marriage.

It is unlikely that with these most desirable modern improvements the progress of fiction has finally come to a standstill. Even a lame imagination can foresee the day when the novel-heroine may, if she chooses, be fat, fair and forty, with no personal fascination whatever and not a becoming gown in her wardrobe. And a bold fancy can picture the time when the novelist, who shall dare to write of what he sees, may produce a book whose every incident will not relate to the artificial romance of He-and-She; whose interesting heroine may marry, casually, in the first chapter, and be chiefly concerned with her new linen and silver rather than with the bridegroom; or whose interesting hero may decide, without any heartache, that he prefers bachelor life after all; and whose final chapter may contain something besides a sunset and the passionate exchange of glances between love-lit eyes. And with the clearing of the literary atmosphere which will follow this valiant achievement, appreciation of the genuine and spontaneous love-stories of literature may become more common.

WITH HOUND AND HORN

FOUR OLD PRINTS IN COLOR



THE FIRST HEDGE

Soon as Aurora drives away the night,
And edges eastern clouds with rosy light,
The healthy huntsman, with a cheerful horn,
Summons the dogs and greets the dappled morn.
The jocund thunder wakes th' enliven'd hounds,
They rouse from sleep, and answer sounds for sounds;
Wild through the furzy field their route they take,
Their bleeding bosoms force the thorny brake;
The flying game their smoking nostrils trace,
No bounding hedge obstructs their eager pace;
The distant mountains echo from afar,
And hanging woods resound the flying war.

—*Gay's Rural Sport*



IN FULL CRY

The pasture-land knows not of rough plough or harrow,
The hoofs echo hollow and soft on the sward;
The soul of the horses goes into our marrow;
My saddle's a kingdom, and I am its lord:
And rolling and flowing beneath us like ocean,
Gray waves of the high ridge and furrow glide on,
And small flying fences in musical motion,
Before us, beneath us, behind us, are gone.

—*Richard St. John Tyrwhitt*



A DISTANT VIEW

Mankind are all hunters in various degree;
The priest hunts a living, the lawyer a fee,
The doctor a patient, the courtier a place,
Though often, like us, they're flung out with disgrace.

With the sports of the field there's no pleasure can vie,
While jocund we follow the hounds in full cry.

Let the bold and the busy hunt glory and wealth;
All the blessing we ask is the blessing of health;
With hounds and with horns, through the woodlands to roam,
And when tir'd abroad, find contentment at home.

With the sports of the field there's no pleasure can vie,
While jocund we follow the hounds in full cry.

—*Anon.*



IN AT THE DEATH

Now, through the copse where the fox is found,
And over the stream at a mighty bound,
And over the high lands, and over the low,
O'er furrows, o'er meadows, the hunters go!
Away!—as a hawk flies full at its prey,
So flieth the hunter, away,—away!
From the burst at the cover till set of sun,
When the red fox dies, and—the day is done!
Hark, hark!—What sound on the wind is borne?
'T is the conquering voice of the hunter's horn!
The horn,—the horn!
The merry, bold voice of the hunter's horn.

—*Bryan W. Procter (Barry Cornwall)*



JULES LEFEBVRE

Photograph by Ad. Braun et cie

JULES LEFEBVRE

A MODERN IDEALIST

With unswerving constancy of purpose, Jules Lefebvre has taken his stand with the "idealists" of contemporary Parisian art ever since his *début* as a painter, some forty years ago. In this group he has been classed with Hector Leroux, Baudry, Bouguereau, and even Puvis de Chavannes.

Never had the school of French painting been so divided against itself as at the time when these names first stirred the pulses of the devotees of the Salon. Romanticists, classicists, realists, and idealists measured forces in perpetual combat. Jules Lefebvre during his long and brilliant career has lived apart from this turmoil. He has sacrificed nothing of himself to the mode of the hour, but with a fine consistency has devoted his art to the traditional cult of beauty. Like so many of the alumni of the Roman College of French Art, he took up the portrayal of ideal themes, such as are inevitably suggested by the works of Raphael and Leonardo, and has delighted the public with a series of Dianas, Mignons, Graziellas, and Cigales.

Lefebvre was born at Tournan in 1834. Like many of the great painters his origin was obscure. His father was a baker, and it was to his father's trade he was apprenticed. Through the contrivance of his mother he was sent to Paris where he became a pupil of Léon Coignet, and made rapid progress. His debut at the Salon was made in 1855, when he exhibited a portrait. In 1861 he won the Grand Prix de Rome for his canvas entitled *Death of Priam*. Medals and decorations have showered on him since then. His painting, *Femme Couchée*, exhibited in 1868, was greeted with an outburst of enthusiasm which fixed his rank as an artist. At the Salon of that year Lefebvre and Corot received equally the highest vote for the medal of honor, which was, however, given

to Brion, as a compromise, in the sweet irony of official methods.

Lefebvre's art appeals strongly to the public of all conditions by satisfying the traditional theory of what a picture should be. His choice of subject is trite, but it is Lefebvre's belief that old subjects gain new life under an original touch. He has been called the noblest painter of the nude, in the consideration and portrayal of which his attitude has always been of the purest. Fluency of line, chaste repose, delicacy of execution, and refinement of purpose distinguish his many charming variations upon this theme. Action, character, are never the motives, but rather an insidious grace of line, a smoothness of texture, and poetic unsubstantiality.

France has honored Lefebvre by the purchase of two paintings, *La Vérité*, and *Nymphe et Bacchus*, both in the Luxembourg Gallery. After his death they will go to the Louvre. *Nymphe et Bacchus* was exhibited at the Salon of 1886. It is a graceful composition of three figures, beautiful in its classic simplicity. *La Vérité* won for Lefebvre the Cross of the Legion of Honor at the Salon of 1870. This admirable painting represents "Truth" standing in a somewhat theatrical pose holding aloft to the world a shining mirror. It is simple, direct in treatment, dramatic and forceful in action—withal a repressed action—and impressive in the lines and proportions of the figure.

Among his best known paintings is *Diana Surprised*, which was purchased by an American for seven thousand dollars. The picture was painted in 1879, and has been abundantly engraved and reproduced. *Lady Godiva*, which pictures the fabled ride of the Countess of Coventry, nude on horseback through the village, is another of Lefebvre's famous paintings popularized

through the many reproductions. *Psyche*, another very familiar picture, is exhibited as a loan in the permanent collections of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts. The picture, which was one of the sensations of the Salon of 1883, represents Psyche with a star at her forehead, seated on a rock overlooking the sea, holding in her hands the fate of the world.

As a painter of ideal heads, Lefebvre has achieved wide popularity. These portray beautiful, if conventional, types of pure maidenhood, drawn from the classics. He has used the same model for several of these pictures, and the character of face is always similar even when the model has varied.

In *Vittoria Colonna* the artist has pictured more than an individual. The spirit of an age shines through the frank eyes of this famous daughter of the Italian Renaissance. The poet is written in her face; so the princess, if less legibly; the spiritual devotee, potentially; while it takes little imagination to divine in her the beloved of Michael Angelo's declining years.

The graceful study of *Liseuse* (The Reader), was shown in the Salon of 1889. The subject is a sweet-faced young girl who looks gravely from a book held in taper fingers. The sweeping straight hair is parted in the middle and is entwined with morning-glories.

La Poésie Antique is less graceful. A dark-haired girl, in Greek costume and crowned with bay leaves, sits somewhat stiffly. Her faultless features are composed rather too precisely.

Laure, exhibited in the Salon of 1885, resembles Henner's model, but is still strongly characteristic of Lefebvre. Pale hair partly concealed by a black drapery over the head, a small nose, full lips, and firm, round chin, are the distinguishing features.

Violetta is decidedly more human than any of the others mentioned, and might readily be a portrait.

Clemence Isaure is a rather self-conscious face, with again the full lips, round chin, and heavy hair wreathed in bay.

The charm of *Vénitienne* is of a more universal type than the title would indicate. Her unconscious grace and wholesome sweetness are as characteristic of more northern climes as of the sunny Adriatic. Every feature reveals the frank, unembar-

assed poise of the innocence symbolized in the spray of blossoms.

In the opinion of many sound art critics there is in these ideal paintings of Lefebvre, beautiful as they are, an absence of any message; and this detracts from their vitality. It makes one sympathize with the revolt against idealism ably led by Courbet, Manet, and Bonnat, who sought to make art a human passion which grapples with things as they are.

It is as a portrait painter that Lefebvre's latter-day fame has come. In 1901 he exhibited a study of his daughter Yvonne, with which Paris was delighted. This portrait, painted only two years ago, when Lefebvre was in his sixty-eighth year, testifies to his extraordinary virility. It was a triumph, and Jules Lefebvre enjoyed a double honor as father, in both senses of the term.

Among his fellow craftsmen, Lefebvre is chiefly famed for his beautiful drawing. His color sense was never strong, but in the chalk drawings the quality of the flowing lines and wonderful simplicity of detail has called forth warm admiration from those who care least for his paintings. Personally Lefebvre is well known among the younger generation of artists as one of the instructors at the Julien School in Paris. The master has been in touch with the School since its first session, and is greatly beloved for his unfailing kindness as well as respected for the sincerity of his criticisms.

A pretty story showing his upright character and extreme conscientiousness is told of Jules Lefebvre on the occasion of his return from the Villa Medici. While in Italy he had painted a large composition which he called *The Mother of the Greeks*, for which M. de Nieuyerkerke, director of the Beaux Arts, offered him twelve hundred dollars. He needed the money sorely, but feeling uncertain of the value of his picture consulted his senior, Gérôme, who, realizing at once that the subject was too vast an effort for so immature a painter, told him brusquely to choose something simpler, and turned him from his studio. Rather than have an inferior work go from his hand Lefebvre refused the coveted money, and the picture has never been exhibited, though he keeps it still as a souvenir of his youthful ambitions.



VITTORIA COLONNA



LISEUSE



LA POÉSIE ANTIQUE



LAURE



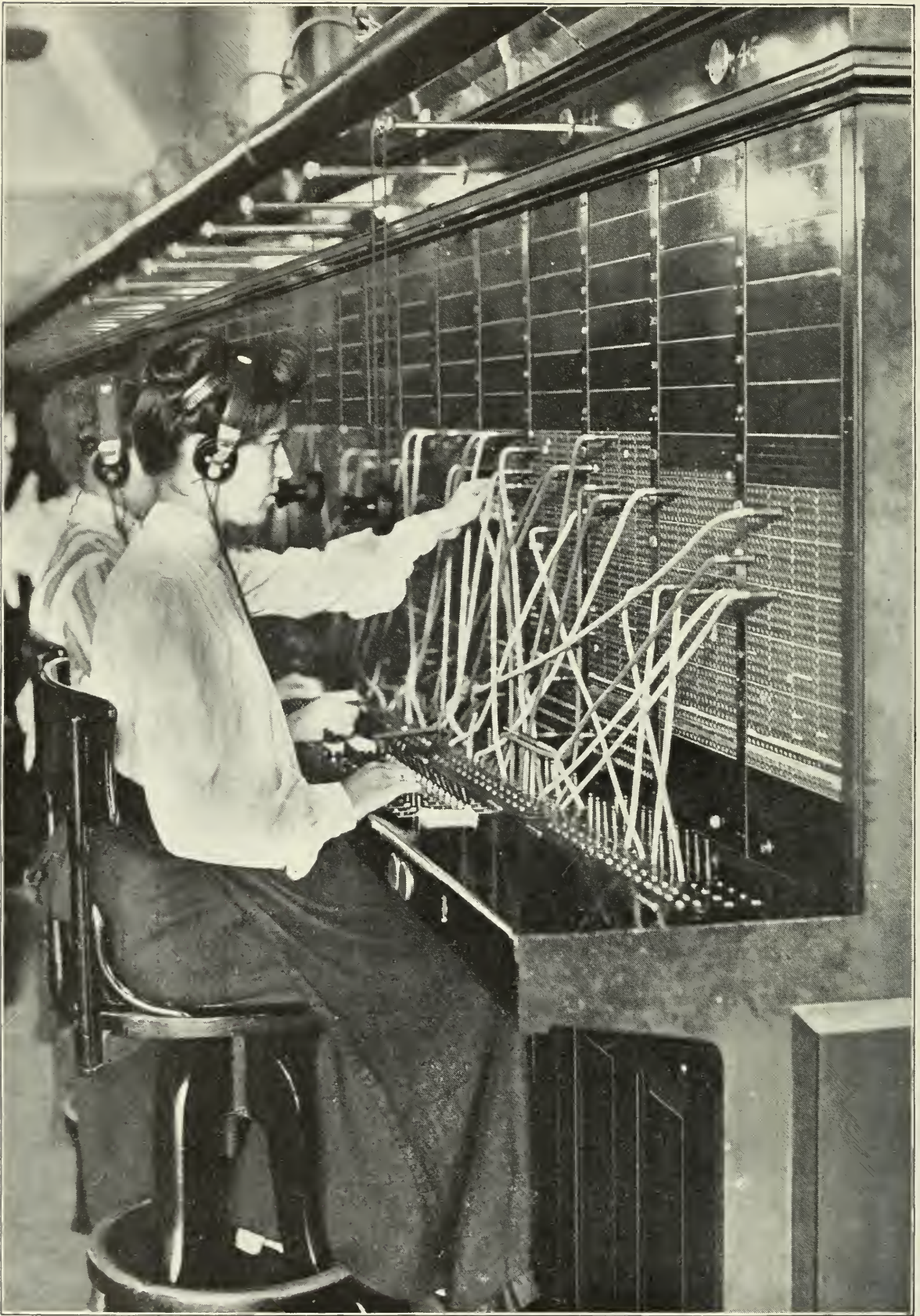
VIOLETTA



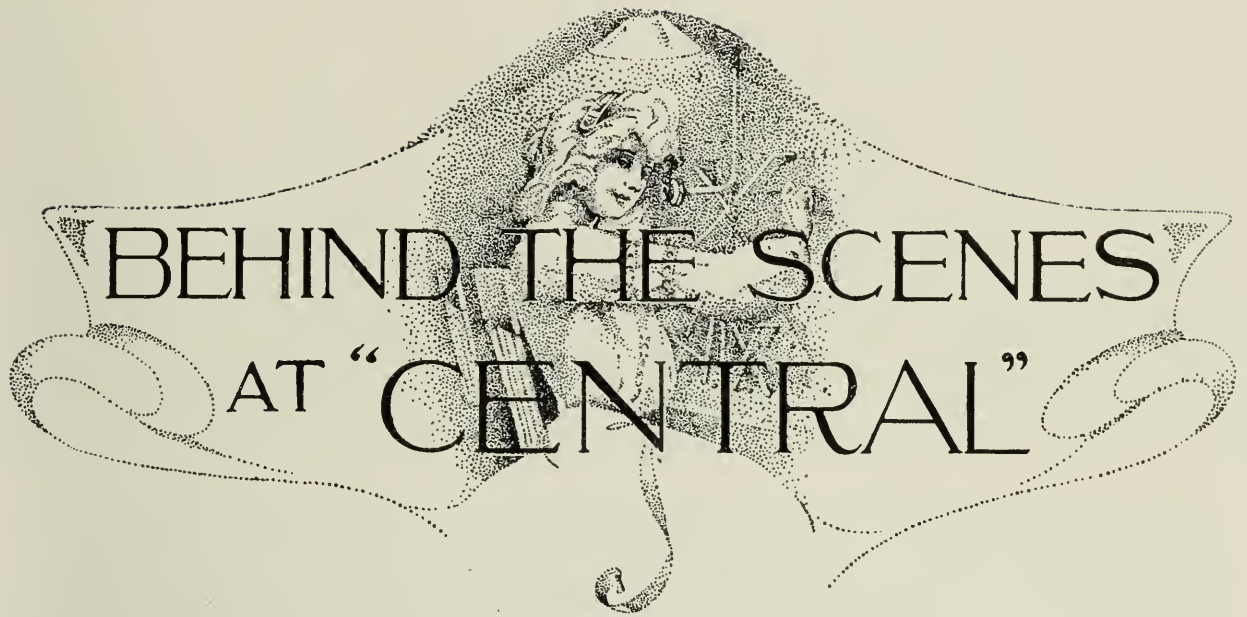
CLEMENCE ISAURE



VÉNITIENNE



IN THE RUSH HOUR



BEHIND THE SCENES AT "CENTRAL"

The telephone is the nervous system of the modern business organism. From the great ganglion familiarly hailed as "Central" radiate the myriad nerves along which speed the impulses directing the world's industry. The one nervous system is now as indispensable as the other. The telephone is the chief source and symbol of the strenuous life. It has doubled the pressure, condensed the world, made us all next-door neighbors.

Yet custom has staled the infinite wonder of this agent that out-Ariels Ariel. There is nothing so taken for granted as yesterday's miracle. We have accepted the telephone as part and parcel of the established order, and added it to the ever-growing list of things so familiar that we cease to bother about understanding them.

The United States has more telephones than all the rest of the world together, nearly 4,500,000, of which the independent companies have a total share of about sixty per cent., and the Bell Companies about forty per cent., chiefly in the East. The city of New York has more than the whole Empire of Russia. With a field such as this to work in, American engineers have naturally been able to experiment and improve to an extent impossible in more circumscribed spheres. Germany and Japan are said by experts to be in joint occupation of the next rung of the telephone ladder below America. Germany stands easily first among European

countries in the commercial and social use of the telephone. At the other end of the world the Japanese prove again their right to the title of the Yankees of the Orient. Like ourselves, while weak in creating, they are strong in adopting and adapting. They have been notably successful in the commercial application of phantom circuits on trunk line work, a method whereby two sets of circuits are utilized to carry on three distinct conversations at the same time. Japan's lateness in appearing on the field has been a help rather than a hindrance. She has not been handicapped by a deadweight of antiquated machinery.

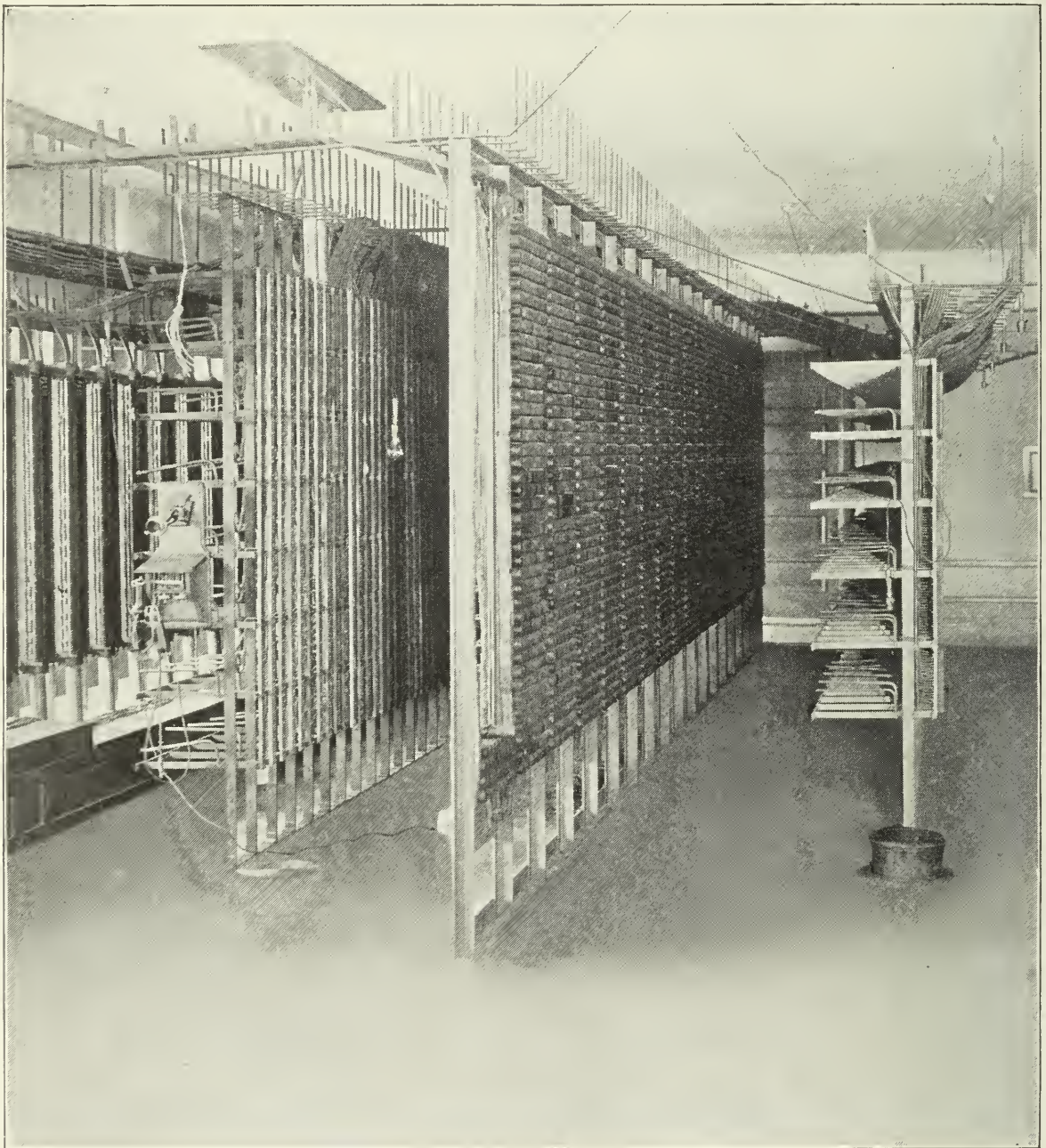
To this same advantage, on a smaller scale, is largely due the superior equipment of the exchange from which the accompanying illustrations were made. It was chosen for this purpose because it is undoubtedly the best-equipped central exchange in the world. Newly installed, it has been able to reap the benefits of all the latest discoveries and improvements, while older companies are often compelled to be content with apparatus they would relegate to the scrap-heap if not deterred by the enormous expense of a new outfit.

The average layman hazily pictures "Central," that place heard so long but not seen, as a modern edition of Babel, delivered over to jarring voices and ringing bells and general pandemonium. If he should visit the exchange pictured here, he

would see forty-five girls at work at a switchboard handling 18,000 calls in a busy hour. Yet there is no noise louder than the hum of a swarm of bees. The wheels go round without friction; the operators are too busy for the bustling confusion of incompetency; ingenious devices have brought the eye to the ear's relief, replacing bells by a system of lamp signals. Everything makes for efficiency. The girls sit almost rigidly motionless, so that a rear view gives the impression of forty-five models posing to show forty-five styles of coiffure. The illusion vanishes at a

sight of their nimble fingers shuttling back and forth faster than the eye can follow. Practice gives them proficiency almost incredible. During the busy hours an operator makes on the average ten connections a minute, with automatic accuracy. Under pressure—from a fire, a panic, a national calamity, accumulation of business after a break—she doubles this rate.

The long L of the switchboard, with its forty-five operators, proves on nearer view to be divided into seventeen practically independent sections. The manager informs you that some of the sections are assigned



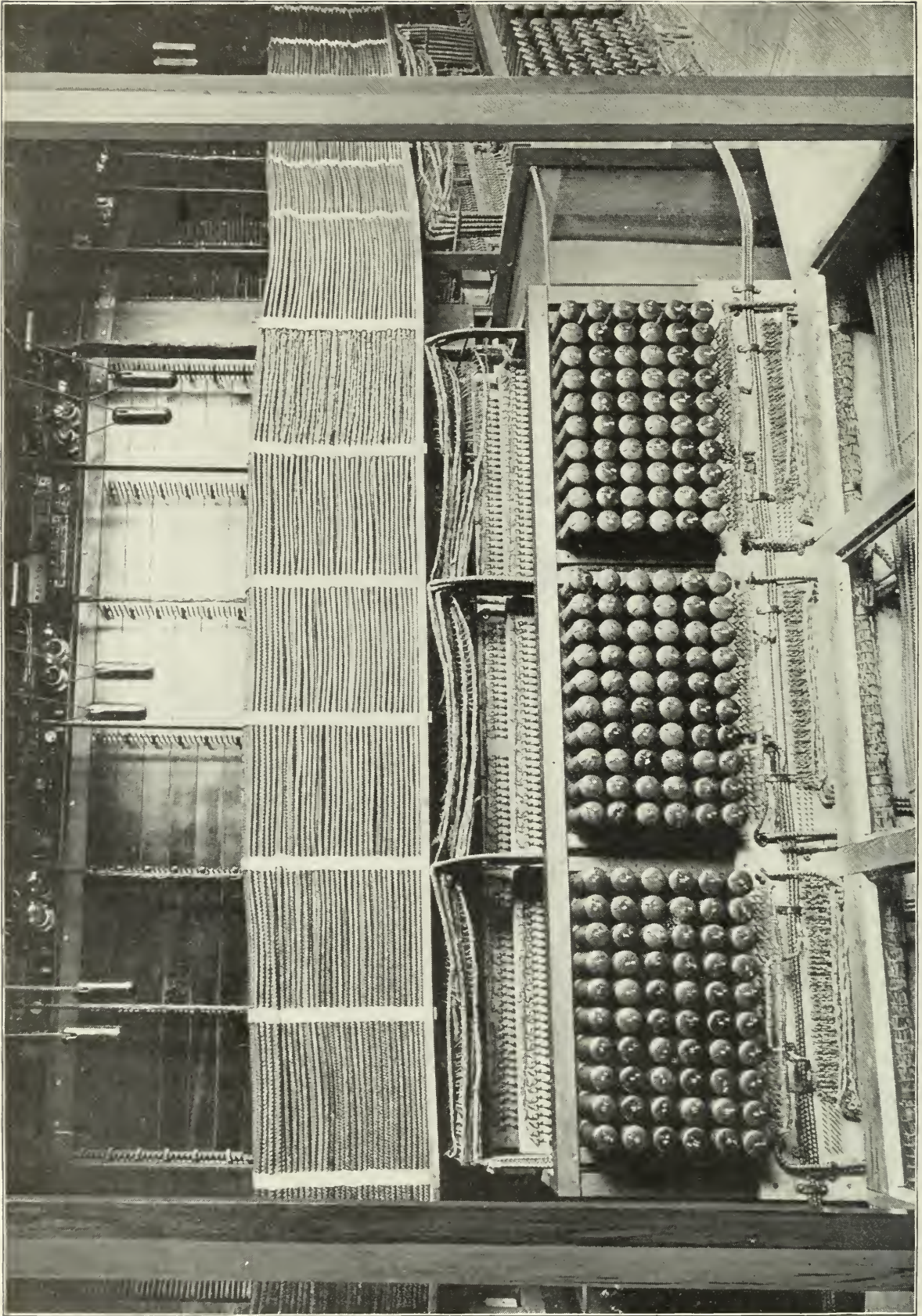
THE TERMINAL ROOM

to direct subscribers, some to party lines, and others to pay stations, while the rest are connected with branch exchanges elsewhere in the city. If you are one of the 7200 subscribers in this district, you will readily find your number, Main 11-44, on the switchboard. If you look long enough you will find it in seventeen different places. The wire that leads from the 'phone in your office, after being carried along underground to a distributing board at Central, has branched out to each of the seventeen sections of the switchboard. On sixteen of these the spring-jack or terminal of your

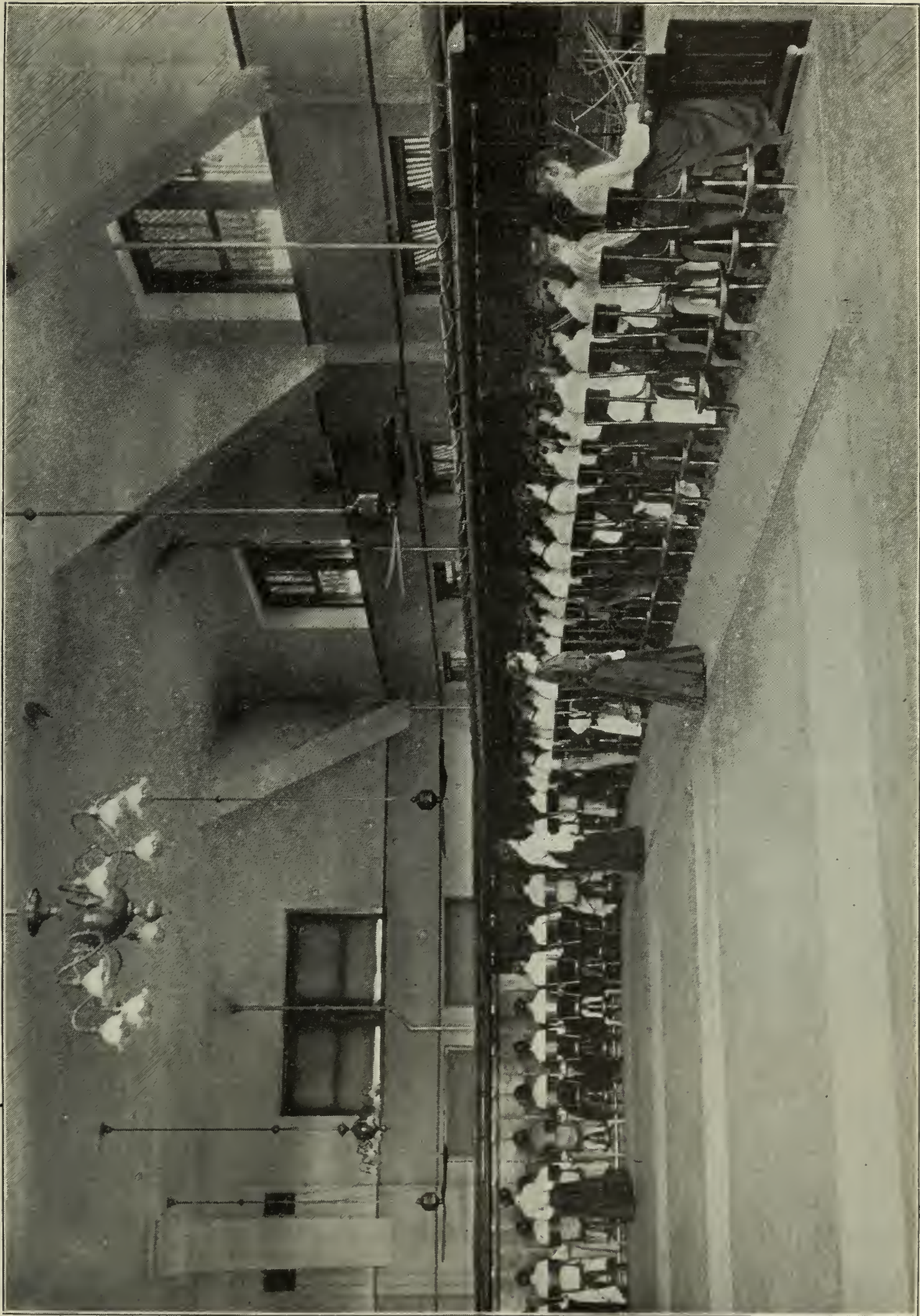
wire appears on the upper part. On the seventeenth it is found, with 319 other spring-jacks, in a lower panel. It is on this seventeenth section that your calls are received. In the panel above are the spring-jacks of the entire 7200 subscribers, with any one of whom you may be connected. On each of the other sixteen sections your wire is at the disposal of any one of the group of the subscribers assigned to that position. This multiple system is enormously expensive, but no other system has been devised that gives the accuracy and speed demanded, and time is more than



THE WIRE-CHIEF HUNTING FOR TROUBLE



THE SWITCHBOARD—A REAR VIEW

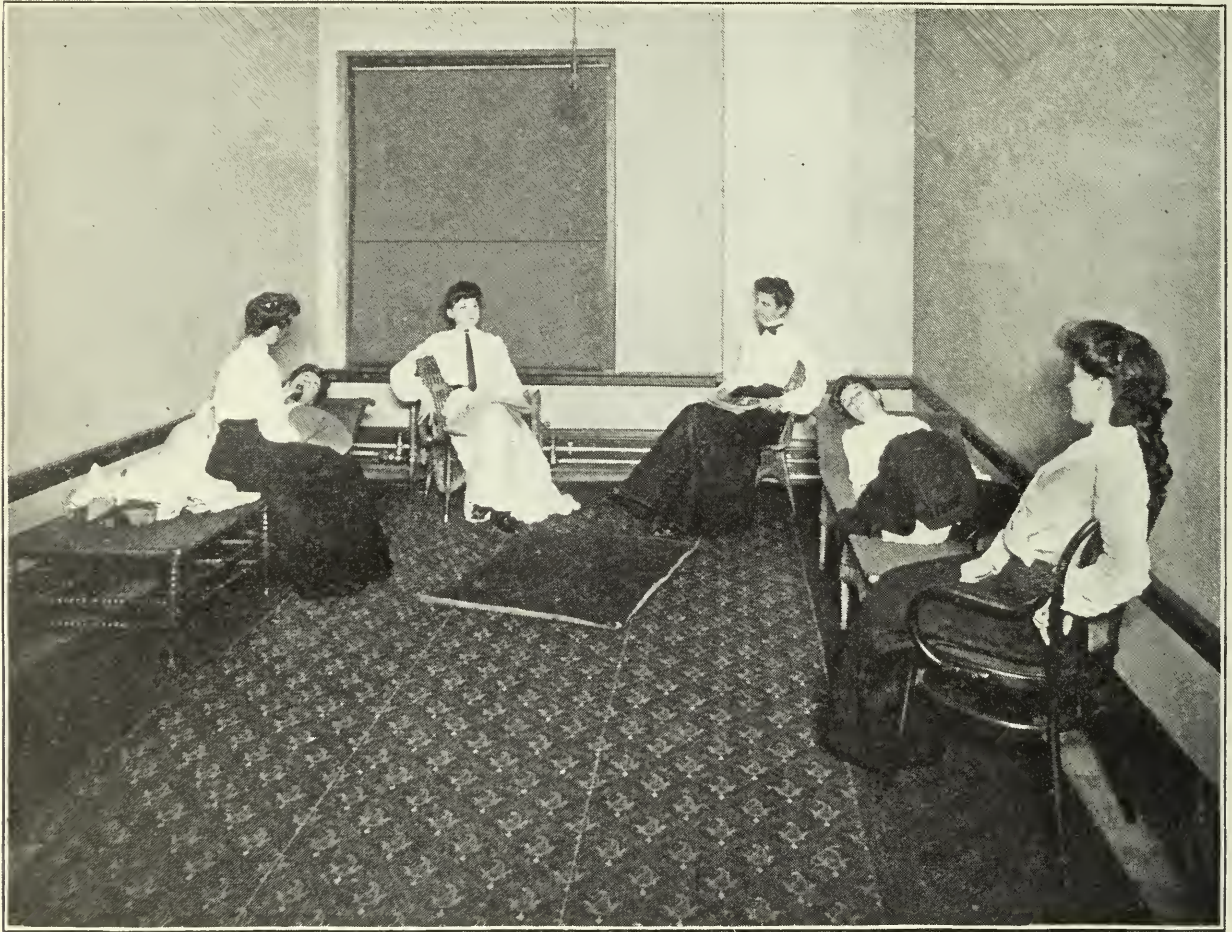


THE SWITCHBOARD—A FRONT VIEW

money. It comes high but we must have it.

As you examine the board the flashing of tiny electric lights in the lower panels attracts your curiosity. Perhaps you chance to see one signalling in your call section, in the spring-jack marked "11-44," warning you—and the operator—that your partner in the office two miles away has taken his receiver from the hook. At the same time the illumination of a larger general signal called "the pilot" makes assur-

ascertain this the operator taps with a calling plug on the jack or terminal of Main 8-00, which is connected by a test-wire with all the other jacks of this number. This is connected in such a way that if Main 8-00 is busy there is a flow of current from the operator's receiver to the ground and a buzzing sound results. When the man behind the receiver at the other end of the wire hears this buzz he had better hang up his receiver at once and save the wait for the confirming, "They're busy."



IN THE HOSPITAL ROOM

ance doubly sure that the operator will not overlook the call.

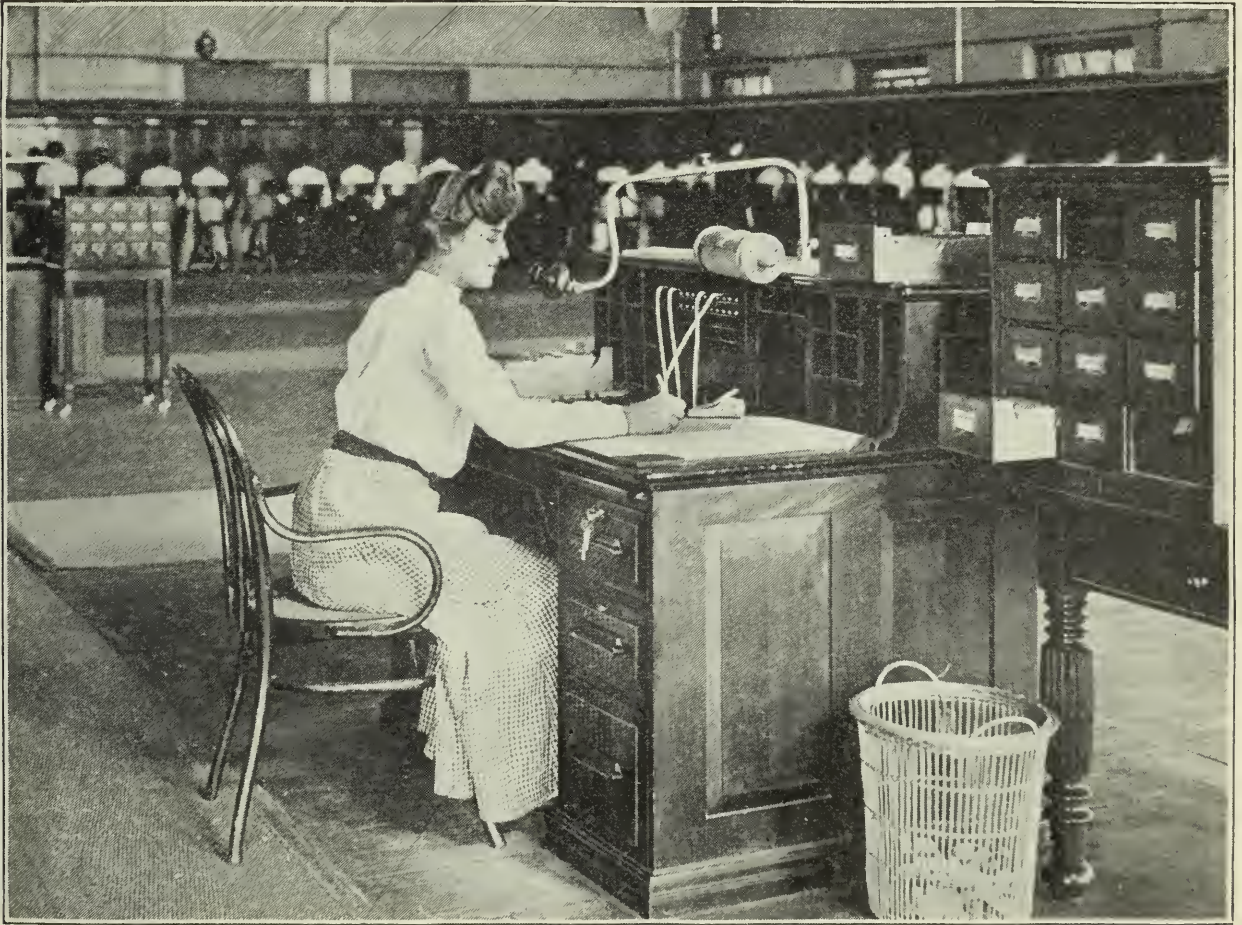
The operator at once inserts an "answering plug" in 11-44 and goes in on that wire with the mellifluous inquiry, "Number, please?"—the use of the word "hello" is rigorously barred the "hello girl," strange to say. On getting your partner's request, "Main 8-00," she first makes the "busy test." It is quite possible Main 8-00 is engaged on one of the other sixteen sections in which it appears. To

If, however, the coast is clear, you see the operator insert her calling plug in Main 8-00. Another tiny lamp flashes out its signal, and stays lit until Main 8-00 takes down his receiver. Then the operator's troubles are ended for the present. She does not need, as under the old régime, to break in on the conversation every other minute with her, "Are you through?" before shutting off, or, more probably, shut off first and vary the question to, "Oh, weren't you through?" It is all worked

automatically now. In a minute or two you see the same two lamps flashing out again, giving notice that the subscribers have finished talking. The operator at once disconnects. If only one light appears she knows that the subscriber wishes another connection, and repeats the process.

As you walk around the board you observe that the procedure in the other divisions is in the main identical with that of the direct subscribers' division. If the subscriber wanted is in another exchange

ing together as "99 a" and "99 d" men who grate on each other. If they are of different nationalities the friction is all the more intense. The chances are that both Schmidt and O'Flynn will be inspired to use the 'phone at once. The certainty is that they are not inspired in the language they resort to on finding that the other fellow is trying to monopolize the line, as usual. The operator usually solves the problem by shutting off both and waiting for the more enterprising to ring up, or



THE INQUIRY DESK

in a different section of the city, one more link in the chain is needed. The operator in this exchange notifies the operator in the other of the number wanted, and is assigned a trunk wire to carry the message. The two subscribers are then connected direct. In handling pay-station messages similar minor variations occur.

An amusing break in the monotony of the telephone girl's work occasionally comes to the operators on two-party lines. Some malign fate seems to delight in join-

rather light up, again. But this section does not depend for its interest on such personal encounters. In no branch of telephone work has more ingenuity been shown than in the devising of systems of selective signalling for two-party wires. The latest triumph in this field, perfected by one of the brightest men in the business today, Mr. W. W. Dean, of Chicago, makes it possible to signal any one of four instruments on the same line without disturbing the others. Mr. Dean utilizes the

principle of harmonic vibration familiar in the tuning fork. Elastic reeds of different periods of vibration are adjusted at each instrument in such a way that when currents of different rates are sent over the wire from Central, each reed takes up only the harmonizing signals, and the other instruments are not affected.

The impression you bear away from every division alike is that of the lightning speed with which the connection is made—in a hundredth part of the time it takes

continually up and down the long row, and report neglected calls or surreptitious conversations. But it is the direct supervision that strikes the observer most forcibly. On the chief operator's desk is seen a miniature switchboard connected with every position on the main board. Every call that enters the exchange is represented on the chief operator's board by a white light in the corresponding section. If the light lasts longer than three seconds, showing that the call has not been taken up,



A HALF-HOUR LOUNGE

to read of it. Every effort is made to economize time: nowhere is the value of a second better appreciated. The operator is trained to be always on the alert, cool-witted, quick-fingered.

But even the telephone girl is fallible. The system of supervision which her human liability to err necessitates is admirably accurate and concentrated. It is under the direction of the chief operator, Central's centre. Indirectly the chief operator keeps watch through the supervisors who walk

the monitor at the chief operator's table knows that the girl concerned is not attending to business. She soon is. When the subscribers discontinue talking, a red light appears in the same way just below, and the maximum grace given the operator, this time to disconnect, is again three seconds. The hundreds of calls flash in utter confusion before your unaccustomed glance, but the trained, selective eye of the monitor keeps unerring score.

Suddenly another mode of the chief

operator's control is made apparent. Loud above the hum of the room a gong rings out sharply. You see every girl in the room instantly drop all other work and press the button connecting her with the chief operator's desk. Probably the regular order circuit in the division which makes the connections with outside exchanges is not working. The chief operator at once assigns a circuit to use until the trouble is remedied. Often the trouble is found by the operator, reported to

In this case the operators at each side take up the calls till repairs are made. Or it may be a single wire is not working—"steady lights," in exchange parlance. The wire-chief is immediately notified and proceeds to locate the trouble. In the old days of telephoning, a year or two ago, few of the troubles that lines or instruments were heir to could be accurately determined from Central. It was often necessary to send a man out to follow up the wire step by step till the source of trouble—a receiver



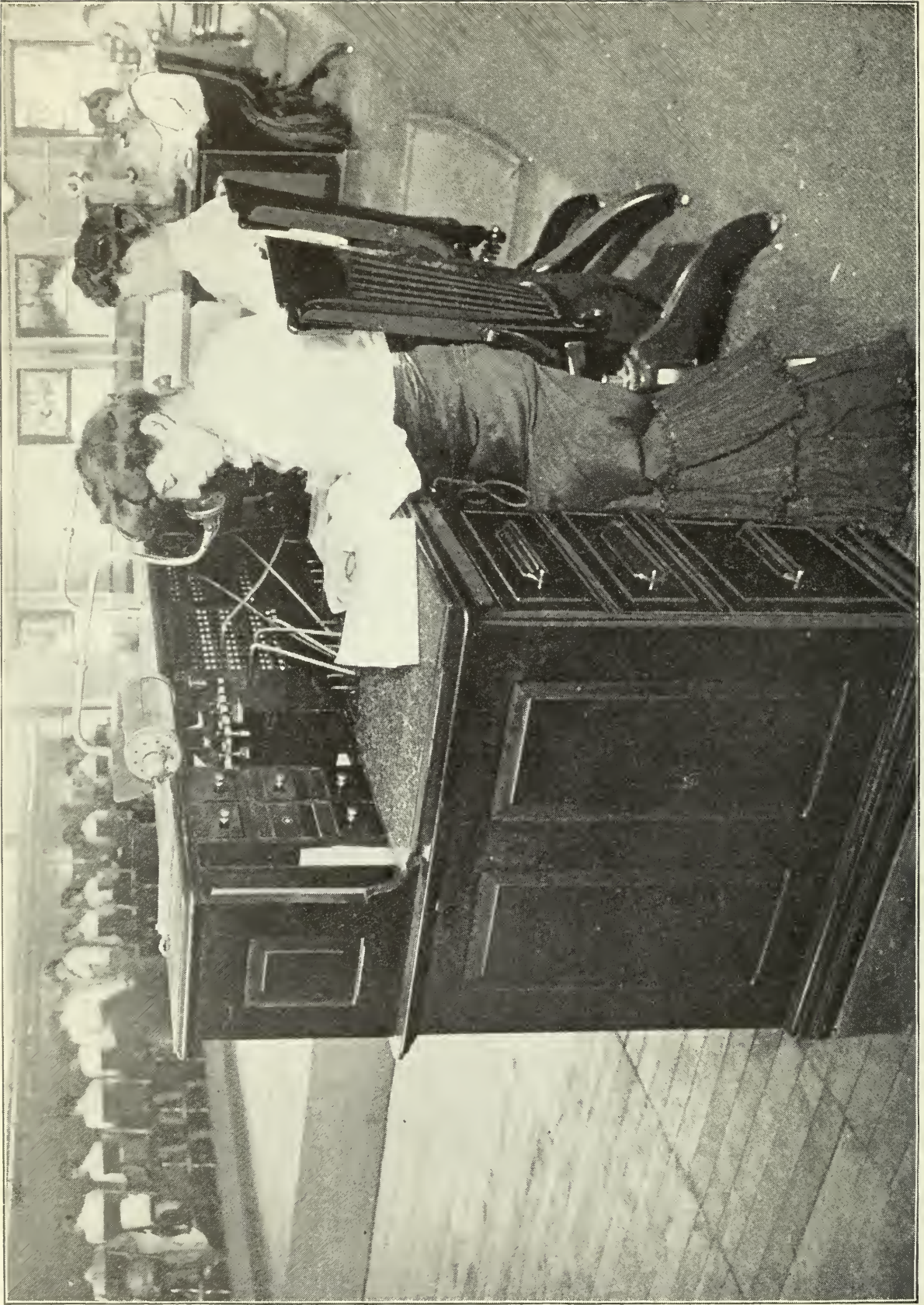
A RELAY AT LUNCH

the chief operator, the remedy devised and carried out by the girls, all in five seconds.

"Trouble," you find, is an important word in the telephone girl's vocabulary. The extremely complicated mechanism of the exchange is liable to more or less serious accident at any time. If the trouble were not remedied on the instant, business would pile up at such a rate in a few minutes that hours could not untangle it. The remedy varies with the trouble. Sometimes a whole position goes wrong.

not hung up, a grounded wire, a break in the line—was discovered and repaired. Today, thanks to a clever utilization of testing circuits and delicate instruments due to Mr. R. Max Eaton of Philadelphia, the wire-chief, sitting at his desk, locates the break in an instant, and dispatches a man direct to the spot, to the great saving of time and nerves.

Snatches of conversation you catch at almost every section show that "trouble" does not all come from the one end of the



THE CONTROLLING CENTRE—THE CHIEF OPERATOR'S DESK

wire. From one half-conversation you infer that someone is trying to find out the nearest subscriber to 120th Street and X Avenue. At another section a subscriber evidently wants to learn the number of a real estate broker within three or four blocks of Marlborough and Antrim Streets; he has forgotten both name and address. The operator, without any slackening of her regular work, transmits the request to the inquiry department, which the company maintains as much to save their time as for your sake. An elaborate system of card-files soon supplies the information wanted, and it is passed on through the operator to the forgetful subscriber.

Many are the uses to which Central is put. "Hello, this is 200; waken me at five o'clock tomorrow morning, please," is a frequent request from the man minus an alarm clock. "Where is the fire?" "Which boat is ahead?" "Is the rumor of Senator Y's death correct?" To one and all the chief operator, with all the city's information within reach of her wire, gives courteous and accurate answer.

Behind the scenes as you are, it is possible to go yet further behind. You do not realize the extent and complication of the mechanism until you take a rear view of the switchboard with its multitude of wires. When you see the millions of feet of wire with its countless connections you can easily credit the manager's statement that the switchboard alone cost more than the whole five-story stone building in which the operating and executive departments are housed.

But a switchboard does not make an exchange. Central without the telephone girl would be more void than *Hamlet* without Ophelia. Even the grumpiest subscriber will regret the day when the successful adaptation of the automatic switchboard to large exchanges sounds her knell. At present she seems unconscious of what fate probably has in store for her.

The telephone girl is much like other girls. She is too variable a quantity to be otherwise; a steady stream of newcomers flows in to replace those outward bound for the haven of matrimony or for more lucrative fields of work. Yet she belongs to a more or less definite type. No nervous girl need apply at a telephone

exchange. The strain and stress of the eight hours intense, concentrated attention to the demands of the switchboard call for coolness and poise. Not for stolidity: quickness is as essential as coolness. Patience, good nature, and other of the minor virtues are hers if anyone's. Physically, the essential requirements are good sight and good hearing. Altogether, good value for fifteen cents an hour.

Raw material of this quality usually takes three weeks to evolve into the finished product. The girl who has the telephone bee buzzing within her bonnet seeks the general manager, and is first put through a searching test for general fitness—sight and hearing, wideawakeness, deportment. If satisfactory she is turned over for training to the operating inspector. For the first week she does nothing but attach her headphone to an experienced operator's position and listen. It takes that time to learn to distinguish the dozen and one confusing sounds that crowd into her receiver. The next two weeks she puts her observation in practice, with an experienced operator always at her elbow. By the end of the third week the tracks have been beaten out in her brain cells by incessant use, and connections are made automatically.

The lot of the full-fledged telephone girl is by no means an unenviable one. Her work demands unflagging attention, but custom eases the strain. The great telephone companies are in the forefront of the modern movement for improved working conditions. Every girl is given a half-hour intermission morning and afternoon to lounge in the rest-room and read or gossip as she will. For the rare cases of nervous collapse a hospital room is provided, under a matron's care. Moreover, there is a dining-room, where a very substantial lunch is furnished the girls free, except for a slight charge for dessert or other extras. A large corps of substitutes provides relief for the relays of girls on intermission or at lunch.

Throughout, this management of the human element in the mechanism of Central shows the same care and ingenuity that have bent the mysterious power of electricity to their aid in fashioning that great gift to the world, the telephone.

Main 11-44



THE COMIC POST-CARD—SOME PARISIAN TYPES

ORIGINALS IN COLOR

THE PICTURE POST-CARD FEVER

AN INTERNATIONAL MALADY

Fever and ague would, perhaps, be a better name. It has broken out in a rather mild form in many parts of the United States, but there need be no alarm. It is a harmless epidemic. Crazes are short-lived in America, and then, too, our nerves are in constant training. They are up at ninety-five all the time. A fad which drives grown-up Europeans to the insane asylum is given to American children to play with.

But if you want to see the post-card mania with all the current turned on, visit one of the interior cities of Europe—say of southern Germany or of Switzerland. At the station restaurant, the waiter will place a plate of post-cards in front of you as a sort of introduction, just as in this country the first acquaintance is reached through a glass of ice water. You have time between courses to make a few choice selections, and as an *entrée* pen, ink, and postage stamps are brought. You have ten friends at home who are collecting post-cards. To one you write, "Just arrived at Basel; it is a delightful place." On the next you write, "I reached here at 7.30; all well." Then you think for a little and write, "This is a picture of the railway station where I breakfasted." Then you run out of remarks, and you duplicate what you have written. Your breakfast bill includes your ham and eggs, post-cards, stationery conveniences, with a little added for the rent of the table. When you take the bill to the desk you find that the young lady who acts as cashier has a much better collection of cards than the soup-plateful supplied by the waiter. These are in packages of a dozen, at only one franc a package, and after a little meditation you take two packages. Then before taking a carriage to your hotel you look up the news-stand to see if by any chance you can

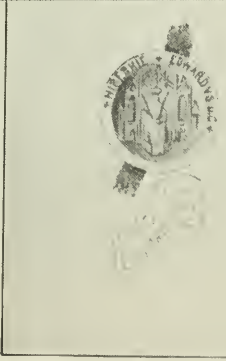
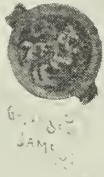
buy some American news. Here you find a wall of post-cards, five feet high and eight feet long, a sort of background to the little three-by-four news-stand. You are curious to see the assortment, and before you leave you have picked up eighteen, all of unusual design and attractiveness.

On the way to the hotel the driver takes his official drive-card out of a vest pocket of the carriage, and with it a collection of post-cards illustrating the beautiful drives around the city. He is looking for business and has been so nice about it, and his charge of one franc for you and your bag has been so moderate, that you cannot resist buying a few post-cards just to help him along. He is a good salesman, and before you reach your hotel you have bought a package of twelve for one franc, fifty. But not until you reach your hotel are you really introduced to the post-card business. Here the *concierge*, the man who talks all languages and who understands all knowledge and all mysteries, controls the market. His business is both wholesale and retail. The head porter has cards, the second porter has cards, the twenty-seventh porter has cards, the man who handles your baggage and who works for the twenty-seventh porter has cards, boots has cards, and boots' first assistant has cards. Cards are served with your after-dinner coffee, and the maid who does up your room leaves a little package on your dressing table for you to look at. Then you go on the street and you find shop after shop given over exclusively to post-cards. All stores, large and small, handle post-cards as side lines, or in some instances make a business of post-cards and handle boots and shoes or dress goods as side lines. In twenty-four hours, if you are a good player, you will have bought post-cards enough to keep you writing for ten days.



AN ARTISTIC SERIES

ORIGINALS IN COLOR



KINGS OF ENGLAND
 FROM A COMPLETE SERIES IN COLOR



GUILLAUME II. Empereur d'Allemagne—Par les mânes de mon impérial grandpère, je ferai le krach des coiffeurs!



*CHRISTIAN IX. roi de Danemark.
Inventeur de l'art de gouverner avec la minorité.*



*WILHELMINE, reine des Pays-Bas.
La jeunesse, quelle excuse!*



NICOLAS II. empereur et autocrate de toutes les Russies. Le moins spirituel de tous les tyrans.

CARICATURES OF EUROPEAN ROYALTIES

In England the situation is not quite so bad as on the Continent, yet even in England one manufacturing concern is reported to have sold in twelve months forty-nine millions of pictorial post-cards. But the

of the tourist now appears to be devoted, not to the art gallery or to the cathedral, but to the wild search for something unusual in the post-card market.

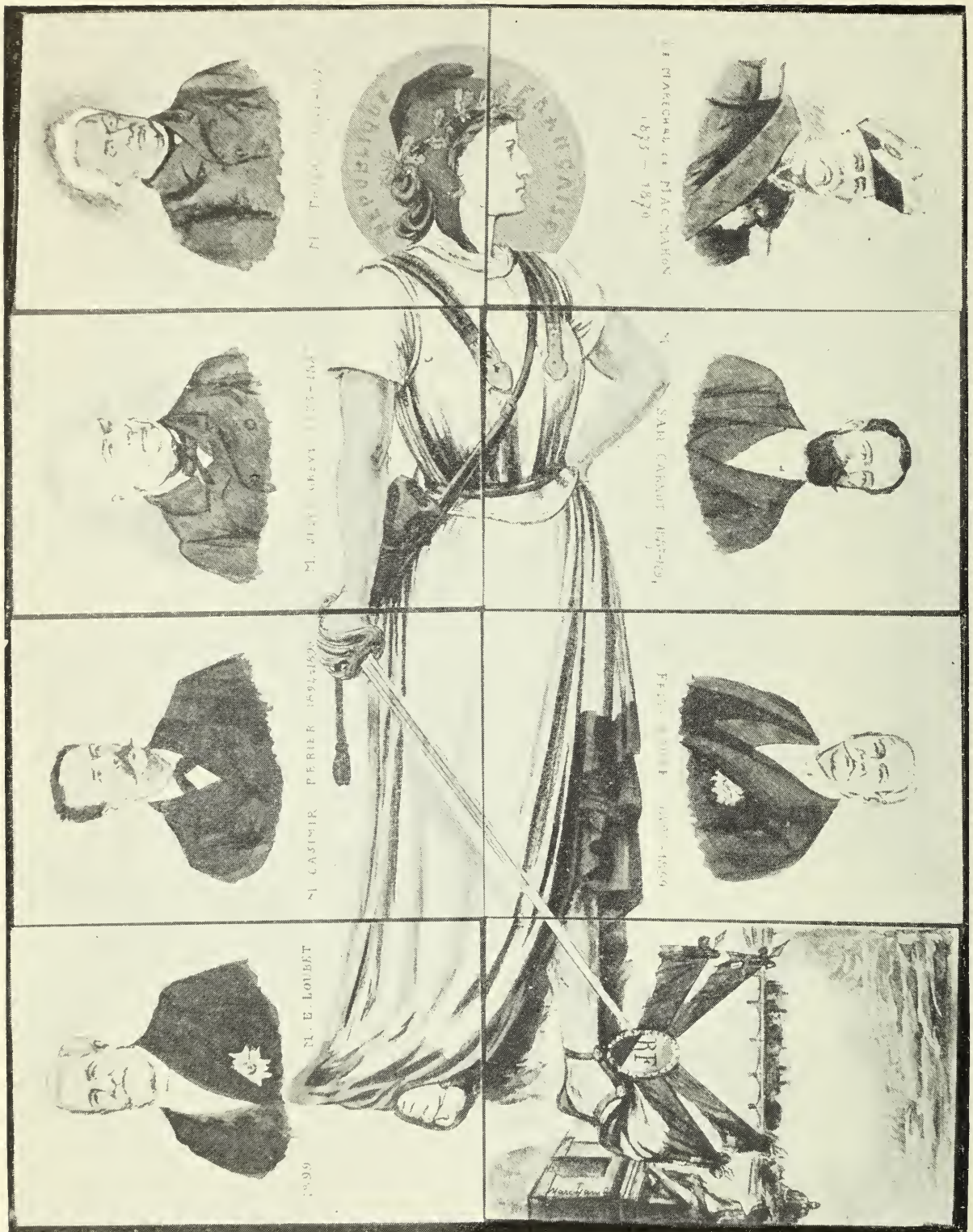
All sides of life are pictured and carica-



A FRENCH CONCEPTION OF KING EDWARD

post-card shop is hardly noticeable on Fleet Street or the Strand, while on the Rue de Rivoli and other leading streets of Paris these shops confront one at every turn. Whole rows of shops are given up to the craze, and a large proportion of the time

tured. Kings and costermongers are alike burlesqued by the facile pen of the ingenious artist, and every incident of life from the cradle to the grave is represented. Perhaps it is natural that the artists of so young a republic as France should find in



A PATRIOTIC POST-CARD PUZZLE

ORIGINALS IN COLOR

the monarchs of Europe a fruitful theme for satire and ridicule; and King Edward of England, Emperor William of Germany, and the Czar, are mercilessly caricatured. The aged Emperor of Austria, the King of Italy, and the reprobate Sultan are frequently added to the list, but it is the distorted features of the rulers of the three great powers that lend popularity to the "royal" series of picture postals.

But aside from political caricatures of a questionable character which one finds in such abundance in Paris and Berlin, and for that matter in nearly every continental city, there are scores and hundreds of pictorial post-cards offered for sale which are positively indecent. Certainly they would not be exposed for sale in an English or an American shop; and yet a Paris dealer told me that his chief purchasers for post-card photographs of the nude from life—in sets of six with titles such as "Taking a Bath" and "Riding a Donkey" and "Playing the Model"—were English and American travelers. Most of the post-card designs, however, are innocent enough, and refer to every-day scenes and incidents, idealized sometimes by the artist, and showing not infrequently considerable artistic merit. Every town and village in continental Europe frequented by the tourist has its own peculiar series of post-cards, representing local scenery and picturing the striking events in local history. The variety is thus endless. Millions upon millions of these cards are thrown into mail boxes in the course of a year, with an address scribbled on one side, and a friendly line scrawled around the scanty margin of the other. The designs of cards used in this way are devoted chiefly to advertising the beauties of a particular town or neighborhood. But sometimes the topics are of a wider interest and relate to scenes or events of national or even international significance.

The puzzle post-card is a comparatively recent development. It is doubtful if it can be described as a boon to man. Six or eight cards are pieced together after the manner of a child's puzzle blocks, the design covering the whole series. The post-card enthusiast takes the set and mails them, one after another, to some unsuspecting and bewildered friend or foe, or perhaps simultaneously to several members of one family. The latter method is probably

preferred by the sufferers, as the agony is sooner over. The puzzle picture may be anything from a frog to a fairy, and the aim of the artist is so to arrange the portion of the design that falls on each separate card that the interest of the receiver shall receive an additional stimulus as each section comes to hand; and he is expected to reach a state of wild excitement by the time all but the last card or two have been received, when he is supposed to be devoting his time chiefly to wondering and guessing what the complete design is going to be. It does not strike one at first as a very exhilarating pastime, and one would suppose the post-card humorist would become a little tedious; yet a recent writer in *The Strand Magazine* represented a considerable portion of the population of England as being in a paroxysm of excitement over the outcome of some of these mysteries.

The newest idea is the making of original post-cards. Blank cards are purchased, and people who never before attempted to draw the commonest geometrical figure are now using pencil and brush in the manufacture of *edition de luxe* post-cards for the collections of their most select friends.

Some of the best and worst specimens of the pictorial cards come from Germany, and, despite the agitation in England against all things "made in Germany," these cards are imported by the hundred millions into England, and almost as largely into France. The figure sounds fabulous, and it is difficult to imagine the immensity which it suggests. The forty-nine million cards handled by one English firm alone, as stated above, would, if placed end to end, stretch from London to Chicago, and yet leave a surplus card for every inhabitant of the latter city. Yet this figure has to be multiplied many times before we reach the total trade in pictorial post-cards for England alone, and the total thus obtained grows small again besides the prodigious statistics of the Continent.

There is no record of where the craze began or who started it. Like the "fourteen puzzle" and "pigs in clover" it will run its course and be eternally satisfied. It is the psychologist's business to explain "why?"

P. T. O.

THE AMERICAN MAN OF LETTERS

BY HORACE E. SCUDDER

A few years ago, Dr. George Birkbeck Hill, the accomplished editor of Boswell's *Life of Johnson* and of Johnson's own writings, was making his first visit to the United States, and was staying with his son-in-law, Professor W. J. Ashley, then of Harvard University. I went to see him and found him delightfully at home in many fields of English literature, and by no means the man of one book which his years of labor on Johnson might lead one into thinking him to be. He and his wife knew our American writers familiarly, and one of the questions he put to me was, "Where can I find the haunts of Rollo? Both Mrs. Hill and I were brought up on the Rollo books, the Franconia stories, and other writings of Mr. Jacob Abbott, and one of the pleasures we looked forward to when coming to America was to see some of the localities which he made so interesting."

I was highly delighted at this testimony to a genuine American author, and though I feared that many of the New England scenes depicted by Mr. Abbott had suffered a change in the changes of social life, I was glad to introduce Rollo himself to Dr. Hill, for I knew that a fellow-townsmen, the Rev. Edward Abbott, a son of Jacob, as was Lyman Abbott also, had undoubtedly furnished his father with material out of which to construct the immortal Rollo. But best of all was the notion of a passionate pilgrimage upon the tracks of this American creation. If I went to Westmoreland and Cumberland it would be to follow in the footsteps of Wordsworth. Why should not Dr. Hill exchange like compliments with me?

Jacob Abbott was really an admirable illustration of the American man of letters as seen in his simplest, least imitative nature. Whether writing of scenes in

America or Europe, his boys and girls were unspoiled Americans, native, indigenous types of a society almost historic to us, but with which we are in keen sympathy. He was an illustration of his class, besides, in the independence with which he followed his vocation. He gave me once a sketch of his mode of life when traveling in Europe, gathering material for some set of books. "When I reach a town," he said, "and go to the inn, I unpack my desk and writing materials, and lay out my work on a convenient table near the window. Then every morning after breakfast I sit down at my desk the whole forenoon and write. In the afternoon I sally forth, and in walks and drives and social life I spend the rest of the day and evening. I visit museums and galleries and see the sights which are open to all travelers, and the next day I am at my desk again. Whether I stay a day in a place or a week or a fortnight or a month, I am as regular at this mode of life as I should be at home. Thus I have the satisfaction of pursuing my vocation cheerfully wherever I may chance to be, and I do not bring upon myself that weariness which follows an unceasing round of sight-seeing. When I am satisfied that I can do better by moving on, I pack my papers away, make my exit, and go on to the next stage, where I set up my shop again in the same way."

The temperament and the methodical habits of this writer had much to do with the ease with which he solved the problem of combining European travel with his regular employment, but his case was by no means an uncommon one among men of letters. Yet, though we recognize how naturally it fits the profession of literature, a moment's consideration only is necessary to show how exceptional such a condition is in any other profession or art. The painter

comes nearest to enjoying the same liberty, but even he is encumbered by more apparatus, and is much more dependent on the nature of the locality in which he may establish himself. As Thackeray somewhere observes, the author need only go to the nearest stationer for a few sheets of paper, some pens and ink, and his tools of trade are ready for his hand.

On the other hand, if the man of letters be thus independent in his movements and almost predetermined to vagrancy, he lives under a livelier scrutiny than his fellows in other professions. The conditions of his life seem to compel publicity. A man of letters, if he has established a corresponding reputation, has in every community those who are ready to honor him. Thirty years ago a young writer on the Pacific coast printed two or three short stories in a local magazine. Fame came hurrying to him from every quarter of the continent, and when a few months later he left the Pacific coast for the Atlantic, his journey was a triumphal progress; the telegraph operator seemed never to leave his side; cities vied with each other, not to have him born in them, but to kill him with kindness; and at afternoon teas and receptions polite usage was so far forgotten that young ladies were brought forward and presented to him.

Such attention may be flattering enough, but it has its reverse side when it makes inroads on a man's real privacy. If a man of letters lives in a town where literary and academic pursuits are common, he escapes much by being one of a crowd. A clever woman in my own town of Cambridge once said to me that if she met a man in society and was at a loss for a topic of conversation, she found it small hazard to spring upon him the question, "How is your book getting on?" In nine cases out of ten he answered her with a long account, and had no difficulty in recognizing what book she had inquired after. But if the man of letters be more solitary, he is peculiarly open to insidious attacks upon a happy, unconscious pursuit of his calling. There was a poet of our day, of no mean power and true fame, whose insight and whose dramatic nature led him into the portrayal of subtle emotions and into the characterization of men and women in various attitudes of mind

and soul. He lived with his wife in a small country village where he could work undisturbed by the confusion of very active life. But he rarely published under his own name. Instead, he adopted sundry pseudonyms known chiefly to the editors of the magazines to which he contributed. Can you not guess the reason why? Can you not see how the villagers, finding his name attached to this and that poem, would read the poem not as a work of art, but as the record of personal experience, and would say, "What is Edward up to now? Who is this whom he is talking about? It can't be his wife"; and it can readily be seen how these questions would be translated into look, and find response in innuendo and sly jest, and how miserable a generous and sensitive nature might be made when forced to encounter a public which thought itself taken into the confidence of his inmost thought.

I am very sure that the explanation of a resort to fictitious signatures among men of letters is far oftener to be found in a desire to protect oneself from impertinent curiosity, and in a jealous regard for the sacredness of personality as symbolized by a name, than in the lower reason of enjoying the freedom of a dual personality which permits one under a mask to cultivate praise of self, or to play a trick on the public.

Yet, after all, what delightful relations the man of letters establishes with his readers! He may never travel; he may never lecture; he may scarcely be seen by the great multitudes that know his books; still, if he chooses to throw his mind open in personal talk, the reader who lives a thousand miles away may come to know him better than he knows his next-door neighbor whom he has seen day in, day out, for a score of years. I have a great admiration for Mr. Howells' art, and think he has created a great many figures in fiction which have distinctness and vitality. I can even imagine the student of American social life a hundred years hence using *The Quality of Mercy* or *A Hazard of New Fortunes* as a text-book; but I am much more confident that the general reader who wants his fiction contemporaneous will read over and over again the two or three books in which this writer has taken the world into his confidence and told of his boyish experience,

his literary passion, and finally his encounter with the group of elder men of letters, in his delightful book of reminiscences, *Literary Friends and Acquaintance*.

There is no more agreeable introduction than this book gives to the personality of the several authors, Emerson, Longfellow, Holmes, Hawthorne, Lowell, Whittier and others whom Mr. Howells first met when he was a young man and afterward came to know more intimately. And his own shadow is cast most unconsciously. We do not wonder at his friendship with these men; he gave as well as received. One does not find much criticism of their writings nor much intellectual assessment; but one leaves the book with a strong sense of the nobility of character, the fine strain, the humaneness of this great group. These characterizations by the man of letters, who may be called now the dean of the literary fraternity, are reënforced whenever one takes down from the shelf the biographies which contain more formal accounts of their lives. How serene is the spirit of Emerson in the grave pages of Cabot; how catholic and friendly is Longfellow as one finds him in that leisurely record by his brother, a beautiful mosaic of innumerable bits of diary and letters!

There are two other books which have a like power to construct American literary life for us on the personal side—Colonel Higginson's *Cheerful Yesterdays* and his *Contemporaries*. In the former the author deals with himself; in the latter with his friends. His career, as we all know, was not wholly literary, else how did he get his title? But literature has always dominated, and even when writing of war matters, his style is inescapable. The two books together give a picture of society which was not open to the charge of a withdrawal from affairs, fancied by some a characteristic of literary people, and the reader is constantly finding his face fanned by strong breezes of reform and national feeling.

Longfellow jots down in his diary a playful judgment. "What is autobiography? What biography ought to be." Mark Twain once set the two before me in a pregnant phrase. "Autobiography," he said, "is sure to be true; biography is sure to be false. For, give a man space enough, and however much he may try to gloss over his life, he is sure in the end to

let out the secret; whereas, let a man be ever so determined to write a truthful life of another, he is sure before he is through to inject himself, his views and his judgment of the subject." Be this as it may, there is a strong disposition on the part of men of letters to write about themselves. Their life is pretty self-centered, and their habit of interpreting human nature in fiction, in poetry or in history leads them naturally to expound the nearest subject—themselves. So the portrait painter almost always leaves a portrait of himself. The writer sometimes does this in formal shape. How ingenuous and readable is Stillman's *Autobiography of a Journalist*! In it he traces the growth of his own mind, and in it, too, he shows what a genius he had for friendship when he draws with admirable art the figures of many men and women of mark. Yet if we except Franklin among the earlier men, Stillman, Howells, and E. E. Hale among the men of our day, the practice of autobiography by men of letters in America has been rare. Dr. Holmes, indeed, was delightfully free in the disclosures of his mind, but there is a phosphorescence of personality in his writings, rather than many personal details. We must look chiefly for this autobiographic expression in the undress literature of personal letters. Here one may get close beside Lowell, though he never kept a diary. Whittier, though his letters have not much ease, betrayed in them his steady political current. Hawthorne's letters and journals will always tell us more of him than any biographer will reveal; and Thoreau's letters go far toward correcting a too chill conception of his character.

One cannot take even so cursory a review as this of American literary life, without being reminded how generous a part literature has played in our national life. However the great lights in our firmament may dwindle in the possible flame of new literature yet to come, no standards of comparison can ever diminish the serenity and beauty of America which lies both in the literature we have accumulated and in the noble lives of American men of letters. It is a delight to escape from the feverishness of much of our life into the sweet pastures and by the running brooks to be found in our special corner of the great domain of literature.

THE MAN WITH THE COMMON EYE

BY E. CLARENCE OAKLEY

Every one is an artist. Some are practical artists — artists who have arrived. Others—and they are the vast majority—are artists *in potentia*, having large possibilities but no attainments. Of the artists who have attained, only a very few are able to produce pictures; but that is a minor accomplishment. To see pictures is the supreme ability. A bit of time and a little self-planning for visions are alone needed.

One day the Man with the Common Eye went forth to see. He sought beauty, but found it not. By sea-shore, amid woods, through parks he wandered.

He came to the water's edge, but the ar-

ray of towers, chimneys, and buildings of a crowding city displeased him. The shore's straight line, guarded by stone and cement against the lave of waters and the river's encroachment, seemed a perversion of a common medium of beauty. In his soul he said, "For beauty, the useful must be wedded with the natural. It is not enough that the thing have utilities; it should be accordant with the soul of things." So, still he pressed on, seeking until he came to a wooded scene, where roads parted sadly, like lovers unwilling to separate, and for a little way journeyed on side by side. Between the roads a slight bed of lawn,



PARTING WAYS

with here and there a tree. "This is beauty, for its message is honest, its appeal complete, its feeling intense. Here I rest and feast!" The sun was lowering to the western sleep. An autumn sadness was on the leaves, and the October wind began a wail for the lovers forever parted. For the Man with the Common Eye it was a vision of Parting Ways, a dream with its fulfilment.

There is an earnest zeal for broadness. "Narrow" is the epithet *terrible*. To widen the horizon is the essential—in knowledge,

is capable also of beholding landscape and glory in his own neighborhood.

The Man with the Common Eye went forth, one dull and cheerless winter's day, into a flat, repellant country. He sought landscape; and his spying neighbors wondered to what his increasing folly would come. His pursuit grew worse as his journey grew long. Summer air and summer song make the grace of nature; winter's charmless dull gives only prophecy of failure. But lo, he stood beside a country road on this December day, snow lying



THE ENDURING

in observation, in feeling. That explains our much journeying. It is written—and the world believes it—that travel is the infallible, exclusive cure for provincialism. Perhaps! Ultimately that depends on what the man takes with him in his wanderings. Merely to go accomplishes naught. In fine, one need not travel at all. If the Man with the Common Eye will but use his eyes he may bring all the world to him. The Alps and the Rockies are worth seeing, indeed; but the man who is capable of really seeing them if among them,

chill in border grooves and songless air congealing; and there he heard, he saw, a message of the permanent. It was a vision of the old, of the Enduring, which tarries long. "Permanence and peace, how blessed are they to the soul of the wanderer!" In the heart of the message was a tone of hope. Uplifted sprays of twigs, like living lace against the sky, sang silently of spring and leaves, of birds and blossoms. Like balm to his troubled spirit came the vision of the country road; with gratitude for the power of seeing.

Let it not be forgotten that the point of view makes or unmakes the picture. Like as in philosophy and all thinking, whither you look determines what you see. Change the angle of vision and you change the soul of its meaning. Ugliness may grow less odious by transference of viewpoint. And beauty is seen, or not, as the point of vantage is found or lost. Veering to left, the vision fades; veering to right, the vision grows and gleams. The test of the artist in a man is ability to find this illuminating point of vision.

Two trees alone, and a third outreaching its clasplings of love: and lo! his vision appeared—a disclosure of the fellowship of the individual, of Autocracy and Companionship. He saw one tall, rugged, and stripped; the other short and tender, with remembrance of summer in hanging clusters of dead leaves. Each tree spoke its own strong message in terse phrase, for each was itself and not another. Standing there amid snow and cold northern blast, they scarcely leaned one toward the other, yet whispered of fellowship, of unchang-



AUTOCRACY AND COMPANIONSHIP

The Man with the Common Eye strolled through sodden fields, amid snow and ice, in presence of last year's death and the hope of a coming year. At first he saw only trees and forbidding earth. The chopper's axe was beating out the winter music of fire and warmth for some hidden farmhouse in future days. Now and then, with long intervals, the crash of mighty trees proclaimed that a monarch had fallen. The Man cast glances backward for a glimpse of the picture that hides among the trees. At last he saw it revealed.

ing companionship, of loyalty for years. The Man with the Common Eye felt himself akin to these. He also knew in his heart the power of friendship, its inspiration and comfort. And, as he gazed in meekness and in rapture, he said: "To me let there be friends. Down to the last, when I shall also stand alone, stripped of all that's earthly, let there be friends." It was a vision of the autocracy of self, a thought of supreme manhood tempered, ennobled, soothed by the incomparable blessing of soul-companionship.

A SOCIAL EXPERIMENT

THE ALABAMA SINGLE TAX COLONY

On the high bluffs that run along the eastern shore of Mobile Bay there lies the little settlement, Fairhope. In outward appearance it is merely a thrifty village with a background of small farms. But behind this modest exterior there is steadily going on an experiment in political economy. In fact the experiment is the main thing; for Fairhope enjoys the unique distinction of being an ardent single tax community, putting its theories into practice within the bounds of a conservative State, without confiscation of land, without any change of existing laws, and without evading the usual tax regulations. The town—if it may so be called, without a mayor or policeman—is a little more than eight years old, and is thriving. Such an actual test of Henry George's theories, imperfect though it may be in some particulars, must appeal strongly alike to the advocates and to the opponents of his views.

The present experiment is the outgrowth of the faith of a few enthusiastic single taxers, chiefly from Iowa, who some nine years ago boldly determined to establish a colony where their faith might be put into practice. A committee was sent to select a site. From several suggested they selected what is now Fairhope, because of its healthfulness, its accessibility, and the diversity of occupations that it seemed to offer. Here the first settlers arrived in 1895. The Fairhope Industrial Association was duly incorporated, and each of the half-dozen families paid two hundred dollars. With this money the land was purchased on which the colony was founded. Today the settlement owns 1,400 acres of land, and contains a little over seventy dwellings, several stores, a bakery, a hotel, a blacksmith shop, a saw-mill, a livery, a printing office, a school-

house, a church, a free library of 2,000 volumes, and a weekly paper. It has built a wharf that extends a third of a mile into the bay, and a steamboat that runs directly to Mobile.

The general plan upon which the colony is managed is simple. The "Fairhoper" rents his land from the community. These rents bring in a fund from which the community pays all State and county taxes on its lands and on the personal property of the renter, including houses. Any balance remaining is spent on public improvements. The land belongs to the community. The houses and other things put upon it by the individual belong to him. He pays no direct tax except his rent. To quote the words of a single taxer, "We do not fine a man because he builds a house, or gets a piano for his wife."

There have been but few changes in the general plan of organization and administration. Consequently the experiment can be followed with some clearness. The basis of everything is the Fairhope Industrial Association. Membership costs one hundred dollars, and only those can now obtain it who give evidence of genuine faith in the single tax theories. This restriction is probably necessary in order that the colony may remain under the control of those who are in sympathy with its purposes. There are at present about twenty resident members.

Affairs are administered by a president and an executive council. They are elected by the members of the Association, and have the highly responsible duty of re-assessing once every year all the rentals in the community. Thus the administration of all important matters, including the annual fixing of rents, is controlled by the members of the Association, who must be of the single tax faith.

But there is no such restriction upon the renters. Anyone may rent the land, improve it, build upon it, and live in the colony, whether he is a single taxpayer or an anti-single taxpayer. He has perfect freedom of speech. He is welcomed to the public meetings in the school-house, of which due notice is posted on a large blackboard in the centre of the town, and may take part in the discussions, which are usually animated, and often touch questions of much importance to the community at large. His rent is assessed in precisely the same manner as that of any member of the Association; and if he considers it unjust, the question may be referred to a popular vote. Yet this referendum is only for the members of the Association. No others may vote upon it. And it is granted only when ten per cent. of them sign his petition for it.

What might almost be called an accident has given occasion for a third class of settlers in the town. Certain bodies of land have remained for one reason or another in private hands, so that in several instances houses may be seen side by side, one of which is on colony land and the other on private land.

Under this unique arrangement there has come together an interesting group of men and women. Here are several single taxpayers from Iowa; there goes one from the conservative state of Massachusetts; another is full of interesting reminiscences of a socialistic colony in Mexico. This family came by private conveyance all the way from Ohio; that one belongs to a party of single taxpayers from Holland. Down by the bay shore a Norwegian is building his boats; up the hill the library is kept by a "Fairhoper" who lived for some years in Paris. In the winter the hotel and cottages fill up with northern travelers coming south to escape the cold; in the summer they are succeeded by the Mobilians who come out on the high bluffs to avoid the hot city nights.

Yet, with all this diversity of population, the town is pervaded by a common spirit that is unmistakable, and is perhaps best described by the word "democratic." It is a spirit of independence and equality, not unmixed with a fondness for discussion. One sees it everywhere—on the boat, in the public meetings, in their newspaper, even in the picturesque little amphitheater

that nestles against the hillside and looks over the platform where the band plays and the young people dance out on the blue waves, in a way that carries one back to the early days of Greece. Along with this spirit there is an entire absence of anything like secrecy. Their meetings are open to all; the books are easily accessible; the yearly assessment of rentals is printed and distributed, so that everyone knows just how much everyone else has to pay. No one who has been in Fairhope long enough to study the situation can doubt the perfect candor of its leaders, or the general desire of the colonists to do what is fair and just.

Yet in spite of a good location, a well organized government, an excellent personnel, a healthy spirit, and a continuous growth for eight years, the success of the experiment does not seem to me at all assured. In a country where so many small towns are prosperous and healthy, and where corruption, inequality, and pauperism are the besetting sins of large cities, something more than eight years of town life, even if attended by prosperity, is necessary to prove the general efficiency of Mr. George's remedy.

Serious problems have already arisen which may become more difficult as the settlement grows.

One of the most obvious difficulties arises from the peculiar conditions under which the experiment is made. In order that the colonist may pay no taxes besides his land rent, the community undertakes to pay them for him. What then will happen when they exceed his rent? Shall their excess still be paid? Would not this be making the rich richer at the expense of the poor, and thus accentuate the divergence between riches and poverty instead of lessening it, as the single tax claims to do? Yet to refuse to pay this excess would discourage any large plans for building or making other extensive improvements on the land. It would exclude from the supposed benefits of the scheme those who have any considerable amount of strictly personal property. And what is still more important, it would be interpreted as a lack of faith in the practicability of the single tax ideas, and would chill enthusiasm. Nor is this merely a prospective trouble. Several such cases have

already arisen, and the question is frequently and earnestly discussed in their meetings. So far they have kept the faith, and paid all of the renter's taxes for him, even when they exceeded his rent.

On the other hand, another difficulty grows out of the surplus, which so far has regularly remained after the payment of taxes and small administrative expenses. The policy at present is to devote this to the acquisition of public utilities. The community already owns the wharf, the bath houses, and a public water supply; and hopes in time to have telephones, electric lights, and street cars. Simply to give the use of these free to all renters,

could accurately calculate the increased rents to correspond to a free wharf, a free steamboat, or even free street car lines.

Indeed, the most obvious difficulty of the whole system seems to be the accurate assessment of the rents. The usual principle of demand and supply can scarcely be depended upon here, where the giving up or transfer of leases is complicated by the fact that the renter owns the buildings and improvements. If the rent be too high and he wishes to move, he must either pull down his houses and take them with him, or find someone else who is willing to pay the rent and buy his improvements. The former alternative is a desperate one, and



THE BUSINESS CENTER OF FAIRHOPE

even if it were financially possible, would be to give a dangerous socialistic trend to the whole single tax experiment. To charge for their use would add all the complications connected with the municipal management of natural monopolies. The natural way would seem to be to permit all renters to use them free, and to raise the rent in proportion as the value of each piece of land is increased by them. At present the public water supply consists of a deep well with a large storage tank above it. The use of it is free, and the rent of the neighboring lots has been raised on the theory that they get the chief benefit. But it is hard to see how anyone

the latter does not check the rise in rent. So far the "Fairhoppers" have been able to check their estimates by comparison with the values of private holdings adjoining their own. But this guide becomes less valuable as the colony continues to grow. Whether Fairhope can discover a way to solve these and the other problems that may arise is a question for the future to answer. Meanwhile both the advocates and the opponents of the single tax theory will watch with interest the experiment.

George Petrie



A CRITICAL CHAT

ABOUT THE NEWEST BIOGRAPHIES

In my library the warm September sun beams a mellow welcome through the long southern window; the portraits of old friends and masters look kindly down upon me from the walls; my study chair and easy chair extend a rapturous and rival greeting. But there is as yet something strangely unfamiliar about the atmosphere of the place. The old den bears an unwonted air as of a house newly swept and garnished. The books are arranged in too even and orderly an array upon their shelves; the broad table, unloaded of its freight of manuscript and proof sheets, affords for once ample room and verge enough; the haunting atmosphere of the midnight lamp and the pipe has fled before the flood of autumn light and air and the ministrations of the housemaid's brush. The *genius loci* is absent from his shrine; and though a long experience of similar conditions has taught me that he will return ere long to preside over the normal disorder in which my hours of study and rare but happy revels with old friends, old wine, old books are spent, still I feel something of the awe of a wanderer in a deserted temple. A foolish shyness holds me back from paying the instant reverence I owe to the idols upon my shelves. I am in no mood to lose myself in an *O Altitudo* with Sir Thomas Browne, to enter the doors of the club at the Turk's Head with Boswell and his Doctor, or even to listen to the rambling gossip of

the gentle Elia. I turn rather to the little table in my library corner where the new books of the late spring and summer have been slowly accumulating. Who does not know these moods in which one passingly prefers the society of strangers to that communion of souls which constitutes friendship, as well between a man and his work as between man and man?

It is a rule with me never to read a new book in my summer vacations. Like most rules it is often broken, but I am strong in the principle even though I am lax in practice. The prevailing theory that the proper reading for a vacation is to be found in the list of the six best selling books seems to me a dangerous, if not damnable, heresy. A new book, particularly a new novel, is like a new acquaintance. Good or bad, attractive or repellant, it makes a certain demand upon your attention. You cannot interrupt the conversation of a casual acquaintance with the same easy indifference to consequences that marks your intercourse with an old friend; and to my mind there is a touch of intellectual discourtesy in laying aside a new book unfinished.

The books for summer reading, I take it, are those that you know by heart. These you may read slowly and with calm delight, tasting, perhaps for the hundredth time, the joy of sharing in the play of the poet's mind and discovering the artful touches of the master's hand, or you may close them

to watch with half-shut eyes the flickering change of light and shade along the forest's edge and the passage of the great clouds over the blinding dunes, or to listen drowsily to the long wash of

The moving waters at their priest-like task
Of pure ablution round earth's human shores.

One may even fall asleep in a hammock over the pages of an old friend and awake without a sense of shame. An old book, a good book, a little book, one that slips easily into the pocket and is lightly held in the hand above a recumbent head—Palgrave's *Golden Treasury*, Browning's own selection from his poems in the little English edition, the Temple *Montaigne* or *Morte d'Arthur*—these are the companions of my summer voyagings.

But now none of these things move me, and I turn with fresh zest to see what the summer has brought forth in the way of new books.

Near the top of the pile on the little table lies the latest volume in the Historic Lives Series, *Sir William Johnson*, by Augustus Buell—an attractive subject and an accredited author. Sir William, the jolly Irish planter and politician, with his vast estates and swarms of half-breed children, his race horses, fine wines, and Latin classics, is one of the most picturesque figures of the romantic period of our history. And Mr. Buell's recent biography of Paul Jones was, on the whole, received with general applause. For some reason I never came to a reading of this book, but if the applause it received was merited, then, I am sorry to say, Mr. Buell's second book marks a distinct step backward. For the general impression left by a reading of the book is one of vexed disappointment. The style is careless and colloquial, the method of narration is loose and unsystematic. And, in spite of several interesting excerpts from contemporary documents, the work wholly fails to present a life-like portrait of the hero, "in his habit as he lived."

All biography, it seems to me, may like Cæsar's Gaul, be divided into three parts. There is, first of all, the species which may be termed the semi-historical narrative, inasmuch as there is no clear delineation of boundaries along the line where it touches history proper. This form of biography is generally employed for the

lives of persons of first-class historical importance. Carlyle's *Frederick the Great* is, perhaps, the most eminent example of this form, and Masson's *Life of John Milton and History of His Time*, that shapeless mass of undigested information, is its *reductio ad absurdum*. To this class no doubt Mr. Buell meant his book to belong, and it is on this account that he would justify the inclusion of a considerable amount of historical matter which by no means contributes to the elucidation of Sir William's character or to the presentation of his personality. But the truth is that Sir William Johnson was hardly a person of first-class historical importance. His military talent is greatly over-rated by Mr. Buell, and his diplomatic services to the Colonies, though eminently valuable, were local and temporary. Nothing in his life contributed to alter the destiny of his adopted country, and if he had lived to take sides at the outbreak of the Revolutionary War, it is hard to see what difference choice of one side or the other would have made upon the final issue of the contest.

Mr. Buell's over-estimate of Johnson's historical importance has, however, kept him from falling into the characteristic faults of the second species of biography. This we may call the personal record—or, perhaps, the authorized version. In this class we may place most biographies of men of letters, philosophers, and scientists. The distinguishing feature of this class is the fashion in which it isolates the subject from the world in which he lived, and treats him as an intellectual Melchizedek without ancestry or offspring. This is, no doubt, due in part at least to the fact that this method is usually employed by relatives or literary executors, in whose eyes the subject assumes such commanding importance as to dwarf, if not wholly to obliterate, his entire environment. Every fact in his life becomes of supreme importance; and in their zeal for the collection of facts the authors too often forget that the highest function of the biographer has to do with something else than facts. Even so genuine and sane a scholar as Sidney Lee falls into this error in his *Life of Shakespeare*. Valuable as his work is for its presentation of the authentic facts of Shakespeare's life and its rejection of the mythical element, it neither establishes the poet's relation to

his time nor re-creates his personality. In fact Mr. Lee may be said to have deliberately closed his eyes to the Elizabethan age, and to have thrown away the key with which Shakespeare unlocked his heart.

But the worst example of this class was perpetrated about ten years ago by Mrs. Orr, the authorized biographer of Robert Browning. Her book has not only the characteristic faults of its species, but one peculiar and intolerable demerit. It is deadly dull. One still recalls with a shudder the sense of oppression which fell upon the world of the dead poet's true lovers at the appearance of this work of evil omen. It seemed indeed a miracle of evil, a mystery of great darkness, that what purported to be the life of the most passionate, the most broadly sympathetic, the most intensely living of Victorian poets, could be so cold, so hard, so utterly devoid of living interest; for Mrs. Orr was not only a personal friend of the poet, but a leading member of the Browning Society. Yet it is in this very little fact that the secret of her failure is probably to be found. It seems likely that no body of intelligent readers in the English-speaking world knew so little of the true Robert Browning as the professed "Browningites," and Mrs. Orr was a Browningite of the deepest dye. She had, during the poet's life-time, worshipped a dim phantasm which bore as little likeness as was humanly possible to the man by whose name she called it; and when the exigencies of her task forced her to look the real man in the face and describe his features to the world she failed to recognize him. What she substituted for the true Browning was a composite portrait of an elderly gentleman who went about to London functions and talked volubly over afternoon tea, and an argumentative, semi-skeptical philosopher who amused himself and misled others by presenting in dramatic form views of the great questions of life and death, in which he had but an esthetic and impersonal interest. There are, I think, no drearier pages in the whole realm of English biography than those in which Mrs. Orr, from the serene pinnacle of her intellectual agnosticism, attempts to minimize and explain away the passionate religious convictions which lay at the base of Browning's creed.

This, at least, cannot be said of the

latest biography of Robert Browning. Mr. G. K. Chesterton's monograph on the poet, the latest addition to the English Men of Letters Series, which lies next to Mr. Buell's *Johnson* on my table, does not contain a single tiresome page. It is, to be sure, by no means easy reading, and in this it differs notably from some of its immediate predecessors in the series. I recall two of these which were such easy reading as to suggest that they were written in the author's idle hours with a view to the entertainment of village sewing circles. But Mr. Chesterton is always masculine, emphatic, and stimulating. He is, in fact, if anything, a trifle too vigorous in his onslaught on the unmeaning commonplaces of criticism which have gathered like thick clouds about the head of Browning. This boisterous energy, however, is a trait which Mr. Chesterton shares with the subject of his work, as is also the rough humor which saves his most combative pages from the tedium which often springs from over-emphasis. In fact the distinguishing characteristic of the little book is the sympathy which exists between the writer and the subject. In a recent review of the book this quality is spoken of as a "mental sympathy." But it is in reality something far more profound. It is temperamental. Mr. Chesterton, like Robert Browning, has the hearty and aggressive spirit of the born fighter. And in all forms of literary activity that partake of the creative spirit, temperament counts for far more than mental processes.

An "intellectual" like Mrs. Orr could no more have given a satisfactory account of Browning's life than a critic like Matthew Arnold could have written a definitive appreciation of his work. Mrs. Orr's attitude toward the poet's religious convictions has already been alluded to and accounted for. I have not the least idea what Mr. Chesterton's own religious convictions are, but one reading of his work has convinced me of three things: he believes that Browning believed; he understands why Browning believed; and he rejoices that Browning believed, because of the good fruit which that belief bore in Browning's work as in his life.

Another temperamental trait which Mr. Chesterton has in common with his subject is his love of the grotesque. He is

not content with being paradoxical, he insists on being grotesquely so. His suggestion of applying the method of *The Ring and the Book* to the legend of King Arthur, with its outline of a dramatic monologue for Mordred, is a capital example of this. An even better one is his illustration of Browning's conception of the universe by the "old and pregnant fable" of the five blind men and the elephant. Now, Browning, as Walter Bagehot long ago pointed out, is characteristically the poet of the grotesque. But this does not mean that Browning's poetry is either unnatural or inartistic. In art the grotesque occupies its own proper field. In nature it is visible to all who have eyes to see. To quote an admirable bit of appreciative criticism from Mr. Chesterton: "Browning's verse, in so far as it is grotesque, is not complex or artificial; it is natural and in the legitimate tradition of nature. The verse sprawls like the trees, dances like the dust; it is ragged like the thunder cloud, it is top-heavy like the toadstool."

Now the function of the grotesque in poetry, as in all art, is to "touch the nerve of surprise," and so to draw attention to the object presented. To do this is to provoke thought, and it is by their analogous employment of the grotesque that Browning is the most stimulating of all English poets, and Mr. Chesterton the most suggestive of all critics of Browning. On the other hand there is a multitude of minds whose nerves of surprise are so sensitive that a touch of the grotesque acts upon them like a shock which causes them to recoil in mystified alarm, if not in actual pain. There can be no doubt, I think, that Browning's long deferred acceptance by the public was due primarily to the shock which so much of his verse inflicted upon the average reader of poetry. Mr. Birrell has given a humorous account of the sensations of a British pater-familias who, after declaring in an indulgent mood that he will give this fellow Browning another chance, opens the book only to come plump upon the notorious third stanza of *Another Way of Love*. And there is little doubt, I think, that something of the same sensation will be experienced by many well-meaning people who come to Mr. Chesterton to discover the

secret of Browning, and hear that the real vital answer of the poet's soul to the question whether life was worth living would have been expressed in the phrase, "crimson toadstools in Hampshire," or words to that effect. Even the judicious reader who can understand the full significance of this oracular utterance—and he who can is probably very near to the secret of Browning—is likely to feel on closing the book that Mr. Chesterton's passion for the grotesque in the form of emphatic and paradoxical statement carries him at times to a meaningless extreme. To say, for example, that *Red Cotton Night-Cap Country*, "if not absolutely one of the finest of Browning's poems, is certainly one of the most magnificently Browningsque" is not in the least suggestive, but simply irritating. And to formulate the second of the great Browning doctrines as "the hope that lies in the imperfection of God," is simply to prefer the topsy-turvy to the true. After all the proper position of St. Paul's Cathedral, to borrow one of Mr. Chesterton's amusing similes, is, upside up, not upside down.

Considered as a biography, Mr. Chesterton's book deserves even higher praise than as a piece of literary criticism. The biographical sections are simple, picturesque, and interesting; and if at times the author seems to make too much of trifles it is because to him these trifles are often significant of greater things. Mr. Chesterton has a very distinct gift for penetrating to the meaning of things, and it is this quality which leads me to call attention to his work as an excellent specimen of the third kind of biography.

This I would venture to distinguish by the name of interpretative portraiture. There are various methods by which biography of this sort is written. There is, for example, the idealistic as applied by Plato in his *Dialogues*; there is the naturalistic as applied by Boswell in his *Life*. Properly speaking one of these is no more realistic than the other; for if there is much in Plato's portrait of Socrates which that philosopher's contemporaries would hardly have recognized, there was also an immense amount in Johnson which was invisible to the quick but near-sighted eyes of his biographer. There is, moreover, the impressionistic method employed with such

signal success by Carlyle. And this, it appears to me, is the method of Mr. Chesterton. The narrative of Browning's life is not very detailed—it is not even a connected narrative; but at the close of the book the reader has a very definite notion of the main events of the poet's uneventful life. Mr. Chesterton understands that the interest of Browning's personality surpasses that of his life or even of his genius, for he cites with approval Miss Barrett's penetrating remark that Browning's genius was the least important thing about him. Yet there is no chapter devoted to an elaborate exposition of Browning's character. The impressionist prefers to work by suggestions, by swift and brilliant touches. And of these the book is full. Little by little as we read of the peculiar environment of Browning's boyhood, of the romanticism and dandyism of his youth, of his "intellectual humility," and "pure love of humanity," of his "immeasurable capacity for a classic admiration," of the one great passion of his life and its effect upon his work, of his broad sympathies and living interest in art and politics, of his unaffected delight in the honors showered upon his later years, of the "serene and pastoral decline" of his life with its occasional outbreak and splendid defiance of impending death—as we read these things the portrait of the man begins to stand out in living colors from the canvas. It is not without its shadows. Mr. Chesterton realizes sufficiently the humanity of Browning to recognize his faults, and of these he speaks with a splendid frankness. He calls attention to his conventionalities, to his prejudices, to his social frivolity, to his occasional coarseness of thought and speech, to his rare but terrifying outbursts of volcanic anger. But all these are only the shadows which give reality to the picture. In this case certainly the impressionistic method is justified by its results, for no such vigorous, life-like, and convincing portrait of the poet exists in all the mass of matter that has been written around and about him. And here too we may trace a curious analogy between the work of Mr. Chesterton and Browning himself. The poet gives us no detailed account of the life of Paracelsus or of Aristophanes, nor, whatever may be generally thought, does he give us an elab-

orate analysis of their character. But by a series of impressionistic, suggestive touches, hints, and allusions, he creates a work which offers to the imagination of the understanding mind a portrait of these men such as we may look in vain for elsewhere.

Whatever are the methods pursued by writers of this class of biography their ultimate end is the same—the presentation of a portrait. Not a mere photograph which seizes and perpetuates one aspect of the subject's character, but a picture which shall explain and interpret the man himself:

As when a painter poring on a face,
Divinely through all hindrance finds the man
Behind it, and so paints him that the face,
The shape and color of a mind and life,
Lives for his children ever at its best
And fullest.

For work of this sort imagination is the essential requisite. Whatever other qualities the biographer may possess or lack, diligence in gathering and accuracy in verifying facts, plodding persistence or dashing technic, if he have not the creative imagination, which enables him first of all to picture to himself what manner of man his hero was, he can never succeed in interpreting him to others. And if he achieves such a portrait, whatever be his methods of selection, omission, repression, or even exaggeration, his work as a biographer must be pronounced successful.

On the part of the reader, too, a certain sympathetic imagination is necessary to enable him to grasp the full significance of such a work. The majority of mankind are attracted by the brilliantly superficial, and lack imagination to penetrate below the surface. Most men, one fancies, would prefer a portrait by Sir John Millais to one by Watts; whereas the truth is that as a rule Millais paints the trappings and Watts the soul. But for the comprehension as well as the production of the highest art imagination is imperatively needed, and the biography of the "portrait school" is essentially a work of art.

If the necessity of imagination on the part of both writer and reader of a biography of this school is understood, and due allowance is made for the limited imagination of the world at large, one is able to realize the underlying causes of the violent outcry and prolonged controversy over

Froude's treatment of Carlyle, now unhappily renewed by the recent publication of *New Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle*. Froude's was an artistic rather than a scientific temperament; he had a lively and powerful, if somewhat erratic imagination. And he used every effort to convey to his readers the mental image which existed within himself; he selected, omitted, repressed, and exaggerated, and he thereby succeeded in producing portraits which were powerful and impressive, and in the case of Carlyle, at least, essentially true. In this portrait, however, the shadows were very dark, and the unimaginative world insisted upon looking at the shadows alone. It was unable to imagine that the great master could have sinned and suffered and repented without being on the one hand, either a monster of iniquity, or on the other, a figment of his biographer's imagination. The abuse of Carlyle which sprang up on the publication of Froude's work is pretty well laid by this time; but the abuse of Froude still continues. Apparently the world, or a considerable portion of it, still lacks imagination to realize the position in which Froude found himself bound by the wishes of his dead friend and his own promises to execute the work entrusted to him, and to make public Carlyle's atonement even at the temporary cost of Carlyle's reputation. Criticism of Froude's methods as a biographer is perfectly legitimate. The most satisfactory refutation of his work would be a better biography of Carlyle. This, however, has not yet been written, and in the meantime such abuse as is heaped upon him, in the violent preface to the *New Letters*, by Sir James Crichton-Browne, and in the malicious notes thereto by Alexander Carlyle, simply defeats its own end. If Carlyle's case against Froude requires the representation of Froude as a treacherous friend, and of Mrs. Carlyle as a half-mad neurotic invalid, and of Jowett as a rancorous back-biter, the world will soon begin to suspect that Carlyle's case is even blacker than it looks.

One good result at least, however, the publication of the *New Letters* has accomplished. It has forced the heirs of Mr. Froude to make public a manuscript found among his papers containing a simple and affecting statement of his relations with

Carlyle. It is not too much to say that this statement absolutely disproves the gravest charges brought against Froude. And the appended clear and business-like letter, by Froude's co-executor of Carlyle's will, shows that in the sordid disputes which arose over the money profits of Froude's work the biographer behaved like a generous gentleman, and his principal opponent like the descendant of a race of avaricious peasants.

It is a far cry from Carlyle and Froude to Justin McCarthy. But the title of his recent collection of essays, *British Political Portraits*, catches my eye, and suggests that here, too, in brief form, one may find specimens of the portrait school of biography. As a matter of fact, however, the title describes not so much the essays themselves as the interesting collection of Elliott and Fry photographs by which the book is well illustrated. Mr. McCarthy is always readable and sometimes pleasantly instructive. His sketches of Mr. Balfour, Lord Rosebery, Lord Salisbury, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannermann, and others, are timely and interesting. But Mr. McCarthy wholly lacks the gift of imagination, and failing this his portraits are neither illuminating nor interpretative, but merely hasty sketches in which one or another feature of the subject is brought before the reader's eye. A striking instance of this fact is found in his utter failure to account for Mr. Chamberlain's desertion of Gladstone. Mr. McCarthy, it may be, has not the courage to express his own convictions and to style Mr. Chamberlain in print what his compatriots have called him in Parliament, a Judas. But he suggests no other reason for the great Radical's sudden change of front than personal ambition, and completely ignores the possibility that Mr. Chamberlain, like so many others of the Liberal party, may have regarded Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule project as an attempt to dismember the British Empire. Mr. McCarthy, indeed, goes so far as to misrepresent the facts in order to convey the impression that Mr. Chamberlain was the only member of his party completely and irrevocably to abandon his old leader. "Many English Liberal members," he writes, "objected to some of the provisions of Mr. Gladstone's first Home Rule Bill, but when these objections were removed



Photograph by Elliott & Fry

JUSTIN McCARTHY

... they returned at once to their places under his leadership." Some of them, indeed, did, but the great majority did nothing of the sort, and even today the bulk of the Liberal Unionists, including not only Mr. Chamberlain but such eminent leaders as the Duke of Devonshire and Lord Goschen, remain in close alliance with the Conservatives, unalterably opposed to any separation of Ireland from "the predominant partner."

It is only fair to say, however, that this is the one instance in which the author's political prejudice has distorted his judgment. He pays a generous tribute to the courtesy of Mr. Balfour, to the sincerity of Lord Salisbury, to the vigorous energy of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach. And if his portraits of his own close political associates are somewhat highly colored, and his repeated prophecy of a speedy resumption

of the reins of government by the Radical wing of the Liberal party somewhat amusing, much must be forgiven to the enthusiasm of a veteran member of what has been for years a "forlorn hope."

One of the most careful and conscientious essays in Mr. McCarthy's book is that on his friend and ally, Mr. James Bryce. Mr. McCarthy points out with admirable accuracy the distinguishing trait of Mr. Bryce's character, a union of scholarship and practicality. This is manifested not only in his books on the theoretical ideals of the Holy Roman Empire and the actual workings of the American Commonwealth, but also in the esteem with which he is regarded even by his opponents in the British Parliament. This union of two apparently dissimilar qualities is again revealed in Mr. Bryce's latest book, *Studies in Contemporary Biography*.

The twenty essays included in this volume, comprising articles on men of such different types of mind as Disraeli, Gladstone, Arthur Stanley, Cardinal Manning, Freeman, and Robertson Smith, constitute a distinct contribution to our knowledge of the social and political life of England during the latter half of the Victorian era. They are what the author rightly calls them, "Studies"—the work of a profound and earnest thinker. But they are not studies which smell of the lamp; on the contrary they reveal on every page the authorship of a man who has mingled with the men of whom he writes and been a part of the events which he describes. The essay on Parnell, for example, could not possibly have been written by a cloistered student. In his preface Mr. Bryce declares that these studies are not to be regarded as biographies, even in miniature. "My aim has rather been," he says, "to analyze the characters and powers of each of the persons described, and, so far as possible, to convey the impression which each made in the daily converse of life." But to do this is, in the best sense of the word, to write biography, even though it be in miniature.

Mr. Bryce's work belongs, as would naturally be the case, to the semi-historical school of biography. He refuses to separate his subjects from the world in which they lived, he shows what they received from their environment, and what in turn they contributed to the process of evolution by which that environment was slowly changed. In the essay on Robert Lowe, for example, Mr. Bryce points out how that powerful debater's attack on the moderate reform proposed by Lord Russell led directly to the sweeping extension of the suffrage under Disraeli. Yet the historical element in these studies is never allowed to outweigh the biographical; the essay on Gladstone is not a sketch of the history of Victorian England, but a masterly portrait of one of the makers of that history.

Mr. Bryce has a great advantage over Mr. McCarthy in his choice of subjects. The latter treats without exception of men who are still upon the stage; Mr. Bryce wholly of men no longer living, upon whose careers and characters something like a definite judgment may now be

passed. But this alone would not by any means account for the superior excellence of Mr. Bryce's work. Both books are, I believe, in the main a reproduction of articles contributed to magazines in this country and in England; but where Mr. McCarthy's careless and gossipy style too often reminds us of the hack-writer, Mr. Bryce's is grave and dignified. Yet it is never tedious or pedantic. In fact it produces on the reader very much the same impression that Mr. Bryce's speeches, according to Mr. McCarthy, create in the House of Commons: "Bryce is not one of the showy and fascinating debaters whom everybody wants to listen to for the mere eloquence and fascination of their oratorical displays. Everybody knows that when he speaks it is because he has something to say which ought to be spoken and therefore ought to be heard." His style falls short, to be sure, of the peculiar vivacity and force of the great speaker. And Mr. Bryce, as his earlier works have shown, has no special gift for character portrayal. But he is admirably impartial and sensitive to excellence in many and various fields. The general impression left by the perusal of the various studies is of an earnestness, dignity, sincerity, and public spirit in the political, religious, and academic life of England to which it would be hard to produce parallels in this country.

But I have sat long enough at my little table. If "life without books is death," a too prolonged consideration of life as depicted within books tends to terminate in mortal ennui. Better dead than bored is in this case a prudent principle of action. Across the tops of the low-lying orchard trees I see the broad sweep of the golf course, green and yellow in the sun. At this hour I should encounter there an old friend and rival at the game. Of late his victories have acquired a character of unbroken consistency. But I have this summer acquired a magic crook-necked putter from the hands of a true-born Scot who once saw Old Tom hole a ball with it at thirty feet. This instrument I shall cast into the balance—and *væ victis*. I light my pipe, shoulder my clubs, and leave the still seclusion of my library corner for the lively battle of the links.

—LECTOR.



The American Husband

Naturally, in these great metropolises of America, it follows that men are abrupt, irritable, either nervous in manner or frigid with the effort not to be, almost devoid of subtlety in regard to women, lacking in intellectuality as distinct from mere brain. They cannot be blamed. They are the product of the terrible "hustle" and never-slackening competition of these crowded centres which epitomize the more famous conditions of the New World. And they are making history, the prosperity of the country, doing each the work of twenty men of a calmer sphere. But they must be highly uninteresting as husbands. A man who eats his luncheon with a telephone on his table, whose mental faculties are on the rack from nine until six, who looks upon every man as his natural enemy, whose keenest sense is an appreciation of the value and the values of money, must be either stupid or cross when the day's work is done. If he lets his wife spend half of her year alone in Europe, it is not likely that he misses her, and the signing of domestic checks is a trifle in his mighty calculations. He has no time to know his wife, nor the other woman, for that matter, and if he gets little in return, at least he rarely is aware of the fact. The vastly rich often take quite a bourgeois pleasure in their home life, for they can make others live the wild existence downtown for them; but, on the other hand, with a lessening of financial responsibilities

and excitement, with a larger leisure, with a surfeit of all that money can buy, come ennui and a preference for the neighbor's wife.

But even the men who whirl in the maelstrom, telephone in hand, are in the minority. Beyond a doubt, it is in the huge bulk of the middle class, both in and out of the strenuous cities, that not only the "typical" husband is to be found, but the largest measure of domestic contentment. In these millions of respectable homes, just above the grind and pinch of poverty, many a man is common, overbearing, selfish, dull, but the mass of him lives an even and amiable life, moderately indulgent to his family, and repaying the unintermittent sacrifices of his wife with much consideration, even while accepting them as inevitable.

This American husband may not be peculiarly interesting as an individual, but, on the whole, he is more interesting than his wife; his range is wider, he reads his newspaper, discusses affairs with other men; and anything under heaven is more vivid conversational material than the recurring incidents of the domestic life, varied with the small affairs of one's neighbors. A woman absorbed from morning to night in servants, babies, and making both ends meet, has little, poor thing, to bring to the conversational mill. Or if the income be larger, she may be delicate, or interested in the "society" of her own little world, or, worse still, belong to clubs with a view to making intellect.

If her husband treat her with infinite patience, it is all she can expect, and if he find his diversion with men, she has much to be thankful for. She may weary of life, but if she does, let her console herself with the reflection that so do women in every sphere under heaven. . . .

This is one type of American; but there is another, and I wonder that he is so seldom alluded to in book or newspaper, although he may be met every day at home and abroad. This is the frigid American. He is icy, correct, formal. He raises his eyebrows at a laugh, chills to the marrow the stranger who addresses him, and his face is a mask. Only a republic could have produced him. His course is instigated by the deep, almost despairing self-consciousness of the American of family traditions, which, unless daily manifested in this firm and subtle manner, will be lost sight of in the infinite sea of democracy. Oddly enough, he is not as popular abroad as the other sort, who is looked upon as the real thing.—*Gertrude Atherton* in *Ainslee's Magazine*.

The Landscape Gardeners of Justice

It is most gratifying to hear the voices of lawyers, both those still in the ranks and those who have been elevated to the bench, loud in denunciation of lynching and in urging that the public conscience be quickened. It would be still more gratifying if these gentlemen learned in the law went on from castigations of the people to self-examination and self-castigation.

Justice is the dream of humanity through all the ages. And to the lawyers as to no other class, as not to all other classes combined, has humanity looked with hope and trust for the realization of that dream. Yet what do we find? These same lawyers, instead of planning to make broad and level, plain and toll-less the road between the wronged man and his rights, between the wronger and his dues, have planned and still plan that road on lines that a landscape gardener might envy. And at every turning, in every dense thicket through which it leads, or rather wanders vaguely, they have set up a toll-gate.

Courts thronged with lawyers; legislatures and congresses swarming with law-

yers; statute-books never out of the custody of lawyers; the entire machinery of justice in the possession of lawyers—and lawyers have the face to stand in bland self-righteousness, waxing wroth over sins which are in large measure the result of their own passions for hair-splittings, and for fees.—*Saturday Evening Post*.

A Politic Marriage

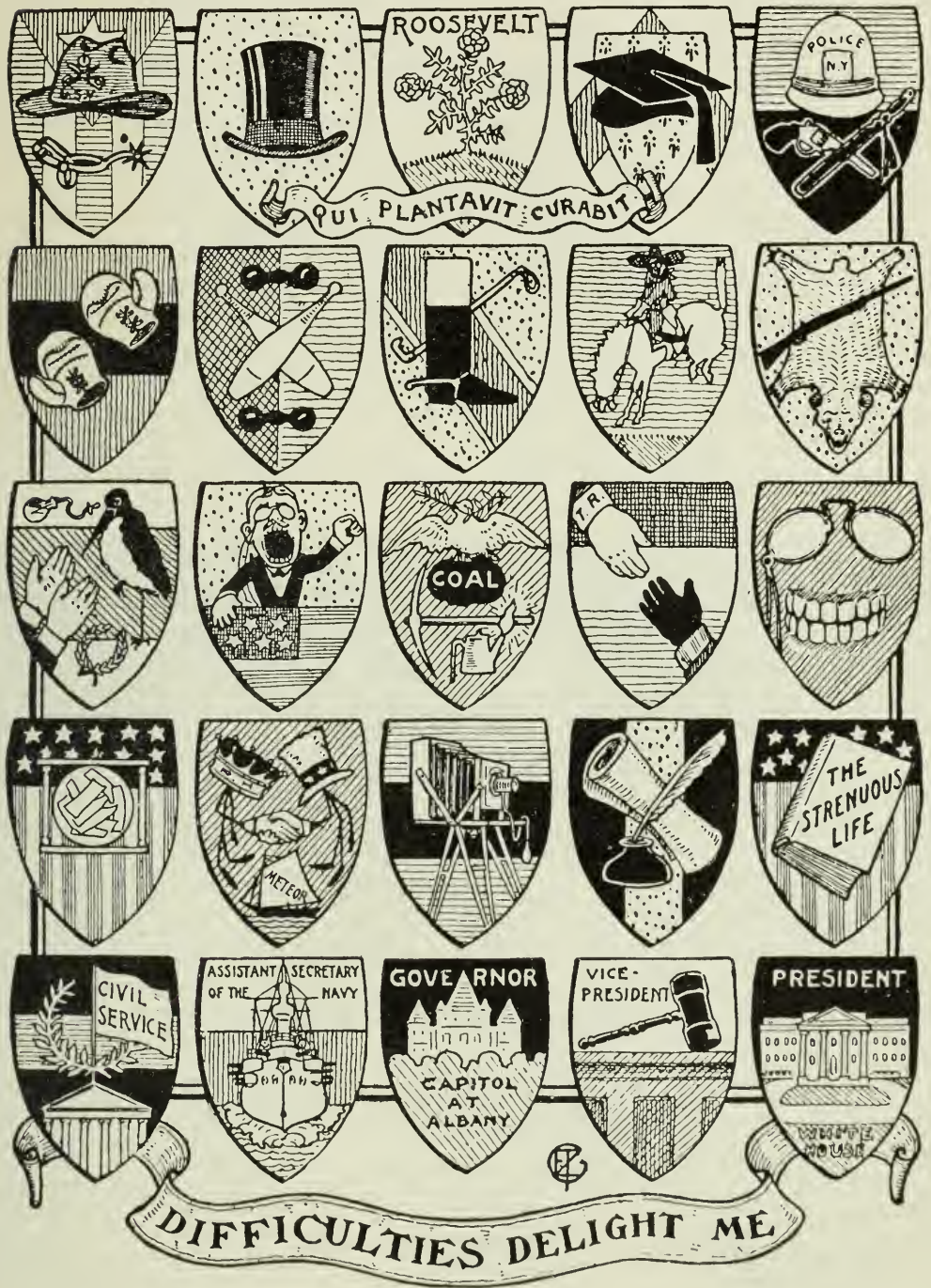
Good authority vouches for the following anecdote about the late Bishop Sumner. The story goes that Lady Conyngham had been at considerable pains to discover a suitable bear-leader for her eldest son, the Earl of Mountcharles, who was about to make the indispensable "grand tour." She finally fixed on a young clergyman, by name Sumner, of no particular family or connections, but strongly recommended on account of his excellent character and qualities. The earl and his custodian accordingly departed on their travels; the latter having particular instructions in case of illness or any untoward occurrence to communicate at once with the marchioness.

As ill-luck would have it, during a short stay at Geneva the callow young nobleman fell desperately in love with a pretty Swiss girl, the daughter of a well-to-do resident, who, however, was wholly out of the question as father-in-law to an embryo marquis.

The young clergyman exerted all his powers of persuasion, but to no purpose; affairs began to look ominous, and he accordingly secretly despatched a letter to the marchioness, explaining the situation and asking for instructions, by special courier, who was ordered to travel night and day. The messenger arrived at Brighton in hot haste and delivered his missive, which was naturally read by the marchioness with feelings of the direst consternation. However, she swiftly indited a reply, which was entrusted to the courier, with instructions to speed back as fast as he had come.

In the meantime the young earl's devotion had daily grown more ardent, and his tutor awaited the return of the courier with feverish anxiety. At last the long-looked for answer arrived. The distracted clergyman tore open the letter and eagerly scanned the contents. The instructions

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A STRENUOUS BOOK-PLATE

were terse and terribly to the point. They contained only three words, "Marry her yourself."

Mr. Sumner was a far-seeing young divine, and after a brief consideration of all the circumstances, present and future, he made up his mind to obey, and before the end of the year the accommodating bear-leader had become Canon of Windsor, with a certain prospect of a mitre!—*Sigma* in *Blackwood's Magazine*.

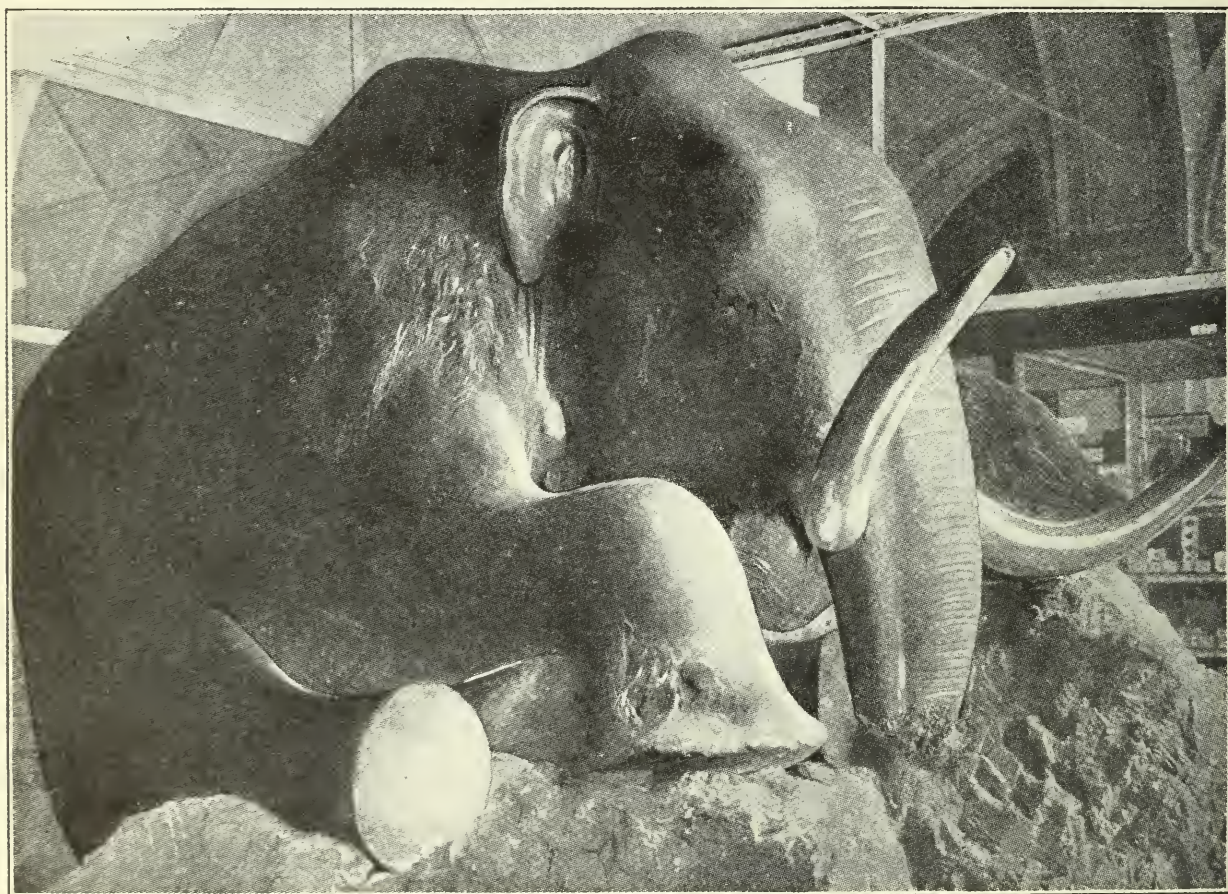
100,000 Years in Cold Storage

The huge body of the Siberian mammoth which was discovered in the summer of 1901 has now been erected in the museum of the Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg, and is here illustrated for the first time. The unique interest of this discovery lies in the fact that though many fossil remains of mammoths have been found and other preserved bodies of mammoths seen, no body so complete as this one has ever before been brought home to civilization. The hide, hair, eyes, flesh,

and bones of the mammoth brought home by Dr. Otto Herz are all marvellously preserved by a set of circumstances similar to those which have given us the actual feathers of the extinct moa bird and the bony hide of the mylodon.

Dr. Herz describes the long hair and the thickness of hide of the mammoth and how the stomach was found full of undigested food. The attitude in which he was found shows that he met his death by slipping on a slope, for his rear legs are bent up so that it would be impossible for him to raise himself. Dr. Herz writes:

"The impromptu grave into which the animal plunged was made of sand and clay, and his fall probably caused masses of neighbouring soil to loosen and cover him completely. This happened in the late autumn or at the beginning of the winter, to judge by the vegetable matter found in the stomach; at any rate, shortly afterwards the grave became flooded, ice following. This completed the cold storage, still further augmented by vast accumulations of soil all round—a shell of ice hundreds



A PREHISTORIC MONSTER

—The Sphere

of feet thick enclosed by yards upon yards of soil that remain frozen for the greater part of the year. Thus the enormous carcass was preserved for how long no one knows, through hundreds of centuries perhaps, until not so many years ago some movement of the earth spat forth the fossil mausoleum, leaving it exposed to sun and wind until gradually, very gradually, the ice crust wore off and revealed to the passing Cossack the long-hidden treasure."

The mammoth whose actual appearance in the flesh has now been so marvellously preserved for us was known to early man, but appears to have died out completely before the advent of what are known as neolithic times. Thus his remains (teeth and bones) are found along with very old human remains of the early stone age, and a lifelike and unmistakable engraving of a mammoth has recently been discovered in the grotto of Combarelles, in France. How far early man assisted in the disappearance of the mammoths is not an easy matter to accurately determine.—*The Sphere*

Goin' Barefoot

It's more fun goin' barefoot than anythin' I know.
There ain't a single nother thing that helps yer
feelin's so.

Some days I stay in muvver's room, a-gettin' in
her way;

An' when I've bothered her so much, she sez:
"Oh, run an' play!"

I say: "Kin I go barefoot?" En she says: "If
y' choose"—

Nen I alwuz wanter holler when I'm pullin' off
my shoes!

It's fun a-goin' barefoot when yer playin' any
game—

'Cause robbers would be noisy an' Indians awful
tame

Unless they had their shoes off when they crep'
up in the night,

An' folks can't know they're comin' till they get
right close in sight!

An' I'm surely goin' barefoot every day when I
get old,

An' haven't got a nurse to say I'll catch my death
o' cold!

An' if yer goin' barefoot, yer want t' go outdoors.
Y' can't stretch out an' dig yer heels in stupid
hardwood floors

Like you kin dig 'em in th' dirt! An' where th'
long grass grows,

Th' blades feel kinder tickley and cool between
yer toes.

So when I'm pullin' off my shoes I'm mighty
'fraid I'll cough—

'Cause then I know ma'd stop me 'fore I got my
stockin's off!

If y' often go 'round barefoot there's lots o'
things to know—

Of how t' curl yer feet on stones, so they won't
hurt y' so—

An' when th' grass is stickley an' pricks y' at a
touch,

Jes' plank yer feet down solid, an' it don't hurt
half so much,

I lose my hat mos' every day. I wish I did my
shoes—

Er else I wisht I was so poor I hadn't none to
lose!

—*Burges Johnson in Harper's Magazine.*

Religion in the Schools

The principle of religious instruction is authority; that of secular instruction is demonstration and verification. It is obvious that these two principles should not be brought into the same school, but separated as widely as possible. In view of these differences between religious instruction and secular instruction, and in view of the contrast between the spirit of the school and the spirit of the church, it is clear that the school cannot successfully undertake religious instruction; in fact, experience goes to show that the school fails to achieve instruction, and it is certain that the church becomes less efficient when it abates in any way the impressiveness of its ceremonial in its art and music and in its use of the language of the Bible in its ritual. Even the bare enumeration of Christian doctrines in language partly secular is sufficient to show the impossibility of their introduction into the curriculum of schools supported by public taxes. Even the doctrine of the existence of God implies a specific conception of Him, and the conception of the divine varies from that of the definite deities of animalism to the infinite deity of East Indian pantheism and the Holy Bible. When we come to teach a live religion in the schools we see that it must take a denominational form, and moreover it must take on the form of authority and address itself to the religious sense and not to the mere intellect.

The church has through long ages learned the proper method of religious instruction. It elevates sense-preception through solemn music addressed to the ear and works of art which represent to the eye the divine self-sacrifice for the salvation of man. It clothes its doctrine in the language of the Bible, a book sacredly kept apart from other literature, and held in

such exceptional reverence that it is taken entirely out of the natural order of experience. We must conclude, therefore, that the prerogative of religious instruction is in the church, and that it must remain in the church and that in the nature of things it can not be farmed out to the secular school without degenerating into mere deism without a living Providence, or else changing the school into a parochial school and destroying the efficiency of secular instruction.—*Commissioner W. T. Harris in The Independent.*

The Passing of Poverty

Many Christian nations have pensioned the veterans of war, but New Zealand was the first country in civilizationdom to pension its poor old men and women, at the general expense, as veterans of industry. The first initiation of this institution is due to that genius of democratic love of, by, and for the people, who, as "Dick" Seddon, is growing into the world-wide popularity of those who, like "Abe" Lincoln, are called by their first name by millions.

The old age pension has captured the heart of the Australasian public. The hope and rescue it has brought to broken down men and women condemned without it to bitter, degrading, unassauged misery, are beyond question; their gratitude is recorded in many touching ways. The old people tottering up to receive their first payment call down the blessings of God even on the doorkeepers and tellers of the disbursing offices. Public life in our times has seen no assemblage more unique than that of the old men and women who two years ago filled the opera house in Christchurch, New Zealand, to render in person their heart-felt thanks to the premier for the kindness with which the state under his lead had smoothed their closing years.

The old age pension is the abolition of capital punishment in industry, and the people

in New Zealand are glad to pay the bill. New Zealand is the most prosperous and the most solvent country in the world. Its ten years of reform have been ten years of financial surpluses for its government.

The principles and operations of the law are simple enough. No new tax was levied to pay for the pensions, as the surplus revenue sufficed. No new officers had to be appointed, and the work is done by those who are already functionaries of the state, the postmasters who furnish the printed forms for application, the magistrates who pass upon them, and the registrars who make the payments. The relief is for the deserving poor, but one does not need to be either a saint or a pauper to get it. One may have property valued at two hundred and fifty dollars or an income of one hundred and seventy dollars a year and still receive the full allowance of ninety dollars a year. The idea is to prevent pauperism and encourage thrift by adding to the savings of the poor enough to keep them out of the pauper class.



"SIR DICKON SEDDON"

—*Westminster Gazette*

Most strenuously do Premier Seddon and the other supporters of the law deny that it discourages thrift. "It encourages a man to save," the premier said to me, "to know that the state will add something to his little accumulation. Instead of the despair which sees no use of self-help, comes hope and a new energy." Moreover, they are not afraid, these innovating New Zealanders, to question whether from any true point of social regard it is thrift for a poor man, whose earnings are really not enough for his children's need, to save money which has to be scrimped somehow out of their bodies or minds or souls.

"There are just two ways of inducing people to be thrifty," says Mr. William Pember Reeves, author of the famous compulsory arbitration law, "you may encourage them with the hope of attaining to comfort, or you may frighten them with the alternative of utter destitution. I attach more value to the efficiency of hope." —*Henry D. Lloyd in Good Housekeeping.*

Endowing a Town

Mr. Andrew Carnegie's gift of two million, five hundred thousand dollars and a park to his native town of Dunfermline in Scotland is a decided departure from the benefactions with which his name has generally been associated. Instead of establishing a library, he has undertaken the experiment of founding an institution to serve the entire social life of the people of the place. To quote his own words, the object is "to attempt to introduce into the monotonous lives of the toiling masses of Dunfermline more of sweetness and light, to give them, especially the young, some charm, some elevating conditions of life which their residence elsewhere would have denied, so that a child in his native town will feel, however far he may have roamed, that, simply by virtue of being such, his life has been made better and happier." Whether it be in a village, a provincial town, or a great city, the last thing to be ministered to is the wholesome



DUNFERMLINE ABBEY



THERESA SARTO

SISTER OF PIUS X.

The Sphere

desire for social enjoyment. It is this lack of healthful, social centers which gives power to degraded pleasure resorts and is the cause of much that is barren and dreary in country and city alike. We believe that Mr. Carnegie has in this gift made one of his greatest benefactions. He has shown great wisdom, too, in not only permitting but specifically instructing the trustees of the fund to try experiments, to be willing to make mistakes in attempting to discover just what will be most effective in accomplishing the object, and to be free in the administration of the trust so long as they keep in mind the wants of the people and the possibilities for their improvement and uplifting. There are thousands of communities in this country that need such a wholesome social center as this more than they need anything else. —*The Outlook*.

Dividing the Sport

A little girl to whom was shown a picture of Christian martyrs in a den of beasts, observed that there was one poor lion who had no martyr. This story explains the spread of lynching, except that lions kill for sustenance, mobs for sport. It is a pity that any poor mob should lack a negro. We had the advantage of knowing hoodlums intimately in our youth, and we remember how hungry they are for somebody to maltreat. Obviously, burning is the finest sport extant. It used to be reserved for those who were possessed of devils, like Joan of Arc, but modern scepticism has enlarged the field. What makes such diversions spread is a lust for equal rights. If a town in Delaware is treated to a negro picnic, is it fair or just to deprive Illinois or Indiana of an equal entertainment? Somebody reads the papers and tells the gang about the nigger in Georgia; they gloat fondly over the conception, and when the excuse arises they are ready. They are the same crowd who organize frequently impromptu orgies in deserted buildings, similar to those which the negro enjoys alone. They are as ready for the one frolic as for the other. Next to committing a particular crime themselves, the pleasantest pastime is to punish it. Thousands long to go to legal hangings. How much keener is the op-

portunity to play executioner and torturer themselves! Common sailors do their duty best when their officers are men of purpose and sure aim. Common soldiers are kept from murder, rape, and theft only by their trained superiors. Withdraw restraint and the devil of humanity seeks his prey.—*Collier's Weekly*.

Pius X's Family Life

The new Pope is a peasant, and the son of a peasant; his sisters, who kept his house when he was Bishop of Mantua and Patriarch of Venice, still wear the peasant's costume familiar to the Western world on the shoulders of the humble organ-grinders. He is the first Pope for a century and a half who is of plebeian origin. Leo XIII, like Pius IX, sprang from a noble family. Sarto sprang as much from the common people as Abraham Lincoln himself. His brother is an innkeeper in Mantua. One of his sisters married a tobacconist and the other a sacristan of the church in which the present Pope had officiated for ten years as parish priest. His manner of life is frugal, nor did he, when Prince of the Church, forsake the simplicity which was natural to a peasant; but although of the common people, he is one of Nature's gentlemen, and among the few books that have been mentioned as proceeding from his pen is a *Manual of Politeness* which he wrote for the benefit of his parish clergy. The papers abound with stories of his geniality and humor. Unlike many of his brothers, he does not disdain the use of tobacco; he is passionately fond of music, and is himself a musician who, with the aid of Perosi, may be expected to effect a considerable revival of church music.

They say of him, also, that he is the devoted son of an affectionate mother, and that he liked nothing so much, when his administrative duties were over at Venice, as to sit down with three cronies (who were often members of the Venetian municipality) to a four-cornered card-game, *tresette*, at which he would recuperate his energies, his old mother the while sitting with her needlework in a corner of the room, enjoying the merry talk of her distinguished son. Of the many personal descriptions which have come to hand, all seem to speak of his splendid presence, his

handsome face, his bright and merry eye, and the rippling humor which plays around his lips. He is a tremendous worker, keeps his clergy in good order, and was distinctly a rigid disciplinarian.—*W. T. Stead* in *Review of Reviews*.

A Great Chilean Newspaper

While the New York newspaper publishers have been rivaling one another and attracting the attention of the world by

dailies, affords a conspicuous example of modern development in this direction. In the interior of the magnificent building it has recently erected, everything gives evidence of artistic taste in combining elegance with comfort most effectively. A handsome vestibule leads from the street entrance to the great central hall, the favorite reading room of the public, furnished in bright red leather; it is under a glass roof, which in summer is cooled by running water. Small writing desks, great



—Courtesy of *The Era*

THE CENTRAL HALL, EL MERCURIO

their tall office buildings, their colleagues in South America have been pushing ahead in another direction—quite as modern and infinitely more artistic—and, scorning a display of mere masonry, have shown special talent in fitting up the whole newspaper house on a scale of sumptuous magnificence.

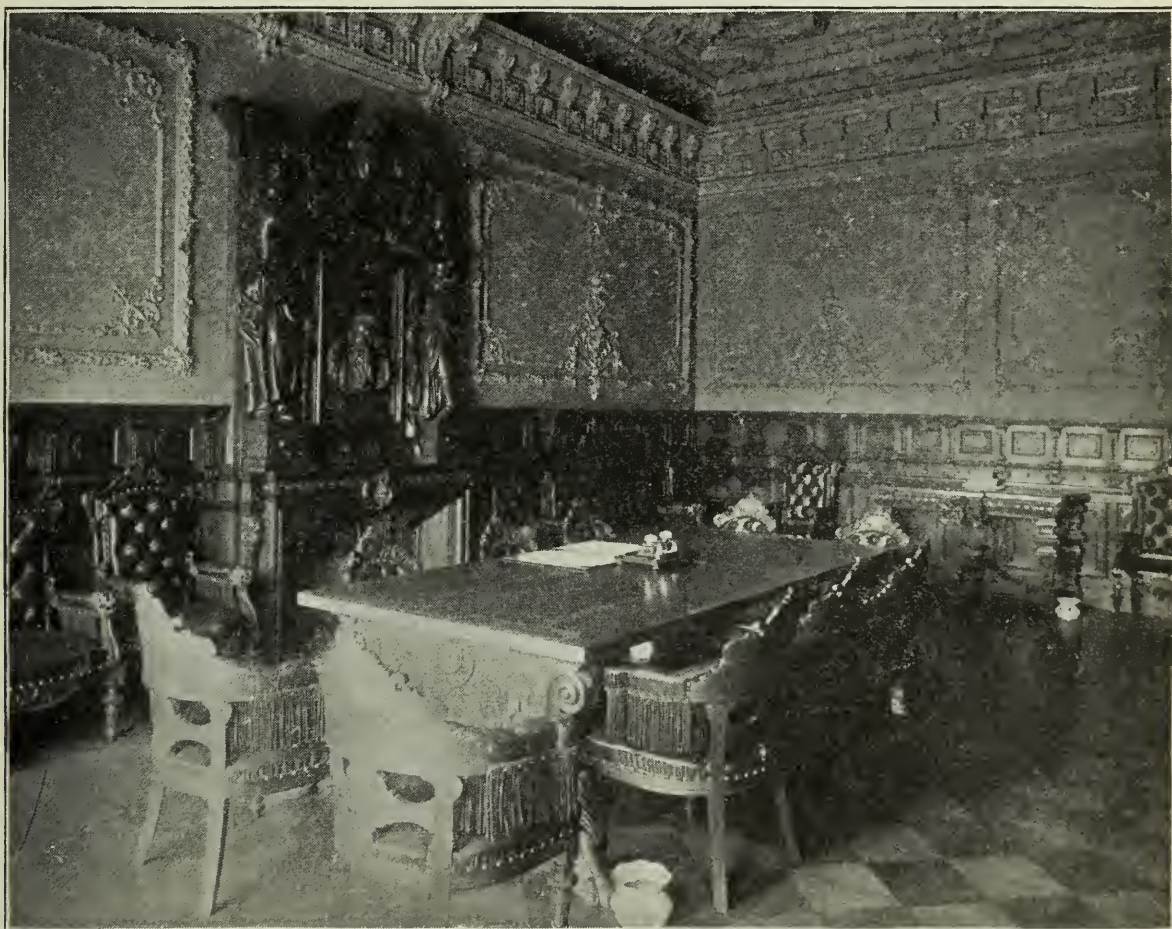
El Mercurio, the leading newspaper of Chile and the most advanced in journalistic enterprises of all the South American

arm chairs, and sofas make it a delightful lounging place. To the right are the business offices and to the left is a large reception room, richly furnished in Louis XIV style, reserved for distinguished callers, for musicales, conversaciones, or the five o'clock teas that are quite a feature of *El Mercurio* hospitality. Next to the reception room is a spacious dining room for banquets. The editorial rooms are models of elegance and neatness and pre-

sent a striking contrast to the littered "dens" of our North American offices. Most remarkable of all, Mr. Augustin Edwards, the proprietor of *El Mercurio*, is a man of only twenty-five years of age. He is a man of liberal education, broad ideas, and unprejudiced judgment, and although so young, has not only made his newspaper the most successful and influential in Chile, but has become a power in the administrative affairs of the government, and is now Minister of Finance in

prise, even the managing editor, Mr. Carlos Silva, who is the oldest member of the staff, being just twenty-eight, while the business manager, Mr. Joaquin Diaz, is not yet twenty-four.

There is something very American—of the New World—in this youthful undertaking of the heavy responsibilities of a large enterprise, and it is a good omen for the future of the race that its young men are so industrious and energetic.—*Marie Robinson Wright in The Era.*



THE SALON DE HONOR

—Courtesy of *The Era*

President Riesco's Cabinet. He is a splendid type of the Chilean gentleman, unaffected and sincere, with unbounded love for his country and untiring energy in its service. Like many educated South Americans he has studied in Europe and knows the United States well. He has great faith in the future development of Chile's vast natural resources. Mr. Edwards has surrounded himself with only young men in his newspaper enter-

An Iconoclast on Woman

As well here as elsewhere I may say my few words about women. They are very unlike men. The gentle cow is unlike the heavy architectural bull, the horned stag is unlike the foolish long-eared hind, but I know of no animal in which the sexes are so distinctly differentiated as in mankind. The male animal seems to us more beautiful than the female in every kind but

our own. We have doubted the beauty of women very little. De Musset said that most of woman's beauty existed in man's love of her, and sometimes I have thought that perhaps De Musset was right, and that, set free from human desire, we should see woman as a small, weakly creature, ridiculously shapen, with big hips and sloping shoulders, comparable neither for strength nor beauty with the wide-shouldered, lank-loined, bearded creature she follows, and whose dinner she cooks inadequately. But if savage woman is inferior to savage man, civilization has made amends for original defects and redesigned her incomparable and dainty, delicate, subtle, and rhythmical, with a little, voluted ear and hair abundant and odorous.

Our concern is with the mental rather than the physical woman, but mentality is dependent on physical structure. Woman is beautiful in detail and she excels in detail, but she never attains synthesis, for she herself is not synthesis. Every generation pours thousands of women into the art schools, and after a few years they marry and art is forgotten. Such was the fate of Jane. I cannot trust myself to tell you Jane's story, you must hear it from Tonks. The moment of 'Tonks' life is when he stretches out his long legs in front of the fire and says: "Jane destroyed all my belief in women as artists. I am paid to teach them, and I teach them, but believe in their artistic future, no, not after Jane's failure." Jane was a Slade pupil for three years, and was spoken of as a genius in all our conversations. It was contended that she would darken Rembrandt's glory. No one knew exactly what Jane would do, but we were sure she would do something. Tonks looked upon her as Catholics look upon the Virgin, as one who would intercede for him if his own art failed; she would give him an immortality by proxy. But Jane's marriage overthrew his immortal hopes, and now she draws to please her little boy.

But when women try to think or construct, their literature becomes zealless, it becomes nondescript, and one does not know whether to compare Daniel Deronda to an ox or a mule. The delicious and exquisite sex is not notable for philosophers or for artists, but for queens and courtesans. It is said that women have succeeded as

queens. I am not a historian and cannot argue that point. Women have certainly succeeded as actresses and as courtesans—yes, and as saints; best of all as saints; they have worshipped worthily the gods that men created.—*George Moore in Lippincott's Magazine.*

A Record Story

The world is certainly advancing rapidly, and even "the old, old story" is retold in the twentieth century with up-to-date accompaniments. A lady of my acquaintance keeps a good-looking maid who has hitherto been remarkably punctual in returning at the time appointed on her "evening out." A day or two ago, however, she came back a quarter of an hour late. My friend, who is something of a martinet, rang for the truant, and had just arranged the heads of an impressive moral lecture when Alice promptly surrendered at discretion. "Please 'm," she explained, "I'm very sorry I was late; but me young man 'e 'as a funnigraph, an' 'e was takin' a record o' me voice to keep by 'im the rest o' the week." The lecture was not delivered, and I have no doubt the sentimental mistress, looking back upon her own lost opportunities, envied the new generation the possibilities invention has thrown in its way like pearls before—people who cannot appreciate them.—*The London Tatler.*

Salvini the Younger

When Alessandro Salvini came to visit me, I soon discovered he was profoundly miserable about something, and presently he confided his trouble to me, and in a passionate outburst of sorrow and indignation he cried: "If only my father would speak one little word for me, every stage-door would fly open like magic; but no, but no! Ah, you see, Madame Clara, he is so great! my father he is afraid my efforts might injure him—but, surely, he is too secure for that. His father was an actor before him and esteemed great, but he did not break his son's heart by denying him the privilege to follow his bent and act. If I could only get a start—then I know my father would accept the situation and give me his blessing too, but"—his



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ALESSANDRO SALVINI AS ROMEO

eyes filled, he dropped his head on the back of the chair he sat sidewise in—"but no one will give me a chance—no one at all!"

He was utterly disheartened, but in that outburst I had seen the potential actor, and, laying my hand on his thick up-curling black hair, I said: "My lad, I will give you a chance—for no man born to the name of Salvini can help acting!"

If the portals of heaven had opened before him, I do not believe his face would have been more radiant. "You must wait a little," I said, "until I can see your chance—but I'll find it, never fear," and

then he paralyzed me by joyously crying: "Wait! oh, madame! will I not wait till the hell freeze over!" Then, at sight of my face, he hurried on: "Have I not got it right, then? *You* say it!" that being his constant request to people about him: "*You* say it!" But I declined on the grounds of propriety.

Our ways parted at the close of that engagement. Now and again we met briefly, and I had the opportunity of congratulating him upon his wonderful advance in his beloved profession. His chiefest pride seemed to be that he had won his father's

A POSTHUMOUS SKETCH BY PHIL MAY



THE RETORT PUNGENT

DAY-TRIPPER (PATRONIZINGLY)—BUSINESS PRETTY GOOD, MY MAN?

MR. WILLIAM LONGSHORE—NOA, THAT 'TAIN'T! WE DON'T GET NO GENTLEFOLKS DOWN 'ERE THESE DAYS.

—Sketch

approval and his warm interest in his work. But his ambition soared high—high. Never did I see him that he was not tremblingly aspiring to play some new part. He used actually to change color when he spoke of Romeo, so intense were his longings and his fears; and when at last he dared it—what an ideal! Testy—tempestuous—tender—“his shape,” “his love,” “his wit,” did truly make him the “fond mad-man” old Laurence chided. He did careful as well as brilliant work. It was not all dash and instinct with him; he could delve, could weigh and measure, and give good reason for his action. When it came to “character” work, such as the grave and stolid German, the strict man of business, in *Fromont and Risler*, an astonishing performance came from the impetuous and romantic young Italian.

There can be no doubt that the early death of Alessandro Salvini meant loss to the American stage, serious loss. There was a largeness of promise for his future that made many thoughtful lovers of the drama turn hopeful eyes toward him, for, beneath the dash and sparkle were energy, determination, and tenacity.—*Clara Morris* in *McClure's Magazine*.

Artist and Bohemian

There were two Phil Mays as there are two of every one of us. There was Phil May the artist, whose genius is indisputable, who will take a place in the history of art side by side with Keene, Cruikshank, and Sir John Gilbert. Time plays sad pranks with literary and artistic reputations, but Phil May's is assuredly one of the most secure. The other Phil May was the Bohemian—who made money easily and who spent it with reckless generosity. May would cash a cheque for £50 one minute and in two or three hours it was all spent. A £5 note went to oblige one friend and a guinea to oblige another, while a very great deal would be expended in merry carouse. He was quite the most irresponsible person in the journalistic life of Fleet Street, and that irresponsibility was exceedingly lovable although its penalty of an early death was perhaps inevitable.

Life was never dull when Phil May was present. He could tell a story with infinite humour, and he was always ready to tell a

story against himself. He knew fully the meanness of many of those who took his money but he was incapable of bearing malice or harbouring resentment for more than an hour or so. It was by his mother, who was an Irishwoman, that Phil May came into contact with Roman Catholicism, and he was received into the communion of that Church at his death. Long years ago he had an idea of becoming a monk, and I know that he actually consulted a priest on the matter.—*The Tatler*.

New World Indifferentism

It is a long journey from Venice in the eighteenth century to America in the twentieth. Yet the decaying commercial republic of Italy, drawing to itself even in its decline the treasures of the East and West, offering to the stranger, with a sort of splendid affluence, both its best and its worst, presents more than one likeness to the vast, prosperous America of today. Among our countrymen who have enjoyed full opportunities for culture, there are few who have not at times shared the listlessness, the apathy of that Venetian nobleman in Voltaire's *Candide*, who was cloyed with his own treasures. How can it be otherwise? How can the man or woman of normal power constantly respond to the multiform stimulus of these swift days of ours? Who can adequately react even to the news contained in the morning paper? Here is the life of the whole world brought daily to the door. But who is ready to weigh it, sift it, assimilate it? No wonder that men and women of fine fibre are conscious too often of that lassitude which comes from wandering through the rooms of a great museum, a weariness like that which oppresses the conscientious sight-seer at a World's Fair.

We cannot rest, meditate, dream, without missing our train, breaking our engagement. We hurry on, through this crowded, absorbing, splendidly rich and varied life of contemporary America, a race of a few athletes and millions of nervous dyspeptics. We are a restless people, hypnotized with transient enthusiasms. Today we plan a marble archway for a naval hero, build it tomorrow in plaster, and the day after tear it down. We idol-

ize the phrases of the Declaration of Independence for two or three generations, and then suddenly make the discovery that they are mere generalities, good enough for the library, but inapplicable to practical affairs. All the wealth of our physical resources, all the marvels of our tangible success, are not enough, it appears, to save us from the Old World vice of indifferentism, from the swift relapse into disillusionment.

Yet, after all, these contemporary forms of indifferentism are not final. We shall doubtless specialize more, rather than less, and yet the narrowing tendencies of absorption in one's own specialty may be resisted. The lassitude that marks the reaction from great and long-continued effort is perhaps inevitable; but in those hours one may refresh himself from the deep fountains that spring up within the soul. One's individual success or happiness may tempt him to regard the less fortunate with an indifferent eye, but in a democracy like ours Dives and Lazarus may always be trusted to shift places, if you will but give them time.—*Bliss Perry* in *Atlantic Monthly*.

The Worth of Whitman

So many and so various are the qualities which Whitman reveals, so diverse are the moods with which one reads him, that the very difficulty of reaching a final judgment regarding his genius and rank becomes an evidence of something unusual and commanding in the man. It is high time, surely, to see him as he is; to escape the "barbaric yawp" in him, and the idolatry of those who think that he has abolished the laws of art. He was great in mass and magnitude rather than in altitude and quality; he had the richest endowment of imagination that has yet been bestowed on any American poet, but his power of organizing it into noble and beautiful forms was far below the wealth of his material; he had an ear for the fundamental rhythms, but he often disregarded or violated his musical sense.

He entered into the broad, elemental life of the country and caught its sweep of interest and occupation with fresh and original power, disclosing at times a passion of imagination which closely approaches great poetry and predicts the great poetry

which will some day be written on this continent. Here Whitman is at his best and stands out as, in a very real sense, the distinctively American poet—the devout lover of democracy and its most ardent and eloquent singer. But even here there are limitations to be observed, for Whitman speaks for a plane of society, not for its entirety; he cares for and understands the elemental and basal types; he does not comprehend nor recognize the sharing of the great human qualities on a basis of equality by the more highly developed types. And democracy, it must be remembered, does not mean the average man only; it means *all* men.—*Hamilton W. Mabie* in *The Outlook*.

Getting Next to the People

The President greeted me affably, and after a sharp horseback ride over the oyster shells, and having disposed of the Russian situation, we fell to talking politics. I told the President that he was the Real Thing, that the Flicker of Destiny was already playing about his brow, and that he was as plainly Marked for Another as the Sunday Golf Player is Tagged for Perdition.

"I think," replied the Chief Magistrate, "our public men don't get near enough to the people. Mr. Cleveland, for example, —"

"Exactly," I interrupted, simultaneously extracting a fresh Perfecto from the President's proffered cigar case. "I have often labored with Mr. Cleveland on that very point. Don't you remember how, when you had both gone out to open the St. Louis Exposition, you both stopped to speak at Joplin, Missouri? Mr. Cleveland had been grinding out the subject from the Encyclopædia of History. I happen to recall the opening sentence of his address. He said:

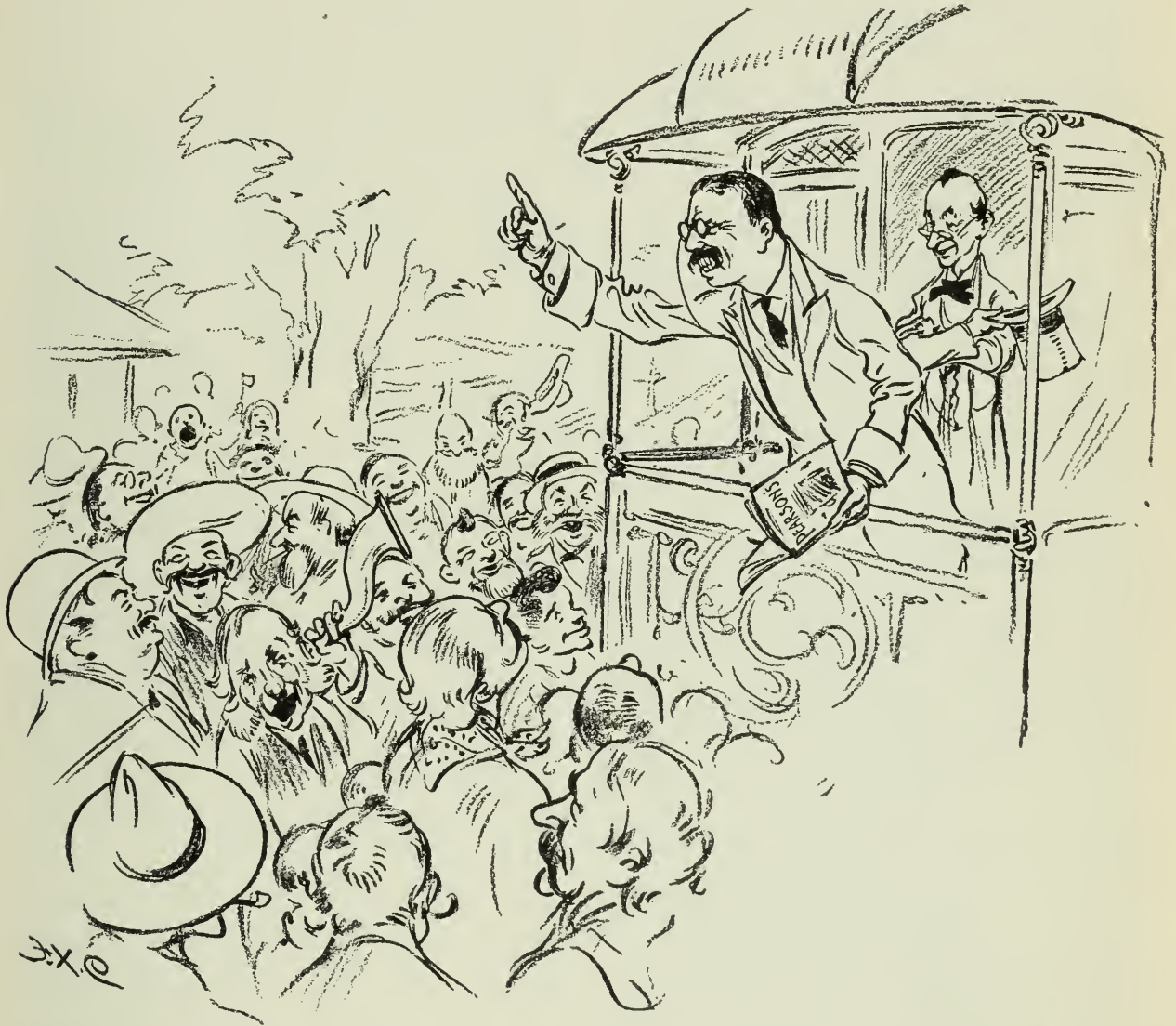
In traveling through the Great Commonwealth of Missouri, I am impressed by the vitality and permanence of our political system and more than ever inclined to be ready to admit that whenever the claim is advanced that the genius of American institutions is admirably adapted to the progressive requirements of a self-governing community, the sentiment shall always receive my just and cordial approbation. And I cannot refrain from expressing the conviction that in a comparative estimate of the worth of the contributions to our political enlightenment, made on the one hand by the people

of the East largely by the adaptation of theories and principles evolved from the experiences of their English forefathers, and made on the other by those who, like the Missouri settlers, have gone into the wilderness and developed the community's institutions concomitantly with the community's growth, there is much that is worthy of our critical study and deserving of our most profound admiration."

"Yes," said the President, "I read the

"Do I remember it?" I cried. "Shall I ever forget how you advanced sturdily to the front of the platform and called out cheerily:

"Has any one seen Brick Peters? I want to shake his hand. And there are some others, my fellow-countrymen, that any man with red blood in his veins would be glad to know. I have heard from one end of the country to the other about George



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Courtesy of Pearson's Magazine

"HAS ANYONE SEEN BRICK PETERS? I WANT TO SHAKE HIS HAND."

speech; I passed through Joplin the next day."

"You did," I continued, "and you did not waste much time in reading the History of the United States beforehand."

"Hardly," murmured the Exponent of Strenuosity. "You remember the apple-vender that you brought into the car, and the Janitor of the Court-House? They tipped me off."

Matthews. Yes, we've all heard of George, and we've heard of Dick Mayhew, and how he knocked down a dude that wouldn't give a lady his seat. And where is Four-Fingered Eli? Ladies and Gentlemen, I congratulate you on having voted sixty thousand dollars for a new Court-House, and I'm glad the stone is coming from Marshall's Quarry."

"Do you know, Gordon," said the Fighting Statesman, "on some accounts I think that Joplin speech is one of my best

efforts. I ran in more good real local color in those few opening sentences than in almost any speech I can remember—the kind of local stuff that counts, you know; anybody can hit off the Mayor and the Fire Chief, and a few bankers and judges. But I run in the men that don't get in the papers every day, men that are next to lodges and societies and—and labor unions."

"Teddy," I cried impulsively, "you are a genius. Nothing escapes you—nothing!"

"No," he echoed, "nothing"; and then added thoughtfully, as I jumped into my automobile and turned to bid him good-night, "not even the Post Office looters."—*Gordon Power in Pearson's Magazine.*

London's Alien Problem

The report of the Royal Commission on alien immigration has just been made. The Commissioners began their work in April, 1902, and held forty-nine sittings since that time. The report goes very thoroughly into the whole subject, deals with the causes of the influx of foreigners into this country and discusses the evils that are attributed to alien immigration. The Commissioners do not think it has been proved that the alien immigrants have caused any serious displacement of skilled English labor; but, leaving skilled labor out of the question, they do think that the industrial conditions under which a large number of aliens work in London fall below the standard which ought to be maintained in the interests alike of the workmen and the community at large. In summing up they say they do not think any case has been made out for the total exclusion of such aliens, but that their entrance should be made subject to control and regulation.—*The Graphic.*

Founder of the New Journalism

Joseph Pulitzer is the most conspicuous, most influential, and most successful exponent of "yellow journalism." He perhaps would shrink from that name for his peculiar mode of the journalistic profession, for, like most relentless critics, he is himself peculiarly sensitive to criticism. But the name fairly fits the phenomenon.

Joseph Pulitzer was born in the very heart of the masses, in poverty and obscurity. He was born under a flag of oppression, born of a savagely oppressed race, born into conditions which could not fail to stir a good mind of generous instincts to a passionate hatred of injustice, a passionate longing for equality and freedom. He came to this country a mere boy, and, several years before he was of age, served in the Union Army in one of the German regiments. At the end of the war, he was mustered out into poverty, but with some knowledge of the English language and some acquaintance with the politics and people of this country.

For a few years he had a romantic but cruelly hard career as day-laborer, politician in the German quarter of St. Louis, German newspaper reporter. By incessant toil, by a marvellous exhibition of mental and physical capacity, mental and physical courage, he became a politician in a larger way, a recognized public speaker both in German and in English, earned a small competence in German journalism before he was thirty, and retired to devote himself to economics and politics.

In 1883—twenty years ago—he appeared as a national journalist by becoming the sole proprietor and autocratic editor of a New York newspaper. He at once made it a yellow newspaper—the only one in New York. All the others were "respectable," were striving to please a small, rather bored audience of "the best people." All the others were tied in one way or in many ways—some to party, some to plutocracy, many to both. News was suppressed. In the general lethargy the most interesting news was altogether overlooked. Pulitzer galvanized New York, and therefore American journalism, by printing "the news." As yellow journalism has demonstrated from the foundations of this republic, news is whatever is of concern to the masses of the people in their daily life. Less than half of the "news" of any news-item is in the facts themselves. The presentation is the important matter. To the yellow journalist it is all-important. And Mr. Pulitzer's triumph was won through his skill in presenting news. He made it stand out; he made it easy to read; he put it in type that slow readers could follow without difficulty. He was



—The Graphic

LONDON'S INCOMING FLOOD OF ALIENS

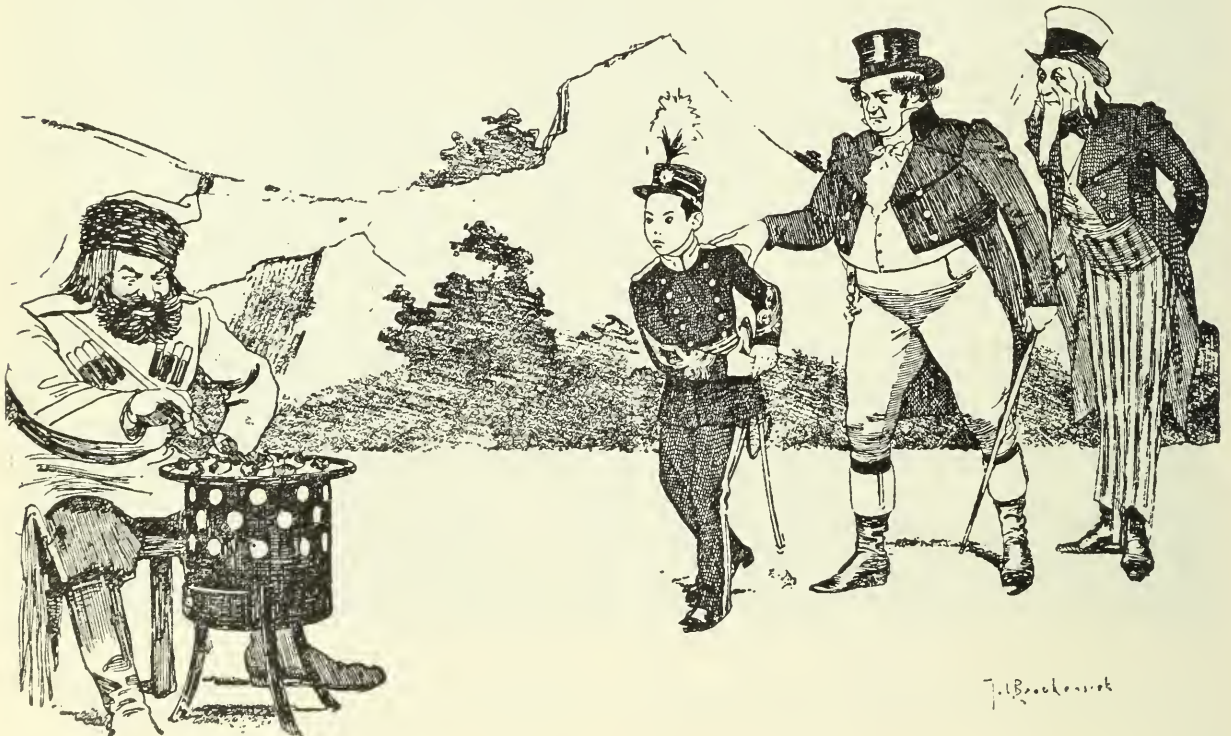
editing a journal for the deaf. He beat the drum; he wound the horn; he shouted. And, after a perilous year, he was heard.

On the one side he appealed to the crude tastes of the masses, appealed to their sluggish but none the less living desire to know and to grow, if only that would be brought to them which they could understand and assimilate. On the other side he appealed to the splendid instincts of the masses—the instincts for right and justice, for honesty in public affairs, for high standards of public life, for the abolition of privilege, for the curbing of the unjust power of unjust wealth. He never advocated a bad cause or a bad candidate. He fought for public utilities, for more and better schools, for parks, for libraries, for better tenements, for cleaner streets, for better conditions high and low in the public and semi-public life of the nation.

Those who have worked with him on his paper never weary of giving instances of his tireless, his incessant devotion to his paper. He has been for many years almost blind. Yet, with the exception of a few months, when his health was broken under the strain that cost him his sight, he has been the active director of his paper both as business manager and as editor.—*Frank Lane Carter in Everybody's Magazine.*

The Case for the Bear

The present exasperation of Japan against Russia is justified by the total failure of her expansion policy on the Continent. But, in case of a serious conflict, I am afraid that, at least as concerning Manchuria, Russia is very likely to have on her side, at least in secret, the common-sense of the Powers. In mooted the "open-door-for-men" question just now, Japan is late, and a little too bold. She wants, it would seem, simply to reap the fruits of Russia's labor. It would be a fine success for Japan, indeed, to conquer and work by an immense immigration movement a country which she would have been absolutely unable to colonize, if Russia had not toiled and paid for it for long years past. Russia has spent in Manchuria at least sixty millions sterling, and this enormous expense, we must avow, has profited that country much more than Russia—at least, so far. Japan may obtain free immigration into Manchuria by war, but it is impossible, in the present state of things, to allow her the right to claim such a favor as a matter of international justice. If Russia destroyed her East-China railway, if she resuscitated the Hunhuse tyranny and the oppressive system of mandarin



JOHN BULL (TO JAPAN)—NOW, MY LITTLE MAN, YOU JUST PULL THOSE CHESTNUTS OUT OF THE FIRE FOR US OR THAT NASTY, GREEDY COSSACK WILL BE GOBBLING THEM ALL UP.—*Amsterdammer.*

government; if she brought back the general misery of unemployed workmen and the impossibility of trade between different towns and districts; if she again fortified Chinese authority, and if Manchuria were again an integral part of China, then Japan might be admitted to show her civilizing force; but, then, she would not do so, because the risk would be too great; and even if she were willing, the same European Concert that now incriminates Russia would compel her to abandon her ambitious plans. This Japan ought to consider before adding fuel to the flame of a most dangerous agitation.—*Contemporary Review*.

Looting the Public

I asked Milton Booth, secretary of the Coal Teamsters' Union of Chicago, if there were any non-union workmen in the industry which he represents.

"No," he replied, "unless they are in the hospital."

I asked John C. Driscoll, secretary of the Coal Team Owners' Association—the corresponding organization of employers—if there were any independent operators in his branch of industry.

"You'll have to look for them with a spy-glass," he said.

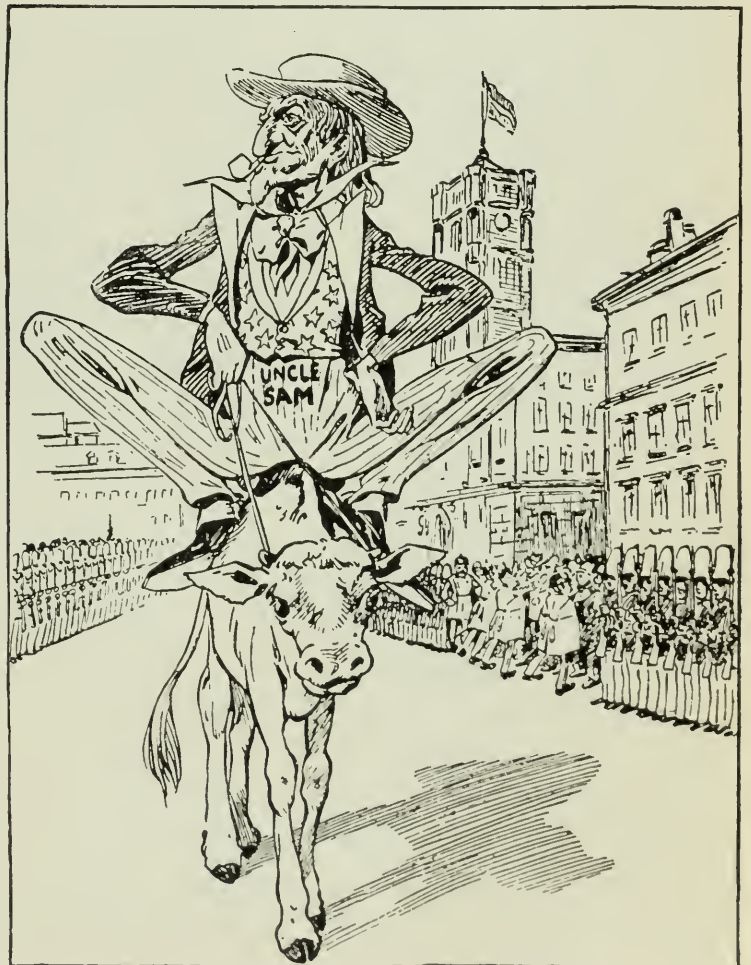
On one side, therefore, stand the men who drive the coal wagons, each with his little button in his cap, organized in an impregnable union, and over against them, also marshalled in close order, stand the men who own the teams and the wagons, and, oftentimes, the coal. Both sides have crushed independent competition. There is no longer such a thing as a "scab" teamster, nor any competing team owner. The fundamental industry of a great manufacturing city—Coal—lies absolutely at the will of these two unions.

The two organizations, the Coal Teamsters' Union and the Coal Team Owners' Association, came together and formed a close compact, offensive and defensive—a sort of monopoly new to our American life. Instead of fighting

each other, to the profit and peace of the onlooking public, they now turned, united, and attacked that public. The teamster salved his sores with a large increase in wages, the coal dealer and the team owner fattened their bank accounts with a large increase in profits, and the defenseless, unorganized public paid the bill; is paying it with groanings today.

The ancient antagonism between labor and capital—what may be called the horizontal division of society—is apparently giving place to a very different—a vertical—division of our industrial life, in which each industry, close-knit, combining both employer and employee, may stand solid against the world.

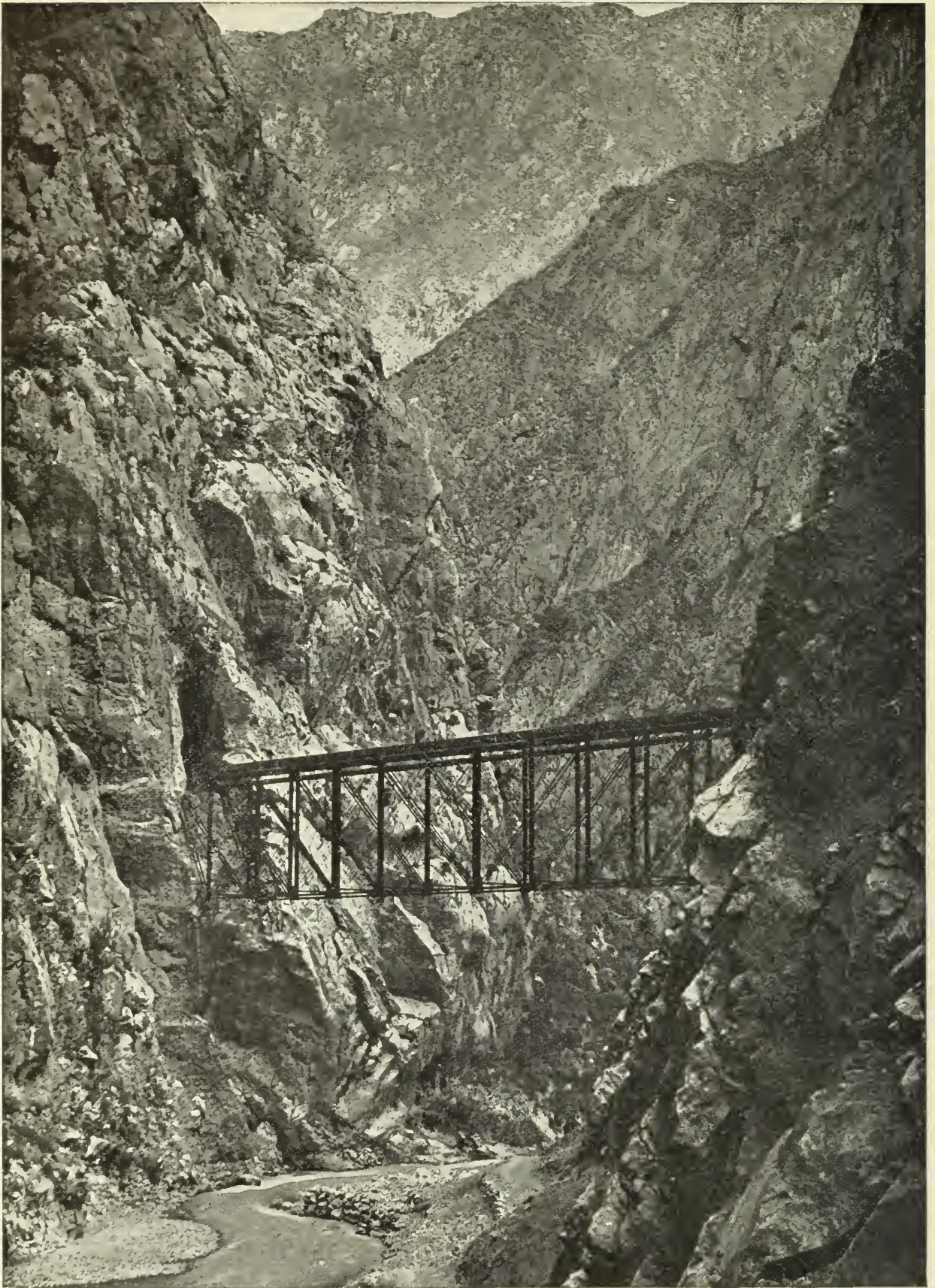
But the unorganized public, where will it come in? The professional man, the lecturer, the writer, the artist, the farmer, the salaried government employee, and all the host of men who are not engaged in the



"YANKEE DOODLE CAME TO TOWN"

BERLIN STREETS WILL BE ROPED OFF FROM PUBLIC USE NOT ON ACCOUNT OF EMPTY ROYAL CARRIAGES AS HERETOFORE, BUT FOR THE VISITING AMERICAN MILLIONAIRE ON HIS GOLDEN CALF.

—Kladderadatsch (Berlin)



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Courtesy of World's Work

575-FOOT BRIDGE CONNECTING TUNNELS

actual production or delivery of necessary material things, how will they fare?

No one can deny that already the great public has had the worst of the labor dispute and the labor combination. The public put its hand down in its pocket and paid the price for an agreement in the anthracite coal-fields—is paying today, will pay tomorrow. Now, is there any doubt that the income of organized labor and the profits of organized capital have gone up enormously, while the man-on-a-salary and most of the great middle class, paying much more for the necessaries of life, have had no adequate increase in earnings?

We have been sighing for labor and capital to get together; we have been telling them that they are brothers, that the interest of one is the interest of the other. Here they are together; are we any better off?—*Ray Stannard Baker in McClure's Magazine.*

A Marvel of Engineering

Today there are more than 200,000 miles of railway tracks in this country, and each ten miles represents an engineering achievement. There does not seem to be any obstacle too great to be overcome by that little body of silent, modest workers we characterize merely as railway builders.

How many of us can call to mind the names of the engineers who projected and built that marvel of engineering, the Oroya Railroad of Peru, which reaches an elevation of more than 15,000 feet above sea-level? The two Americans who constructed this road, Messrs. Meiggs and Thorndike, were considered crazy when they proposed it.

It was necessary to carry the roadbed for miles through galleries cut in the solid face of the rock, and the workmen engaged in cutting the galleries were in many cases lowered in cages from the cliffs above. More than sixty tunnels had to be cut in the course of construction, one, the famous Galera Tunnel, a mile and a half long.

It is on this road that the signal achievement of constructing a lofty steel bridge connecting two tunnels was accomplished. In building this bridge, which spans a crevice 575 feet wide and hundreds of feet deep, it was necessary to lower all material from the top of the cliffs by wire cables.

The whole stupendous task was made possible only by the liberal use of the "V switch," or "switchback." In one instance on the Peruvian railroad it was found necessary to construct a switchback in the side of a mountain, the train heading in on the lower level and backing out through an upper tunnel almost exactly above.—*H. H. Lewis in World's Work.*

Revising College Yells

(A movement to revise and censorize the college yells has been proposed.)

The raucous yell
Of old Cornell
And the whooping hail of Yale;
The Harvard howl
And the Princeton growl
To a milder tone must pale.

The U. C. shriek
And the Vassar squeak,
And the Hopkins ribald blare;
Northwestern's yelp
Of a lion whelp
Shall be softer on the air.

The Wellesley squeal
And the Stanford peal
And the rah, rah of old Knox;
The West Point cry
And the Fiske ki yi
Must eliminate their shocks.

And the hoop-te-doo
Of the Oskaloos
Shall be made more circumspect—
But the college yell
Will sound like—well
It will hold more intellect!

—*Chicago Tribune.*

Esperanto: What is it?

Nek milita nek civila lukso mankis. Grenadistoj staris ciufsnke de la vojoj. Kavalerio gardis la stratojn. La longaj galerioj estas plenaj je tia audantaro kia malofte ekcitis oratoro.

Tie Siddons en sia fresega majesta beleco kortuse rigardadis scenon superante ciun teatram imitajon.

(Neither military nor civil pomp was wanting. Grenadiers lined the avenues. Cavalry guarded the streets. The long galleries were crowded by an audience such as has rarely excited an orator.)

There Siddons, in the prime of her majestic beauty, looked with emotion on a scene surpassing all the imitation of the stage.—*Macaulay's Trial of Warren Hastings.*)

A modern miracle, nothing less. A language that the "man in the street," the cabman, the railway porter, and the Board School boy can read and write in one month, and can converse in in three weeks;

a language that brings one into relationship, not with the people of one nation, nor of one tongue, not with Europeans only, but with the inhabitants of every continent, and all this at the cost of a few months' study, is surely worthy of this name. This Esperanto can do; this Esperanto is doing to-day. Tens of thousands of Esperantists all the world over, literally from Japan to Peru, give ample proof of this. "I found Esperanto very simple. It is so easy to learn that, having received a grammar and a dictionary of the language I could, at the end of two short hours, if not write, at least read the language fluently." So writes Leo Tolstoy.

The Englishman, the Frenchman, the Russian, and the Japanese can master and pronounce every Esperanto letter right off at one reading. The language is essentially phonetic, it is written as read, and read as it is written. In Esperanto there is no such thing as an irregular verb, nor an irregular plural. Nor is there a single exception to any rule from beginning to end. The language consists of about one thousand root words; by means of these, and with the help of thirty prefixes and affixes, every idea can be fully and logically expressed.—*J. O' Connor in T. P's Weekly.*

Government and Graft

There are two kinds of graft—"honest" graft and graft. Really, no graft is honest, but the grafter does not look at life and its opportunifies from the viewpoint of the man with a conscience. If he did, he would not be a grafter.

"Honest" graft is money or profit that comes easily from information held to be legitimate. For example, a Board of Aldermen is to build a new fire-house on a city street. Advance information of that intention comes to a man with enough money to buy land that will be selected for the site. He buys it and after the intention of the aldermen is enacted into ordinance, sells to the city. He makes a profit. That profit is graft, "honest" graft. A street is to be opened, a certain kind of paving is to be used, a particular fire-proofing is to be specified for public and private buildings, a reservoir is to be built—any one of the hundred enterprises in which a municipality engages is to be

undertaken, and the men "on the inside" know before the public does. They invest their money in the right place at the right time. They get large returns. They argue that they have made money by legitimate investment and by natural shrewdness.

Similarly, the perquisites that fall to politicians and political lawyers in the way of receiverships, commission fees, boards of survey and the dozen other parts of our complicated system of government are "honest" graft." The money thus obtained is outside the regular source of income. It comes easily. It is pay, always, for political favors, past or to come, or for political work or influence. Why shouldn't it be taken? it is there. Somebody will get it.

Graft which is not limited and circumscribed by the term "honest" is stealing. Your thief will protest. He will say it is just as fair to the nation, the State, the city or the village to take a percentage on a contract as it is to make a profit on a schoolhouse site. Perhaps he is right. Still, the element of respectability is lacking. Better be poor than not respectable.

Eliminating the moral point involved, the subject comes down to this: There must be a distinction. The line must be drawn somewhere. Consequently, any grafting that comes without the pale of the law is grafting, plain and unadorned, and all other grafting is "honest" grafting.

It may be disheartening to the honest citizen out of politics, to the man with the good of his country at heart, to contemplate the fact that the trail of the grafter is over the politics of the country. It is about all graft, "honest" or the other kind. Disinterestedness is an illusion. There is no such thing. Influence and political power are worth exactly what they cash in for in patronage and perquisites. A politician who cannot get jobs for his people doesn't last a week.

Graft is the basis of politics. Graft is the lifeblood of politics. Graft controls, dominates, sways. Hairs can be split about terms. Protests can be made. Hands can be held up in horror. Individuals can proclaim they are free from the taint; but analyze it, sift it, dissect it, and back of it all, under it all, when hypocrisy is cleared and men tell the truth, is graft, graft, graft.—*Saturday Evening Post.*



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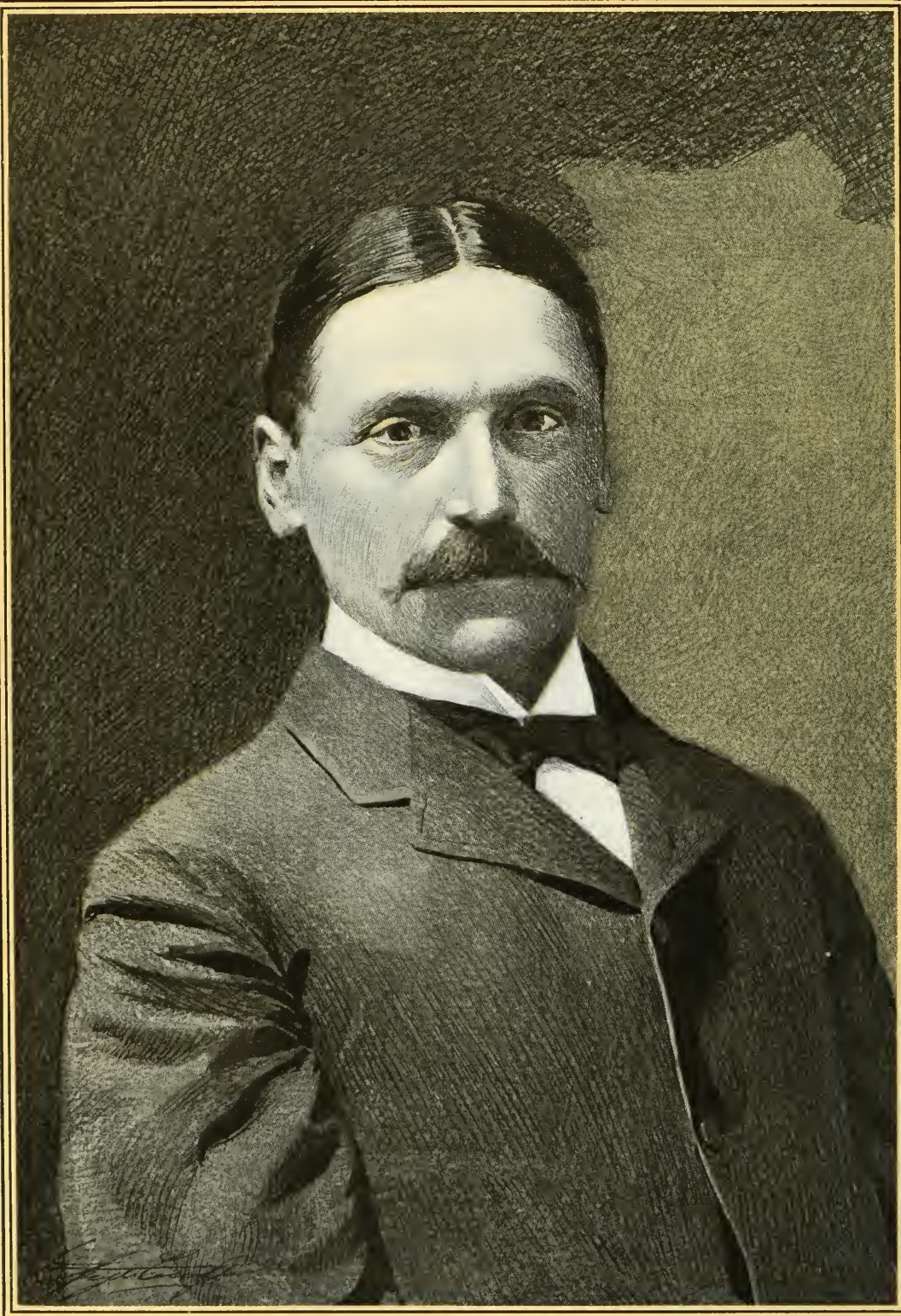
NOVEMBER
1903

VOL II NO V

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE
THREE DOLLARS A YEAR
TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A NUMBER
PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
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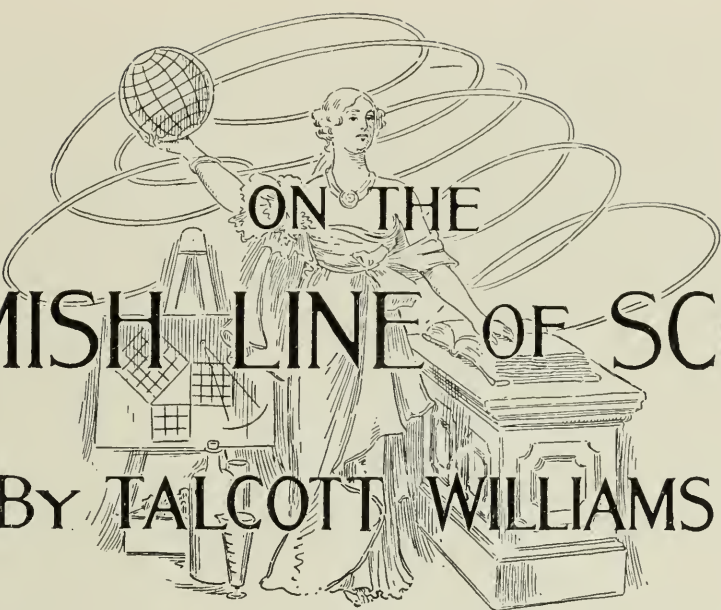
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From photograph by Pach

MICHAEL IDVORSKY PUPIN
EXPERIMENTER IN LONG-DISTANCE TELEPHONY



ON THE
SKIRMISH LINE OF SCIENCE
BY TALCOTT WILLIAMS

About one person in eight or ten thousand in the United States is directly interested in the advance of science. This was the conclusion to which Mr. Brown Goode—lost, alas, too early to science—came seventeen years ago, and the proportion has not changed since. There were then in the Naturalist's year-book 4,600 persons recorded. In 1895 there were 5,747. There are, in the latest issue, 6,700. This does not include every man of science. Some mathematicians, philologists, and psychologists escape on one side, and some economists, engineers, and statisticians on the other. But not many. Taking science in its widest form—separating from the men and women touching scientific problems those who are simply teaching on the one side, and those who are simply applying it on the other—there are, out of some eighty millions of Americans, about ten to twelve thousand men and women today directly interested in the advance of science.

The number is small; so small that the regret of Mr. Goode expressed a score of years ago is still valid. Science is, of course, a wide area all touch, if they live; and if they die they still become a part of mortuary statistics. Take language. Every one from two years old and upwards is interested in the application of language. Nigh half a million persons in various ways teach it—to say nothing of all the mothers. But the number of people studying the

science of language so as to enlarge knowledge is not big enough to support a good periodical on the subject; and the three societies which divide modern, classic, and Oriental tongues between them, spindle along without adequate support in numbers or papers. Probably not five hundred people are working to widen science at this point. Nowhere, the world over, are so many men and women teaching knowledge, applying science, or observing it as in this country. The weather is watched by more observers here than in all the rest of the world put together. Geology has had a wider area of closer study here than in any other one land, and nearly as wide as all Europe.

The broad, continuous record is made here in a wide round. So is the practical application of scientific discovery made elsewhere; but the initial discovery, the co-ordinating theory is not usually American. Bessemer, a German, discovered the steel process that bears his name. English capital applied it. The United States makes more than half the world's Bessemer. This is not an invariable sequence; but it is frequent. Research in Germany; primary application in England; expansion in America. Between teaching and application those left for science, as such, are few. In 1887 Mr. Goode lamented that *Science* had but six thousand subscribers. It has kept alive since by lavish and generous expenditure.

If it has today twice as many readers, it would be surprising. Speaking broadly, this country offers for the newspaper the largest circulation, and for the scientific periodical the smallest, offered anywhere.

By all various tests, one returns to the same tally, some eight to ten thousand—or, about one in ten thousand engaged in direct scientific research in a country of eighty millions, whose railroads, telegraphs, and material product tallies about half the world's output. This is a small army. It is pretty evenly divided between those who teach and those who give their days to research alone. Teaching swamps most; the prizes of applied science still more. No man can make knowledge and make money at the same time. If he is really extending knowledge and not merely bringing facts to the hopper from which, once ground, someone else will make and break the bread of learning for others, it will go hard to make a living. Small as this army is, it is the vital lobe of the national brain. By it lands live.

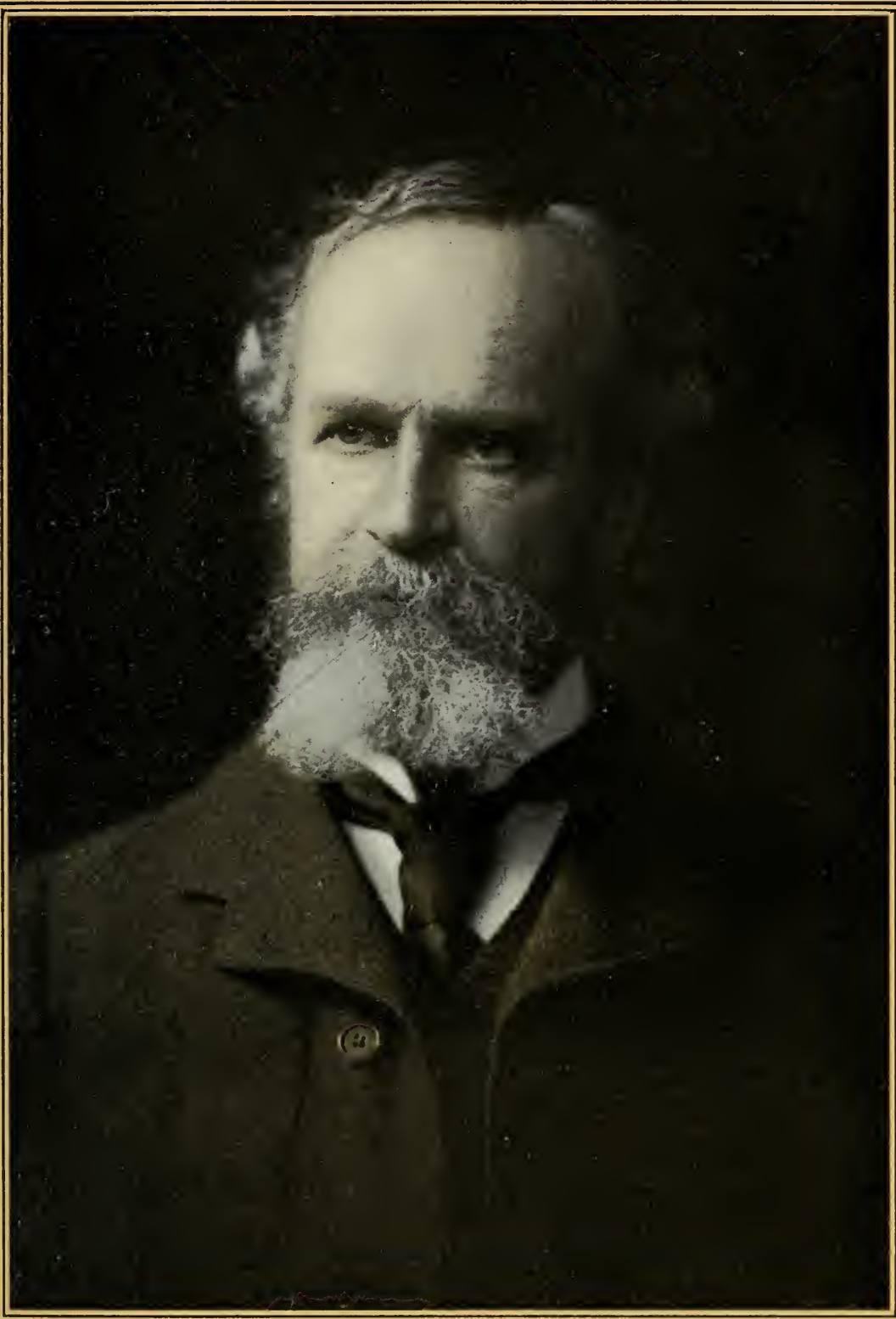
The pervasive machinery of education by which the vast tide of raw material is assimilated to the national ideal, and raised from the ignorance of childhood, native or foreign, and those other interminable forces by which all natural products are fed, distributed, and circulated to keep alive, nourished, and growing the national frame as a whole—these are both, though each of a different order, but the physical power by which the organism is prolonged and supported. The force of ten thousand men who are thinking out the advance of knowledge into the barren mysteries of ignorance—the unknown world of many spheres, which no eye has seen and whose secret no ear has heard—this force is genitive. The life of coming years rests on its work. Where it succeeds, all succeeds. Where it fails, all fails. Its arrest in progress or in discovery keeps the great column marking time, its mass helpless to advance, unless these minds light the path. Collectively, those in all nations who do this work, of which this minute national group is but one of many divisions, are the brain of humanity. Their presence and their work—and their presence and their work alone—differentiate the present from the past, and make the future possible.

The advance guard of the world's thought

and discovery—so small and so forgotten that few who read these lines have thought of its existence—has, in turn, its advance line: men fortunate enough to turn the furrow of discovery in fresh fields, where other men of science raise a new harvest. In the great battle, this skirmish line has no settled order of progress or of work. The men who do its lonely tasks are themselves pushed forward, as with every skirmish line, by the plan, purpose, and mind of the great host behind.

The American man of science works in the general laboratory of application and assimilation. The individual and epoch-making discovery is not usually made under American conditions. It has not been here that chemistry has been recognized by the periodic law of Mendeléjeff, or physics by Helmholtz' conception of the conservation of energy. The greater work of mathematics has not come from Americans, and it is not from them (if we except the work of Willard and Wolcott Gibbs) that the flying leap has been taken from the conceptions of the mathematician to the concepts of molecular or chemical physics.

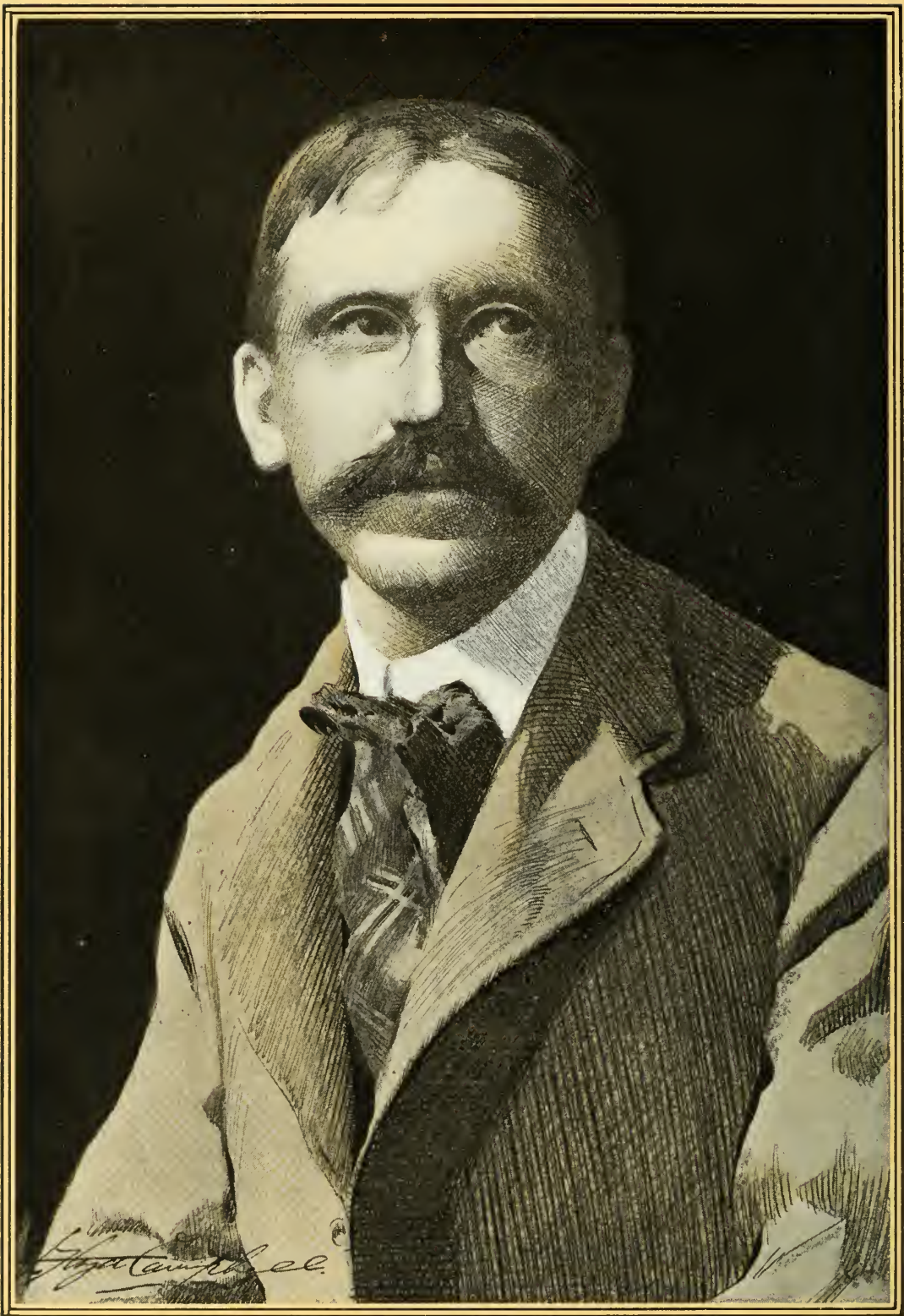
Nowhere, it may fairly be said, is an interest in the various problems widely grouped in all forms as metaphysical more universal; but the work done by the American leaders of the past and the present in this field has been by assimilating discovery to the needs of the general mass, and by inoculating great ranks in the world of learners, still learning, with fresh ideas and views. In this task two men have been foremost—Dr. William James, of Harvard University, in the East, and Dr. John Dewey, once of the University of Michigan and now of the University of Chicago, in the West. Dr. James has conducted much research, but he will be remembered for no one single significant discovery. Dr. James Mark Baldwin, of Princeton University, just transferred to Johns Hopkins, by his vivid study of child life and development has probably made a greater single contribution to existing knowledge and one likely to be longer associated with his name, certainly more promptly recognized abroad, than any recent analogous discovery in this country. There is a small but important group of observers in instrumental psychology; but Professor James, by his *Principles of Psych-*



Photograph by Notman

WILLIAM JAMES

INVESTIGATOR OF THE SUBLIMINAL CONSCIOUSNESS



From photograph by Arnold Genthe

JOHN DEWEY
EDUCATIONAL REFORMER

ology, so described from the naturalist's standing a great congeries of facts, deductions, and possibilities that they became visible as fact, where before they had been but dimly perceived in theory. Working on the edge of new discovery, by adroitly and astutely linking many familiar facts and phenomena, Professor James has infected the current environment of educated men with the new concept of subliminal consciousness. This large share of the individual submerged below his daily ken, yet daily deciding the trend of his volition, awaits full definition. By its picturesque discussion and penetrating observation, Professor James has made it part of the method and machinery by which the problem of education and moral responsibility is attacked, if not solved. He has given religious education and belief a new interpretation and the sudden appearance or discovery of a new consciousness, which calls in a new world to redress the moral balance of the old. Like the late Frederic W. H. Myers in England, he has suddenly quickened the "larger hope" in the future for many thinking men, not by the use of scientific proof, but by the use of scientific imagination.

By a similar induced influence, dealing in suggestion rather than in proof, and in analogy rather than in assertion, Dr. John Dewey has put the general field of ethics in an evolutionary relation, and given the education of early years a new basis, by fixing on its spontaneity rather than its plasticity as the primary principle of training. Instead of simulating industry to stimulate the infant mind, Professor Dewey has urged the cycle of savage industry itself. He has applied to primary education the same principle of recapitulating the early savage stages of the race, which in embryology has seen in the development of the egg the past and successive history of the species. Should continued experiment and experience prove this course both fruitful and practical, there is here a discovery which orients all the methods of elementary education. Instead of worrying over what should be taught by the teacher, it decides instead what must be done by the child to win training for adult life without losing the precious initiative which fills the early years of the race and of the individual.

In both, under education and experience, this tends to fade in the common light of day, like some birds of learning which go to sleep as the sun rises.

There are many other figures in this great field—some more subtle. Some, like Professor Josiah Royce, represent a more immediate grapple with the immediate problem of thought and existence, on which, as Mr. C. S. Pierce pointed out a dozen years ago in a review of Professor James in the *Nation*, the latter is often indeterminate. But American conditions render of paramount importance the man on the skirmish line who leads the embattled host of educators to new attack. The continental conditions of the United States have given geology and geography (geology is past geography; geography is present geology) an embracing character of their own. The mere reports of our American survey swamp any geological library as the vast tomes of Migne overflow in any theological library. These sciences have with us a catholic and universal character, but it may be doubted if, since the death of James D. Dana, there has been any American geologist who impressed the world of science by his capacity for a broad and general interpretation. Instead, the wealth of material and the capacity for application has led to specialization and practical or governmental geology; as witness Professor J. F. Kemp in mining geology, and the fashion in which, after mastering a particular horizon, Professor William B. Clark, of Johns Hopkins, has prepared the survey of Maryland, the best yet worked for any State. A single field like petrography has been developed by Professor Charles Richard van Hise, of the University of Wisconsin, until it has to have a special lexicon for its terminology, in which even a petrographic review in *Nature* finds, as Peter of Paul, "things hard to be understood."

The great mass of American geology, it must be frankly confessed, has been descriptive, and little more. Our geologists have done this with accuracy and on an unexampled scale, but nothing more. Here, again, if we look for work which, by affecting education, uses, to borrow a simile from his own field, the torrent of discovery to mark the course which, in due season, will have a broad, fertile flood

plain, it is to be found in the achievement of Professor William Morris Davis, of Harvard, in giving continuity to geographic form and connecting it with past and present forces. The original idea comes in this case from Germany. It has hardly been accepted in England, where they are chary of a science which needs new terms. It has its widest application in the United States, and its most fruitful and stimulating teacher in Mr. Davis. He has led the geographical teaching of the country—he has given to landscape a new meaning. To those fortunate enough to grasp his method, though one must object to occasional subtleties, he has given a fresh significance to all the preparation for the residence of man on this planet by filling in the last connective and explanatory link between the geology of the past and the geography of the present, showing through what steps existing forms were reached.

This preparation is, after all, a preparation for life, and the problem of life is being attacked now from three different points. The chronicle of its variations and the track of its successive steps have had a long pursuit from Professor Charles Otis Whitman, of Chicago. The influence of Darwin is, perhaps, nowhere more apparent than in this willingness patiently to collect limitless numerical facts, a process represented by a journal devoted to this purpose. The *Journal of Morphology*, Professor Whitman's organ, has a widely different field; but it shows the trend of the American biologist to work by adding some one small detail more, "undiscovered by the German," with little regard for its general relations. Professor Edmund B. Wilson, of Columbia, beginning with strictly morphological work of the sort that lends itself to individual papers, represents again a new tendency, a recurrence to our earlier one, to consider living matter as one whole, whose branching variations are only to be understood in relation. There is, lastly, the firm belief among younger men that the whole problem is to be unraveled by disentangling the physical factors under which life develops. Professor Jacques Loeb, late of Chicago and now of Leland Stanford, stands for this view. The fertilization of the egg comes by various paths, requiring one individual or two—a cyclic

generation or a single issue. He proved (the experiment was not without its dubiety) that sea-water might, in certain instances, as in the case of the sea-urchin, supply the necessary stimulus. By itself this, though a single brilliant biological discovery, was of a good deal less consequence than the Sunday supplement made it. As one of the links in the general thesis that life can be analyzed into physical forces, and that the path to its study is in their analysis and synthesis, the discovery is of very great importance. In experimental psychology, where some of our laboratories are reaction mad, many believe that when the machine—the brain—is measured and recorded, its action and origin will receive an ultimate explanation. So biologists like Professor Loeb feel as to the physical environment of life, though no man would be quicker to admit that the time was not yet to assert this as proved.

The same causes which give so many reports in geology and so many papers in biology—partly wealth of material and partly lack of the early and thorough philosophic training which makes men thinkers instead of sciolists—in the study of the process, product, and action of life tend to accumulate records rather than to solve problems. Nobody is so super-refined over species as the American naturalist. In the hands of men altogether ingenious, like Mr. Clinton Hart Merriam, and backed by a Government Printing Office which has no organ of selection, gophers and shrews, woodpeckers and butterflies become parts of an intricate geographical puzzle, in which facts, tolerably certain to be of great value in the far future when some new Darwin generalizes, are belched on the printed and illustrated page. This is to record, not to classify. Between the scrutiny of the outside of the animal by the naturalist, and the inside of the animal by the biologist, the living animal itself has almost escaped notice except as there has been a return to a sounder and earlier tradition by younger men like Mr. William Morton Wheeler, now of the New York Museum of Natural History, with his work on Texas ants.

The work in the animate field from which American science derives its chief repute today is done under the spur of the



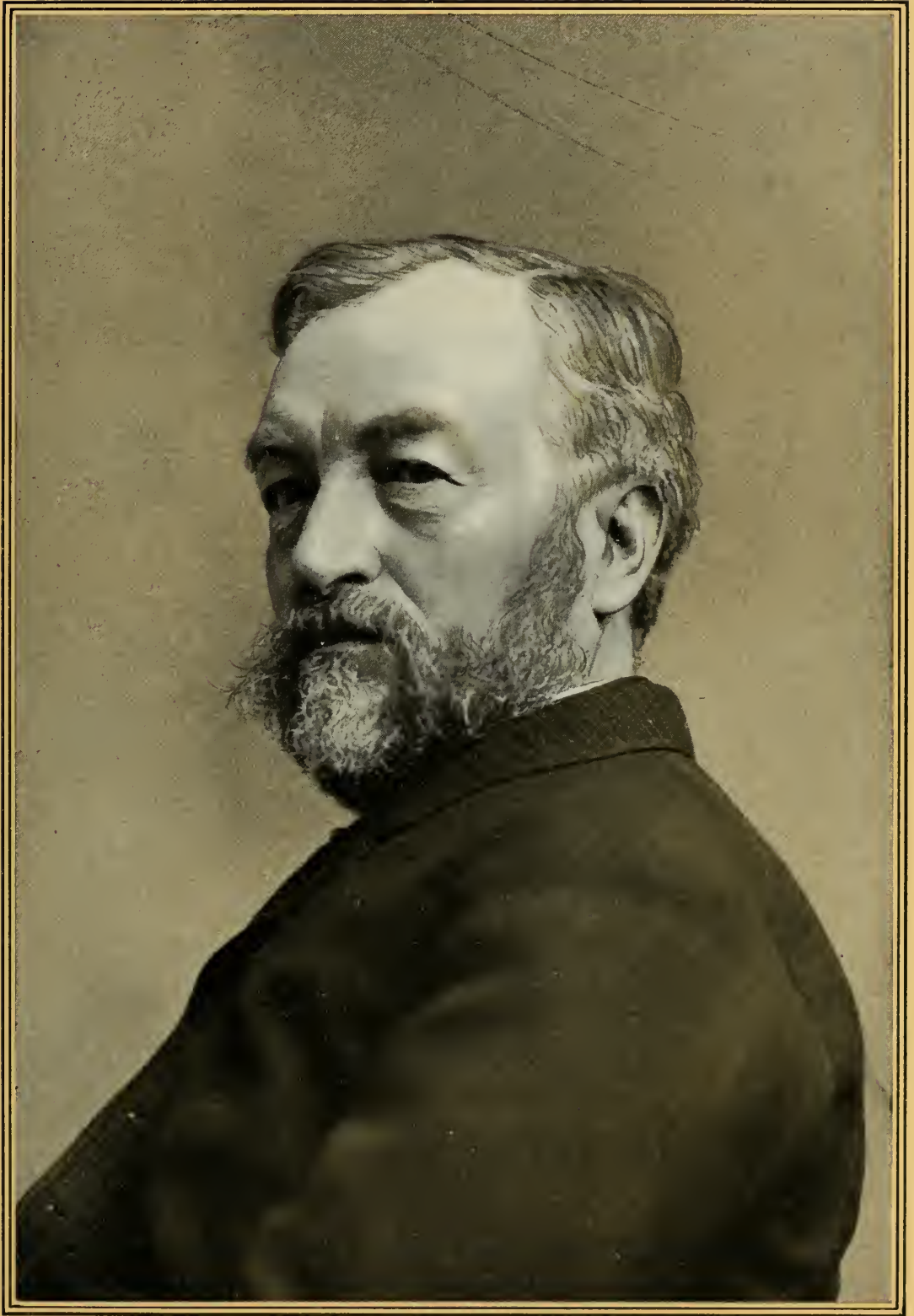
JACQUES LOEB
INVESTIGATOR OF THE ORIGIN OF LIFE



Photograph by Meynen

HERMAN V. HILPRECHT

EXPLORER AND INTERPRETER OF BABYLONIAN ANTIQUITIES



SAMUEL PIERPONT LANGLEY
ASTRONOMER : EXPERT IN AERIAL NAVIGATION



Photograph by Elias Goldensky

SIMON FLEXNER

DIRECTOR OF ROCKEFELLER INSTITUTE FOR MEDICAL RESEARCH

pathologic laboratory. Such is the brilliant discovery of Dr. Theobald Smith, late of the Government service and now of Harvard, which traced Texas cattle fever to the life cycle of a cattle itch in which the pest ran its course, as has since been discovered for man in respect to malaria and the mosquito. Among various other discoveries—one relating to the investigation of the plague—Professor Simon Flexner, who has just become the head of the Rockefeller Institute in New York, has separated the constituents of snake venom, and in separating them found the serum which will render the victim immune. Here is a group of poisons, first successfully studied by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, complex and obscure in their action—no two proceeding alike—which by patient, well-directed, and generously supported skill have been unraveled in composition and action, and traced through all their lethal effect. Dr. Flexner represents in American medicine a new type of physician who has no time to practice, for the same reason that Agassiz had no time to make money, because his life is given to enlarging knowledge. His selected path is the minute organisms on which both health and disease rest. To the two great initial discoveries on which their study rests, divided between France and Germany and applied in surgery in England, the United States can lay no claim; but in the practical scientific work in this field, which medical and economic pathology demands, this country has an honorable place. A more perfect example of such a study than Dr. W. H. Welch's acrogenic bacillus it would not be easy to cite, nor a more instructive, illuminating paper than his discussion of the rationale of immunity in his Huxleyan lecture in London.

Turning from the study of the unit life to the study of the social organism, no country has done more for the accumulation of broad and not altogether inaccurate statistics. We spend on a prodigious scale for a decennial national census, neglect an adequate vital registry, and turn for our theory of statistics to foreign authorities. The aggregate of the work done for the delinquent and dependent is in its character and extent (not by this meaning mere numbers)

unequaled; but it is easier to learn from the recorded experience of three or perhaps four European countries, who do not begin to do as well the practical work of lifting the individual to a new environment. Ethnology and anthropology the United States seemed likely, forty years ago, almost to create as a science. Our publications, private and public, are great mines; but, as Professor F. W. Putnam admitted in a recent address, the conclusions have not been brought to the coördinating stage. Savage life has been for the first time revealed by facts collected by the United States Bureau of Ethnology, but having done this no one seems equal to handling the material gathered, and more fact than discovery is recorded. In archæology, the American method of exploration is becoming a model. In the material (nearly all collected by others) in the Babylonian expeditions of the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania, Professor Herman V. Hilprecht has shown how much can be accomplished by original paleographic work of the very first order. The tablets deciphered by him carry back the files of Babylonian history two thousand years, and while the temporal conclusions still await and must for sometime require a fuller verification, of the unique, valuable, and substantial character of the work done, there can be no question whatever, marred though the work may be by sundry limitations.

This touch of the applied and useful rather than the abstract and original runs through American science. It deprives American chemistry of any significant figure, though the atomic weights of Professor Theodore William Richards, a young Philadelphian now at Harvard, suggest a future in the path which in the next five or ten years will close the gap between the reactions of chemistry and the theories of physics, which await work like his, both toilsome and brilliant. The work in radium has had hardly a contribution in this country, unless one except the empiric discovery of Mr. George Frederick Kunz in the use of willemite, whose special work as an exploring mineralogist has no equal. American physicists last winter seemed to be principally occupied in describing to more or less popular audiences what French and English physicists had accomplished in

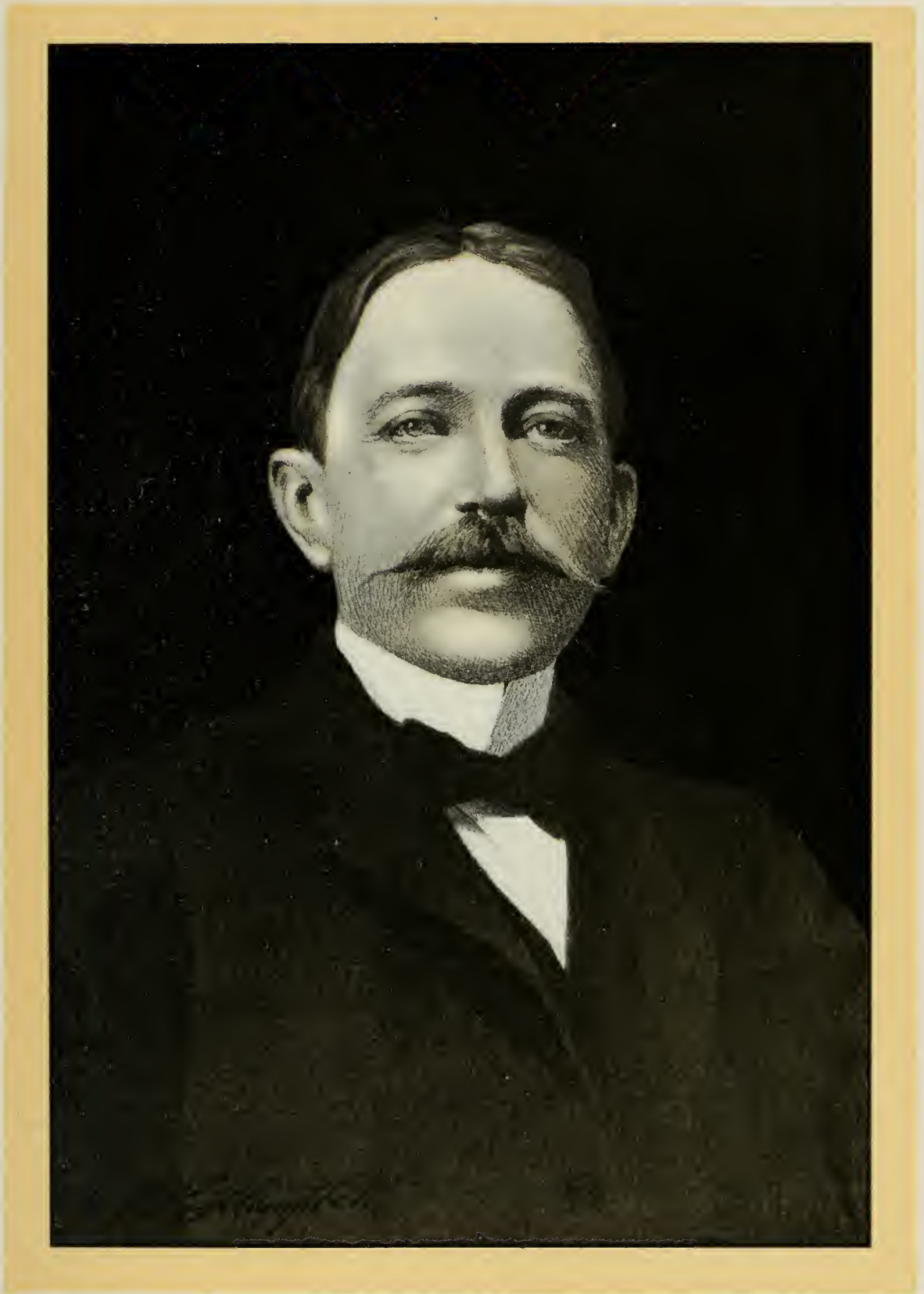
radium and radiant energy. The American Mathematical Society has had fertile annals since three men organized it in 1895, to see it grow to more than two hundred and fifty; but American names are not frequent in the two great camps which have dealt with the constitution of matter from the opposing standpoints of a continuous ether (hydrodynamics) or action at a distance.

It is perhaps characteristic of the extent to which American physics tend to practical application and American science to administration that Mr. Samuel Pierpont Langley, in stellar physics of the very highest rank carrying his work to a point no one since has passed, has for years given his labor and ability to the administration of the Smithsonian Institution and the problem of aerial navigation. His work on the heat of stars, in success and ingenuity of experiment, stands apart in the annals of the subject. His long series of luminous original papers make him, as his position does, the dean of American science. Whether he has solved the problem of the practical exercise of flight will be known before these pages appear; but however this may be, he has beyond question solved the theory of flight. He was not the first to see the relation between kite and bird, but he was the first to demonstrate how a moving plane could and would be supported by a column of the air through which it moved. He devised the lightest engine for the work yet known. He has solved all the elements of the problem as a science. There now remains only the acquirement of skill in its practice as an art.

In the astronomical field which Mr. Langley left when he became the head of the Smithsonian Institution, American science has, as in all subjects, gained immeasurably by the extent of private gifts and the freedom from official interference. The one observatory at Washington under official direction accomplishes least. The observatory freest from corporate trammels, even that of a university—the Lick Observatory—has as its head Mr. William Wallace Campbell, whose investigation of the radial motion of stars is probably the foremost achievement of recent American astronomy. It attacks the one question today more completely in a flux than ever

before. One American astronomer, Mr. Thomas Jefferson Jackson See, born in the Democratic State of Missouri thirty-seven years ago, has challenged, if he has not disproved, the hypothesis of homogeneous nebulae, and substituted for Helmholtz's theory of the heat of the sun (which rests on the assumption of uniform condensation) one based on the curdling of a heterogeneous nebula, possibly spiral, and which may be, as Mr. Crookes has recently suggested, unique in the universe. Whether Mr. See's daring theorem, whose study he is continuing at the National Observatory, prove to be sustained by observation, Mrs. Fleming's long series of photographic studies, with their large addition to double stars, are only part of the converging evidence which leave the production and life of a sun far clearer physically than in Laplace's day, and far less subject to symmetrical explanation than when he applied to the subject his famous hypothesis. If the problem is ever solved, it will be by such coördinating work as has for nearly a score of years been carried on by Mr. E. C. Pickering at Harvard. The photometric measurement of stars, their photography on a successive, persistent, systematic scale, and the arrangements for a clearing-house of astronomical record—with all the criticism of some of the work and its unfavorable comparison with a like record at Potsdam—is part of the great task, never more needed than today, of making the observations of astronomy accessible. The great need in astronomy today is not new and bigger telescopes or the discovery of new objects, but the collation and computation of the enormous store of knowledge as yet undigested. The United States is, on the whole, doing more to render this feasible than any other country, and it has at the same time added more to the instruments of observation, until there are today more telescopes than there are men to use them. Yet the delicacy and patience of the measurements possible has few better illustrations than Professor C. L. Doolittle's proof that the earth's pole oscillates in a circle of some thirty feet with a movement whose limit is measured by stars at illimitable distances.

Just as it is an unexpected characteristic of the chemistry of the opening of the century that its interest has suddenly



PETER COOPER HEWITT
INVENTOR OF THE MERCURY LAMP

turned from organic to inorganic substances, so in physics there has been a change as sudden to molecular problems and the study of the ultimate constitution of matter, which across the middle of the last century was accepted as solved by the atomic theory. This change in both cases has been due to the development which the study of electricity has brought. The use of this current has led the way to all the rest, from the Hertzian waves onward. An American, Joseph Henry, first showed that the spark of a Leyden jar set in motion waves analogous to those of light. His successor in the Smithsonian Institution has pointed out the economy in lighting which the glow-worm presents. Given electric oscillation at a sufficient speed, as Clerk-Maxwell long since showed mathematically, and waves like those of light would follow. It was on this path that Mr. Nikola Tesla was groping ten years ago. Extraordinary as his experiments were, some effects remaining still unexplained; the goal was not gained. The electric lamp remains in the stage where it is—to use words more popular than scientific—employing incandescence instead of phosphorescence. Mr. Cooper Hewitt's mercury lamp has for three years been one of the last attempts to vary the substance used. This has usually been some form of carbon. In this lamp it is the vapor of mercury, a condensing chamber whose size has been reached by experiment meeting the usual difficulty in mercury vapor lamps, which began with Way's in 1860, and which consisted in controlling the resistance. Mr. Hewitt came upon his discovery by chance. He noticed that once the high initial resistance of the cold mercury was overcome the strength of the electrical current could be considerably diminished and yet produce a very brilliant and steady light. The glow of the mercury vapor was rich in light rays and much less extravagant than the ordinary incandescent lamp in its radiation of heat. Mr. Hewitt's mercury lamp is apparently of very high efficiency. There is some difficulty in starting the light, the color is not wholly satisfactory; but its economy—a third of a watt per candle-power—passes all other records. The adroitly-combined Nernst lamp, rapidly coming forward, in the Berlin Technische Reichsanstalt

tests used 1.83 watt per candle-power, and this is a saving of forty per cent. of the usual electric demand of the ordinary incandescent lamp. Mr. Hewitt's lamp, like Mr. Reginald Aubrey Fessenden's wireless telegraphy system, illustrates, as so much in this country does, the application here of principles discovered abroad.

When Professor Michael I. Pupin, for a dozen years in Columbia University, solved the problem of long-distance telephony, he furnished a typical example in which a man who is more than a mere experimenter in physics or a searcher for some new practical application, bridges a gap in knowledge by a combination of mathematical discussion, related experiment, and empirical tests. The telephone and telegraph work by a wave motion. These waves become attenuated as those of a tense string die away from friction. Mathematically and by experiment Professor Pupin showed that such waves could be reinforced by induction coils at intervals of half a wave. Telephone waves, which extend over miles in length, were measured by an ingenious artificial cable, and the problem was solved. It both cheapens long-distance transmission and extends its field. Nor could one ask for a more stimulating paper than the symmetrical discussion in which Professor Pupin, three years ago, laid this discovery before the Society of Electrical Engineers.

It is in this country, most rife with the application of science but deficient in original research, that Mr. Andrew Carnegie has given to this special work the largest endowment yet consecrated to the extension of the boundaries of knowledge. It is a favorite theory in American scientific circles that much discovery is stifled here by the insistent claims of teaching on time and strength. If this be so, the revenue of the Carnegie Institute furnishes an escape. If it does not, the cause for the relative absence of discovery must be looked for in our imperfect elementary education, which stifles where it should stimulate, and dulls by routine and mechanical teaching, leaving the mind unable to profit to the highest by higher study in succeeding years.

Salvatore D. Scavone



THE LONDON COACH

TOM PINCH *on the* BOX SEAT

BY CHARLES DICKENS

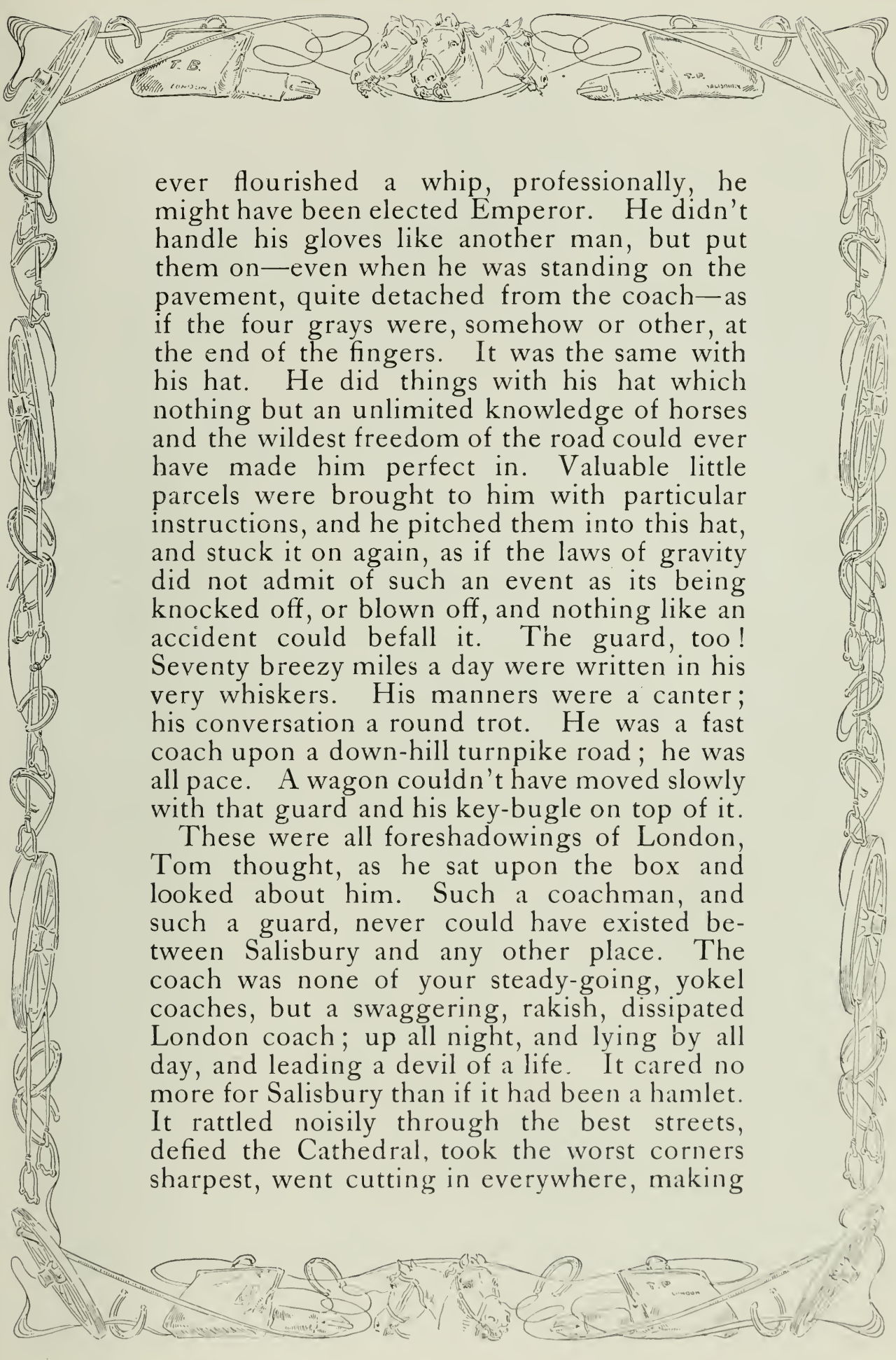
When the coach came round at last, with "London" blazoned in letters of gold upon the boot, it gave Tom such a turn that he was half disposed to run away. But he didn't do it; for he took his seat upon the box instead, and looking down upon the four grays, felt as if he were another gray himself, or at all events, a part of the turn-out; and was quite confused by the novelty and splendor of his situation.

And really it might have confused a less modest man than Tom to find himself sitting next that coachman, for of all the swells that



Raphael Tuck & Sons

OFF FOR LONDON

A decorative border surrounds the text. At the top and bottom, there are illustrations of a horse's head in profile, facing left. To the left and right of the horse are illustrations of a hat and a bag, respectively. The hat has "T.B." and "LONDON" written on it. The bag also has "T.B." and "LONDON" written on it. The border is composed of a repeating pattern of a stylized, interlocking knot or chain link design.

ever flourished a whip, professionally, he might have been elected Emperor. He didn't handle his gloves like another man, but put them on—even when he was standing on the pavement, quite detached from the coach—as if the four grays were, somehow or other, at the end of the fingers. It was the same with his hat. He did things with his hat which nothing but an unlimited knowledge of horses and the wildest freedom of the road could ever have made him perfect in. Valuable little parcels were brought to him with particular instructions, and he pitched them into this hat, and stuck it on again, as if the laws of gravity did not admit of such an event as its being knocked off, or blown off, and nothing like an accident could befall it. The guard, too! Seventy breezy miles a day were written in his very whiskers. His manners were a canter; his conversation a round trot. He was a fast coach upon a down-hill turnpike road; he was all pace. A wagon couldn't have moved slowly with that guard and his key-bugle on top of it.

These were all foreshadowings of London, Tom thought, as he sat upon the box and looked about him. Such a coachman, and such a guard, never could have existed between Salisbury and any other place. The coach was none of your steady-going, yokel coaches, but a swaggering, rakish, dissipated London coach; up all night, and lying by all day, and leading a devil of a life. It cared no more for Salisbury than if it had been a hamlet. It rattled noisily through the best streets, defied the Cathedral, took the worst corners sharpest, went cutting in everywhere, making



Raphael Tuck & Sons

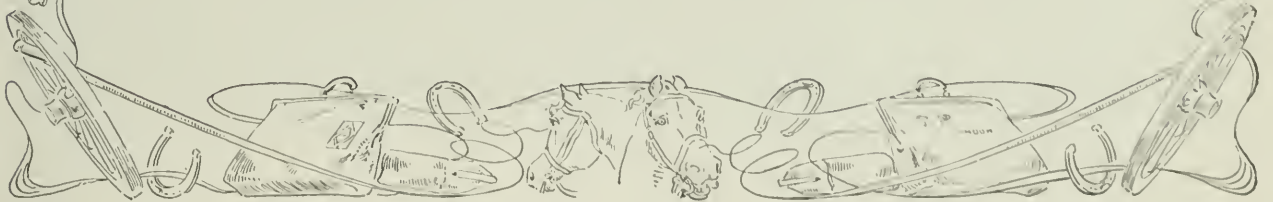
AT THE CROSS-ROADS



everything get out of its way; and spun along the open country road, blowing a lively defiance out of its key-bugle, as its last glad parting legacy.

It was a charming evening. Mild and bright. And even with the weight upon his mind which arose out of the immensity and uncertainty of London, Tom could not resist the captivating sense of rapid motion through the pleasant air. The four grays skimmed along as if they liked it quite as well as Tom did; the bugle was in as high spirits as the grays; the coachman chimed in sometimes with his voice; the wheels hummed cheerfully in unison; the brass work on the harness was an orchestra of little bells; and thus, as they went clinking, jingling, rattling smoothly on, the whole concern, from the buckles of the leaders' coupling-reins to the handle of the hind boot, was one great instrument of music.

Yoho, past hedges, gates, and trees; past cottages and barns, and people going home from work. Yoho, past donkey-chaises, drawn aside into the ditch, and empty carts with rampant horses, whipped up at a bound upon the little watercourse, and held by struggling carters close to the five-barred gate until the coach had passed the narrow turning in the road. Yoho, by churches dropped down by themselves in quiet nooks, with rustic burial grounds about them, where the graves are green and daisies sleep—for it is evening—on the bosoms of the dead. Yoho, past streams, in which the cattle cool their feet, and where the rushes grow; past paddock-fences, farms, and rick-yards; past last year's stacks, cut





A HARD PULL

FROM THE PAINTING BY W. J. SHAYER



slice by slice away, and showing in the waning light like ruined gables, old and brown. Yoho, down the pebbly dip, and through the merry water-splash, and up at a canter to the level road again. Yoho! Yoho!

Yoho, among the gathering shades; making of no account the deep reflections of the trees, but scampering on through light and darkness all the same, as if the lights of London, fifty miles away, were quite enough to travel by, and some to spare. Yoho, beside the village green, where cricket players linger yet, and every little indentation made in the fresh grass by bat or wicket, ball or player's foot, sheds out its perfume on the night. Away with four fresh horses from the Bald-faced Stag, where toppers congregate about the door admiring; and the last team, with traces hanging loose, go roaming off towards the pond, until observed and shouted after by a dozen throats, while volunteering boys pursue them. Now, with a clattering of hoofs and striking out of fiery sparks, across the old stone bridge, and down again into the shadowy road, and through the open gate, and far away, away, into the wold. Yoho!


See the bright moon! High up before we know it: making the earth reflect the objects on its breast like water. Hedges, trees, low cottages, church steeples, blighted stumps, and flourishing young slips, have all grown vain upon the sudden, and mean to contemplate their own fair images till morning. The poplars yonder rustle, that their quivering leaves may see themselves upon the ground. Not so the oak; trembling does not become





A STEEP DESCENT

FROM THE PAINTING BY W. J. SHAYER



him; and he watches himself in his stout old burly steadfastness, without the motion of a twig. The moss-grown gate, ill-poised upon its creaking hinges, crippled and decayed, swings to and fro before its glass, like some fantastic dowager; while our own ghostly likeness travels on, Yoho!

Clouds too! And a mist upon the hollow! Not a dull fog that hides it, but a light, airy, gauze-like mist, which in our eyes of modest admiration gives a new charm to the beauties it is spread before: as real gauze has done ere now, and would again, so please you, though we were the Pope. Yoho! Why now we travel like the Moon herself. Hiding this minute in a grove of trees; next minute in a patch of vapor; emerging now upon our broad clear course; withdrawing now, but always dashing on, our journey is a counterpart of hers. Yoho! A match against the Moon!

The beauty of the night is hardly felt, when Day comes leaping up. Yoho! Two stages, and the country roads are almost changed to a continuous street. Yoho, past market-gardens, rows of houses, villas, crescents, terraces, and squares; past wagons, coaches, carts; past early workmen, late stragglers, drunken men, and sober carriers of loads; past brick and mortar in its every shape; and in among the rattling pavements, where a jaunty seat upon a coach is not so easy to preserve! Yoho, down countless turnings, and through countless mazy ways, until an old Inn-yard is gained, and Tom Pinch, getting down, quite stunned and giddy, is in London!



HONORÉ DE BALZAC

From the Portrait in the Museum at Tours



HONORÉ DE BALZAC

THE INTERPRETER OF LIFE

A PASSION IN THE DESERT

By HONORÉ DE BALZAC

[*The following typical story purports to be the account of a strange adventure that befell a Provençal soldier of Napoleon's army, told by him (over a bottle of champagne) to a friend, and retold by the latter to a lady of his acquaintance who had just witnessed a marvellous example of animal training in Monsieur Martin's menagerie.*]

At the time of the expedition in Upper Egypt, made by General Desaix, a provincial soldier having fallen into the hands of the Maugrabins, was taken by these Arabs into the deserts that lie beyond the cataracts of the Nile. In order to put between them and the French army a distance that would ensure their peace, the Maugrabins made a forced march, and did not halt until night. They pitched their camp around a well that was hidden by palm trees, near which they had previously buried some provisions. Not dreaming that the idea of escape could enter the mind of their captive, they contented themselves by binding his hands; and they all fell asleep, after having partaken of dates and fed barley to their horses. When the brave Provençal observed that he was secure from the observation of his enemies, he made use of his teeth to obtain possession of a scimitar; then, fixing the blade between his knees, he cut the cords and regained the use of his hands. He found himself

A Philosopher in Fiction

BY ALBERT ELMER HANCOCK

In one of his short stories, entitled *Jesus Christ in Flanders*, Balzac, reviving a medieval legend of the Low Countries, narrates an incident which might advantageously be used as an introductory vignette to the rest of his work. A ferryboat one day was about to depart from an island lying off the coast of Ostend. Gathered in the roomy comfort of the stern was a group of aristocratic passengers—a baroness, a cavalier, a young lady, a bishop, a rich merchant, and a doctor—while huddled in the bow were an old soldier, several peasants, a poor mother with her child, and one or two ragged beggars—miserable folk whom the haughty personages in the rear ignored in silent disdain. At the last horn, just before the boat pushed off, a young man suddenly appeared. The aristocrats spreading themselves out upon the seats as an intimation that the stranger would not be welcome in their midst, he passed forward and was cordially received into the company of the outcasts. Midway on the

free. He seized a carbine and a dagger at once, provided himself with a supply of dry dates, a small sack of barley, and some powder and bullets; buckled on a scimitar, mounted a horse, and, spurring it sharply, dashed off in the direction that he supposed would lead him to where the French army must be. Eager to see a bivouac once more, he urged his courser so rapidly that the poor animal, already fatigued, expired, his flanks torn, leaving the Frenchman in the middle of the desert.

After having walked for some time in the sand, with all the courage of an escaped convict, the soldier was compelled to stop, as the day was declining. Despite the beauty of the heavens at night in the Orient, he had not the strength to pursue his march. He had fortunately been able to reach a height on the crest of which were some palm trees whose foliage, for a long time visible, had awakened the sweetest hopes in his heart.

Great was his joy in perceiving a kind of grotto, formed by nature from the huge blocks of granite which composed the base of the hillock. Overcome by the heat and by his labors, he fell asleep beneath the ruddy ceiling of his damp grotto. In the dead of night his sleep was broken by an extraordinary uproar. He raised himself to a sitting posture, and the deep silence that reigned enabled him to recognize the alternating accent of a breathing whose fierce energy could not belong to a human being. Profound terror, augmented by the darkness, the silence, and the phantasies of his awakening, chilled his heart. He almost felt a painful twitching of his hair when, after straining his pupils, he perceived two faint yellow glimmers that pierced the shadow. At first he thought these gleams were in some way a reflection from his own eyeballs; but soon the bright light of the night enabled him gradually to distinguish the objects within the grotto, and he saw a huge beast lying less than two paces from him. Was it a lion, a tiger, or a crocodile? The Provençal was not sufficiently well-informed to know in what species to classify his enemy; but his terror was the more extreme because his ignorance led him to imagine every misfortune to be comprised in one. He suffered the cruel punishment of listening, of marking the peculiarities of this respiration,

voyage a storm broke out with terrific force, threatening instant destruction. "Oh," cried a poor beggar woman, "those fine ladies back there are fortunate. They are with a bishop, a holy man, and they will have absolution for their sins." The stranger turned toward her with a kindly glance, saying: "Have faith, and you shall be saved." When the fury of the blast finally wrecked the little boat, he called out again: "Those who have faith shall be saved. Follow me." The outcasts, taking him at his word, followed him and walked upon the tempestuous waters to the safety of the land, while the aristocrats, incredulous and proud, went down with the ship.

"To believe," says Balzac, at the close of the tale, "is to live. We must defend the church."

This brief narrative reveals the heart of the moral philosophy of *La Comédie Humaine*. Balzac's mind, by common reputation, possessed magnitude; it is not so commonly known that it also possessed altitude. Like Tennyson, he believed that strong, centralized government was the cohesive force of society, and that faith was its inward uplifting power. "I write by the light of two eternal truths—religion and monarchy," he declared in that notable preface which is his philosophical creed.

The casual reader who runs through half a dozen of Balzac's novels for the sake of the stories, usually gets an erroneous idea of the man's character. His most absorbing books seem to indicate that the author grovels, with eyes on the ground, upon the sordid phases of human nature. Unfortunately, crime has more glamor and dramatic vigor than virtue; and some of his most widely read books certainly do emphasize the vicious aspects of life. The ever-recurrent themes of adultery, the prevailing emphasis on the

without losing one, and not daring to permit himself to make the least movement. An odor as strong as that thrown off by foxes, but still more penetrating—heavier, so to speak—filled the grotto; and when the Provençal had scented it his terror was complete, for he could no longer entertain any doubt as to the existence of the terrible companion whose royal den he now used as a bivouac. Soon the reflection of the moon, which was hastening to the horizon line, lighted up the lair, and gradually disclosed the resplendent spotted skin of a panther. This lion of Egypt slept, rolled up like a big dog, the peaceful possessor of a sumptuous niche at the entrance to a mansion; its eyes, opened for a moment, were again closed. Its face was turned toward the Frenchman. A thousand vague ideas traversed the mind of the panther's prisoner; at first he thought of dispatching it with a ball from his carbine, but he saw that the space between him and the animal was too limited to take aim, and that the barrel of his weapon would reach beyond the beast. Suppose it should wake up? This supposition rooted him to the spot. Amid the silence he heard his heart beat, and he cursed its too loud pulsations produced by the coursing of his blood, fearing lest he should disturb that sleep which gave him time to devise some safe expedient. He laid his hand twice on the scimitar, thinking he would decapitate his enemy; but the difficulty of cutting through the close, stiff hair compelled him to abandon that daring project.

"To miss him? That would inevitably be death," he thought.

He preferred the chances of a battle, and resolved to await the day. Daylight was not long in coming. The Frenchman could examine the panther; it had its muzzle dyed with blood.

"It has fed well!" he thought, without any anxiety as to whether the feast had been of human flesh; it would not be hungry on awakening.

It was a she-panther. The fur of the belly and the thighs was sparkingly white. Several small spots, like velvet, formed pretty bracelets around the paws. The muscular tail was white also, but ended in black rings. The upper part of the coat, which was of the yellow of dull gold, but very glossy and soft, was characteristically spotted and

motives of sexuality, avarice, and epicurean appetite, enforce the impression that Balzac's inclinations were delivered over to the world, the flesh, and the devil.

No one, indeed, can gainsay that his view of collective humanity was low, satirical, often contemptuous; yet, unlike a later genius, he did not start out to study crime; he did not revel in depravity. He detached himself like a philosopher, mapped out his plans with a sense of proportion, and endeavored to see life whole. He did not seek the sordid; he found it; and, having found it, he gave to it due coloring and prominence. There are few saints in his novels, and their rarity is for the sufficient reason that he drew the men and women of this earth, and the saints are mostly in heaven. The world of his books is probably as good as the French society of his day, and to get a correct view of that, if one cannot read all his works, one must judge from some knowledge of *La Comédie Humaine* in its entirety. No one could obtain a correct impression of America by visiting Newport and the Tenderloin in New York, although these two places are doubtless the most interesting to the sensation-monger. No one, similarly, could get an idea of the true Balzac from *Old Goriot* or *Cousin Betty*. Even though the composite of his pen-photography be depressing, revealing humanity still submerged in swamps and in rank pastures, it is essential to see Balzac in his personal attitude toward life. Taking his work as a whole, although the atmosphere may seem gloomy, it is not the gloom of despair; it is the temporary gloom of the imperfect, slowly evolving from the lower to the higher type, and the painter himself is a man of strength, possessing at once the courage of boundless energy and the poise of nature's calm.

This attitude of Balzac is seen

shaded in the form of roses, which serves to distinguish panthers from the other species of the feline race. This quiet but redoubtable hostess snored, in an attitude as graceful as that of a cat sleeping on the cushion of an ottoman. Her blood-stained paws, nervous and well-equipped, were stretched out in front of her; her head, resting thereon, was plentifully supplied with straggling and straight whiskers, resembling silver threads. If the animal had appeared in a cage thus, the Provençal would have admired the grace of the beast and the striking contrast of the bright colors which gave her coat an imperial magnificence; but at that moment he felt that his vision was confused by this sinister sight. The presence of the panther, although she was asleep, produced the same effect upon him as the magnetic eyes of the serpent, it is said, produce on the nightingale. The soldier's courage vanished for a moment in the presence of this danger, although doubtless it would have been heightened before the mouth of cannon vomiting shot. Nevertheless, a daring idea penetrated his soul, and dried the spring of cold sweat that trickled down his brow. Acting like men who, pushed to extremes by disaster, arrive at the point of defying death and opposing themselves to its attacks, he saw, without being able to account for it, a tragedy in this adventure, and resolved to play his part in it with honor, even to the last scene.

"The day before yesterday the Arabs would perhaps have killed me," he said to himself.

Regarding himself therefore as dead, he awaited bravely and with restless curiosity the waking of his foe. When the sun appeared the panther suddenly opened her eyes, then violently stretched out her paws, as if to restore the circulation in them and get rid of the cramp. Finally she yawned, and in so doing showed the formidable array of her teeth and her pointed tongue, as harsh as a rasp.

"She is like an elegant woman," thought the Frenchman, watching her roll and gambol with the most peaceful and coquettish movements.

The panther licked the blood that stained her paws and muzzle, and scratched her head repeatedly, with the prettiest of gestures.

most clearly in a trilogy from the *Philosophical Studies*. "These books," says Taine, "crown the author's enterprise as a flower crowns a plant. In them his genius finds complete expression and final bloom." The other works are photographs of reality, from which, in spite of his many interlarded comments, Balzac stands in a certain aloofness like the spectator of a drama. The *Philosophical Studies*, on the other hand, are comparable to an editor's individual interpretation of a magnum opus. They give us Balzac's gloss on the book of life. He rejects the shoddy and discredited theory of Rousseau that man is born naturally good, and that it is society which corrupts him. He believes that man is born neutral, an uncompleted being, and that society, on the whole, under normal conditions, improves and elevates him. It is self-interest and self-indulgence which deprave him, instincts for which the most powerful check is religion. And in Balzac's view of the workings of religion we are brought face to face with the element of faith acting conjointly with the human will. His own career, while showing on the one side an inordinate love of luxury and high living, exhibits, also, on the other, the rigorous, abstemious discipline of an anchorite. It is one long illustration of the force of will, the motive force by which man rises to the full dignity and power of his own character. Laying hold of the firm supports of faith, by will man lifts himself up from the ground.

His theory of the will, in some respects fantastic, is developed in *Louis Lambert*. This is the first of this trilogy, and it is largely autobiographical. Louis is a precocious philosopher, like Coleridge, the "inspired charity boy" of Christ's Hospital. He writes a treatise on the will, which, indeed, is the actual transcription of Bal-

“Well, finish your toilet quickly,” said the Frenchman to himself, whose gaiety returned with his courage; “we shall soon wish each other good morning.”

He then seized the short dagger which he had taken from the Maugrabins.

At that moment the panther turned her head in the direction of the Frenchman, and stared at him without approaching. The fixity of her metallic glance and the unbearable brightness of her eyes made the Provençal shudder, especially when the

zac's own ideas. Will, he conceives, is a fluid drawn from the universal ether; the body is more or less charged with it like an electric storage battery, and it is the source of energy and motion. Will has the power of making the mind dominate the body; under its direction the spirit, in greater or less degree, can be liberated from the trammels of the flesh and exalted to a refinement beyond the influence of the grosser appetites.



BIRTHPLACE OF BALZAC AT TOURS

beast moved toward him; but he looked at her with a caressing air, and, with a glance as if to magnetize her, he permitted her to come close to him; then, by a movement as gentle and loving as if he desired to fondle the prettiest woman, he passed his hand over her body from head to tail, and scratched the yielding vertebræ which ran along the yellow back of the panther. The beast raised her tail with evident pleasure, her eyes became gentle, and when, for the third time, the Frenchman used this selfish flattery, the panther purred just as cats do to express their satisfaction; but this murmur came from a throat so strong and deep that it sounded in the grotto like the last swelling notes of the organ in a church. The Provençal, realising the importance of his caresses, redoubled them so as to appease and stupefy this imperious courtesan. When he felt convinced that he had overcome the ferocity of his capricious companion—whose hunger had, happily, been satisfied overnight, he rose and decided to make his exit from the cave. The panther permitted him to go, but when he had climbed to the crest of the hill she bounded with the nimbleness and lightness of a sparrow hopping from branch to branch, and drew close to the soldier, gently rubbing herself against his legs and rounding her back like a cat; then, looking at her guest with a glance that had lost some of its fierceness, she uttered that savage cry that naturalists compare to the noise of a saw.

“She is very exacting,” said the Frenchman to himself, with a smile.

He endeavored to play with the beast’s ears, to stroke her belly, and to scratch her head vigorously with his nails; and, perceiving that his manœuvres succeeded, he tickled her skull with the point of his poniard while watching for the opportunity to kill her, but in discovering the thickness of the bones he trembled at the thought of not succeeding.

The sultana of the desert manifested her approval of the ability of her slave by raising her head, stretching out her neck, and acknowledging her delight by her tranquil attitude. The Frenchman suddenly thought that, in order to dispatch this savage princess by a single blow, it would be

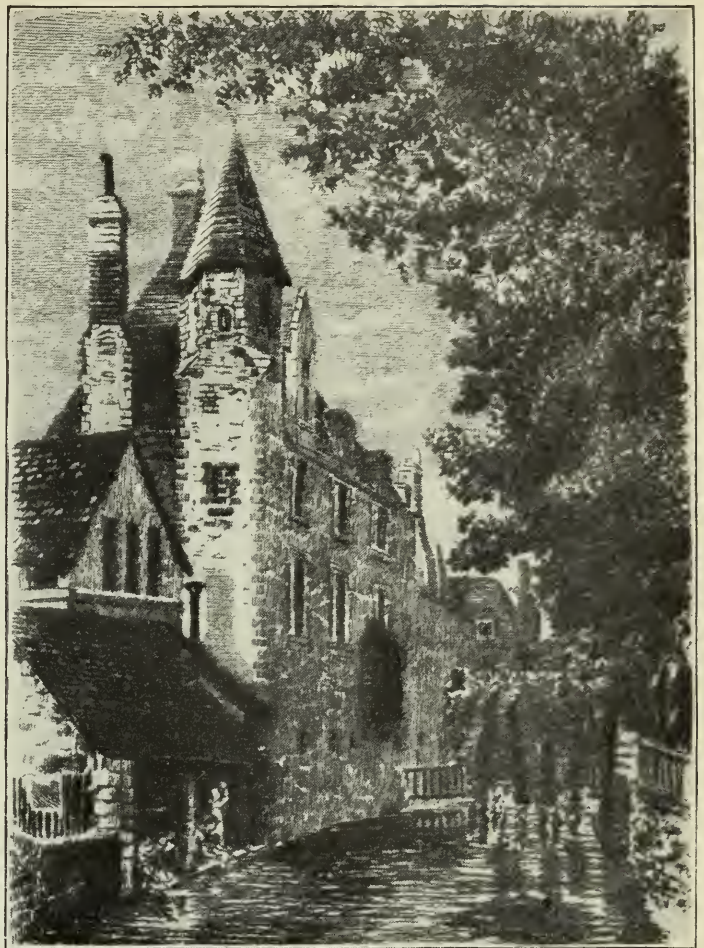
Indeed, pursuing the speculation to a daring distance, he declares that a man, by fixing the attention, has but to exert his will long enough in order to transform the universe to his thought. But all such volitional activity, be it observed, is at the expense of physical vitality. Louis Lambert, weak in body, titanic in intellectual strength, breaks his constitution in the strain of thought and ultimately becomes deranged. Balzac’s physical constitution had the endurance of an iron machine; but with the exception of the tragic conclusion, *Louis Lambert* is a revelation of himself, and the book shows him to be a mystic, a disciple of Swedenborg, a believer in the transcendent power of volition over the inborn instincts of self-indulgence and self-gratification.

In *The Magic Skin*, the second of this trilogy, he shows in a strange, yet easily intelligible allegory, the result when the will is perverted and directed toward the debasing end of selfish, sensual gratifications. Raphaël, a prodigal about to commit suicide, comes into possession of a wild ass’s skin. It is a talisman, the characteristic virtue of which, like Aladdin’s wonderful lamp, is to fulfill the wishes of its owner. At each wish, however, it shrinks into smaller compass, and concomitant with this shrinkage is a curtailment of the man’s vitality. The final shriveling, Raphaël is informed in advance, will bring him inevitably to death. Nevertheless, the profligate, calling for a short life and a merry one, takes the talisman, makes it the grand vizier of his debaucheries, and plunges into the madcap, dissolute gaiety of Paris. He is the archetype of egoism; all the energy of his will is bent upon selfish animal pleasure, and he desires life avidly in order to enjoy its low-grade sensations. Pauline, a tender, affectionate, devoted girl, halts the contraction of his soul

necessary to plunge his poniard into her throat, and he raised the blade in order to do so, when the panther, doubtless satisfied with the attentions that she had received, gracefully stretched herself at his feet, glancing at him from time to time with an expression which, in spite of its natural ferocity, indistinctly betokened friendliness. The poor Provençal ate his dates, leaning against one of the palms; but he alternately scoured the desert with an anxious eye in the hope of discovering rescuers, and kept close watch on the uncertain clemency of his terrible companion. The panther watched the spot where the stones of the dates fell each time that he threw one away, and her eyes then expressed incredible distrust. The animal examined the Frenchman with commercial sagacity; and that the survey proved favorable was evident from the fact that, when he had finished his frugal meal, she licked his shoes, and with her rough, muscular tongue she removed with marvellous skill the dust that had become encrusted in the creases.

“But when she gets hungry?” the Provençal thought.

Notwithstanding the shudder created by this thought, the soldier, out of curiosity, proceeded to scan the proportions of the panther, which was one of the most magnificent of her species, standing three feet high and measuring four feet long, exclusive of her tail. This powerful appendage was round like a cudgel, and nearly three feet long. The head of the beast, as big as a lioness's, was remarkable for its cunning expression; the cold-blooded ferocity of a tiger was the prevailing characteristic, but there was besides a vague resemblance to the face of a crafty woman. In short, the face of this solitary queen presented at this moment a kind of gaiety similar to that of a drunken Nero; she had slaked her thirst in blood and now wished to frolic. The soldier endeavored



THE COLLEGE OF VENDÔME

THIS TOWER WAS BALZAC'S FAVORITE
RETREAT DURING HIS STUDENT DAYS

for awhile, but Fedora, the personification of depraved, self-seeking society, is a stronger force of attraction, and in the end, the skin, shrunken to its last measure, Raphaël dies in a frenzy of rage, the exhausted victim of his own excesses. He had subdued the spirit to the flesh, and he died in his body of death. His career is the tragedy of the will prostituted to the carnal appetite.

Seraphita, the third of this trilogy, is a tale of the will bent upon righteousness and the glorification of the spirit. The fable, baldly stated, is too fearful a tax upon the reader's credulity, but Balzac often delighted to grow his substantial fruit upon a visionary tree. *Seraphita*, in a way, bears the same relation to *La Comédie Humaine* that the *Paradise* does to the *Divine Comedy* of Dante. In-

to move to and fro; the panther gave him full course, satisfied to look after him—in this less resembling a faithful dog than a big Angora cat restlessly watching everything, even the movements of her master. When he turned round he saw the remains of his horse beside the spring, the panther having dragged the carcass thus far. About two-thirds of it had been devoured. This sight reassured the Frenchman. It was now easy to explain the absence of the panther and the consideration that she had shown him during his slumber. This first stroke of good luck emboldened him to tempt the future; he conceived the wild hope of keeping on good terms with the beast during the remainder of the day, not neglecting any means of taming her and securing her good graces. He returned near her, and had the unspeakable joy of observing her agitate her tail by an almost insensible movement. Almost fearlessly he then sat down beside the panther, and they commenced playing together. He handled her paws and her muzzle, and twisted her ears, threw her on her back, and vigorously scratched her warm and silky flank. The beast submitted, and when the soldier endeavored to rub the hair of her paws she carefully withdrew her curved claws, making them as soft as silk. The Frenchman, who kept one hand on his poniard, still thought of burying the blade in the belly of the over-trustful panther; but he feared lest he should be immediately strangled in her dying convulsions. Moreover, he felt some remorse which appealed to him to spare so inoffensive a creature. It seemed to him that he had found a friend in the boundless desert. A recollection of his youthful years led him to make an effort to induce the panther to answer to the name of a former lover, for he now felt less fear of her, and admired her agility, gracefulness, and suppleness.

Toward the close of the day he became accustomed to his perilous position, and he almost liked its sufferings. His companion at length habitually looked at him when in a falsetto voice he called: "Mignonne!" At sunset Mignonne repeatedly expressed herself in deep and melancholy cries.

"She is well brought up!" thought the light-hearted soldier; "she says her prayers."

deed, in a modified form, the stamp of Dante's original is plainly noticeable.

Seraphita is a bizarre being; to the young man of the narrative she appeals as a woman, to the young girl as a man. This strange creature is, in fact, an asexual spirit, temporarily housed in an earthly body, who lives in the calm solitude of a Norwegian fiord. Balzac ascribes to this being his own fundamental tenet that in faith is found the fullness of life. By the power of pure will and by the virtue of incessant prayer Seraphita attains the vision of the divine, and departs from the material clay to merge her spirit with the eternal spirit of God. "From the couch of thought to the frontier of the universe," he writes elsewhere, "there are but two steps—will and faith."

The *Philosophic Studies*, which are undeniably Balzac's private annotations to his impersonal transcriptions of society, correct any false impressions about his being a misanthrope or a pander of vicious literature. It must be admitted that the fantastic character of the outer garment of these fictions and the preponderance of the intellectual over the emotional elements give some pretext for the criticism of Henry James, who declares that Balzac had no real religious feeling, that he was morally superficial, and that he concocted elaborate masses of folly. Yet he who perceives the true relation of the will to the complex forces of environment must grant that Balzac is a wholesome tonic for that latter-day fatalism which classes the freedom of the will among the figments of the imagination, and leaves man a helpless, storm-driven atom upon the chaotic waves of chance. He was no pessimist; he believed in humanity's future, in man's nobler destiny, even though at the present the race has not advanced beyond the lower stages of devel-

But this mental jest only occurred to him when he had observed the peaceful attitude in which his comrade rested.

"Come, my fair little one, I will let you go to bed first," he said to her, thinking that he would be able to run away more easily when she should be asleep, and that he could reach another lair during the night.

The soldier impatiently awaited the hour when he might flee, and when it arrived he set out rapidly in the direction of the Nile; but he had

opment. They misconceive this novelist who, reading a few volumes descriptive of flamboyant vice, fail to attain his comprehensive point of view whence he surveyed humanity as a whole and perceived, as well, the trend of its motion.

Balzac's work, then, judged in its integrity, is not a distortion of truth; it is not merely a picture of static conditions. It has a dynamic value; it is conceived in



LA CHEVRIÈRE

hardly traversed a quarter of a league over the sand when he heard the panther bounding behind him, uttering from time to time those hoarse, saw-like sounds, more terrifying even than the dull thud of her bounding footfall.

"Well," said he to himself, "she has taken a great liking to me! This young panther has perhaps never met anyone before; it is very flattering to enjoy her first love."

At this moment the Frenchman sank into one of those quicksands so dreaded by travelers, from

harmony with the evolutionary view of man, and though lacking, perhaps, in moral fervor, it possesses moral dignity.

It is a question, however, whether the conception of *La Comédie Humaine* as a whole is not too stupendous for the limitations of art. His avowed intention, following the method of the zoologist, was to treat mankind as the scientist treats the fauna of a country, studying the develop-

which it is impossible to extricate one's self. Feeling himself a captive, he uttered a cry of alarm; the panther seized him by the collar with her teeth, and with a vigorous leap backward pulled him from the gulf as if by magic.

"Ah, Mignonne!" cried the soldier, caressing her enthusiastically, "we are friends now until death. But no tricks, remember!"

Then he retraced his steps.

From that time the desert seemed to him inhabited. It held a creature to whom the French-

ment of types and species under the differentiating forces of environment. In this aspect of the matter the inhabitant of Paris differs from the resident of the provinces in some such way as the lion of the jungle differs from the bear of the frozen north—in the Parisian atmosphere there is a tropical abundance of intellectual activity; in the provinces there is frigid sterility. The environment, in large measure, conditions char-



CHÂTEAU DE SACHÉ—BALZAC'S HOME

man could talk, whose wild nature was softened toward him, without his knowing the cause of this extraordinary friendship. However powerful the soldier's desire might be to remain standing and on his guard, he could not resist the power of sleep. On awakening he could not see Mignonne. He ascended the hillock, and in the distance he saw her running with the bounding motion peculiar to the animals of her species, who cannot, owing to the extraordinary flexibility of their vertebral column, run like most animals. Mignonne

acter; occupations and professions exert their influences as well. The soldier differs from the statesman as the predatory wolf differs from the cunning fox. *La Comédie Humaine* is a study in social species as Balzac observed them in his own country. It purports to be a compendious history of men and manners in nineteenth century France and, in so far as the French are representative of the race, a history of the human

arrived with her lips smeared with gore; she received from her companion the necessary quota of caresses, testifying the while, by repeated purring, to the enjoyment she experienced. Her eyes lacked all ferocity of expression, and were turned upon the Provençal with even more gentleness than on the previous evening, and the latter addressed her as he would a domestic animal:

“Ah, ah! mademoiselle, you are an honest girl, aren't you? Just look at this!—we like to be fondled. Aren't you ashamed? Have you devoured some Maugrabin? Well, they are only animals like you. But you are not going to craunch Frenchmen at any rate—I shouldn't love you any longer!”

Some days passed in this way. This companionship enabled the Provençal to admire the sublime grandeur of the desert. Now that he experienced moments of calm and fear, found nourishment, and a creature of whom he thought, his soul was stirred by contrasts—his life was full of opposing conditions. Solitude revealed all its secrets to him, and wrapped him in all its charms. He saw, at sunrise and sunset, glorious effects unknown to the world of habitated places. He trembled on hearing over his head the gentle whistling sound of a bird in flight—rare visitant!—on seeing the clouds blend their misty outlines—ever-changing, many-tinted travelers. During the night watches he studied the moonlight effects on the sea of sand, on which the waves of the simoon rolled in undulating and rapidly changing effects. He lived in the blaze of the Oriental day, he marveled at its wonderful magnificence; often, having watched the terrific majesty of a storm on this plain, when the uplifted sands became a red, searching fog, a deadly cloud, with delight he saw the veil of night drawn, for with it came the beneficent freshness of the stars. He heard imaginary music in the heavens. Then the solitude taught him to draw on the treasures of reverie. He passed whole hours in recalling trifles, in comparing his past with his present life. Finally he became enamored of his panther, for he felt the need of loving. Whether his will, forcibly exerted, had softened the character of his companion, or, thanks to the battles then waged in the desert, she found abundant food, certain it is that she respected

heart, with its virtues and vices, its sentiments and passions. There are ninety-seven titles in the catalogue of his works, not including some twenty juvenile efforts which he disowned. And in these volumes there are upwards of two thousand characters, all of which are distinctly individualized, although not all are equally endowed with vitality. Some are only careful catalogues of qualities, while others have been created into breathing, sentient beings, as real as our neighbors and relatives. He has classified them into groups, mainly on geographical lines, and he has recorded their histories in scenes from private, provincial, Parisian, political, military, and country life. It is an amazing proof of his versatility that, unlike most novelists, his characters are not modeled upon prevailing types. There are almost as many diverse temperaments as there are names and personages. “He is,” says Taine, “after Shakespeare, the greatest storehouse for documents of human nature.”

Undeniably, then, a vast scientific classification of the genus homo, it is a debatable question whether such a treatise, considered as a whole, is an artistic product. Art demands a unity of impression. You can get an artistic effect from an immense architectural pile like a Gothic cathedral, because you can take it all in at a glance on the instant. But you cannot get it from ninety odd books. The effect is chaotic, not artistic. A comparison of Dante's *Divine Comedy*—the most artistic thing of huge proportions ever conceived—with Balzac's *Comédie Humaine*, will enforce this distinction.

Dante's plan is just as large, if not larger than Balzac's. It is the history of man and his ideals in the middle ages; of his life in this world and the next. It is a record of his vices and virtues with their punishments and rewards. Shakespeare himself is neither more pro-

the life of the Frenchman, who came at length to distrust her no longer in seeing her so tame. He passed the major part of his time in sleeping; but he was obliged to keep watch like a spider in the meshes of his web, so as to lose no chance of effecting his escape if anyone crossed the limits of his horizon. He had sacrificed his shirt in order to make a flag, which he hoisted at the top of a leafless palm-tree. Prompted by necessity, he devised the plan of keeping it spread, by stretching it on wands, for the wind might fail to wave it at the moment when a hoped-for traveler might scan the desert.

During the weary hours, when he abandoned hope, he amused himself with the panther. He grew at length to recognize the various changes in her tones, the expression of her glances; and he had studied all the shades that played over her golden coat. Mignonne never growled now, even when he seized her by the tuft of her redoubtable tail, in order to count the number of black and

found nor more comprehensive. Yet Dante's *Divine Comedy* is wrought out in a hundred cantos of some thirteen thousand lines, according to a plan as simple and as easily grasped in its entirety as the spectacle of the Parthenon, based on the Acropolis and canopied by the clouds. You see in Dante a great black pit with its descending roadway, lined with the abodes of sinners; you see a mountain with its circular terraces, ascending in corkscrew fashion, on which the penitents toilsomely travel to their purification; you see the spheres of the empyrean flashing with celestial lights and the haloed throngs of the angels. And as you observe, your mood passes from terror to hope, from hope to triumph, and the total impression is of the destiny of man, issuing from the defilement of sin to the glory of the life everlasting. Art has never compressed so much within so little space, and with such simplicity, picturesqueness, and grandeur.

Dante has succeeded where Balzac was foredoomed to artistic failure. One cannot get the simple, single impression of great art from *La Comédie Humaine* for the reason that the mind cannot grasp the details and compose the picture. Zola's elaborate comparison of Balzac's works to an unfinished Tower of Babel cannot be visualized in accord with the facts. The characters are disassociated atoms, or disassociated groups, unrelated by any artistic laws. If *La Comédie Humaine* is an artistic product, viewed as a whole, then likewise is Noah's Ark, with its collection of animals, an artistic product. The truth is that *La Comédie Humaine* is an encyclopædia of classified facts. In so far as these are literally accurate, it is science like the work of Buffon, Cuvier, Agassiz; in so far as these facts are reconceived and reborn in the author's imagination it is fiction, flatter-



BALZAC ARGUING WITH THE PRESS

A FRENCH CARICATURE OF 1843

white rings which ornamented it so gracefully, and at a distance shone in the sun like jewels. He found pleasure in studying the fine and soft outlines, the pure whiteness of the soft belly, and the gracefulness of the panther's head. But he was most delighted when she frolicked; and the nimbleness, the youthful gambols of the animal astonished him always; he admired her suppleness when she bounded, crawled, glided, smoothed her fur, clung to him, rolled over and over, crouched, darted about everywhere. However sudden her bound, however smooth the block of granite on which she gamboled, she stopped suddenly on hearing the word: "Mignonne!"

"She has a soul!" he said, while studying the contentment of this queen of the sandy wastes, like them, golden, white, solitary, and burning.

"What was the end of this association between two creatures so well adapted to a mutual understanding?" asked the lady.

"It ended, as all ardent passions do, in a misunderstanding. It may be supposed that on one side or the other there was treachery; one, from pride, never makes an explanation, the other quarrels from obstinacy. The soldier added, when he told me of the dénouement:

'I do not know in what way I hurt her, but she turned round as if she were mad, and with her sharp teeth tore the flesh of my thigh, slightly without doubt. Believing that she intended to devour me, I plunged my dagger into her throat. She rolled over, uttering a cry that froze my blood, and I saw her struggling while watching me without a sign of anger. I would have given the world, my cross that I had not yet received, to restore her to life. It seemed to me that I had slain a human being. The soldiers, who caught sight of my flag and ran to my aid, found me weeping bitterly.—Yes, monsieur,' he continued, after a moment's silence, 'I have fought since then in Germany, Spain, Russia, and France; I have moved my carcass about a great deal; I have seen nothing equal to the desert—ah! that is really beautiful!'"

Translated by J. ALFRED BURGAN.

Courtesy of George Barrie & Sons, Philadelphia.

ingly comparable to that of the world's greatest novelists. But the fundamental conception is purely intellectual, and as such it must be regarded as science, and not art.

Many of the individual volumes considered by themselves, like *Eugénie Grandet*, *Old Goriot*, and *The Magic Skin*, are splendid specimens of the artist's craft; yet many others, such as *The Sons of the Soil*, to take a good example, are only sociological monographs. In sheer intellectual power Balzac is doubtless the greatest novelist that ever lived. But he wrote like a task-driven fiend under pressure; he conceived a thing in his intellect and dashed it out, in many cases, without letting it grow and mature in the imagination until it acquired the power of artistic impressiveness. He did not wait for the imagination to fuse the cold fact into the emotion; he was too easily contented with the idea and cared too little about the atmosphere. Balzac, in taking up the idea of *La Comédie Humaine*, and often in executing the details, made the same mistake that Wordsworth made with his fatuous *Excursion*. He gave us truth, but truth without charm, without beauty, without emotional values; and without these truth is not art. Balzac showed in even a far larger way the genius of a great thinker; but his intellect, bent upon completing a vast scheme, led him at times into fields where his artistic powers could not follow. The result is frequently that sense of strained effort so deadly to art. If he had thrown his systematic classification away and obeyed, first of all, the promptings of his creative imagination, like Shakespeare, he would have won a greater reputation as an artist.

Albert E. Hancock

(Haverford College.)

PICTURES *and* ART TALK



The Chantrey fund has been the subject of one of the most vexed debates of the year in the English press. It is charged that this fund, established under Academy trusteeship for the encouragement of British art, has been perverted to an indoor relief fund for impecunious British artists and Academy mediocrities and sons-in-law. It was the desire of the testator that the paintings bought each year should embody the highest achievement of the day, irrespective of personal or official prejudices. Instead, scarcely a painting of genius is to be found in the whole collection. The greatest artists of the generation are unrepresented, while the walls of the room in the Tate Gallery, where the collection is now housed, are lined with mechanical variations of approved Academy themes.

The trustees, human like their critics, have not always gone astray. They can scarcely be charged with maladministration in their recent purchase of Ralph Peacock's *Ethel*. It is not a work of genius, but its sincerity and insight lift it well above the dead level of the average. Mr. Peacock has entered sympathetically into the pensive mood of this golden-haired maiden. The wistful face, the blue eyes with their dreamy, far-away look, the half awkward, and yet paradoxically graceful, posture of the girl just awakening to self-consciousness, make a charming picture. Both coloring and drawing are good, and the treatment broad and decisive.

* * *

Rembrandt van Rhyn has been called the most modern of the masters. Modern he certainly is, in sincerity and freedom from tradition, in the stress laid on light, in the blending of realism and idealism equally characteristic of our own complex time. His men and women are of his own day, from the streets of Amsterdam or

Leyden. Yet so intense is their individualism that it merges in the universal, and our age and all ages find kinship in its spirit. The *Portrait of an Old Woman*, reproduced here from the painting in the National Gallery, shows its seventeenth century Dutch origin in the ruff and close-fitting cap with its semi-circular ear-pieces. Yet that face, vital, insistent, sincere, is of our own acquaintance. It is a miracle of divination. The old dame's personality is revealed with dramatic force, no less intense because repressed. The eighty-three years that the dim words on the side of the painting tell of are recorded even more legibly in every wrinkle of the deep-seared face. She does not wholly live in the past tense; she is vigorous still, hearty-cheeked and wonderfully clear-eyed, intensely alive in the ill-humor that pervades the whole face.

The portrait belongs to Rembrandt's early period, to the year 1634, when the young artist of twenty-seven had just married the much-pictured Saskia. Its incisive drawing, its truthful modeling, are subordinate to the treatment of light, which presents all the contrast characteristic of this period. On the high-keyed foreground the light is concentrated with an emphasis the more effective from the sombre tone of the background. Rembrandt's chiaroscuro is not wholly true to nature, but in it one aspect of truth finds more powerful expression than on the canvas of any other master.

* * *

Showing strongly Dutch influence in treatment and theme, Mr. Hopwood's *Industry* is characteristically British in its perilously near approach to preaching a sermon in paint. The most strenuous advocate of art for art's sake, however, would doubtless admit that if sermons must be painted it is at least better to paint them



ETHEL

FROM THE PAINTING BY RALPH PEACOCK

well than badly. And Mr. Hopwood paints, and preaches, well. The drawing is close and decisive, and the coloring effectively handled; the sombre browns are admirably contrasted with the sunset glow at the window and the bright gleam of the coals. Both the inmates are concentrated on the tasks in hand. The boy, holding a slate in true schoolboy grip, is wrestling strenuously with a knotty problem. In his mother's face there is a life-time of patient toil. There is more; there is a sense of the worth of work, and yet an aloofness from it—as of one who finds, not loses, herself in her labor—that add a touch of dignity to the copybook moral.

* * *

Few recent pictures have found more favor with the story-loving public than *The Vigil*, by John Pettie, R.A. It represents one of the most picturesque incidents of the brave days of chivalry—the young squire's night-long watch in prayer and fasting on the eve of receiving the accolade of knighthood. The ceremony symbolizes the intimate connection that existed between the church and the knightly orders during the crusades. Knighthood was a consecration; its neophytes swore to "break the heathen and uphold the Christ." Consecration is the pervading note of Mr. Pettie's work. The dim vastness of the cathedral columns furnish a fitting setting. The face bears an intense, rapt expression; the uplifted eyes and the earnest mouth, the hands eagerly clasped on the cross-hilted sword, the firm, ready attitude, witness the high purpose of this young soldier of the church. The white robe and the red cloak of his order accentuate the solemn awe of the scene while relieving it. The decorative quality of the picture, as well as its subject, at once call to mind the work of the master of this genre, Edwin Abbey.

* * *

Chichester Canal, though an unfinished work, is a typical example of Turner's second period. It is a finely imaginative study of sunset and desolation, the key-notes of nearly all of Turner's art. Mr. J. C. Storey has written a sympathetic interpretation of this painting, in the course of which he says: "It is full of

light, and yet solemn, calm, and almost plaintive. There is even gentle movement in it, for the smooth waters glide along and carry us with them into the picture. We all know that the sun does not go out like a candle, yet the old way of painting it was nearly this. But here the sun, though partly sunk behind the hill in the distance, seems by its intensity to be in front of it, and to burn a fiery gap and hollow in it. We have all seen this. . . . Nothing could be simpler than the composition; a river in perspective, a long horizon, and the old ship—yes, that ship fills it with human interest; now no longer buffeted by the waves, this survivor of perilous adventures rests for a while by a green bank that is fringed with summer trees and long rushes; its little pennant droops listlessly from its tall masts that rise in the gentle breath of evening and sink down reflected roots in the living waters."

* * *

To take the sea for one's province, the whole sea and the sea only, is a program at once ambitious and restricted. It is this program to which the English artist, Thomas Somerscales, has for many years adhered with unvarying devotion and no small measure of success. His broad, strong seascapes, alive with great stretches of azure sea and canopying sky and the full-rigged sailing ships of an older day, are a prominent feature of each year's Royal Academy. *Off Valparaiso*, which was exhibited four years ago and is now in the Tate Gallery, shows a large barque shortening sail to take on the pilot. It is a picturesque composition, luminous and spirited, painted with a firmness that shows the skilful draughtsman and an accuracy that bears compelling witness to the artist's close and sympathetic study of nature. The vessels have the buoyancy of life, seeming to dance before one's eyes on the heavy groundswell of the Chilean coast. The great sweep of blue, palpitating ocean is of convincing power, though its deep indigo is somewhat exaggerated in its contrast with the paleness of the sky. It is a sailor's sea, not a poet's, but it expresses well the straightforward purpose of the artist. The painting is strong in its well-handled technic, and its broad, direct simplicity.



PORTRAIT OF AN OLD WOMAN

FROM THE PAINTING BY REMBRANDT



INDUSTRY

FROM THE PAINTING BY H. S. HOPWOOD



THE VIGIL
FROM THE PAINTING BY JOHN PETTIE



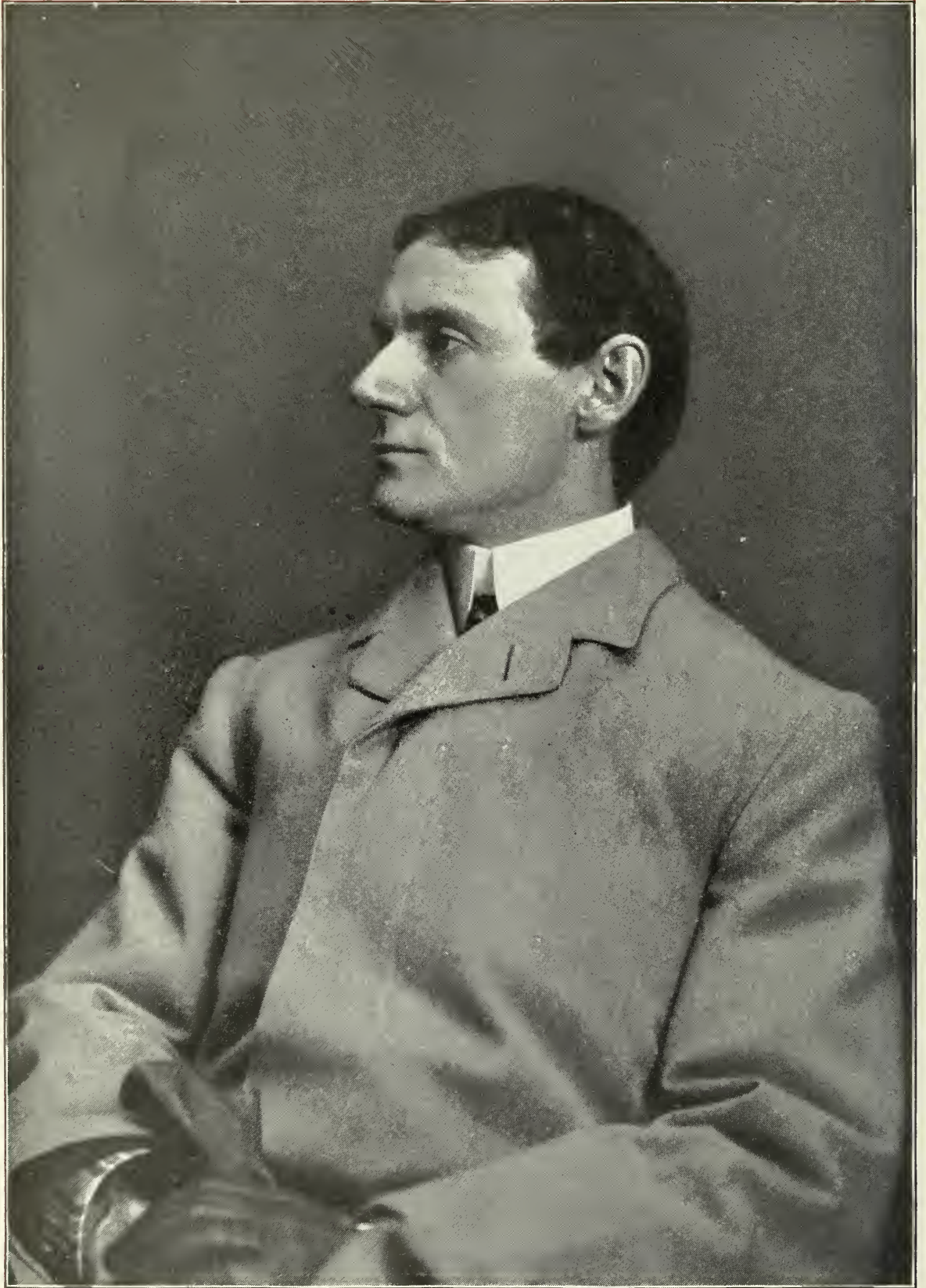
CHICHESTER CANAL

FROM THE PAINTING BY J. M. W. TURNER



OFF VALPARAISO

FROM THE PAINTING BY THOMAS SOMERSCALES



CHARLES GRAFLY

CHARLES GRAFLY, SCULPTOR

AN APOSTLE OF SYMBOLISM

Charles Grafly, one of the most promising of America's younger sculptors, is a Pennsylvanian, of Quaker origin. Although but twelve years have passed since he was a pupil at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts and, later, of Chapu and Dampé in Paris, Mr. Grafly has produced much that is noteworthy, not only as evidence of present ability but as promise of future achievement.

His first great success was an ideal bust of *Dædalus*, executed in Paris at the conclusion of his first two years of foreign influence, and exhibited at the Salon of 1890. The following year this bust was exhibited at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, where it received a mention, and was purchased by the trustees of the Temple Fund, who caused it to be cast in bronze and added to the permanent collections of the Academy. Thus it is interesting and satisfying to see that the sculptor's first substantial recognition came from the institution in which his immature art instincts were fostered.

A record of these early days of struggle includes a long list of regulation honors and medals. These gave him fame—whose futility he has since typified in the bronze group, *In Much Wisdom*, shown last season—rather than confidence in himself. For medals and honors are cheap forms of glory, prizes which stimulate only to their own attainment, and involve the bitterness of contest and success at the price of others' failure. During the winter of 1890-91 Grafly modeled in Paris a life-size nude figure called *Mauvais Présage*, which was noticed at the Salon of 1891. This statue is now in the permanent collection of the Detroit Art Museum. At about this time Mr. Grafly received his call to the chair of sculpture in the Pennsylvania Academy and also at the Drexel Institute. By way

of preparation he visited the principal art centres and schools of Europe before returning to America.

In 1893 his exhibit of collected work at the Columbian Exposition, Chicago, won him a medal, and in 1895 his admirable bust of his mother brought him another from Atlanta. In 1898 he won the Pennsylvania Academy's gold medal of honor, and in 1900 he was similarly successful at the International Exposition in Paris with his group of exhibits. This included *The Vulture of War*, *The Symbol of Life*, *From Generation to Generation*, *Portrait of my Mother*, and *Portrait of Mrs. Charles Grafly*. Last year he was elected to the Council of the National Sculptors' Society, an honor, which, coming from his peers, has more practical value and marks more actual progress than higher-sounding titles.

Taking Grafly's work as a whole, its dominant characteristic is symbolism, showing a trend of thought immensely affected by the love of allegory, which is at once his weakness and his strength. Fellow-sculptors have been impatient of this aspect of his work, objecting to a form of art that must be explained to them, while they have marveled at the quality of his surfaces and the strength of his anatomical construction. Perhaps in his earlier groups the note was struck with too much insistence, but in his maturer work, while the thought may be at times involved, the lines and shapes of these symbolic accessories call for unqualified admiration.

In speaking of *The Symbol of Life*, Lorado Taft said: "I could not fathom its meaning, so did not try; the modeling of those splendid bodies was a language more intelligible to me. I have never passed this group without walking around it, and around again, so big and masterly is its workmanship. I don't know why he

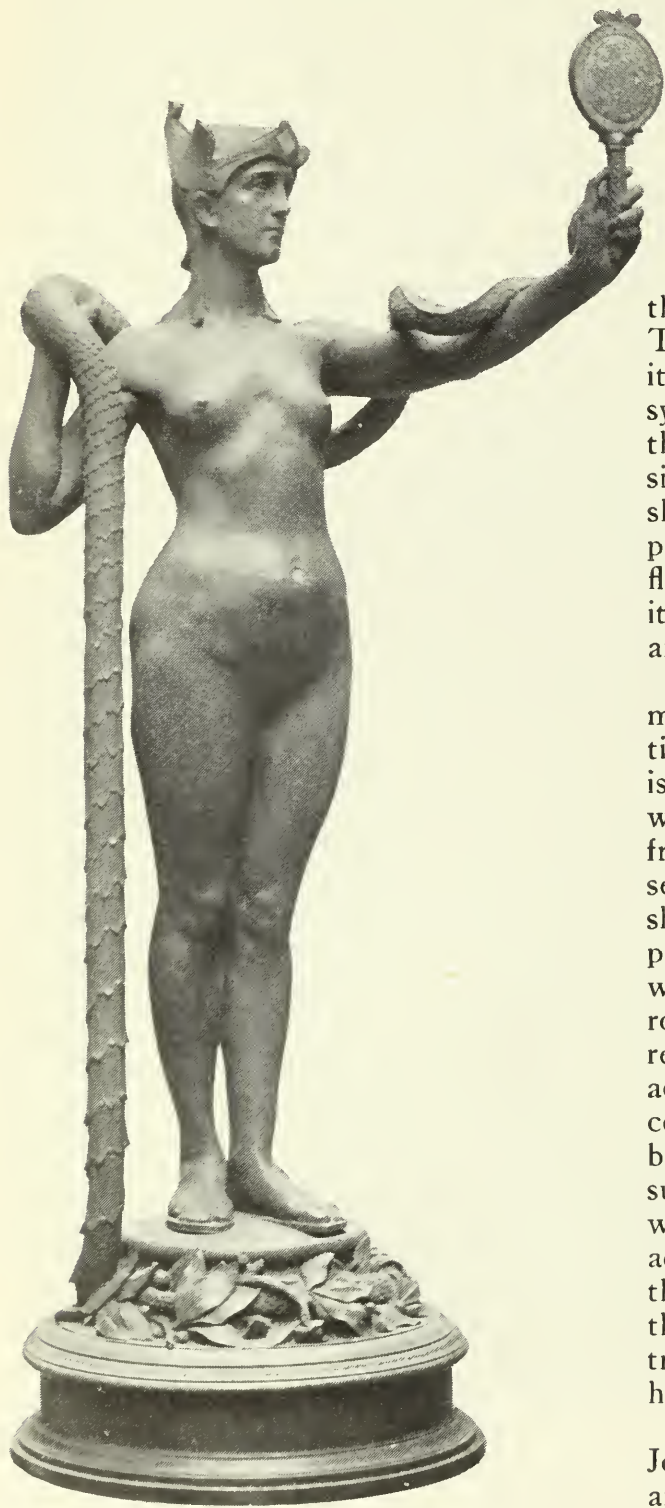
made the splendid woman larger than her companion. I don't know why he gave her that ungraceful pose, except that they may keep step; I don't know what the thing in her hand means—the globe of ivory and the stalk of wheat, and I don't want to know—but I glory in the construction of the two figures; the bigness of the hand-

ling; the gravity of the faces and dignity of carriage; the hanging of the flesh upon the bones; the sinuous flow of the surface so contrasting in the two; the power and subtlety of modeling all things essential, and the noble disregard of impertinent and unimportant details."

The Vulture of War, a fragment of a great group as yet unrealized, brought to life in the little studio of the Rue Notre Dame des Champs, in Paris, during the winter of 1895, was the first of those important expressions in which, untrammelled by the limitations of a commission, the sculptor may say all that he means in his own way. *From Generation to Generation* followed *The Symbol of Life*, in 1899—a contrast, this time, between age and youth. This small bronze was extensively exhibited and provoked much discussion. The symbolic suggestion still dominates the thought of the group, but with more consistency, and more clever handling than is shown in the *Symbol*, so that its discovery pleases because it presents a characteristic flavor. The sculptor's personality reveals itself in these groups, done from the pure art impulse.

In Much Wisdom, shown last winter, may be taken as typical of Grafly's exhibition work. The figure is wonderfully finished in modeling and rich in detail. A woman stands upon a wreath of bay leaves, from which is suggested the growth of a serpent that coils its lithe form across her shoulders and rears its head, with fangs protruded, to intercept the gaze of the woman, who holds at arm's length a mirror, so that she sees its head, not hers, reflected. The idea expressed is a truth, accepted in bitterness by each so-called successful worker, but old as the Bible and as beautifully told by ancient sages. With such means of expression at command, with such knowledge of the harmonious adaptation of elaborate signs and forms to the utterance of thought, it would seem that a message of more vital import to the troubled conditions of our times might have been conveyed.

Three distinguished portrait busts—of Joseph Rodefer de Camp, Dr. Louis Starr, and James McManes—form a notable group along the line of his recent success. De Camp's bust was made in the summer



IN MUCH WISDOM



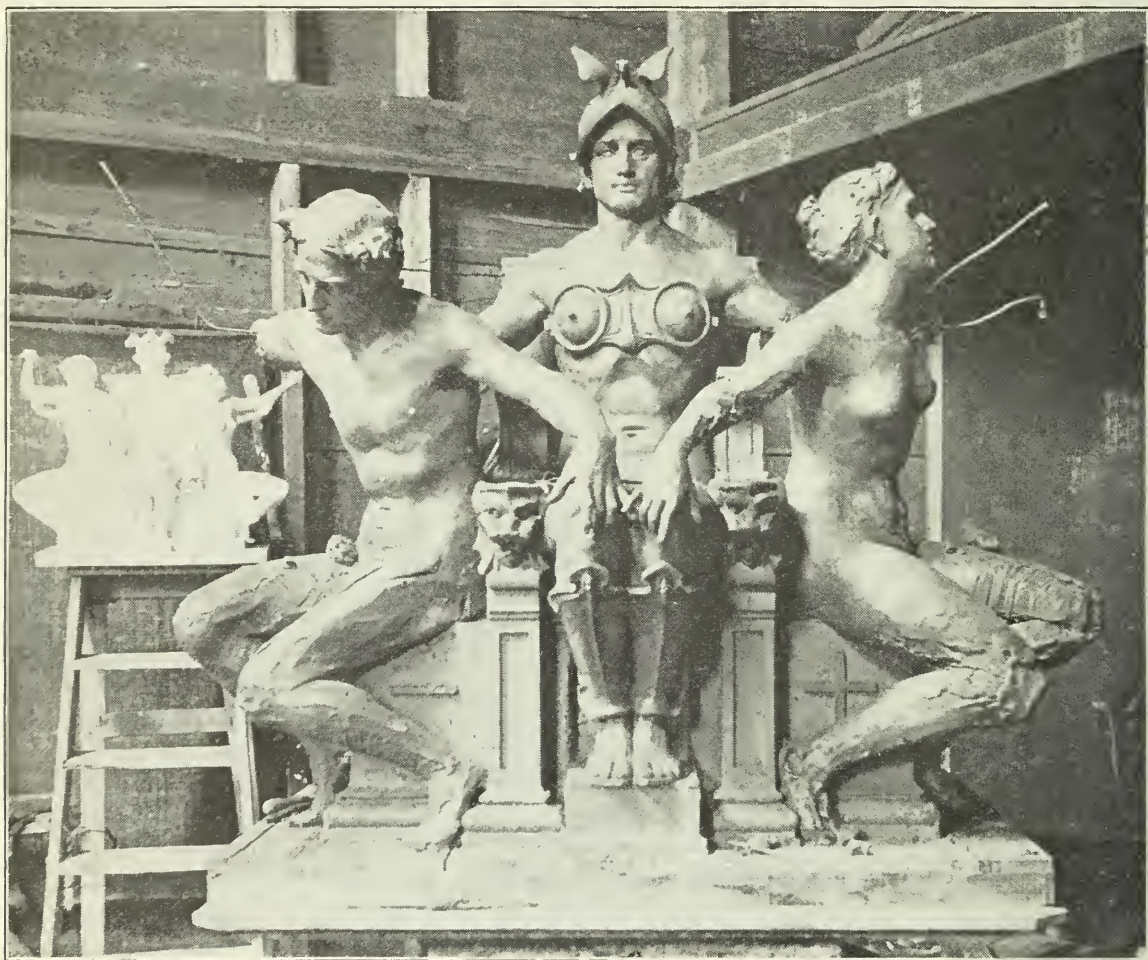
TRUTH

FOR LOUISIANA PURCHASE EXPOSITION

of 1902, when both artists were enjoying an outing on the Cape Ann coast. Commenced purely as a diversion from the life of unaccustomed inactivity, the bust of his friend and fellow-artist shows all the fresh evidence of a *con amore* performance. The circumstances were inspiring, and the bust soon grew to an importance which ranks it now as one of the sculptor's most notable achievements. The portraits of Dr. Starr, the famous specialist in children's

of Major-General John F. Reynolds tops the right-hand column as companion to the statue of General Meade by Daniel Chester French, which is similarly placed to the left of the roadway. Built for a great height, the statue carries well, while the details are carefully expressed.

The construction of the main fountain in the scheme of decoration at the Pan-American Exposition, Buffalo, was entrusted to Mr. Grafly by the director of



ELECTRICITY

GROUP FOR LOUISIANA PURCHASE EXPOSITION

diseases, and that of James McManes antedate the De Camp bust by a year or more. The three taken together show a realization of the sculptor's grasp of character, for the types are wonderfully different. To introduce the symbolic phase again, Grafly has designed the pedestals to express with subtle eloquence the characteristics of the men.

Mr. Grafly received a lion's share of the work upon the Smith Memorial Arch in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia. His figure

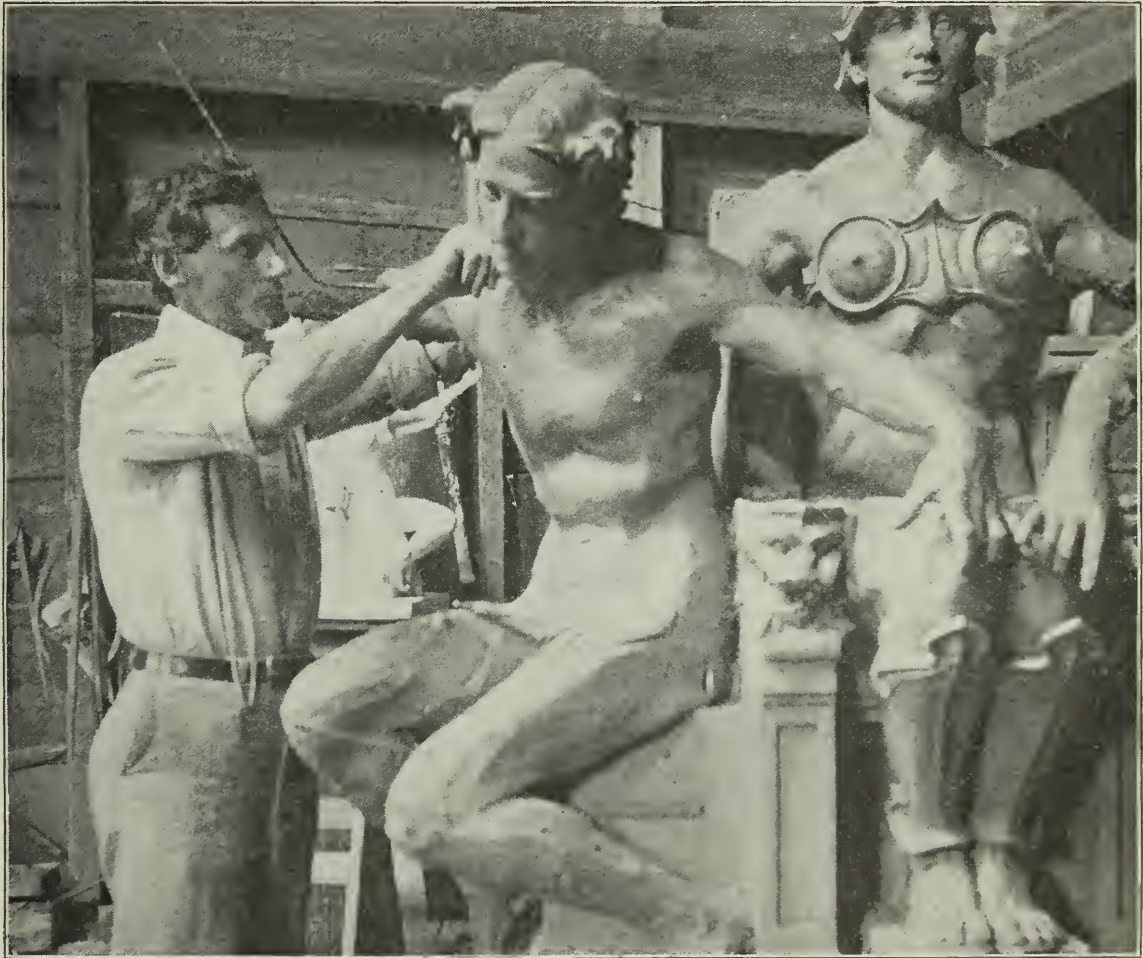
sculpture. The subject, *Man*, gave opportunity for the use of symbol and allegory. *Man*, the enigmatical, veiled and inscrutable, tops the fountain. Below, the five senses—expressed in human forms—make a decorative base in strong relief, and under these again are groups expressing the emotions. The success of the fountain was widely recognized.

The St. Louis World's Fair is now engaging the attention of no less than a hundred sculptors, in the elaborate lay-out

of the grounds contemplated by Karl Bitter, the director of sculpture. Two of the most important of these commissions have been assigned to Mr. Grafly. His figure, *Truth*, will become part of the permanent Fine Arts Palace, a building destined to have the greatest importance to the art of sculpture, since its embellishments will be in marble and bronze. *Truth*, by Grafly, and *Nature*, by Philip Martiny, will balance each other in two

decorative lines in the general scheme. The figure is gracefully modeled with the charm of subtle surface distinctions of which Mr. Grafly makes so much. The quality of the shell is admirably rendered, its polished interior and rough-hewn exterior being particularly effective against the soft pliancy of the figure. The type of the woman's face is noble, and her expression frank, fearless, and penetrating.

The sculptor's second work for St.



ELECTRICITY—A DETAIL

niches in the façade of the building, whose entrance will be flanked by colossal seated figures in marble, representing *Sculpture* and *Painting*, by French and Louis St. Gaudens. *Truth* will be in gilded bronze, against a mosaic background. Mr. Grafly's conception of the subject shows the figure of a young woman seated in alert posture upon a sphere supported by a widely-opened shell. Beneath her feet she crushes two serpents which, rearing their heads in the death struggle, form strikingly suggestive

Louis is a group to surmount the main entrance to the Electrical Building. It represents in three figures the mystery of the force of electricity. The central figure, the force—mythological in character—sits upright upon a throne-like seat and supports the outstretched arms of the man and woman seated on each side of it, who complete the electrical circuit by lightly touching the knees of the central figure with their fingers. This group was completed in the sculptor's summer studio at



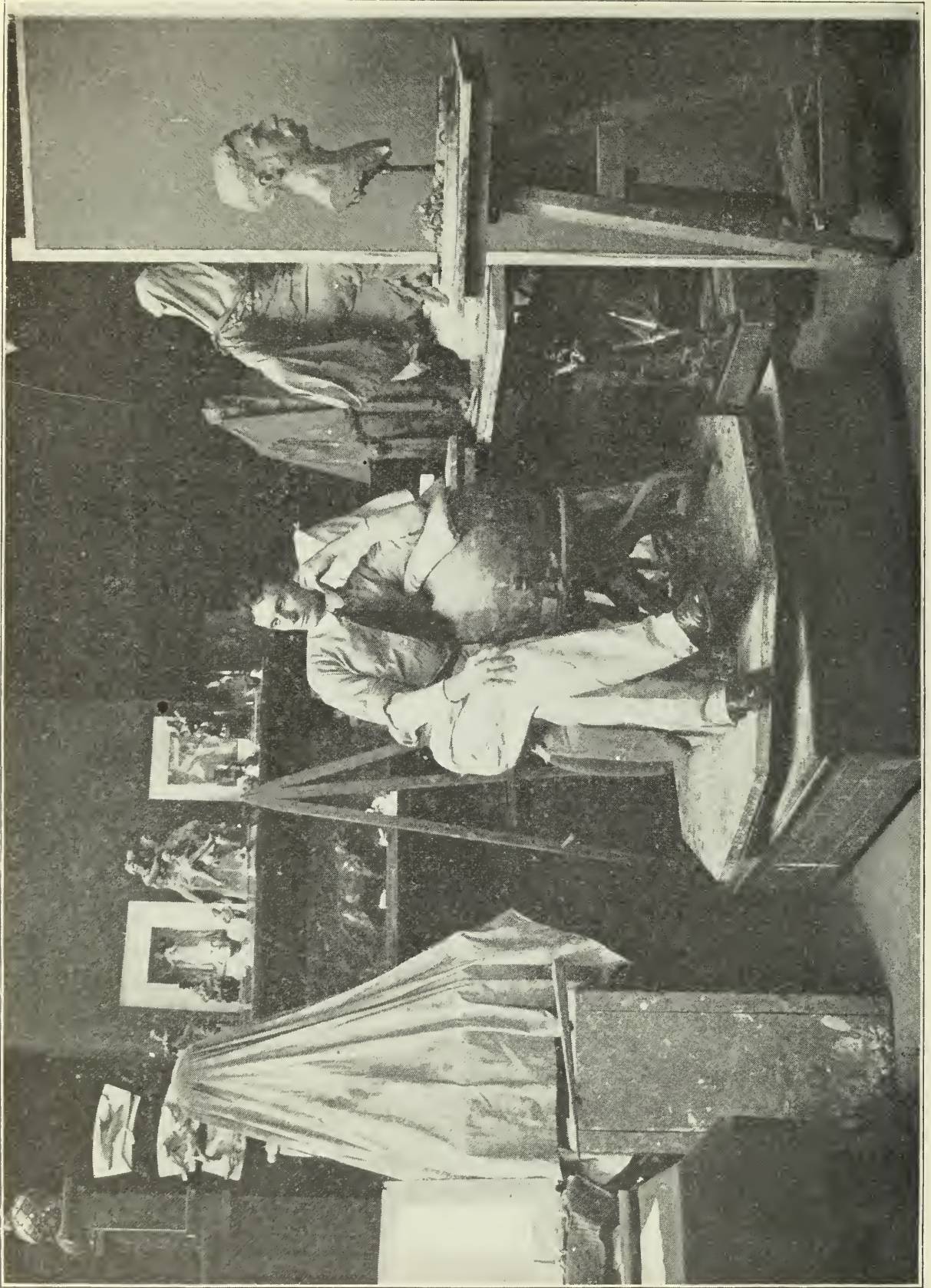
FOUNTAIN OF MAN

PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION



GENERAL REYNOLDS

SMITH MEMORIAL ARCH, PHILADELPHIA



GRAFLY IN HIS STUDIO

Folly Cove, Massachusetts, where he lived from June to October. To transplant the accessories of his art to this remote spot on the Cape Ann coast required courage. But once there, a more inspiring spot could scarcely be imagined. The house which Mr. Grafly secured for residence is situated on a height overlooking the blue sea as it stretches away toward the open, and comprehends a view of the near-by homes of the "natives," and the huts of the fisher-folk which nestle in by the small rock-bound cave. The industry of the place makes an appeal to the sculptor's sympathy. The beautiful surface of nature here is rich in granite and dotted with the tents of the stone-cutters. Picturesque types of Swedes and Finns work the quarries and give to the Cape a foreign aspect.

The studio was an erstwhile barn, converted to its new use simply by removing a bit of the upper flooring, for a good north light was already provided. For a long time models were not obtainable, but the group progressed rapidly despite hindrances, and was ready for the moulders by the end of August. The matrix was made in the studio and shipped in sections to Boston, where the group was cast in plaster and sent to the shops at Hoboken, New Jersey, where the enlargements for all the Exposition sculpture are made.

Several portrait busts are under way in the Philadelphia studio, and Mr. Grafly is about to start work upon his commissions for the New York Custom House. He is to make two of the twelve figures representing different countries which will form part of its architectural scheme. The figures allotted to Mr. Grafly will typify England and America.

There is little of the poetic dreamer in Grafly, nothing of the artistic pose. His studio is a well-equipped workshop, amplified and modified to fit his growing needs, as commissions have yearly become more numerous and more important. It is easily accessible for business purposes, and yet sufficiently off the line of routine travel to insure quiet and freedom from casual interruption. Here, clad in white duck and moccasins, Mr. Grafly is to be found always at work. With him, to conceive an idea is to execute it, and the studio, while full of sketch models of works

accomplished or in process of construction, is singularly free from the tentative output of the visionary sculptor. Early training doubtless has much to do with this sculptor's strong executive faculty. For five years he worked at the trade of marble cutting, learning the technical side of his art, while its emotional development was in its incipiency.

It is particularly interesting to note that this sculptor, whose fancy leads him to the use of ornate forms in the construction of his simplest work, is of Quaker extraction. His sole evidence of inherited talent is in the treasured effects of his maternal grandfather, who, when cut off from active life by untimely disablement, employed his enforced leisure in the dexterous cutting of wonderful portrait silhouettes and paper devices, including, as *pièce de résistance*, a certificate of his marriage, which, for simplicity of design and quaintness of embellishment, is the envy of connoisseurs of this lost art.

In so much as an artist must of necessity express himself in his work, there is much in Charles Grafly's personality which inevitably leads to a better comprehension of his sculpture, and more in a study of his work and manner of working which gives the keynote to a nature that is unconventional and almost baffling in its absolute directness and sincerity. Grafly is characterized by a certain definiteness of purpose, a quiet adherence to the tenets of a self-imposed faith, which have served him well, carrying him across apparently insuperable obstacles in the early days of sparse encouragement when public recognition at all hazards is the Mecca usually sought. Hence we find Grafly one of the few of the younger sculptors to take his courage in both hands and resist the destructive allurements of competitions. Hence we find him entirely adamant to the appeals of his clients for the conventional working out of their commissions, and thus his work, whatever its limitations, is the unsullied reflection of himself, the honest expression of his thought, quite unaffected by anything from the outside.

Allen W. Anderson



WILLIAM MILLER

From a contemporary lithograph



HALF-FORGOTTEN EVENTS OF THE PAST CENTURY

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE

I

THE END OF THE WORLD

Provided that too many things have not crowded upon our attention in the interval, it is as easy to remember an event that occurred a hundred years ago as one that happened last week. But the pace at which we are now living, and the abundance and detail of the reports of occurrences furnished by newspapers and other periodicals, so surfeit the mind as to produce the effect of a false perspective; recent matters appear remote; and even the events most striking at the time of their coming speedily grow indistinct, and fade into the common background. Our memory is not only weakened by the multitude of aids which it receives, but it becomes anemic from too constant employment with trivialities.

We call this the age of new things; but if our memory were better, we should often discover that what seems new is really but a fresh face on an old fact. It might turn out that there is nothing essentially unprecedented even in radium, or in the corruption of politics. Proteus runs through a seeming gamut of transformations, but remains at bottom pretty much the same old sixpence. There may be new combinations, circumstances, and consequences; but the elementary truths which animate the drama are not enlarged or altered. It may, therefore, prove edifying as well as

entertaining to fish up from the ocean of the past hundred years some of the strange creatures that occupy it, and see how they look in the daylight of the present.

A baby born to humble parents in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, in 1782, was destined to make an impression on his fellow-creatures which spread far and lasted long. William Miller was his name; he grew from a wholesome, comfortable baby to be a quiet, steady boy, and a square-faced, blue-eyed, kindly, self-possessed young man. As he grew yet older he probably possessed what we should now term magnetism; there was something in those eyes of his which denoted power and resource; his lips were reserved, and he said less than he meant. His sense of humor was far from being conspicuous, but it was quietly there, and made itself felt in that dryness of expression which characterizes the true-born Yankee. He was a sober man in an age when sobriety was not altogether the fashion; he had a serious regard for religion in an environment which was apt to postpone thoughts of the spiritual life. But he was a man in the full sense of the word, with passions and patriotism; and when the War of 1812 broke out, he fought the British with all the spirit of '76. He had before this settled in Poulteney, Vermont, and served his community as deputy sheriff. After his return from the war he was chosen justice of the peace; and there is no doubt that his decisions

were equitable and sensible, even if they were not always conspicuous for technical familiarity with statutes and legal precedents. He was fair and did right between man and man.

But there were thousands of men as good as he, and as intelligent, in the country at that time; and nobody has ever heard of one of them outside the circle of his immediate cronies. What was there in this William Miller, ex-captain of volunteers, and justice of the peace in the village of Poulteney, to distinguish him forever among all Americans who have been born since George III. was king? The keenest analyst of human nature might have studied him for a long time without detecting anything. Was it, after all, anything in William himself? or was it a turn of circumstances?—or, again, was it something high and mysterious, fated and provided for in the counsels of the Almighty? We may settle the question according to our lights and prejudices; there is no other way of settling it. We know only the outcome; and strange enough on any hypothesis that was. The last man to have foreseen it was, undoubtedly, William Miller himself; he was a very modest and retiring person, and needed, as we shall see, a good deal of prodding to bring him up to the scratch.

But there is one point in the matter which, so far as I am aware, has not been dwelt upon by his biographers; it may possess some significance. At the time his father was courting his mother, an event occurred in New England which formed a staple of conversation among the inhabitants for many years afterwards, and which, by many, was held to be a supernatural thing, of the gravest spiritual portent. This was the so-called "Dark Day" of May 19th, 1780; a deep and wide-spread obscuration of daylight, lasting some fifteen hours, and baffling the resources of the science of that period to explain it. Coming, as it did, when the influence of the Puritanical spirit was yet dominant in New England, and when the oppressions of George III. had resulted in the War of the Révolution, this physical blackening of the light of heaven could not fail to be regarded as an omen signifying some imminent catastrophe. As a matter of fact, it may have been due to forest fires in Can-

ada, combined with a peculiar state of the New England atmosphere; but there were no special newspaper correspondents in those days, and illusions and superstitions still survived. At all events, it was popularly held to "mean something"; and young Mrs. Miller probably shared the prevalent impression, and still retained it at the time when the future William Miller was in the preliminary stages of his experiences. And if this be so, we may easily understand that he would sooner or later, upon due provocation, exhibit, as a manifestation of "heredity," the consequences of his mother's emotions during the prenatal period.

Be that as it may, he became, after his fortieth year, a diligent student of the Holy Scriptures, especially of those parts which are known as prophetic—the enigmas of Daniel, and the visions of John at Patmos. Up to this time he had been a deist; but he now saw a new light; and it seemed to him that these obscure Biblical figures and symbols foretold events soon to occur in the world of today. He made his calculations as well as he could, and they confirmed him in the belief that about the year 1843 the Lord would appear in the clouds of heaven to judge the quick and the dead, and to reign with his saints on earth for a thousand years; while sinners should be condemned to punishment for a like period. It, therefore, behooved all those who wished to be saved to believe in time, and be numbered in the company of the elect. And because William Miller was a kindly and benevolent man, and wished well to all his fellow-creatures, he naturally felt a desire to communicate to them the results of his studies. There is no question that Miller was profoundly convinced of the truth of his ideas, and his serious and powerful nature produced upon those with whom he conversed a reflection more or less vivid of his own beliefs. But, on the other hand, his friends and acquaintances were few, and except he found some means to reach a larger audience, the consequences to erring mankind could not fail to be disastrous.

There was a newspaper published in his neighborhood, called the *Vermont Telegraph*; and about the year 1831 Miller sent contributions to this periodical, expatiating upon the subject which he had at

heart, which had many readers; and he and his views became the subject of much discussion among all sorts and conditions of people. Mankind loves a sensation; and no sensation could be more striking than the end of the present worldly dispensation. Miller found himself the centre of a growing interest, and in many quarters he was regarded, much against his will, as an inspired prophet. He always declared he was no prophet, and that anyone who would search the Scriptures would find in them all that he had announced. There is something peculiarly fascinating and compelling in speculations of this kind; the ground on which they are advanced is mathematical, and many men who would make light of anticipations based upon moral or transcendental arguments are unable to resist the cogency of a mathematical demonstration. It is hardly necessary to remark that Miller was not the first man who had foretold the Day of Judgment; in the year 1000 of our era the belief was prevalent in Europe that it was at hand, and there have always, since then, been people who might be classed as "Second Adventists." Nay, there is still living among us a very able man and mathematician, Lieutenant Totten, who until recently published a sort of periodical pamphlet, asserting that the Battle of Armageddon was to be fought during the closing years of the last century; and he had many followers, not all of whom accepted his precise dates, but who all agreed that the time would not be long delayed. And the now threatened outbreak of war in the East will doubtless give these believers fresh arguments in support of their dogma.

At all events, William Miller felt himself under obligations to make some further response to the general demand for instruction; and about 1832 he followed up his articles in the newspaper with the publication of a pamphlet, in which he attempted to collect and arrange the reasons for the faith that was in him. The chronology of history was carefully reviewed, and all signs were seen to point to the year 1843, or thereabouts (for he refused to be more precise than that) as the appointed time for the visitation of the Lord upon the earth. By this time his attitude had aroused a very general attention, and he became the object

of vigorous assault and even of ridicule from that large part of the population which is always found in opposition (for one cause or another) to aught that savors of belief in an actual Divine intervention in mortal affairs. And, as always happens, this opposition and ridicule served only to confirm the believers, and to arouse them to positive activity. The dispute, pro and con, was carried on with more or less vigor in almost every household of the Union, and on the street corners, and in the corner groceries; and each side ended, as they needs must, in confirming their own convictions and hardening those of their adversaries. It was the ancient conflict between "common sense" and religious faith. "Just wait and see!" was the final defiance which each must fling at the other.

Meanwhile, there may have been more in the matter than either of the disputants was altogether aware of. The period was one of a sort of spiritual renaissance in New England. It assumed various expressions, of which this End-of-the-World dogma was only one. Emerson had become a centre of transcendental activity in Concord, and the *Dial* was being mooted or published, and the Brook Farm experiment was announced, and other signs of a revolt against the humdrum and material were perceptible. We may regard them as a natural reaction, or as a divine inspiration, as we please. Possibly a species of Day of Judgment may arrive here more than once, and it may accomplish itself in a manner other than spectacular and palpable. Such suggestions are interesting, but cannot be discussed here. Our primary concern is with the adventures of William Miller.

There is, after all, no weapon in the human arsenal so powerful and persuasive as the actual voice, presence, and gesture of a true believer enunciating his doctrine. If he believe in his own message, he can make others believe with him, even though he be destitute of the technical arts of the orator; his truth transfigures him and makes him formidable. And William Miller, in order to fulfil his destiny, must abandon the pen, and arm himself with his tongue and his eye. That was the logic of the situation, and, by hook or by crook, to that personal issue it must be brought.

Miller himself entertained no such purpose or anticipation; and he was by tem-

perament strongly adverse to making any personal appeal or display. But one day, on a Hudson River steamboat, he fell into talk with some other passengers, one of whom remarked upon the wonderful inventions and improvements of the early part of the century, and opined that progress could not be expected to go on at such a rate; for, otherwise, man would attain to powers over nature greater than properly belonged to his condition. "Scripture tells," replied Miller, "that, before the last days, many shall run to and fro upon the earth, and knowledge shall be increased; this swiftness of our progress is but a sign that the end of the world is at hand." His hearers questioning his inference, Miller took up the eleventh chapter of Daniel, and, comparing the statements therein with the recent course of history, showed the apparent agreement of the prediction with the event. Meanwhile, many had gathered around him with pricked-up ears; whereupon, feeling embarrassed, he apologized for monopolizing the conversation, and endeavored to slip away. But this his audience would not allow; they cornered him and demanded further light; and he was finally constrained to review the entire prophecy of Daniel, and interpret it according to his convictions. This was his first experience with what might be termed a public audience; but the pamphlets and other writings which he had put forth had fallen in fertile ground, and several persons, among them two ordained clergymen, made them the text of addresses throughout the country, which served to intensify the growing interest in the subject. But the hearers of the disciples naturally craved to listen to the words of the master. "Give us more light!" was the cry that went up from scores of thousands of throats. Miller heard it, in his rural retreat, and strove to conceal himself, but in vain. The Angel of the Lord himself was on his trail, and the day came when he was brought to bay. Let us listen to his own story of this experience. It has the strange interest which, since Jacob wrestled with the angel, attaches to all spiritual crises in the lives of men who have become eminent in religious propaganda; and in the conditions attending such crises there is generally a curious family resemblance.

During his study hour, one summer-

morning in 1833, he was aware, not for the first time in his life, of an inner voice saying to him, "Go and tell it to the world!" But on this occasion the injunction came with so much greater force than usual that he felt as if he were confronted with a personal presence; and he sank back in his chair, faltering out, "I cannot go, Lord!" "Why not?" came the instant response; and then Miller tried to justify his timidity; but he was so closely and sternly pressed by his angelic interlocutor that at length, in sore distress, he "entered into a solemn covenant with God" (to use his own words) "that, if He would open the way, I would go and perform my duty to the world. 'What do you mean by opening the way?' seemed to come to me. 'Why,' said I, 'if I should have an invitation to speak publicly in any place, I will go and tell them what I find in the Bible about the Lord's coming.' Instantly all my burden was gone, and I rejoiced that I should not probably be thus called upon; for I had never had such an invitation."

Yet, within half an hour of this mystic dialogue, the son of a neighbor living sixteen miles away appeared before him with a message from his father; there was to be no preaching in the church that coming Sunday, and Miller was urged to ascend the pulpit and talk to the congregation about the Lord's coming. "Then," says Miller, "I rebelled at once against the Lord, and determined not to go. I left the boy without giving him any answer, and retired in great distress to a grove near by; there I struggled with the Lord for about an hour, endeavoring to release myself from the covenant I had made with him; but could get no relief. It was impressed upon my conscience, 'Will you make a covenant with God and break it so soon?' and the exceeding sinfulness of thus doing overwhelmed me. I finally submitted, and promised the Lord that, if He would sustain me, I would go, trusting in Him to give me grace and ability to perform all He should require of me." Accordingly, he went back with the boy to his father's house, and with that event began a ministry which lasted more than a dozen years, and was the occasion of some four thousand lectures.

With the approach of the fated year 1843, the excitement became intensified;

but the exact date of the great event could not be determined by its adherents. Some said it would fall on the 10th of February; others on the 15th; and when both of these days passed without any visible consequence, the 14th of April was named, and was held to be beyond doubt the appointed time. Many persons are said to have sold all their possessions in order to raise funds to erect a tabernacle in which to meet and pray in expectation of their ascension; farmers would neither reap nor sow, thinking it impious to store up grain against a season which would never arrive; while in many places the opposition to the believers was so bitter that they were abused and even stoned and otherwise maltreated. But violence never yet discouraged the truly faithful.

All this while, Miller himself had persistently declared that he would not regard the prophecy as in any way discredited if the last day did not arrive during the year 1843. He called attention to the fact that the Jewish year did not end until March 21, 1844, and he therefore announced his belief that the following day would probably see the last of the present worldly dispensation. On the 6th of October he issued this message to his followers: "If Christ does not come within twenty or twenty-five days, I shall feel twice the disappointment I did in the spring." This was accepted as final; and for several days before the date specified scores of thousands of persons suspended all secular work; and on the 21st of October one hundred and fifty devotees gathered in a field, four miles below Market Street, Philadelphia, and encamped there in two large tents, in the full assurance of being caught up to heaven the next morning. But they were regarded as extremists by Miller and the more conservative Second Adventists, and when the 22d of October dawned, and nothing unusual happened, the unfortunate tent-dwellers were constrained to return to their homes without even the consolation of their fellow-religionists' sympathy.

The contention of Miller and the Millerites was, however, overthrown all along the line; and the supporters of "common sense" were victorious. Yet, inasmuch as there is always a liability to err in making mathematical calculations based upon

so insecure a foundation as the precise date of the creation of the world, Miller and the more devoted of his disciples would not give up the conviction that, though they had made a mistake, the *Dies Iræ* was, nevertheless, not far off. For the time being some of them fixed upon September, 1847, as the period; and when even that went by without incident, they took refuge in more or less vague conjectures. Miller was too sincere and ardent a man, and too much convinced of the truth of the principles on which he had proceeded, to accept unqualified defeat. Indeed, he justified even the mistakes he had made by saying: "Will the Master condemn the porter and his friends for making these false alarms? Will he punish them for disturbing the carousings of their brethren? Which of these two classes of servants will have shown the most love for their Master?" To the end of his life he maintained his stand. "Were I to live my life over again," he wrote, "with the same evidence I then had, to be honest with God and man I should have to do as I have done. I confess my error, and acknowledge my disappointment; yet I still believe that the day of the Lord is near, even at the door." These may be considered his last words; he died in 1849. To him, as to all of us, the day of death was the day of the Lord.

All who met William Miller respected him; those who knew him loved him. There was no trace of self-seeking in all his propaganda. He had a strong brain, an honest nature, a brave and constant heart. But his mistake was, perhaps, not so much in naming a specific date, as in supposing that the Second Coming of the Lord can be a visible and sensible manifestation. It may be accomplished by means of an inner spiritual enlightenment of mankind, stimulating them to unforeseen achievements in the mastery of nature and their own development. In our interpretation of Biblical prophecies it must not be forgotten that the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life.

Duncan Stewart



BUILDING THE NEW BRIDGE AT COATESVILLE, PA.



RECONSTRUCTING A GREAT AMERICAN RAILWAY

By F. N. BARKSDALE

ENGINEERING ASPECTS OF THE NEW PENNSYLVANIA

By W. L. WEBB

HOW THE PENNSYLVANIA RECONSTRUCTION WAS FINANCED

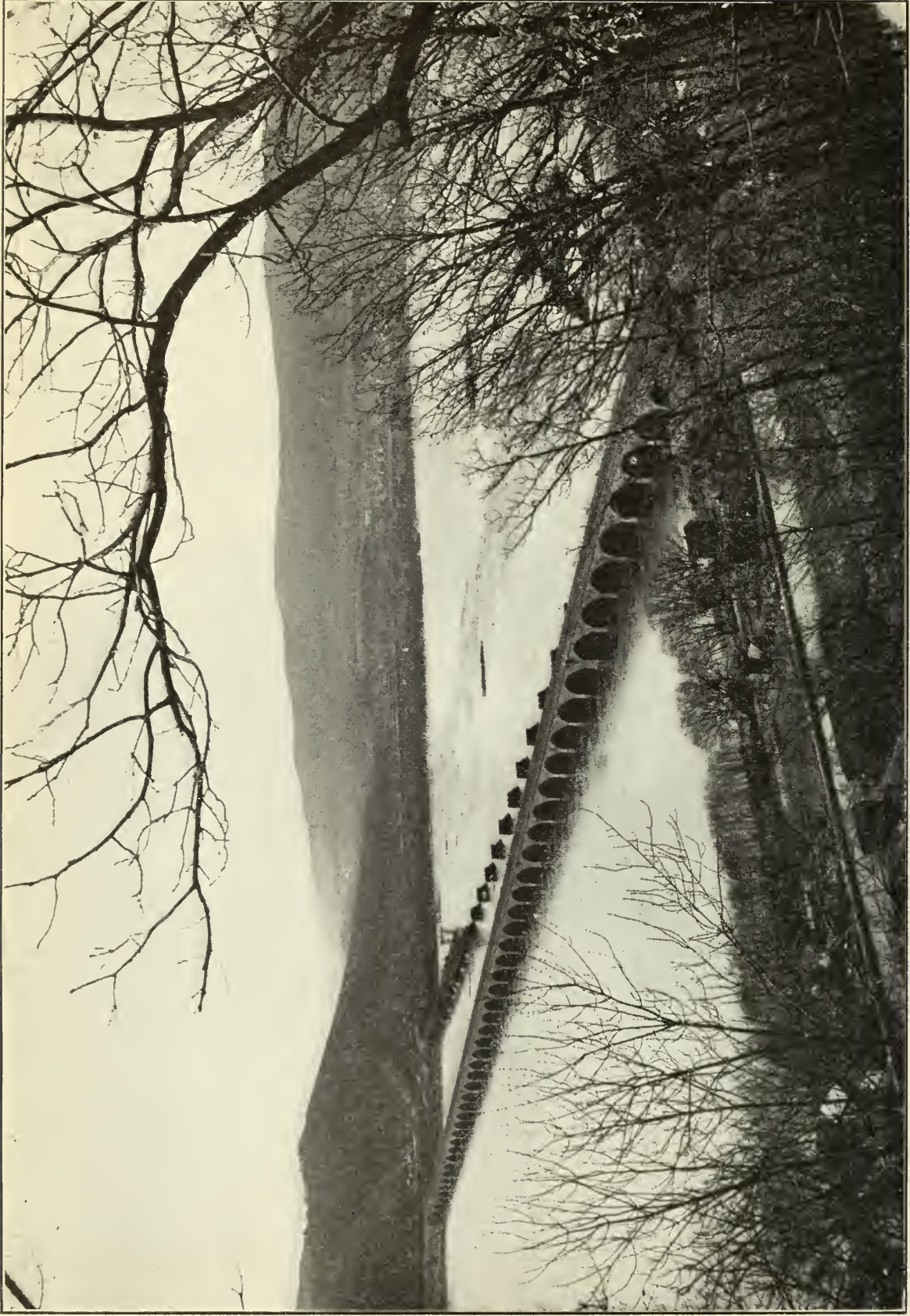
By E. J. EDWARDS

RECONSTRUCTING A GREAT AMERICAN RAILWAY

By F. N. BARKSDALE

The question of the prompt forwarding of traffic has never before forced itself so strongly on the attention of a carrying corporation as it has upon the managers of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company within the past five years. A budding fruition of prosperity, bursting into full bloom at the conclusion of the Spanish-American War, found the company in a splendid physical state to meet all the requirements of ordinary transportation conditions; but the unexampled revival of every class of industry, the demand of the busy world for the output of mine, furnace, and mill, and the distribution of the splendid harvests to the markets of the land, sorely taxed the capacity of a railroad which came in direct touch with the sections in which this activity was most manifest. Coincident with this period, unexampled in the industrial history of this country, occurred the change in the headship of the Pennsylvania Railroad organ-

ization, which resulted in the accession of Mr. Cassatt to the presidency. As an employé and officer from his youth he had seen and aided in the development of the corporation, and as a director for seventeen years he had maintained the closest intimacy with its affairs, and had enjoyed the confidence of, and had given his advice and counsel to, the two preceding presidents. He was as familiar with all the conditions surrounding the property as if his executive connection had never ceased; and when he took up the reins of administration he immediately began that policy of expansion, both external and internal, which his broad vision and ripe experience dictated to his judgment. The task which he set himself was to re-equip the great property so that it could successfully cope with the quickened energies of the industrial world, and could perform in a creditable manner its duty to the public as a great medium of transportation. The



THE BRIDGE ACROSS THE SUSQUEHANNA AT ROCKVILLE IS THE LONGEST STONE ARCH BRIDGE IN THE WORLD. IT IS SEVEN-EIGHTHS OF A MILE LONG, CARRIES FOUR TRACKS, AND COST ONE MILLION DOLLARS

ROCKVILLE BRIDGE

insistent cause of the stupendous constructive works which he instituted is best set forth in an extract from his annual report of 1902 to the shareholders:

“The remarkable development of business throughout the country, and particularly in the sections served by your lines, created during the past year a demand for transportation which could not be supplied. For, although the traffic carried over the roads composing your system east and west of Pittsburg aggregated nearly 270,000,000 tons, being an increase of 26,000,000 tons, or more than ten per cent. over the previous year, the necessities of the industries dependent upon your lines demanded a much larger movement. The inability to accommodate these industries was due mainly to lack of track and yard facilities. It has been the policy of your management, for years past, to continuously increase these facilities so as to keep them up to the demands of the traffic; but although heavier expenditures have been made for this purpose since the beginning of the present period of business activity than ever before in the same time, the exceptional growth of the tonnage has outstripped the facilities that it was practicable to create. The duty which your company owes to the public, as well as to the shareholders, clearly requires that your lines should be put in a condition to supply the legitimate demand of your shippers.”

The dominating demands of the increasing volume of traffic were additional trackage, reduction of grades, and enlarged facilities for handling freight, both in transit and at terminal points. These demands were pressing and insistent, but the necessary capital to meet them was available; and the most comprehensive scheme of construction and reconstruction ever undertaken by any corporation was inaugurated at once all along the line.

The work of reconstruction, relocation, and revision of the tracks extends over four hundred and forty-four miles from Jersey City to Pittsburg. The trackage on the New York division had already been increased to four lines of rails, but in many cases these needed to be revised and straightened. Massive stone bridges, carrying four tracks, were constructed over the Raritan at New Brunswick and over the Delaware at Trenton; and all the grade crossings between New York and Philadelphia were abolished by elevation of the roadbed. Some of this work is still in progress, while the laying of the fifth and sixth tracks between Newark and Trenton is in the incipient stage.

The entrance to Philadelphia, constricted by physical limitations, was enlarged by a splendid piece of engineering, which trans-

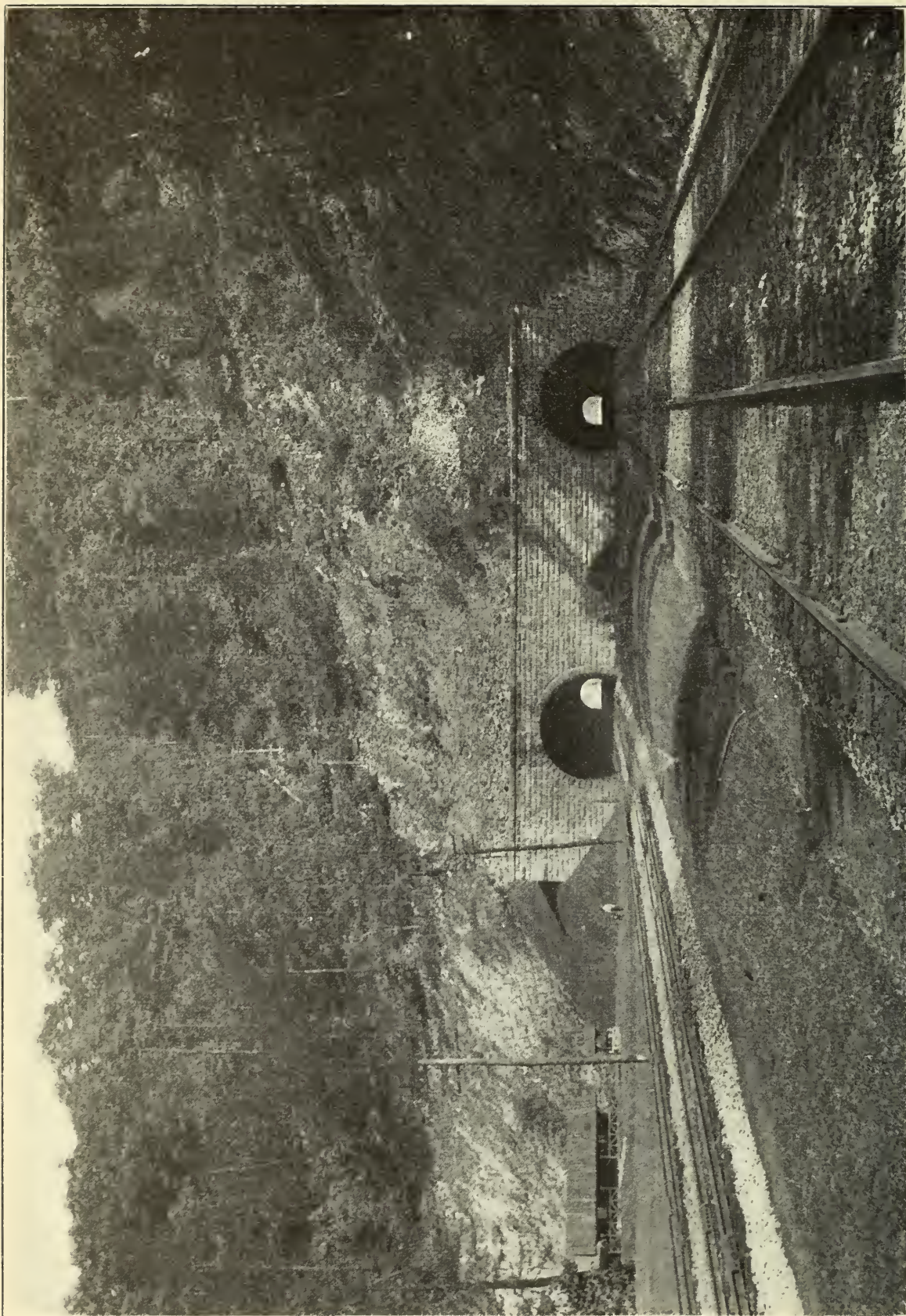
formed the cramped old yard in West Philadelphia into a commodious gateway for the passage of all classes of trains by overhead, surface, and subway tracks.

On the main line between Philadelphia and Harrisburg two additional tracks are being laid to Paoli, twenty miles west, making six in all to that point, where a new double track line from York Haven on the Susquehanna river, ninety-two miles long, now under construction, joins the main line. This new road is built on low grades, and is designed for the movement of freight through to the East in connection with the Trenton Cut-off, thereby not only relieving the main line of a dense mass of through traffic, but adding to the efficiency of the locomotive in its tractive power by reason of the reduction in grades.

By far the greatest work, both in scope and expenditure, is that which has been accomplished, or is now in progress, between Harrisburg and Pittsburg. The object aimed at is the construction of four tracks around and over the mountains; and, in order to accomplish this, mountains have vanished before the contractor's shovel, and streams have found new beds.

The new stone viaduct at Rockville may be considered the starting point of this great work. It is the largest stone bridge in the world. It is seven-eighths of a mile in length, fifty-two feet wide, and carries four tracks. It cost a round million, but it is there for ever. It is the premier of the type of bridges which the Pennsylvania Railroad is building to replace the steel bridges on the entire line, the latest of which is now under construction at Coatesville over the gorge of the Brandywine.

At the west end of the Rockville bridge a typical example of the tremendous undertaking of duplicating the line is seen. The nose of a mountain of considerable height intercepted the path of the new roadway, but through the perfect work of modern grading machinery the projecting spur has been shaved off as if it were part of a giant cheese, and the earth has been utilized to fill in a wide flat hard by, and thus supply a new foundation for increased trackage. The operation by which a seemingly insurmountable obstacle has been overcome is fascinating in its boldness, and the magnificent result more than justifies the labor and the expense of accomplishing it.



SPRUCE CREEK TUNNELS

INCREASING THE NUMBER OF TRACKS FROM TWO TO FOUR HAS INVOLVED
PIERCING THE MOUNTAIN AT SPRUCE CREEK WITH A SECOND TUNNEL

From this point westward, a distance of one hundred and thirty miles, the line of the road follows the banks of the Juniata River. At times the beautiful valley broadens into fertile meadows, and at other points the mountains rise up from the banks of the stream, leaving scant space for the passage of the old road. In these narrows the mightiest work has been done, and in some instances the new embankment has encroached upon the stream to the extent of changing the bed of its channel. The old canal, once the pride of the State, has been filled in, and the lazy motive power of the ancient canal-boat has yielded its course to the fleet locomotive of the twentieth century. On this section of the road topographical conditions have rendered necessary the construction of an entire new railroad, separate and apart from the original at many points. A notable instance of this occurs at Duncannon, where, to avoid grade crossings and secure a better line, the new road is located on the opposite side of the town. And again, at Spruce Creek, not only has a new line been built for several miles parallel to the old, but a new stone bridge has been built over the Juniata, and the mountain has been pierced by a new double track tunnel to accommodate the new roadbed.

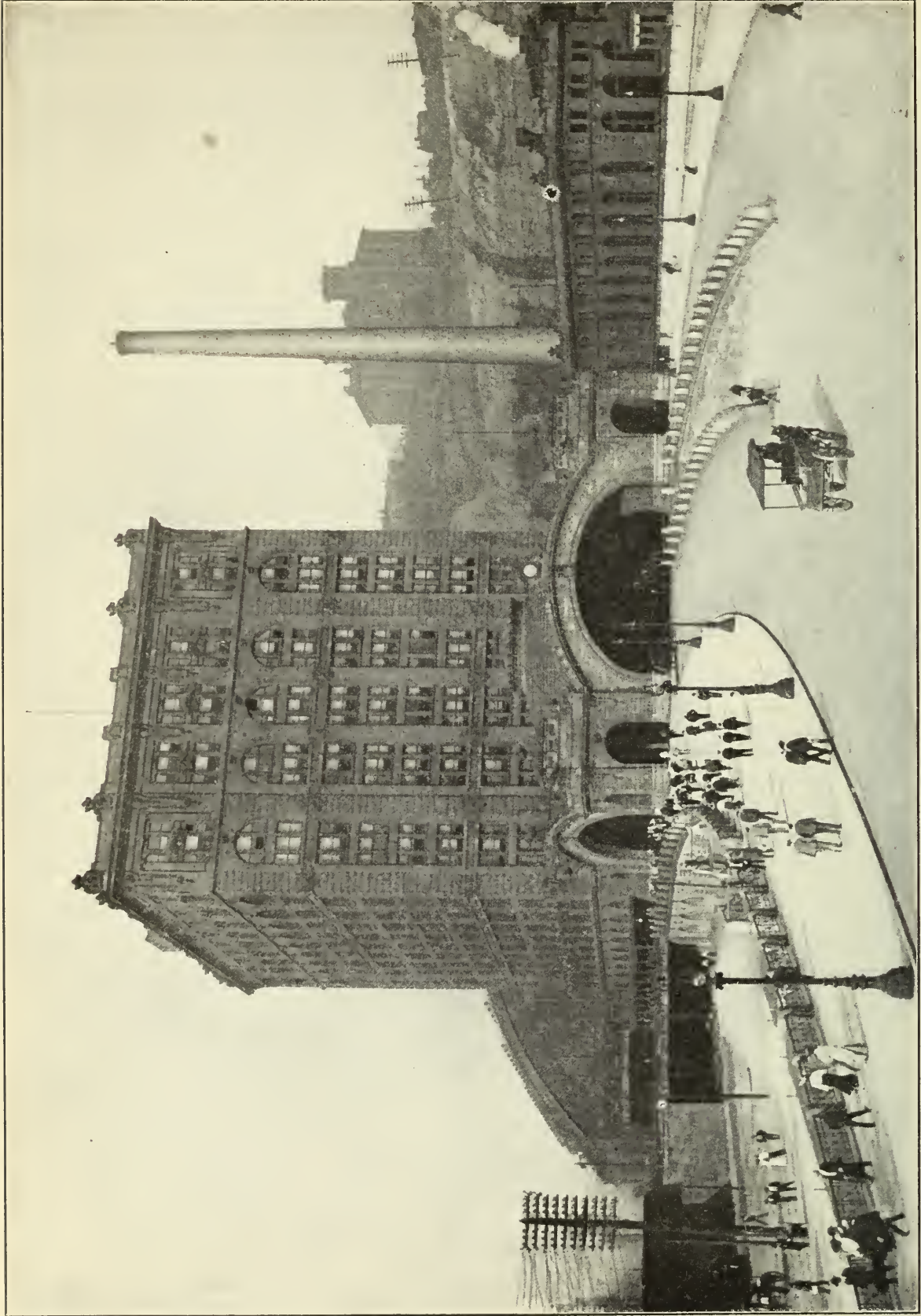
Time and again the lovers of the picturesque in nature are shocked by newspaper rumor that the famous Horseshoe Curve is doomed. They say that a great bridge is to be thrown across the deep valley, of which the curve is the head, and that trains are to be elevated from one mountain to the other by this means. If the physical impossibilities of this feat were not patent to the uninitiated, the fact that entire sections of the mountains hedging the curve have been shaved away, at the cost of millions, to furnish a foundation for the new tracks should give that dream its quietus forever. At any rate the Horseshoe is safe, for another low-grade, double track relief road has been constructed some distance below in the valley, which, leaving the main line at Petersburg, and meandering along the banks of the Big Juniata, follows the course of the Portage road—originally built and operated by the State—pierces the summit of the Alleghenies through the enlarged Portage tunnel, and unites with the main line again

at Cresson. This auxiliary line is used principally for freight purposes, but it can be used for passenger trains in case of a blockade on the main line. It, with the other separate freight roads, is a practical demonstration of the wisdom of divorcing the passenger and freight roadways.

On the western slope of the mountain the engineer who ran the original lines would not recognize the right of way of the present time. The road bed has been shifted to new sites, the mountains have been cleaved in two, and the topography of the land altered—seemingly regardless of expense—to a suitable path for the modern locomotive. And yet, to the ordinary eye the purpose of all this work resolves itself into the simple effect of securing a level and straight line.

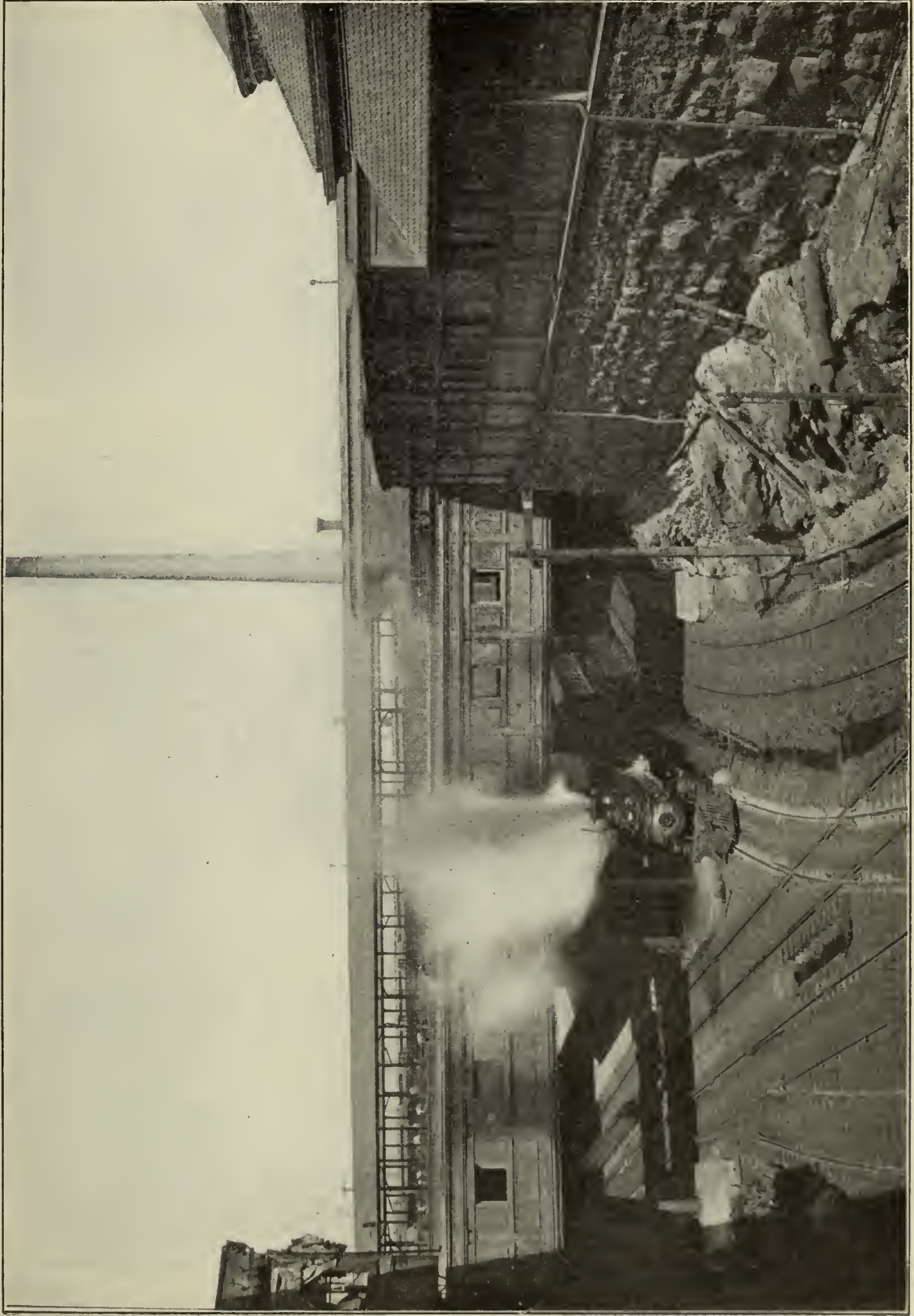
In the narrow defile where the picturesque Packsaddle sinks abruptly to the water level to let the Conemaugh River through, an undertaking of titanic proportions is being successfully executed, and by the time these words are in type an entire section of the mountain will be leveled by dynamite and a shelf will be formed for two additional tracks. On this piece of work alone a regiment or more of workmen is employed, besides the machinery operated by steam power. The contractor's railroad for handling the debris is an elevated structure of imposing proportions, extending through the canyon for many miles.

The Pittsburg division, reaching from Altoona to Pittsburg (one hundred and sixteen miles) is doubtless the busiest piece of railroad of its extent in the world. The tonnage moved over it is not only the heaviest of any portion of the road, but the number of the trains is the largest. It is significant to note that, although a greater part of this division has been in the hands of the workmen for three years, there has been no serious interference with traffic. In what is known as the "Pittsburg District" the same policy of expansion and improvement maintains. Apart from the construction of the new passenger terminal, and the elevation of the passenger tracks through Pittsburg and Allegheny, a new auxiliary line, to connect with the various divisions of the road terminating at that point, is under construction; also,



THE NEW STATION AT PITTSBURG EMBODIES THE BEST
MODERN FACILITIES FOR HANDLING PASSENGER TRAFFIC

THE PITTSBURG TERMINAL



WEST PHILADELPHIA STATION

THREE MILLION DOLLARS HAVE BEEN SPENT IN IMPROVING THE FACILITIES IN WEST PHILADELPHIA. THE CHANGES SAVE TEN MINUTES BETWEEN NEW YORK AND WASHINGTON, AND RELIEVE THE PRESSURE ON BROAD STREET STATION

a new elevated freight line through the city, and five new freight yards. Nearly \$10,000,000 will be required for this work, but experience has proven that these facilities are absolutely necessary to handle the traffic of this phenomenal centre of industry.

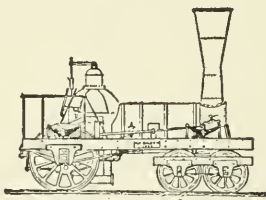
The result of all this work will be the greatest railroad in the world. Four tracks the entire distance from New York to Pittsburg, six tracks for a considerable portion of the way, and two auxiliary roads relieving the sections where traffic is densest, present a physical equipment that is matchless in the history of railroads. It is the natural highway for the greatest area of productiveness in this country, and the constantly multiplying volume of traffic will bring to it an increased revenue that will fully justify its cost.

With the increased capacity of the roadway comes the necessity for adequate freight terminals and for what are known as "classification yards" at divisional points on the line. Into the classification yards long trains of freight cars are run; there they are broken up into smaller trains destined for the various termini of the road, a work requiring large forces of experienced trainmen and a highly perfected system in order to insure accuracy and promptness. The Greenville yard is the tidewater terminal at New York bay, from which freight will be distributed by floats to Greater New York, and New

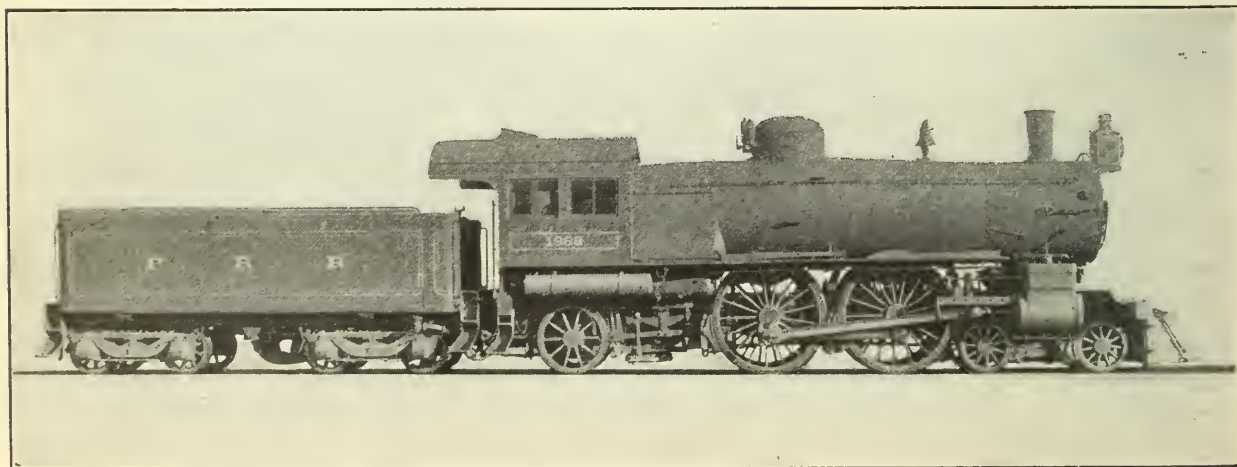
England freight floated over to Bay Ridge, and thence transhipped by rail via the new Blackwell's Island bridge to New England. Enormous docks are now under construction which will make it the largest terminal of its kind in this country. One of the largest classification yards is located at Wilmington. In the vast industrial section surrounding Pittsburg there are several of these yards, notable among them being the Thompson yards of the Monongahela steel-making district. A typical classification yard is now being built at Fairview, the new terminus of the low-grade line near Harrisburg. Four thousand workmen are engaged in its construction, and some seventy "dinkey" engines. When it is completed it will contain one hundred and forty miles of trackage.

An ingenious method of building these yards is now in use, known as the "hump" method. A hump or ridge is constructed in the yard, from which the lateral tracks descend. The trains are run up on this hump, and as the cars are cut out they run down their appointed tracks by gravity. The daily capacity of a yard for shifting is doubled by this process. The yard at Altoona is unique. It is built on the side of a mountain, and the movements are made by gravity without the aid of a "hump."

The cost of the reconstruction which has been described was estimated in the president's report of 1902 as \$67,000,000. The president's comment on this



"LANCASTER"—1834



THE FIRST PENNSYLVANIA LOCOMOTIVE AND THE LATEST ENGINE
(PHOTOGRAPHED ON THE SAME SCALE)

great expenditure is its best justification: "While this is a large sum, no less an expenditure will enable your company to perform its duty to the public. Your Board are satisfied that the investment of this amount will result in largely increased net earnings to your property, not only from the greater volume of traffic which will be handled, but through the economies which will result from the reduction of grades, the better location and arrangement of yards, and the saving in shifting service, now unduly expensive, and in overtime to train crews, which, owing to the overcrowding of yards and tracks, has become a serious item. While the amount of savings cannot be estimated

with positive accuracy, it is safe to say that in the handling of last year's tonnage upon the lines east of Pittsburg they would have amounted to several millions of dollars."

An additional sum of \$30,000,000 may be added to the above figures for work previously done, bringing the total to about \$100,000,000 as the cost of the reconstructed road, exclusive of the cost of the new terminals at New York and Washington. The result will be to double the carrying capacity of the road, and to accelerate the speed of its trains, both passenger and freight.

J. N. Randall

ENGINEERING ASPECTS OF THE NEW PENNSYLVANIA

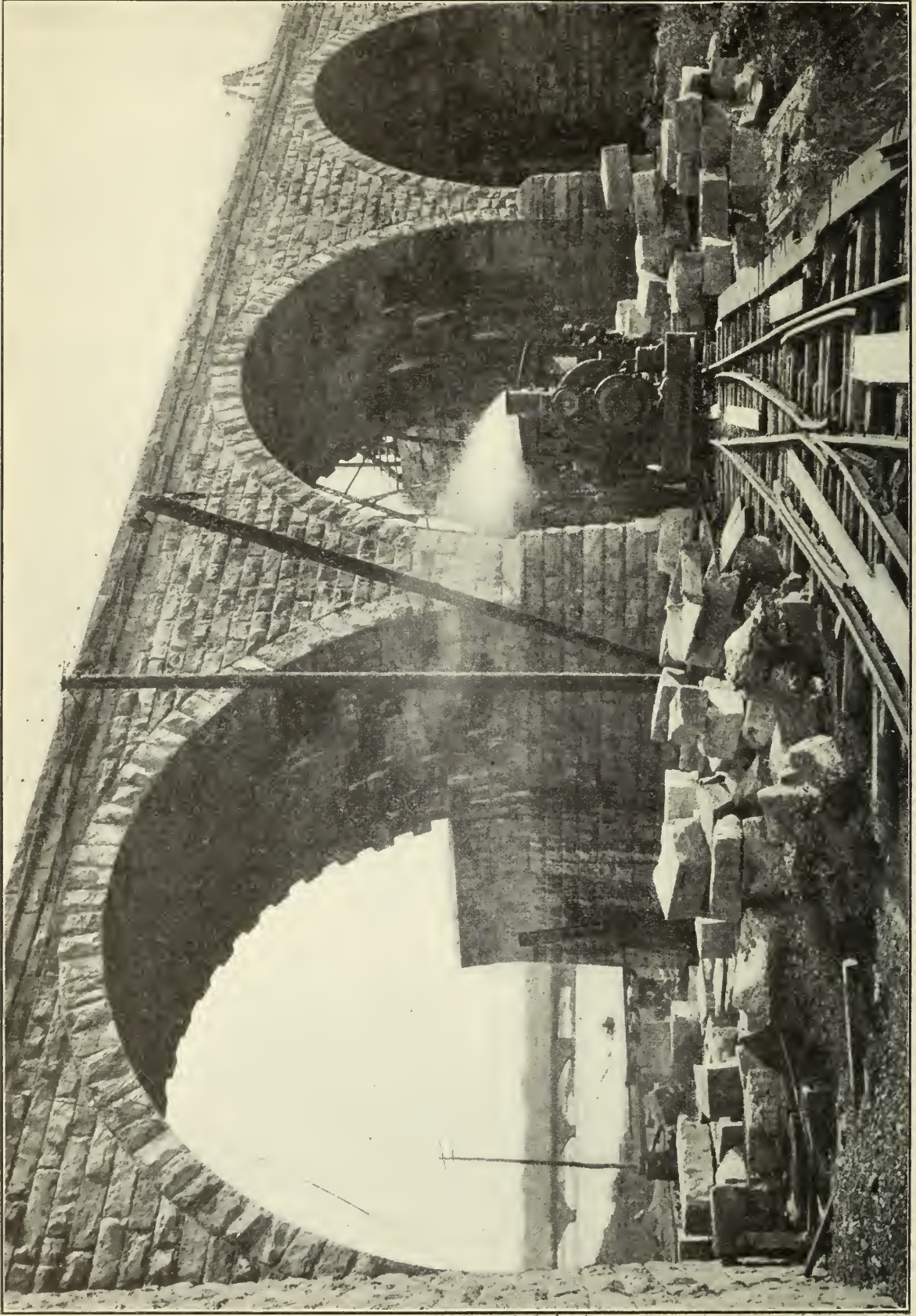
By W. L. WEBB

The world's men of genius often dream of the future development of their present achievements, but at times, like some of the prophets of old, they are "ashamed of their prophecy." It is certain that the wildest dreams of the engineer, Major John Wilson, who in 1827 surveyed the railroad from Philadelphia to Columbia, which now forms part of the great Pennsylvania Railroad system, could not have pictured such a road as now exists. The first regular locomotive, the "Lancaster," built by M. W. Baldwin, weighed eight tons, had a length of fifteen feet, three inches (exclusive of the tender), and was capable of drawing a gross load of fifty-six tons. The accompanying cut shows on the same scale the "Lancaster" and one of the monsters which now haul the fast expresses. Instead of 16,000 pounds weight we have 176,600 pounds, besides the tender, which weighs loaded 132,500 pounds. The tender carries 5,500 gallons of water and 22,000 pounds of coal. The total length of the engine is seventy feet, two inches. Such a comparison not only illustrates the growth in motive power, but reflects also the general development of the road.

The millions which have been spent in improvements during the past few years by the Pennsylvania Railroad may readily

be divided into certain well-defined groups. The justification for a part of these expenditures is easily appreciated. Enlarged stations and terminals, new bridges, and even short tunnels to avoid crossing streets and other railroads at grade, are such plain necessities for the convenience and safety of the public that no discussion is needed. But the public does not so readily comprehend why a "cut-off," involving a long and expensive stone arch bridge or a hundred-foot cut through a hill, will add to the real value of the road as much as it costs.

An example of this is found in the new stone arch bridge at Trenton, which, with its approaches, has cost approximately one million dollars. It is perfectly true that for almost any other road in this country this construction would be an unjustifiable extravagance. But the Pennsylvania Railroad is not an ordinary road. Its traffic is enormous. It operates against a competition which justifies a large expenditure to cut off even a few minutes of the required time between Philadelphia and New York. As a part of a general policy, it was desired to eliminate several grade crossings of streets in Trenton, and this alone would have required extensive reconstruction. It is also a part of the policy of the road to substitute masonry arches for steel bridges



A TYPICAL STONE ARCH BRIDGE

MASSIVE STONE ARCH BRIDGES ARE BEING SUBSTITUTED FOR STEEL BRIDGES ALL ALONG THE LINE

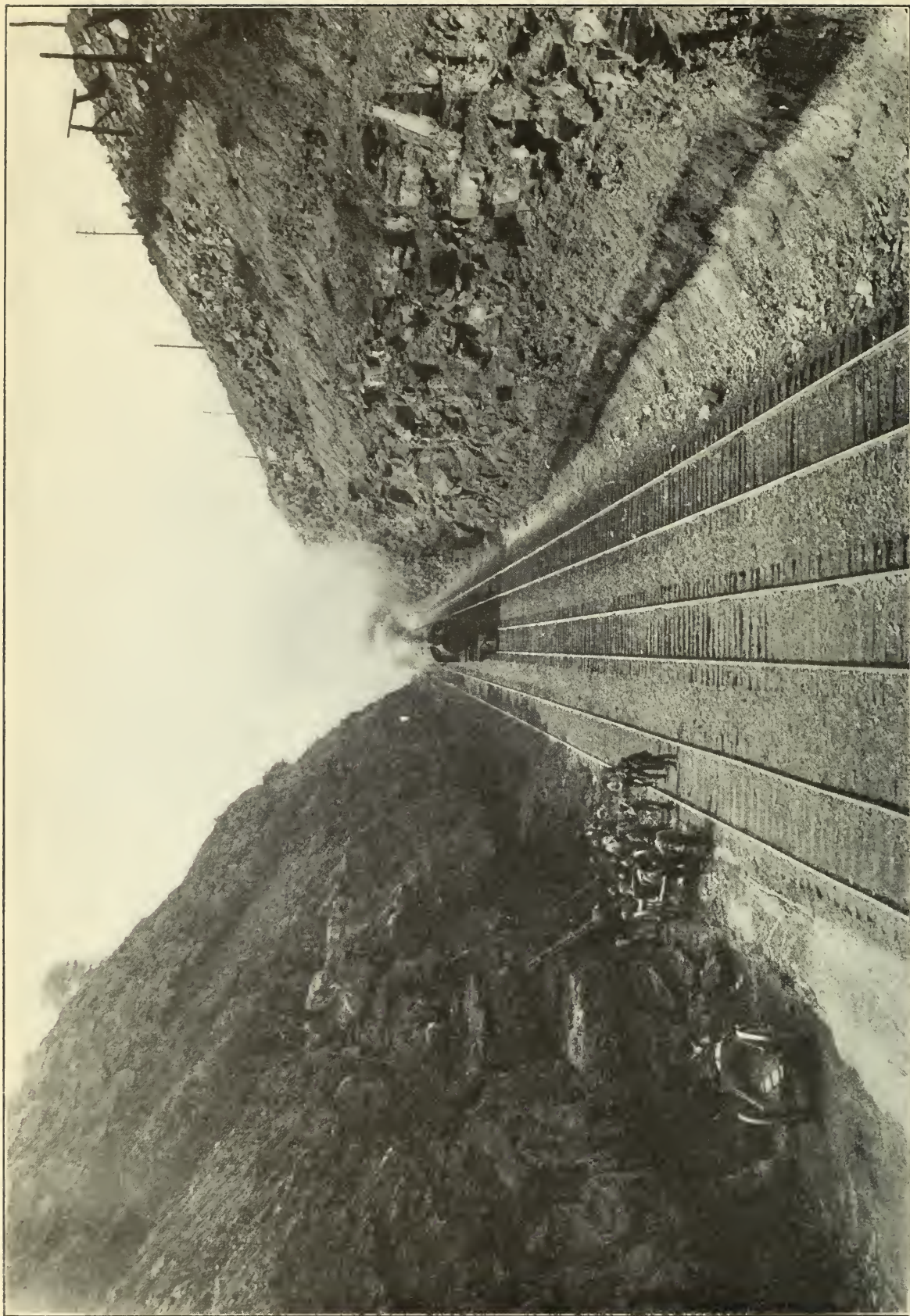
wherever practicable. The old line included a long curve on the Morrisville side of the river. Part of this curve is a "four-degree curve," which means that its radius is less than fifteen hundred feet. Many an engineer, running a railroad line through the mountains, would consider himself very happy to be able to make all his curves as easy as this; but when a train must be run with as many miles as possible within the sixty-second limit, even a four-degree curve is an obstruction. But there is still more reason. Curvature greatly increases the cost of operation. The rails wear faster, the wheels wear faster, the wear and tear on engines and cars is greater; the curves cause additional resistance, which requires more work from the locomotive, which burns more coal, and increases the repair bill. The pressure of the wheel flanges on the rail is greater, and some day a wheel flange breaks, in spite of careful inspection, and the cost of the resulting accident would go a long way toward paying for the whole improvement. The total saving in curvature in the changes at Trenton is nearly a right angle, and this alone justifies a large part of the expenditure, considering the large number of trains which are affected.

Somebody has said that the first cost of masonry should be its only cost, that is, it should be so well constructed that it will never need repairs. The rapid increase in the weight of railroad rolling stock during the last few years has necessitated the renewal of many steel bridges, which were perfectly sound but which could not safely carry the increased weight of heavier locomotives and cars. Some steel bridges have been renewed more than once for this one reason. By replacing the steel bridges with masonry arches the Pennsylvania Railroad has solved the question for all time, although at considerable cost, and has also erected structures whose cost for maintenance should be insignificant. The construction is so massive that no matter what the speed, no matter whether in the distant future the weight of engines and cars is still further increased in as great ratio as is indicated by the "Lancaster" and the modern engine, such a bridge will carry the heaviest traffic without a jar.

Many have noticed and perhaps wondered at a change of line which has been

made at great expense and for which there appears to be little or no reason. Perhaps the new track is actually longer than the old track. Perhaps the old line has no offensively objectionable curvature in it, at least nothing which would apparently justify such an expensive reconstruction. There are miles on miles of such reconstruction on the Pennsylvania Railroad as well as on some other first-class roads in the country. The justification for such work is purely a technical matter, and yet the fundamental logic of it is simple. Experience has shown that the total cost of operating trains is, roughly, the same per train-mile whether the traffic is heavy or light, the trains many or few, long or short. In support of this remarkable and perhaps incredible statement figures may readily be taken from the annual reports of the Interstate Commerce Commission, in which are given the operating expenses per train-mile for nearly every railroad in the United States. During a recent year ten of the largest railroads in the country, each with a length of several thousand miles, spent an average of 96.9 cents per train-mile. Ten other small roads, selected at random, except that their lengths were between forty and one hundred miles, spent 81.9 cents per train-mile. The average for the whole United States was 95.6 cents per train-mile. The cost per train-mile for any road had no apparent connection with its mileage or volume of business. Therefore if, by a reduction of grade, a train-load for a single engine can be made one thousand tons instead of five hundred tons, the one thousand-ton train can be hauled nearly as cheaply as the five hundred-ton train, while the receipts for handling the freight are a constant quantity regardless of the method of handling.

But, it may be asked, is such a reduction of resistance possible that the weight of a train may be doubled? The force required at the locomotive drawbar to haul a train over a straight and level track, although somewhat variable, has been reduced to about six pounds for each ton of the weight of the train. Under some unfavorable conditions, especially when starting the train, the resistance is considerably more than this, but when the wheels and axles are in good condition it may be, and often is, much less. The



STRAIGHTENING THE LINE AND REDUCING THE GRADES ON THE PITTSBURG DIVISION HAVE INVOLVED SOME HEAVY CUTS. THE ENTIRE LINE BETWEEN NEW YORK AND PITTSBURG WILL SOON HAVE FOUR TRACKS

A DEEP CUT ON THE MAIN LINE

added pull required to haul a train up a grade is a perfectly definite and invariable proportion of the train's weight. To put it in figures, if a train is being hauled up a grade of only three feet per thousand—less than sixteen feet in a mile—this added force is six pounds per ton, and the total force required is double what it would be on a level.

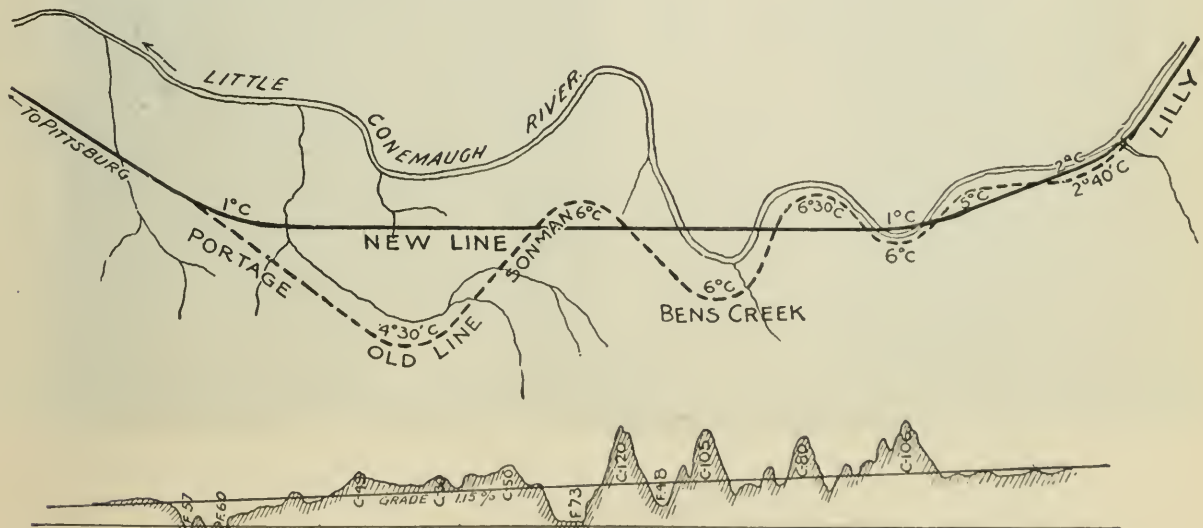
Let us apply this concretely to a grade on the Pennsylvania Railroad. The present grade eastward from Columbia, when climbing out of the Susquehanna valley, is seventy feet per mile. Such a grade causes a grade resistance of 26.5 pounds per ton and a total resistance of 32.5 pounds per ton. To avoid this grade a change of route will be made which will require over thirty-three miles of new track, and will actually be a little longer than the old line. But its maximum grade against eastbound traffic will be less than sixteen feet in a mile, and this will permit trains to run clear through which are now cut in two to be hauled up the old grade, for on the new grade the required pull per ton will be about twelve pounds as against thirty-three pounds on the old grade.

When this change, and a few others under contemplation, are finished, there will be no place between the summit at Gallitzin and tide-water where the grade against eastbound traffic will be greater than three feet per thousand. On the western slope of the Allegheny mountains, between Conemaugh and Gallitzin there is a stretch of twenty-four miles where the grade is still one per cent., or 52.8 feet per

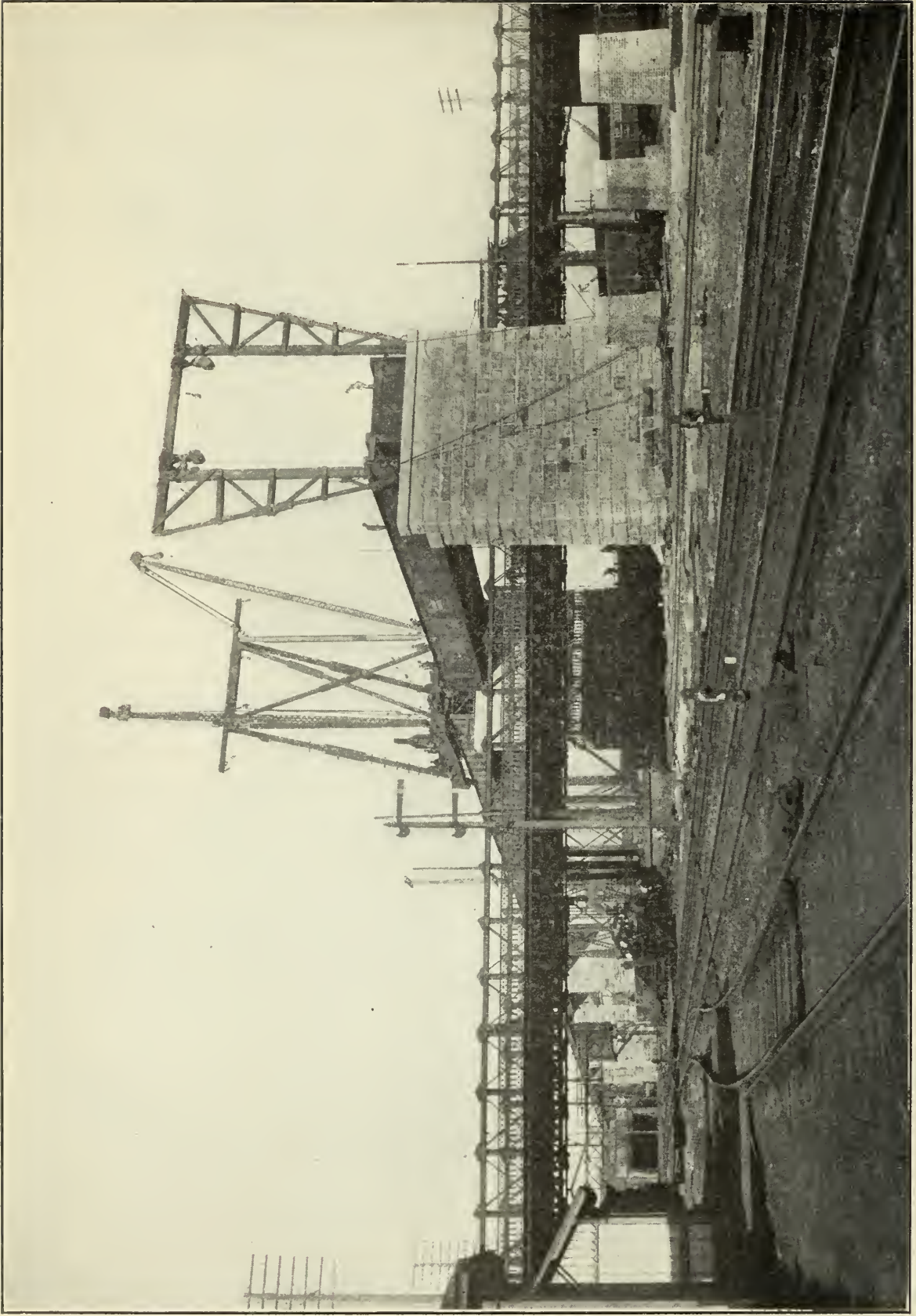
mile. There are a few places between Pittsburg and Conemaugh where this comparatively high grade exists, and there seems to be no immediate prospect of lowering them. These few steep grades will not prevent running heavy trains over the line, for the heavy trains will be assisted over these grades by means of pusher engines.

An examination of the change of line between Portage and Lilly, just beyond the summit of the Allegheny mountains, reminds one of the famous order of the Czar of Russia, who, when his engineers asked his wishes regarding the proposed railroad between St. Petersburg and Moscow, drew with a ruler a straight line between the two cities. The accompanying sketch shows a stretch of less than five miles, with several long and very sharp curves, transformed into a nearly straight line about four thousand feet shorter. The elimination of curvature is over five hundred degrees, the equivalent of one complete circle and nearly half of another. But the change was only accomplished by stupendous work. Cuts of one hundred and six, eighty, one hundred and five, and one hundred and twenty feet were made in a distance of a little over a mile, the last cut of one hundred and twenty feet being immediately followed by a fill of seventy-three feet.

Many of the immensely expensive "loops" which have been constructed by the road have a different object than an increase in train load. The Trenton Cut-off from Morrisville to Glen Loch is a familiar example. In this case there is

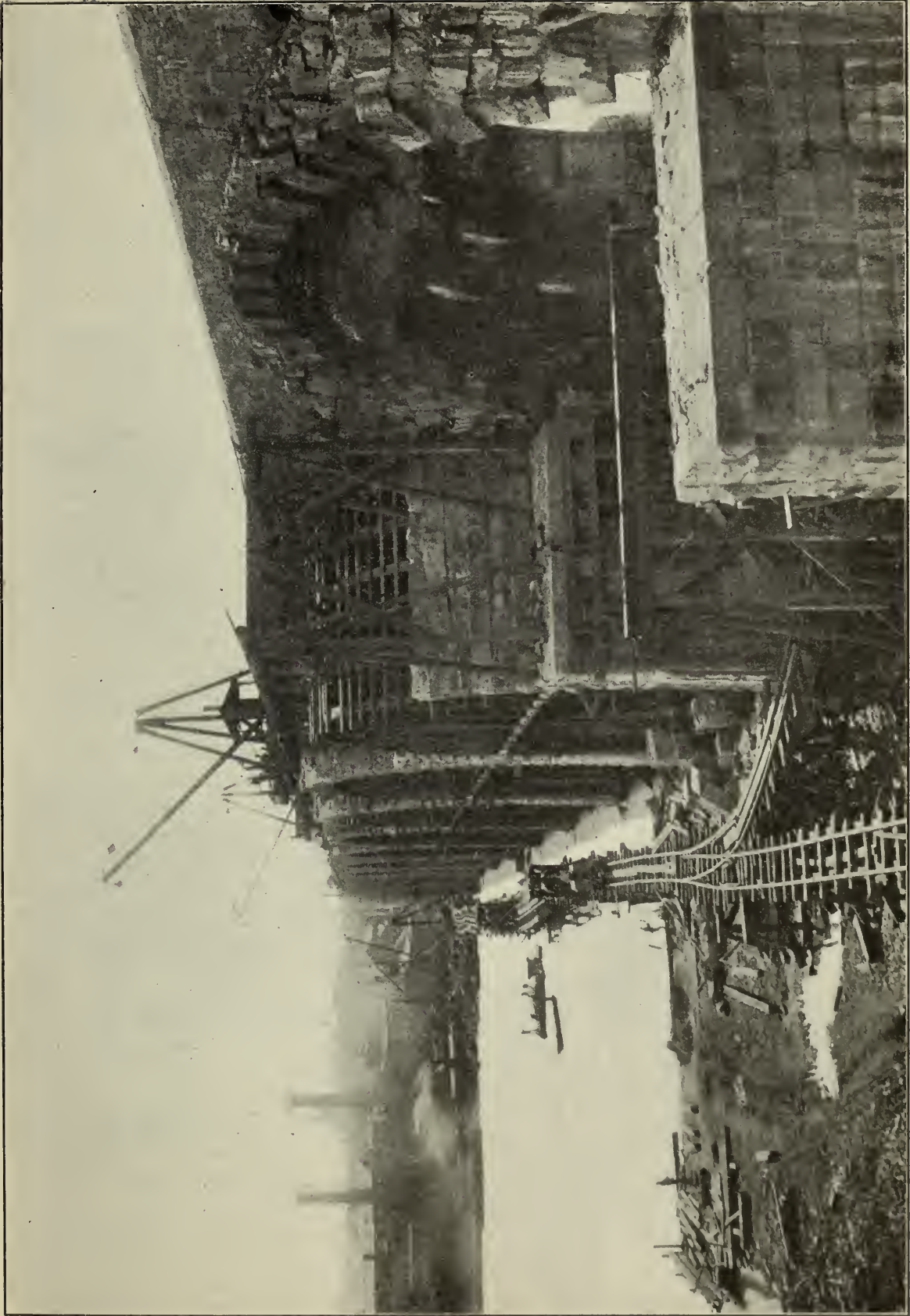


THE RELOCATION INDICATED IN THIS SKETCH SAVES NEARLY ONE MILE IN FIVE



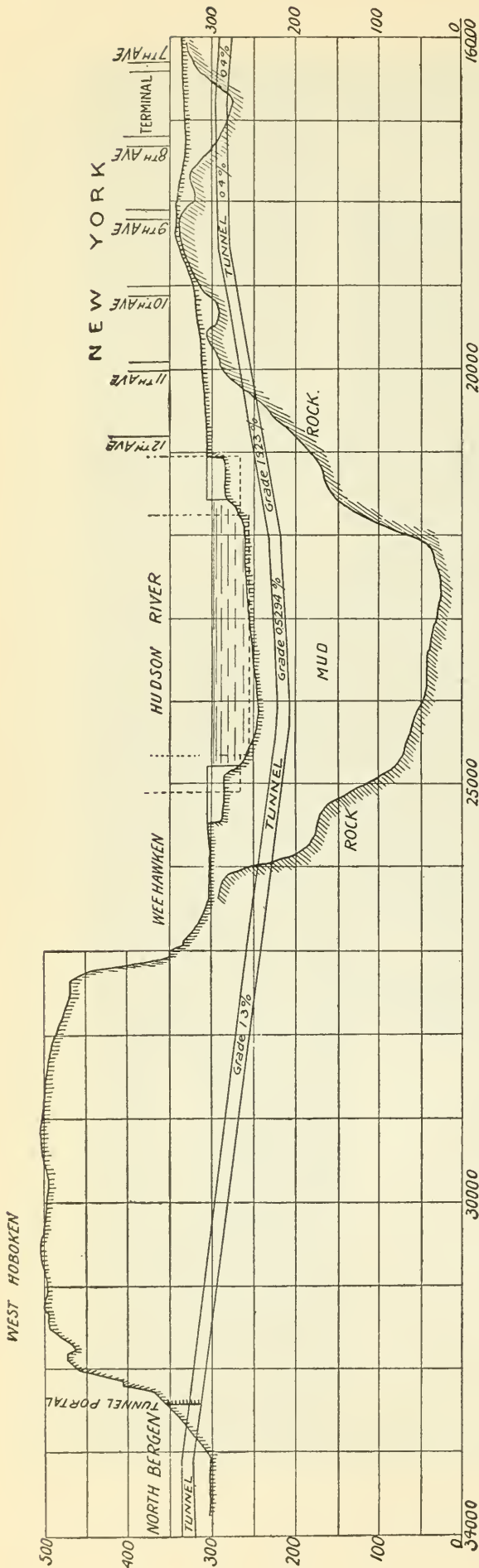
FREIGHT VIADUCT AT PHILADELPHIA

A GREAT VIADUCT, HIGH ABOVE THE MAIN LEVEL AND THE STREET, IS PART OF THE NEW PLAN FOR HANDLING FREIGHT IN PHILADELPHIA



THE RECONSTRUCTION OF THE NEW YORK DIVISION HAS INVOLVED THE BUILDING OF SEVERAL BRIDGES OF THE TYPE ILLUSTRATED BY THIS BRIDGE OVER THE RARITAN

NEW BRUNSWICK BRIDGE



THE NEW TUNNEL UNDER THE HUDSON RIVER, WHICH IS ONE OF THE GREATEST ENGINEERING PROJECTS EVER UNDERTAKEN

not only a reduction in distance from New York to the west for through freight, but there is also the great relief of the congested freight tracks in and around Philadelphia. A similar plan for the relief of Pittsburg is found in the construction of a sixty-mile line between Enon on the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago, and Red Bank on the Allegheny Valley road. By this connection it will be possible to run the through traffic from Chicago to Harrisburg on a line which will not only pass by Pittsburg, and hence relieve its city tracks from those trains, but which is also a "low-grade" line, and thus adapted to handle successfully competitive freight. This is not the only plan which has been adopted for the relief of Pittsburg. When all of them have been completed, that city will be reasonably free from the danger of the distressing freight congestion of last winter, when enterprises of all kinds suffered for the lack of materials which were lying in freight cars near at hand, but could not be reached on account of the crush.

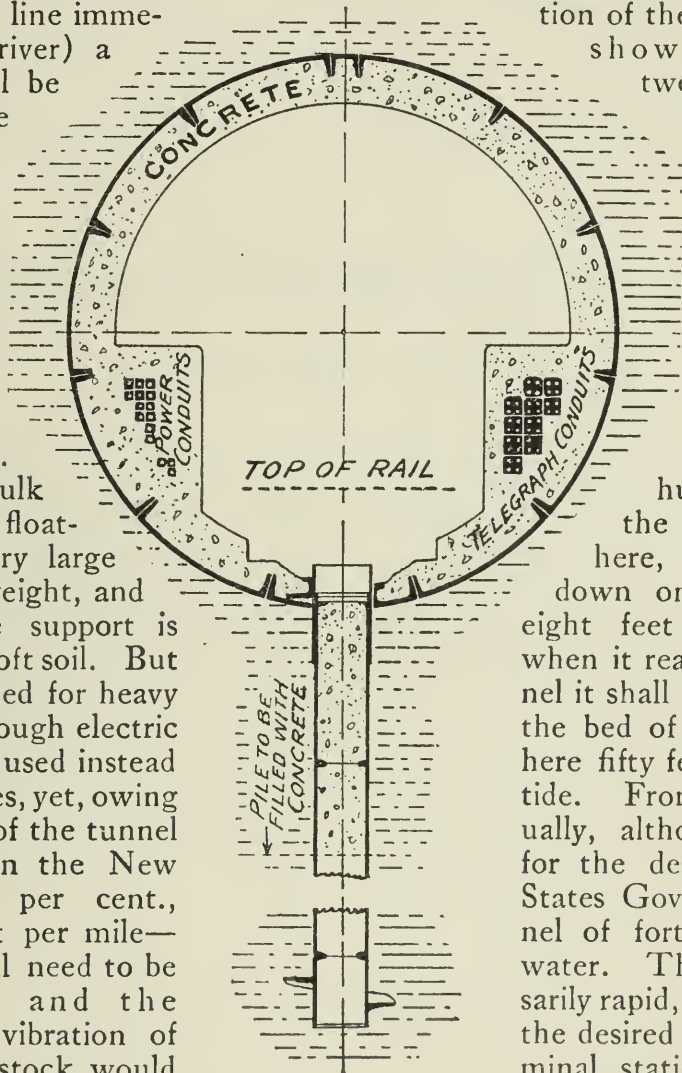
One of the most striking and costly improvements of the Pennsylvania Railroad is the "three-story" arrangement of tracks at Fifty-second Street, Philadelphia. The freight movement past this point is enormous. The main line and the Schuylkill Valley branch separate here, and even the advantages of interlocking switches and signals were powerless to prevent delay and congestion of traffic. And so the incoming Schuylkill Valley trains are now run through a tunnel under all the tracks, and join the incoming main-line tracks east of the station. The incoming main-line trains pass the north side of the station on what might be called the second-story level, since Fifty-second Street runs under all the tracks. About four thousand feet east of the station outbound trains begin to climb a 1.5 per cent. grade. By the time they reach the station they are at the "third-story" level. Not far west of the station these trains pass over all the freight tracks on a truss bridge of three hundred and seventy-five feet span. The freight and passenger trains are kept on separate tracks, and also (more important still) no trains approach the same point of track from opposite directions or cross the path of another train. A "head-on" collision is thus rendered

impossible, and delay to traffic is much reduced.

But the crowning feature of all the reconstruction of the Pennsylvania system is the great New York tunnel, which will incorporate a principle hitherto untried. The line of the proposed tunnel under the Hudson River passes through all kinds of material, from solid rock to soft silt. Throughout the rock sections an ordinary masonry lining will be used, but when the soft material is reached (and this includes the whole line immediately under the river) a cast-iron lining will be used. Some of the river mud is so soft that provision must be made against the possibility of serious settlement. No trouble is apprehended with respect to the tunnel structure itself. Heavy as it is, its bulk is so great that its floatage power is a very large proportion of its weight, and comparatively little support is required from the soft soil. But the tunnel is designed for heavy rolling stock. Although electric locomotives will be used instead of steam locomotives, yet, owing to the steep grade of the tunnel—especially that on the New York side, 1.923 per cent., equal to 101.5 feet per mile—the locomotives will need to be exceedingly heavy, and the great weight and vibration of this heavy rolling stock would tend to distort the form of the tunnel. And, therefore, a device will be adopted which is without precedent in tunnel construction. The weight of the track and rolling stock will be carried on screw piles connected by girders which are independent of the tunnel. These piles are made of cast-iron tubes about twenty-eight inches in diameter. At the base of these are cast-steel screw blades five feet in diameter. These piles will be screwed down until rock is reached, or until the

screw is embedded in a soil so firm that it is considered satisfactory. These piles will intersect the bottom of the tunnel tube every fifteen feet. Rolled beams, of an especially heavy section, will connect the tops of the piles, and will support the entire weight of the track and train. Provision is made, by means of packing, to prevent leakage where the pile enters the bottom of the tunnel ring.

Some idea of the magnitude of the project may be had by an inspection of the longitudinal section shown opposite. The



two tunnels—for there are two separate tunnels throughout—commence on the flats of North Bergen, and run under the palisades at West Hoboken and Weehawken.

Here the tunnels will be over two hundred feet below the surface. But, even here, the tunnel drops down on a grade of sixty-eight feet per mile, so that when it reaches the river channel it shall be sufficiently below the bed of the river, which is here fifty feet deep even at low tide. From here it rises gradually, although it must allow for the design by the United States Government for a channel of forty feet deep at low water. Then the rise is necessarily rapid, so that it shall reach the desired elevation at the terminal station located between Seventh and Eighth Avenues.

From the terminal, tunnels lead off, passing entirely across and under the city, and then, dipping underneath the East River, again emerge in Brooklyn. The tunnels under the East River are almost entirely in rock, and even where the material is not rock it is so firm that no device for supporting the track on piles is needed. The construction is otherwise similar to the North River tunnel.

The concrete filling on each side of the

centre in the lower part of the tunnel is not only utilized for the ducts for the power and lighting wires, but also is relied on to prevent injury to the tunnel due to a possible derailment. While such an event is extremely improbable, the possible injury and danger to the tunnel resulting from the impact of a heavy train cannot be ignored, and therefore there must be eliminated all possibility that a derailment could cause the train to swerve and catch in the side of the tunnel, thus bringing upon the structure the full effect of the inertia of the train.

Not only the wiring, but even the ducts for the wires of the lighting and power systems, are entirely separate. In this way

is eliminated one of the elements which combined to make the Paris tunnel accident so horrible. In that case a derangement of the power wiring not only cut off the power, but also left the tunnel in darkness. A panic was the inevitable result, when men became beasts and fought and trampled each other under foot in their endeavors to get out.

Such a tunnel has been the dream of engineers for nearly half a century, and its accomplishment by the Pennsylvania Railroad will be a fitting climax to an unparalleled scheme of reconstruction.

Walter Loring Webb.

HOW THE PENNSYLVANIA RECONSTRUCTION WAS FINANCED

By E. J. EDWARDS

The financing of the marvellous expansion of the Pennsylvania Railroad system involves this simple proposition: Would it be possible—through improvements, through control of systems which, unrestrained, might damage the business of the Pennsylvania—to earn enough to pay dividends upon four hundred millions of capital, and provide for various heavy interest obligations? In fifteen years the dividends of the Pennsylvania system have averaged about 5.75 per cent., but it seems almost impossible that on four hundred millions of capital a dividend rate as high as that can be maintained. And yet the skilful and far-seeing financiers and actuaries of the Pennsylvania management must have computed that, by reason of improvements and expansion, it will in the next generation, if not in this, be possible for that organization to earn enough to pay a dividend at the rate of about five per cent. If the Pennsylvania corporation should maintain hereafter its average dividend rate slightly in excess of five per cent., nevertheless that would mean that the stockholders who subscribed to the recent increased issue, or who are presumably to subscribe to the other issues which must be made hereafter, will really receive less than five per cent.

The recent enlargement of the capital

of the Pennsylvania was financed upon the basis of a twenty per cent. increase upon the par value; and there has been no more brilliant management in the way of financing in New York city than that which made it possible to market the stock at a twenty per cent. increase over par at a time when money was commanding very high rates, and when it was deemed unwise by the management of other railroads to attempt to float permanent securities in the New York market.

In the New York Stock Exchange the shares of the Pennsylvania Railroad are looked upon as half shares, since the standard of the Exchange is a par share of one hundred dollars. But the Pennsylvania shares are issued in accordance with the charter and the laws of Pennsylvania on the basis of fifty dollars per share. A subscriber who was one of the stockholders on the day of subscription was permitted to subscribe for an amount of the new issue of stock equal to his holdings at the rate of sixty dollars a share, or in New York city at the rate of a hundred and twenty dollars. Therefore, he will receive in the way of dividends, if maintained in the course of the next ten or fifteen years at the average rate, a sum from which he must deduct the interest upon the premium. The general opinion seems to be

that the actuaries who worked out this important problem presented figures to the management which would, if adopted, place the Pennsylvania system upon a four per cent. basis. Of course if the dividends adopted by the corporation were at the rate of four per cent., then the stockholders who subscribed for the new stock at a premium of twenty per cent. above par would really receive less than four per cent. on the investment. But the wonder in financial circles is whether the experts have not figured that, by improvements and by limiting irritating competition, it may not be possible for the Pennsylvania management by-and-by to earn enough to justify dividends approximately at the rate of five per cent. And if that estimate proves to be accurate, then, in view of the premium, the permanent income basis of the Pennsylvania stock will be about four per cent.

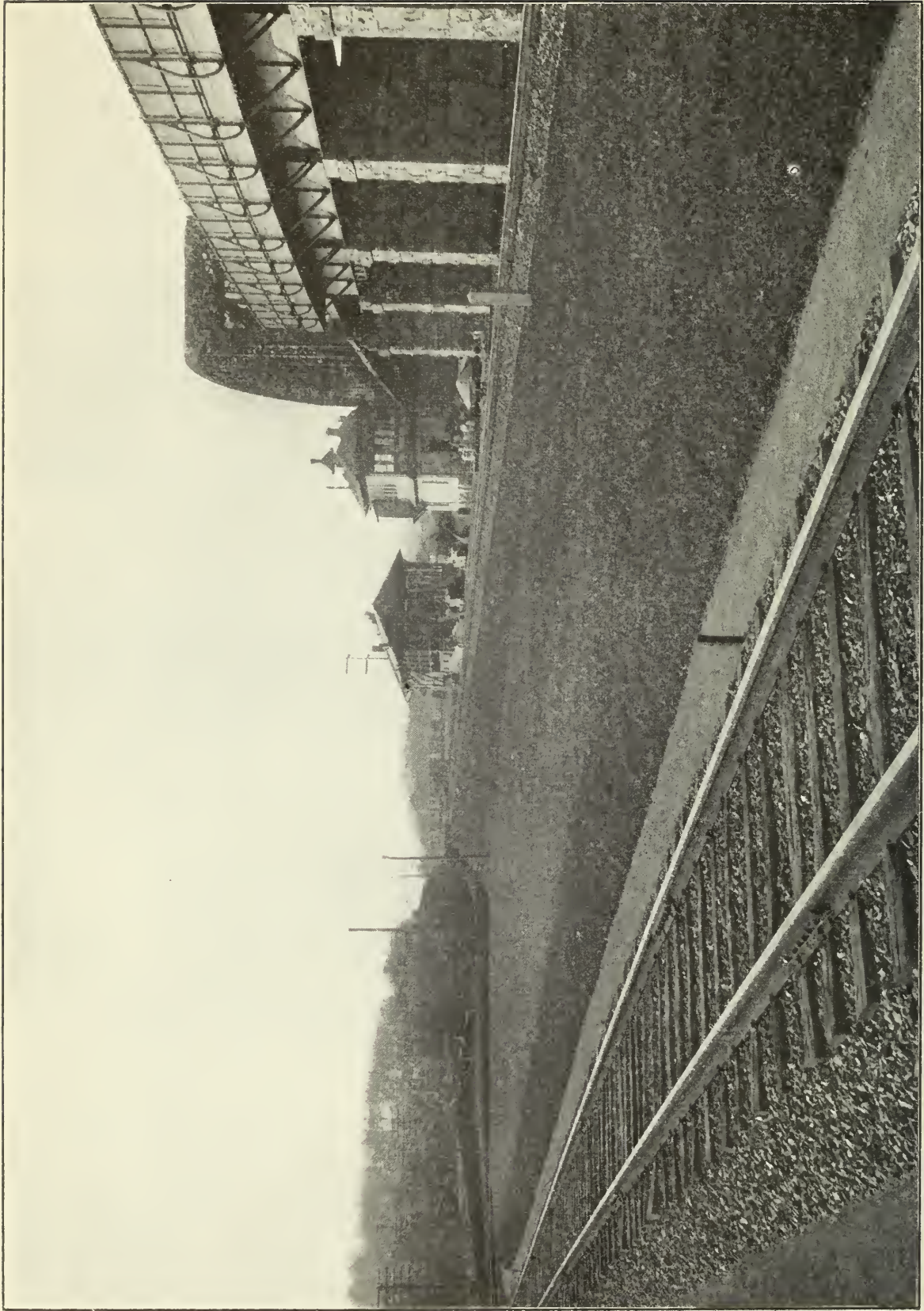
The Pennsylvania management some years ago began to realize that no railroad which is a trunk line, and which depends in considerable measure upon transcontinental transportation for its profitable returns, could ignore the fact that in the near future there must be physical improvement in the way of equipment, the perfection of road-beds, strengthening of bridges, reducing of grades, and the elimination of curves, so that transportation might be performed with greater economy. In addition to that, there were some most disturbing factors in the way of competition, not of the character created by paralleling railroads, but by lines whose branches penetrated the Pennsylvania region as feeders.

To the clear foresight which has always characterized the Pennsylvania management—a foresight now realized by those who have watched recent developments of the Pennsylvania—there arose the question of the financing of various propositions. For instance, in the last year of the old and the first year of the new century, the Pennsylvania Railroad, or interests identified with that corporation bought, if not a controlling, at least a sufficient amount of the stock of the Baltimore and Ohio, the Chesapeake and Ohio, and the Norfolk and Western Railroads, to make it certain that there could be no operation of these systems

which was not in thorough sympathy with the Pennsylvania. What was then done is described by a phrase which has passed into the colloquialism of recent railway management description as “the community of interest,” or, more accurately, of ownership. The financial operations which were necessary to effect the exchange of ownership of these railway securities were largely accomplished through the substitution of the securities of the Pennsylvania for the stock of these corporations.

But in the period of 1901–2 it seems to have been necessary to adopt a different method. The forecast of the future made it certain to the Pennsylvania management that it must have a friend, an associate, an ally, in the Reading Railroad system, if it were to be absolutely free from embarrassments. These embarrassments of competition might not come, and then again they might; and it was possible that other interests, not wholly friendly, or at least not in entire sympathy with the Pennsylvania, might secure control of the Reading. Therefore, in the winter of 1901–2 Pennsylvania interests as represented in the Baltimore and Ohio, and Vanderbilt interests as represented by the control of the Lake Shore Railroad, purchased a practical control of the Reading. A year earlier the Pennsylvania management reached across New York bay and bought the control of the Long Island Railroad system; and there was much surprise that a trunk line corporation, operating under a Pennsylvania charter, should have thought it worth while to become the owner of the Long Island Railroad system. The financing of this purchase was accomplished through an exchange of securities. There does not appear to have been any borrowing of money.

It was apparent, however, to every thoughtful financier that the Pennsylvania's expansion would compel a very great increase of capital in case it were determined to pay for the greater part of these enlargements by means of stock rather than out of earnings, or by enlarging the permanent debt evidenced by bonds. Therefore, in 1901, there was no surprise when it was announced that the capital of the corporation was to be increased by one hundred million dollars. That, in case all of its capital that was authorized had been



A THREE-STORY ARRANGEMENT

AT FIFTY-SECOND STREET, PHILADELPHIA. INCOMING SCHUYLKILL VALLEY TRAINS RUN THROUGH A TUNNEL, INCOMING MAIN LINE TRAINS ON A SECOND LEVEL, AND ALL OUTBOUND TRAINS ON THE HIGHEST LEVEL

issued, would have fixed the capitalization of the Pennsylvania at two hundred and fifty-two millions; but only fifty millions were subscribed for and paid in at that time, making the actual paid-in capital two hundred and two millions. It has been supposed that the Pennsylvania Railroad and one in the West, and to a limited extent the New York Central, are the only important railroad corporations in the United States whose stock is held to any considerable extent abroad. None but the directors of the Pennsylvania corporation know what proportion of the fifty millions subscribed in 1901 represented the holdings of foreign powers. But there has been some suspicion, on account of the movements of exchange and the operations of international finance, either that foreign stockholders did willingly accept this proposition, or else that a considerable part of the money with which these subscriptions were made good represented borrowings upon the other side of the ocean, although the subscribers to this additional stock may not themselves have borrowed from German capitalists.

A railroad corporation that has a capitalization of two hundred and two millions actually paid in, with power to increase to two hundred and fifty millions, stands in the magnitude of its capitalization without any superior; nor is the New York Central itself a rival. The stockholders of the Pennsylvania seem to have been glad of the opportunity offered at intervals for the past fifty years of increasing their stock holdings. But when in March, 1903, the directors received an authorization from the stockholders to increase the capital stock to four hundred millions, then it was made clear that the Pennsylvania management was looking far beyond this generation into the future, and intended to be prepared for all business that might be offered, and to handle it with the most effective economies. Of the four hundred millions authorized, twenty-one millions were at once issued, to procure the money to take up and cancel debentures.

Early in the winter of 1903 the Pennsylvania Railroad went into the financial market as a borrower. The understanding is that the corporation was able to borrow forty millions upon its notes; and while that was a most important transac-

tion at that time, both in magnitude and in the rather unusual method taken for raising money through discounted paper running for a short time rather than through long-time bonds, yet the chief point of interest about it was this: that it revealed a very remarkable understanding of the conditions of the money market and of the probable development in the financial world later in the summer. The corporation borrowed forty millions, paying at the rate of four and one-half per cent. interest in the way of discount, and it promised to take up that loan in June.

The operation was in some of its features one of much interest, and moreover, quite mysterious. The bankers of New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago were at that time preparing to meet what they were sure would be a season of demoralization, liquidation, possibly of actual panic. To negotiate a loan at that time even involving no more than ten millions would have been serious enough in itself, in view of the condition of the money markets; and no one who did not possess a credit at least equal to that of the Bank of England would have had the audacity in the winter of 1903 to ask the bankers of New York to discount short-time paper for as much as forty millions.

Of course, in one sense the great transaction was perfected through the utilization of credit. But it is now thought to be probable that some of that credit was afterward established upon the other side of the ocean, although nothing in the course of foreign exchange indicated heavy transactions of that kind. But in these days, when the cable works so quickly that a dispatch may be sent to London and an answer received within ten minutes, important international monetary transactions can be carried on without having any record of them appear in the quotations for foreign exchange.

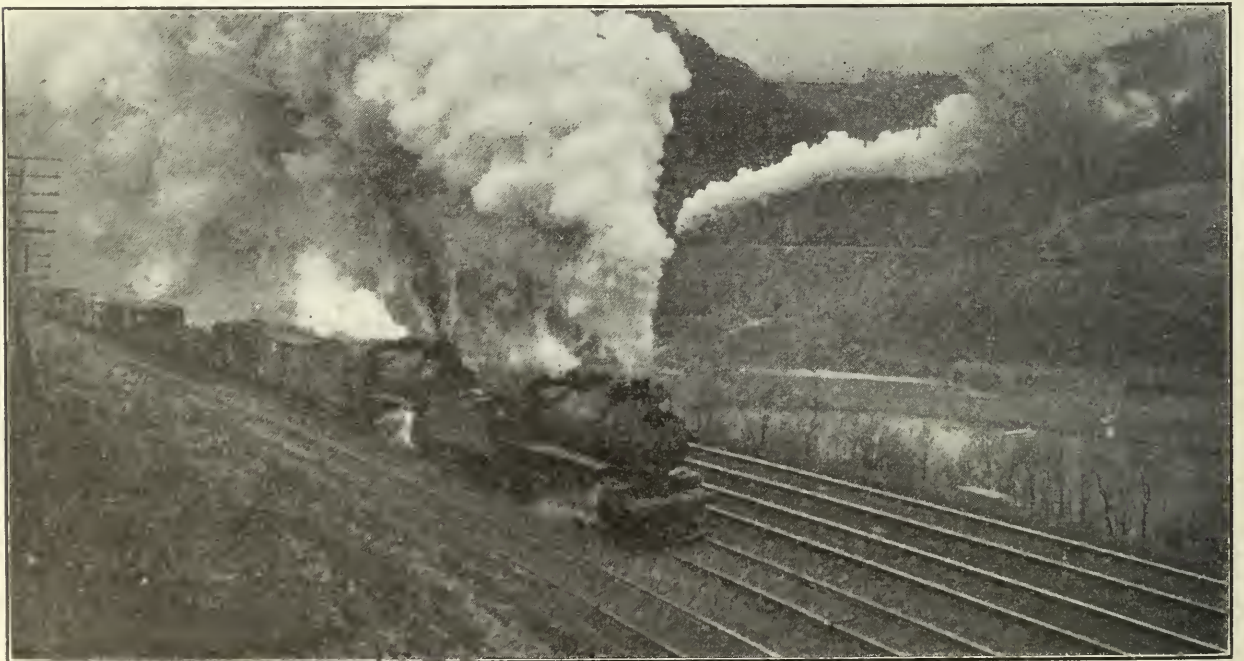
However, the Pennsylvania Railroad intended to pay off this loan in June; and in order to provide the money by which there could be a taking up of the notes, the increased capitalization was authorized. Many have thought that this increase would provide the funds for the daring and yet, as it now appears, wholly wise venture of the Pennsylvania under the Hudson River into Manhattan Island,

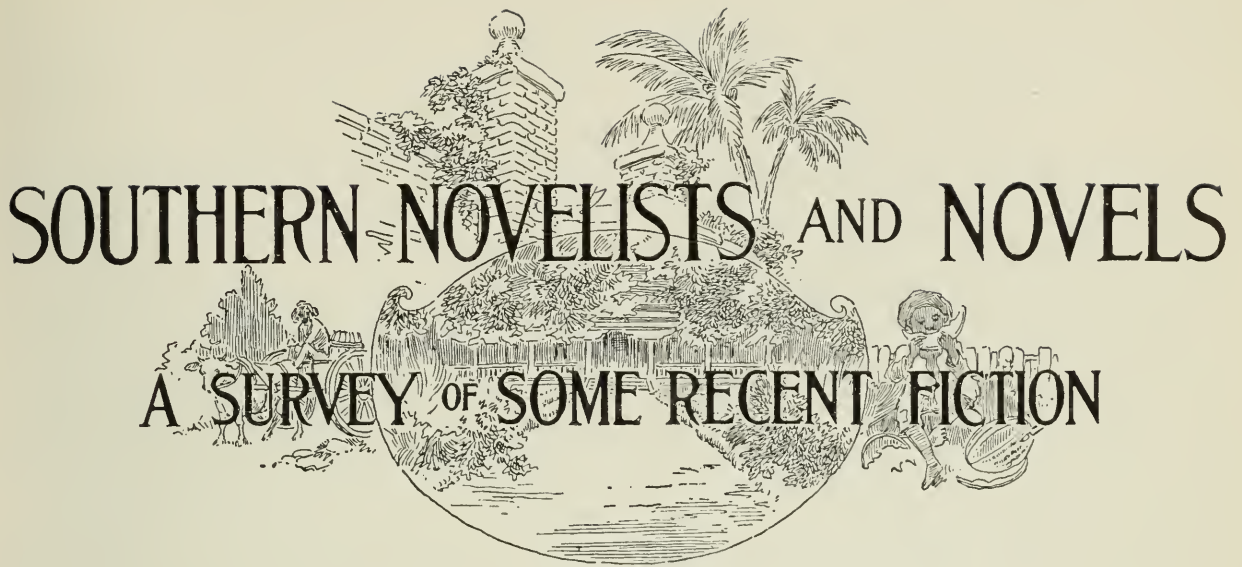
and thence under the East River into Brooklyn. Here we have also a partial explanation of the purchase of the Long Island Railroad system, by means of which, over the approaches to Hell Gate and across the estuary that separates the mainland from Long Island, physical contact is made with the New England system via the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad. Many thought this increased capitalization was for the purpose of paying for these improvements. It is understood that the Pennsylvania expects that it will be obliged to pay forty millions in order to perfect this work. But it is a very cheap forty millions. It is no doubt due to the leasing of the Boston and Albany Railroad by the Vanderbilt interests that the Pennsylvania has entered New England.

In June the notes given early in the winter were paid, and the money was obtained through the marketing of seventy-five millions of new stock. A most extraordinarily brilliant piece of financing was done to perfect this issue of seventy-five millions and to make it successful. It was to be issued to stockholders in the first instance, who were privileged to subscribe to an amount equal to their holdings of stock, but who were asked to pay for the new stock at a premium of twenty per cent. Two or three years ago there would have been easy acceptance of this offer. But it was apparent in the early spring, through the quotations upon the

stock exchange, that financial conditions were such that there was to be peril for Pennsylvania railroad stock as well as for all others. Then the Pennsylvania management appealed to that banker of New York whose resources and ability practically match those of the Rothschilds, asking him to protect that proposition. The credit of Jacob Schiff, his recognized ability to command almost unlimited resources in Germany, made it perfectly easy for him to underwrite this proposition, and it was most fortunate for the Pennsylvania management that he did it. The stock was thus financed and the money received, and the Pennsylvania is abundantly fortified for the present in cash resources. But there is no doubt that it will be compelled in the next ten or fifteen years to issue all of the stock authorized, and there is abundant faith on the part of its holders that if it does, its improvements, expansion, and management, made possible by this money, will bring such revenue as will make it possible to pay a fair dividend upon the capital. But it is a very serious undertaking to earn money enough to pay a fair dividend upon four hundred millions of capital, in addition to interest upon outstanding bonds.

E. J. Edwards





SOUTHERN NOVELISTS AND NOVELS

A SURVEY OF SOME RECENT FICTION

"So you're still at it?" said Mentor.

"I am, indeed," said I.

"Why aren't you working?" said he.

Mentor is forever urging me to finish my magnum opus on the politico-economic development of the Balkan States. I began it ten years ago and have barely finished the first chapter. The frequent revolutions in the Balkans have so repeatedly revolutionized my own ideas.

"Why should I work?" said I. "After all, one only works to live, and now I am living because I am enjoying life."

"Life," said Mentor, somewhat scornfully, "I fancy there's very little real life in any of those novels."

"Perhaps I enjoy them all the more on that account," said I.

Mentor, my sage adviser, had found me for the third time this week sitting surrounded by a pile of novels, old and new. It was one of those debauches of fiction into which from time to time some hungry craving of my nature drives me. I do not believe that I am much the worse for their periodical recurrence; but it is certainly a little awkward that they should happen at hours when I should be deep in serious matters. And just now I ought to be hard at work on my Balkan book. The massacres in Macedonia and the threatened intervention of the Powers would make the appearance of a thoughtful and well-founded work like mine peculiarly timely. So, at least, Mentor tells me,

and Mentor is the sagest of advisers in such matters.

But the truth is that the Balkan nationalities interest me less than my own. The accidental sight of a title in the *Sewanee Review*, "The National Element in Southern Literature," called my thoughts back from Macedonia, and the reading of the article plunged me into that debauch of novel reading of which Mentor complained. If the article itself had been up to the promise of its title, I dare say I would have escaped this plunge. But it was more suggestive than satisfactory, and propounded numerous questions which, to me at least, it seemed to leave unanswered. The writer's main thesis that the outburst of literature in the South which marked the early eighties of the last century was local in coloring, but national in character, inasmuch as it expressed the native romanticism and optimism of America, seems to me indisputably true. The early work of Cable, Page, Harris, and Charles Egbert Craddock was indeed "spontaneous and rich, racy of the soil, and filled with warmth and color." But the writer scarcely seems to realize the narrow limitations of this literature. With hardly an exception the best work of these pioneers of the New South in literature was cast in the form of the short story, and the short story, in spite of all the claims that are made for it today, is and must always be a minor and subordinate form of art. It is a finer thing, of course, to carve a jewel

well than to splash pots of paint over an acre of canvas; but none the less the great masters of art are those who have known how to combine breadth and strength with delicacy of treatment. And this holds good in fiction as in other arts.

Now the failure of this outburst of letters in the South to develop into something broader and stronger, something more representative of Southern life before, during, and after the war, is one of the most curious phenomena of American literature. It certainly has not been for want of conscious effort. Can any of us count the number of Southern novels that have appeared during the last ten years, each of which has been heralded as the final achievement of the goal? And can any of us remember even the names of these unlucky works which, after a breathless rush to the head of the list of the best selling novels, sank so soon into the dusty oblivion of the second-hand book-shop? Undismayed by failure, encouraged perhaps by temporary success, eager, it may be, for the rich rewards which await the popular novelist today, writers known and unknown press forward amid blasts of the advertising trumpet. But the prize of true fame reserved for the author of a masterpiece of fiction, a work at once life-like and artistic, well-conceived and well-performed, has in my judgment, yet to be bestowed.

The literary career of Mr. Page furnishes a striking example of this arrested development. His early works, *Meh Lady*, *Marse Chan*, *Polly*, and others, are little gems; as admirable contributions to American literature, in their way, as the acknowledged classics of Irving, Hawthorne, or Bret Harte. Compact of humor, sentiment, and romance, these stories offered us a beaker full of the warm South, brimming with the vintage of Old Virginia. If only success in the short story were an earnest of success in the novel, there seemed no heights to which the author of such work as this might not rise. Suddenly, however, except for an occasional bit of magazine work, Mr. Page fell silent. Then in 1898 came his first novel, *Red Rock*. That this work was a disappointment to Mr. Page's admirers it would be impossible to deny. It lacked the grace and charm and easy mastery of effects which distinguished his

stories. The plot was somewhat too complex and the interest was not always well sustained. Worst of all, Mr. Page, yielding we may suppose to some imagined necessity, imposed a conventional and unconvincing happy ending upon a chain of events which were pointing straight toward hopeless tragedy. And yet with all its faults there was much of promise in the book. The narrative was clear and often forcible, the characters were genuine men and women, the tone and temper of those unhappy days of Reconstruction were powerfully rendered, and the author's attitude toward the still unsettled problems of those days was wholly admirable, at once sane and sympathetic, without a trace of passion, prejudice, or bitterness. It was, in short, a work which, although not wholly an artistic success, gave happy promise of better things to come.

It is now five years since *Red Rock* was given to the public, and Mr. Page is again in the field with a novel which, to judge by recent reports, bids fair to stand at the head of the best selling books of the year. Its immediate and wide-spread success seems to me the strongest possible testimony to Mr. Page's previous popularity with the reading public; for in my estimation the story, if it did not bear Mr. Page's name, would have a very limited circulation. I am not prejudiced against Mr. Page. On the contrary, I came to the reading of his new book with a strong prejudice in his favor, hoping, and almost expecting, to see him hit the mark, which he seemed to me to have failed—but failed by only a little—to have attained in *Red Rock*. But, as I read *Gordon Keith*, this hope rapidly vanished, and I ran through a gamut of emotions, in which surprise, sorrow, and finally cynical amusement, were the dominant notes. The book, in short, is not merely a failure, but the sort of a failure that will seriously detract from even such a well-earned reputation as that of Mr. Page. It is absolutely divorced from reality. My friend, the secretary, suggests that it was written with an eye to the stage, and it would, no doubt, lend itself readily to dramatization; but the result would be, and could only be, melodrama of the most conventional type. There is not a living personality among all the many figures

that crowd the book. The hero is the conventional first walking gentleman; the villain, the conventional villain of the family story paper or the Middle Victorian stage. The minor characters are, without exception, lifeless marionettes—from the conventional country doctor and the conventional country squire to the absurd New York preacher and the preposterous dancing girl. Many a novel in the past has won a partial success in spite of its unreality by the interest of its plot. But *Gordon Keith* has no such title to consideration; it is as dull as it is melodramatic. Of the rich and mellow humor which once marked the creator of *Unc' Billy*, the Colonel, and *Drink-water Torm*, there are but few traces.

Mr. Page's is, perhaps, the most striking instance of a brilliant promise worse than unfulfilled; but there are others. The names of Mr. Cable and Charles Egbert Craddock will at once occur to the reader of recent fiction. In spite of its many brilliant scenes and its warm atmosphere of Southern romance and chivalry, Mr. Cable's latest considerable work, *The Cavalier*, was so episodic and ill-constructed as to betray what seems a very decided incapacity on the author's part to rise from the short story (of which he is an acknowledged master) to the full breadth of treatment demanded by a novel. And Miss Murfree's latest book is little better than the ordinary historical novel which has been pouring in ranks and battalions from our presses in the last five years. Mr. Hennemann, the author of the article in the *Sewanee Review*, sees in this "outward flow of the tide" an American and not a merely Southern phenomena. But I am by no means sure that he has proved his case. Whatever one may think of the aims and methods of Mr. Howells, it is safe to say that he has not fallen short of his early promise. On the contrary, his later books—such, as for example, *A Hazard of New Fortunes* and *The Kentons*—are fuller, stronger, riper works than the novels of those days when he devoted himself exclusively to analyses of that uncanny thing—the New England conscience. The early death of the lamented Frank Norris cut short a career which was exceedingly rich in promise for the future. And more than one of our younger writers of the

North and West show today such a grasp of reality, combined with such a power of treatment, that it would excite no surprise to see a really first-rate novel appearing from their hands.

Mr. Hennemann devotes a paragraph of rhetorical questions to the search for the causes of the rebound which he acknowledges in American literature in the last decade. But among the causes which he suggests, one which seems to me most powerful and of particular importance in the case of the South has been overlooked. This is the growing absorption of the country in material development and in commercial expansion. I am no statistician, and confess myself quite unable to say whether, absolutely and relatively, there has been more or less of this absorption in material things in the South than in the North and West. But so much at least is plain that, since the Civil War—in fact, within the last two decades—there has been a social and economic revolution in the South which is quite without parallel in our history. And owing to the almost entire absence of immigration and the tardy influx of Northern capital; this revolution has been practically the unaided work of the Young South, of the generation which has sprung up since the close of the era of Reconstruction. And in this necessary and altogether laudable work a perhaps disproportionate share of the energy and intellect of the Young South has been involved. It is, I think, no mere coincidence that a Southerner is the editor of the most ardent champion of material prosperity, *The World's Work*.

Now this revolution in itself is by no means incapable of literary treatment. Zola abroad and Frank Norris in this country, to quote no other names, have revealed the romance and the tragedy that lie hidden within the great commercial enterprises of modern times. Had Mr. Page more fully realized the possibilities of his theme in *Gordon Keith* he might have made of it a tale in which the tragedy of widening separation and inevitable misunderstanding between the old and the new, the aristocratic father and the democratic and commercial son, would have reminded us of one of the most powerful of Turgenev's transcripts of Russian life.

But to handle such a theme as the evolution of the New South demands a union of intellectual sympathy with the social and economic change within her borders, and superiority of soul to the material side of life—which is rare indeed. The commercial spirit is as fit a subject for literature as another, but the commercial spirit as an inspiring force in literature can only be productive of evil. And the ravages of the commercial spirit in contemporary American literature, and notably in fiction, have been something fearful to contemplate.

I have been led to these remarks by reading one of the most recent of Southern novels, Mr. William Garrott Brown's *A Gentleman of the South*, a very striking specimen of work of this kind. And it is all the more striking as coming from a man whose whole tradition and environment would, one fancies, militate against the machine-made method. Mr. Brown is one of the band of young Southern scholars whose invasion of the North in recent years bids fair to repay with usurious interest the educational loans the South has received in times past. He is the author of a *Life of Jackson* which is spoken of as a brilliant and scholarly piece of work, and a not infrequent contributor to a well-known magazine whose able editor has resolutely held its standard above all suspicion of the commercial taint. It is always dangerous to impute motives. But it is none the less impossible, after reading *A Gentleman of the South*, to keep from asking why such a man should write such a book, and almost as impossible to keep from suspecting that the speedy success of the popular novelist tempted him to try an impossible task. The germinal idea of Mr. Brown's story is a situation capable of very happy treatment in the hands of a trained story-teller. It is that of a gentleman of the Black Belt in the ante-bellum days, when the authority of the Code of Honor outweighed that of either Law or Gospel, bound by deliberately adopted principles and by an oath to a dying mother to renounce adherence to that code, yet slowly forced by love and hate alike into admitting its control and accepting a challenge. But Mr. Brown is no trained story-teller, and after having taken the fatal step of deciding to write a novel at all, he has proceeded to manufac-

ture one out of his idea by putting it through rather clumsy and somewhat old-fashioned machinery.

In the first place the author introduces himself upon the title page as merely the editor, "without change," of a manuscript drawn from the memoirs of the late Colonel Elmore. Now this device is as old as Defoe, and has in recent years been simply worked to death.

The method of exposition in the first chapter is a similarly antiquated device. When Uncle Lewis recounts at full length to Aunt Tena and Miss Joanna events of the past with which they are as familiar as himself, but a knowledge of which is necessary to the reader's comprehension of the plot, one is too painfully reminded of the confidential servant of the old-fashioned family drama who at the proper moment advances to the footlights and begins: "Twenty years ago." The conclusion, in which the noble-minded hero throws himself at the feet of the villain and begs him to strike and end the quarrel, is as unreal as it is familiar in melodrama and machine-made romance. The characters, with one possible exception, are to the full as puppet-like as those of *Gordon Keith*; the creaking of the wires which move them is, if anything, somewhat more distinctly audible. It is, indeed, with a feeling of bitter disappointment that a reader seeking for some image of life in the Black Belt lays down a book so thoroughly conventional and artificial as this. And it is the more to be regretted that the author should have followed this disastrous method, since an occasional reflection or passing description shows that he knows something both of the times and of the country of which he writes. Such a generalization as that on the influence of power and solitude in shaping the characters of the great plantation owners of those days, such a description of March in the Black Belt as opens Chapter viii., are worth whole pages of the limping narrative and stilted dialogue which compose the major portion of the book.

In striking contrast to *A Gentleman of the South* is Miss Glasgow's latest book, *The Battleground*. It appeared a year or so ago without exciting anything of the sensation which marked her first plunge into literature. *The Descendant* obtained,

if I remember correctly, something of a *succès de scandale*, whereas this later novel has by no means attracted even the attention it deserves. For in spite of a few minor blemishes it is really a capital story, well conceived and well executed. Miss Glasgow has profited by her apprenticeship. Her art, strong and vigorous but crude and unpleasing at the beginning of her career, has mellowed and ripened. The theme of *The Battleground* is by no means so original or striking as that of Mr. Brown's book, but it is far more skillfully handled. The atmosphere of old plantation life in Virginia is rendered with a grace and charm to which I can think of no parallel outside of Mr. Page's early stories; and nowhere, to my knowledge, is the pathos of the collapse of the Confederacy and the surrender at Appomattox treated with such sympathy and quiet power. It is a picture that one will not soon forget, that of "Marse Robert" riding old Traveler between the ranks of his ragged heroes, with "bearded men clinging like children to his stirrup" and kissing the horse's mane, while his victorious and reverent enemies uncover to watch him pass, "lonely, patiently, conjoined in courtesy." The character drawing, though by no means subtle or profound, is clear-cut and effective. Only in the case of the hero of the novel do we feel the lack of a somewhat more searching analysis and a sturdier treatment of character. The story of Dan's trial and purification in the furnace of the war would be incomparably stronger if we had a more detailed and realistic picture of the selfish, reckless, and unbridled life into which the "black Mountjoy blood" had led him in his early youth.

It is in this matter of firm grasp and detailed finish of character portrayal that *The Battleground* falls below the very latest of Southern novels, Mr. Fox's *Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come*. Chad Buford, the little shepherd, is distinctly a more substantial and convincing character than Dan Mountjoy. In several respects the two books run along parallel lines. Like Miss Glasgow's book, *The Little Shepherd* gives a vivid picture of old plantation life—only laying the scene in Kentucky instead of Virginia—conducts its hero through the four years of the war to a stronger and wiser manhood, and brings

him back at the close to the woman who has been waiting for him. But after all the likeness is more apparent than real. Miss Glasgow's novel is, perhaps, more picturesque and superficial; Mr. Fox's more realistic, the product of a profounder study of history and social conditions. The contrast between the rugged mountaineer and the rich planter of the southern lowlands, which is so admirably developed by Mr. Fox, is only hinted at by Miss Glasgow. Indeed, in so far as the lady wishes the figure of Pinetop to be considered as typical, she may be said to misrepresent history, for in Virginia, as elsewhere, the men of the mountains were, as a body, loyal to the Union.

The great merit of Mr. Fox's work, on the other hand, is its essential correspondence to historic truth. In the author's mind the whole history of his State, from the time of the earliest settlers to the close of the Civil War, is present, as it were, in solution, and a touch suffices to precipitate the crystals of fact. The conditions that divided Kentucky even before the war and filled her with such a "prescient horror" of the outbreak of hostilities, the bitterness, tempered by chivalric generosity, of the fratricidal conflict, and the mutual soldierly admiration of the severed ranks which brought them together so swiftly at its close and prevented the "post-bellum horrors of reconstruction," are deeply felt and vividly portrayed. In fact, the chief defect of the story as a piece of artistic construction may be said to spring from Mr. Fox's allowing his historic sympathies to overmaster the rules of composition. Up to the outbreak of the war the interest of the story has been individually centered upon the little shepherd sturdily fighting his way upward against ignorance, poverty, and evil report. But during the war itself Mr. Fox's sympathies are as divided as were those of Kentucky at that crucial period. Henceforward to the conclusion the unity of the story is disturbed. In short, the very historic sense which has enabled Mr. Fox to write so true a story has by reason of its over-prominence seriously impaired the esthetic perfection of his work.

Strangely enough, it is this same fault, inability to hold firmly to the central theme of the story, which lies like a dark blot in the centre of the white shield of

Mr. James Lane Allen's latest work, *The Mettle of the Pasture*. There is, I suppose, no living American novelist whose career is watched with such interest in England as well as at home as Mr. Allen's. He is still in a sense a young writer, for his first novel, *The Choir Invisible*, appeared as recently as 1897. And he has what, in the large majority of cases, young writers, whether in this country or England, lack—the gift of "high seriousness," which Aristotle and Matthew Arnold have taught us to consider one of the necessary elements of high poetic work. And of the poetic quality of Mr. Allen's work there can be no question whatever. It is not alone his love of nature and his sympathetic conception of the bond between nature and man, it is not alone the slow but penetrating charm and beauty of his style, that reveal him to the thoughtful reader as the truest poet of all our novelists. It is even more the idealistic trend of his mind, his manner of looking below the surface of things, of seeing in the men and women of his dreams new types of eternal humanity, in the problems which confront him and with which he grapples in his work new forms of the old questions that have vexed humanity from the beginning. And yet he is no mere dreamer nor closet philosopher. His knowledge of the life which he describes is so sure, his sympathy with its varied forms so tender and unfailing that his characters are no mere types, embodied presentations of his own ideas, but living and individual men and women set in an environment of visible and recognizable American life and nature. And in this union of idealistic conception with realistic execution he stands, so far as I can see, alone.

What, then, are we to say of Mr. Allen's latest work? He himself calls it, in a remarkable interview published in the September *Lamp*, "an entirely new departure based upon a new theory of the point from which we view the life around us." To most readers, however, it will appear rather a return to his earlier manner in *The Choir Invisible*, and a departure only from the method of work which dominated his last preceding novel, *The Reign of Law*. And that novel was itself a return to the method of his first attempt at something more than a short story or an idyllic

sketch, the unforgettable *Summer in Arcady*. In other words, the art of Mr. Allen appears to vibrate like a pendulum between a form in which the main interest centres in a law of nature embodied and exemplified in certain individuals of the human species, and one in which the human interest predominates. Novels in which the human interest predominates may, roughly speaking, be divided into two classes. The first, which employs the method of psychological analysis, goes back as far as Richardson, and is today under the leadership of Henry James. The second, which exhibits character in action, is the epic school of Fielding, Scott, and Balzac. We all know the dictum of Dr. Johnson that Fielding shows us only the face of a clock, while Richardson reveals the mystery of the hidden springs; and as long as there are readers and critics opinions will continue to be divided as to the respective merit of these methods. Certainly the latter is the simpler, and for the majority of readers the broader and more effective in its appeal. But to use this method a mastery of plot is a prime requisite, and Mr. Allen's powers of plot construction appear to be very weak. In *The Mettle of the Pasture*, after an admirable opening in which the theme is stated and the complication of the plot begun, Mr. Allen turns aside to introduce and to describe at considerable length a number of minor characters who have very little to do with the plot. Such character studies as those of Judge Morris, Professor Hardage, Pansy Vaughan, and Marguerite would be admirably adapted to a story like Mrs. Banks' *Oldfield*—a sort of a natural history of the inhabitants of an old Kentucky town; but in a work like Mr. Allen's they simply impede the progress of the story, distract the attention of the reader, and detract from the effect of unity. Nor, in my judgment, can any defense be entered for the episodic incidents which occupy perhaps the greater part of the book between the masterly opening and the somewhat hasty and abrupt conclusion. I desire to speak with all becoming humility of the work of so fine and patient an artist as Mr. Allen. It seems to me that this story as a work of art would profit if a large proportion of its characters and incidents were simply swept away. But then it would

cease to be a novel and sink to the limits of an expanded short story, and it is plain that in this book Mr. Allen is aiming at breadth as well as depth of treatment.

This lack of unity is, undoubtedly, the chief fault of Mr. Allen's latest work, so great a fault as to disappoint in large measure the hopes which all intelligent readers of American fiction had conceived on the announcement of a new novel from his pen. It leaves them, indeed, in grave doubt as to whether the book marks a step in advance toward the high goal that he of all our younger writers seems most capable of attaining, or whether it indicates a fatal and irremediable weakness that will to the end impede his progress. By the side of this fault minor errors in the book sink into obscurity. The vigorous and noisy controversy that has been waged since the appearance of *The Mettle of the Pasture* over the moral problem which forms its central theme is a curious testimony to the widespread American interest in ethics and the profound American ignorance of esthetics. For the most part the problem, as was no doubt to be expected, has been simply misunderstood. There was, I fancy, no question in Mr. Allen's mind as to whether Rowan was right or wrong in imparting his guilty secret to Isabel. The whole tone of the book—and in particular the comments of personages who may be supposed to play the part of chorus and express the author's own views—go to show that Mr. Allen regards this confession as a virtuous act, a proof of the hero's true breeding—the mettle of his pasture. The problem is concerned solely with the woman's attitude in such a case. It deals with the clash of apparently conflicting duties—the woman's peculiar duty to maintain the ideal standard of chastity free from stain or degradation, and the more broadly human duty of sympathy and forgiveness. And yet one reviewer gravely asserts that the problem was whether Rowan should have confessed or not, and declares that his confession shows him to have been a prig and a cad. It is a lamentable fact that this rather superficial criticism should have come from the pen of one of the most gifted of our younger poets, Mr. Bliss Carman. One is tempted to ask whether Mr. Carman finds the suicide of

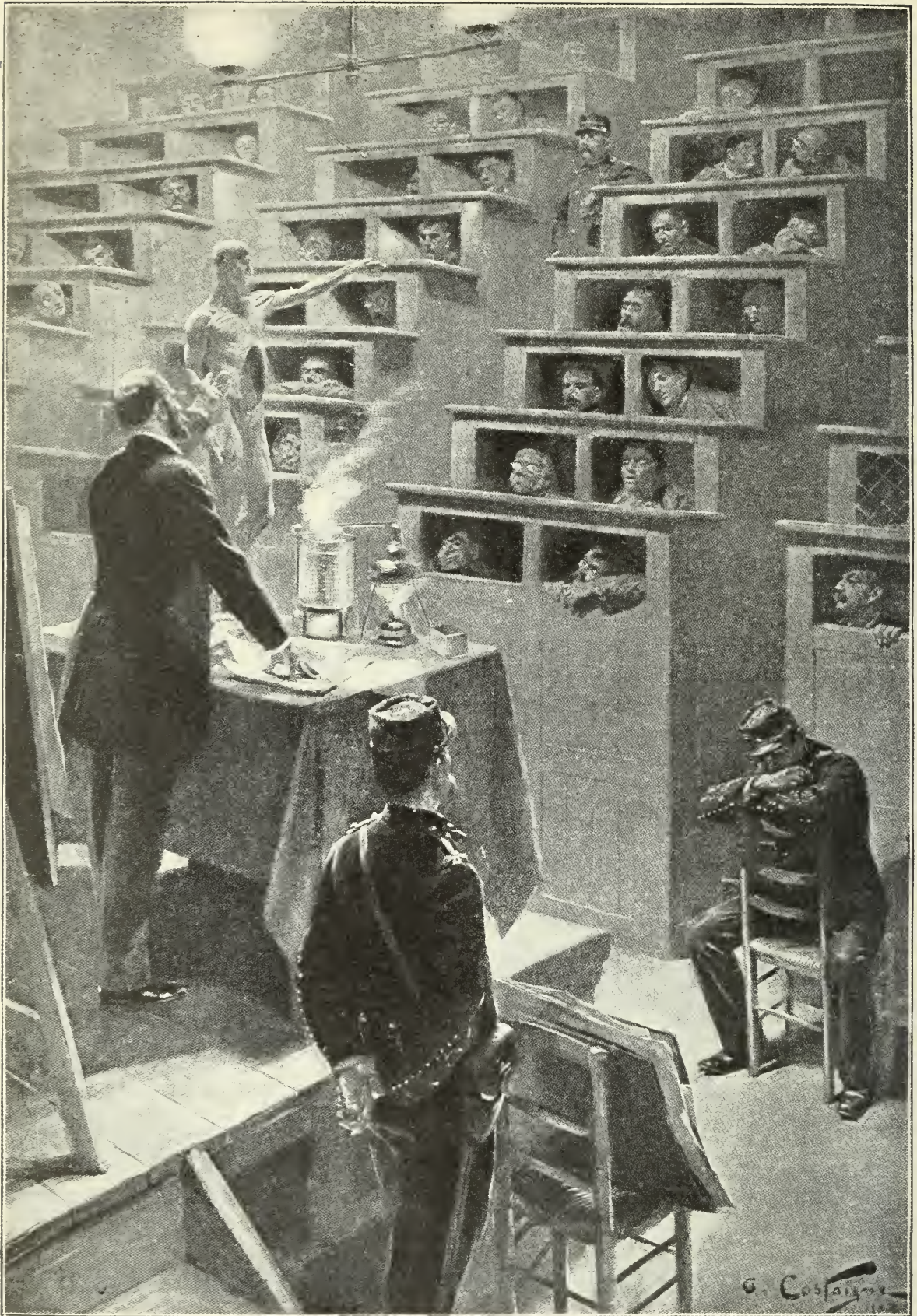
Romeo in the tomb of the Capulets a morally degrading act. Certainly, whatever may be the course of worldly wisdom in such a case as Rowan's, if marriage is to be conceived of as an ideal union of two lives, such a confession is not only a virtuous act, but a mere necessary prerequisite to entering into that union. And it is needless to say that Mr. Allen conceives of marriage in ideal terms, and lifts the discussion of the problem to a high level.

It cannot truthfully be said that the outlook for Southern fiction, as indicated by this group of novels, is particularly bright with promise, especially when one considers that around and below these lies a flood of minor and undistinguishable works. I have purposely omitted all discussion of the so-called historical novel, the cheap second-hand copies of an original of dubious merit. Northern as well as Southern writers are guilty of these fabrications, but a peculiar demerit attaches to the Southerner who does such work, inasmuch as it implies the renunciation of that strongly-marked individuality which has been, and which one hopes will long continue to be, characteristic of the South.

And I have left to one side the numerous books which use the form of a novel as a sort of a receptacle for local scenes and stories. Such works as *Abner Daniel*—the Southern David Harum—and the *Chronicles of Aunt Minervy Ann* are, properly speaking, not novels at all.

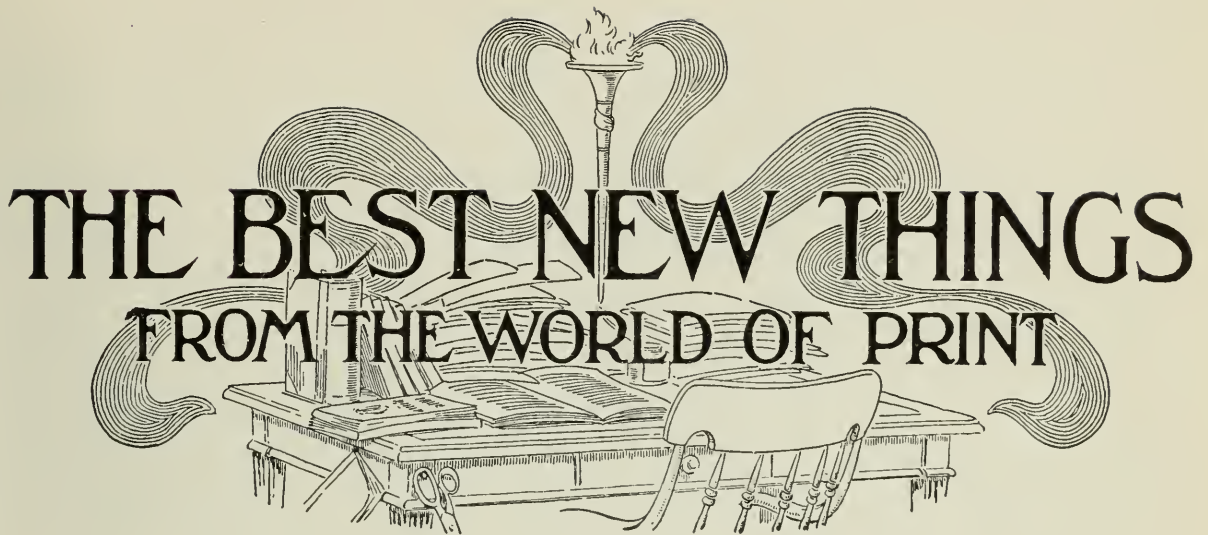
What is lacking in the contemporary fiction of the South, in my opinion, is a stronger grip on reality, a resolution to confront and represent life as it is today, and above all a more thorough mastery of the aims and methods of the novel as a form of art. Whether like deficiencies may not also be found in contemporary fiction in the North and West is an open question. But it is one far too open to be discussed today. My debauch of novel reading has left me with a sickening sense of the unreality of things. I will go and confess my weakness to Mentor, bear with proper humbleness his just reproof, and return to my work on the Balkan States.

LECTOR



—Graphic

AN ANTI-ALCOHOL LECTURE IN A FRENCH PENITENTIARY



A Criminal Sanatorium

The new French penitentiary at Fresnes, situated about eight miles from Paris, is the largest prison in the world, the five huge rectangular blocks, together with the gardens and the warders' quarters, covering well over half a square mile, and containing accommodation for two thousand criminals. Situated in a healthy district, with large windows admitting freely the fresh air and sunshine, provided with hot and shower baths, and every one of its two thousand spacious cells lit by electricity, it presents as great a contrast to the old order of things as can well be imagined.

No less different from ancient usage is the treatment of the prisoners. Their food is wholesome and abundant; they go to "school"; they are allowed to work at trades and to purchase any luxuries but tobacco with the money thus earned; and everything possible is done to develop their better instincts. There is in Paris a "Society for Lecturing in Prisons," which frequently sends lecturers to address the prisoners, the evils of drunkenness being a favorite topic. Such a lecture forms the subject of our artist's drawing.

The lectures are given in an immense hall, on one side of which, reaching almost to the roof, are what look like steps, but on closer inspection prove to be rows of boxes with openings about four inches high, through which can be seen the heads of the audience. In this strange manner the prisoners are enabled to see the lecturer, but prevented from holding any com-

munication with one another. Mutual recognition on release is thus also rendered impossible. These lectures against drunkenness are believed to have had some influence on the diminution of crime, which has lately been marked in France, and in future they are to be given more frequently and in a larger number of prisons. Whatever may be the effect of the system now being tried at Fresnes, it has been hailed with delight by the Parisian jail-bird, and to have been at Fresnes confers a certain dignity upon a criminal, who is not a little proud of acquaintance with this, the latest "fashionable resort" of his profession.—*The Graphic*.

Motoring vs. Ice-boating

To my mind motor-racing has little or nothing in its favor. To talk of it as sport is to resign oneself to dull and flat illusion. Motor-racing may be in the interests of skill, of mechanical improvement and invention; it may train the eye and the hand, but the real challenge of sport is not in it. The conditions are more or less fixed; it is not, like yachting, a science and an art where two elements are in league against you, where you are faced by constantly-changing conditions of these elements. There is no challenge in motor-racing save that of an intrusive pig or dog, or the accident of a wet piece of road, or the incidence of a curve, all of which you may know beforehand. The only skill in the business is the ability to

handle well and with judgment a complicated machine on a fixed course. The contest is as nothing compared to horse-racing, where two living forces, each with temperament and physical limitations and delicately sensitive nerves, fight side by side with others of a kind for victory. The other is, to my mind, a dull, ugly, unnatural business, and it has no right to the name of sport. It has neither beauty nor grace, it ministers to none of the higher instincts of adventure and sport and skill. The naked native riding a catamaran on the beach at Hilo is a thousand times truer sportsman than your M. Gabriel. Santos Dumont has a higher place in sport than Mr. Gordon Bennett. He, at any rate, challenged the most desperate of elements. I would rather have been Blondin even, and walked his tight-rope over the Niagara Falls, than be the best champion of motor-racing in the world.

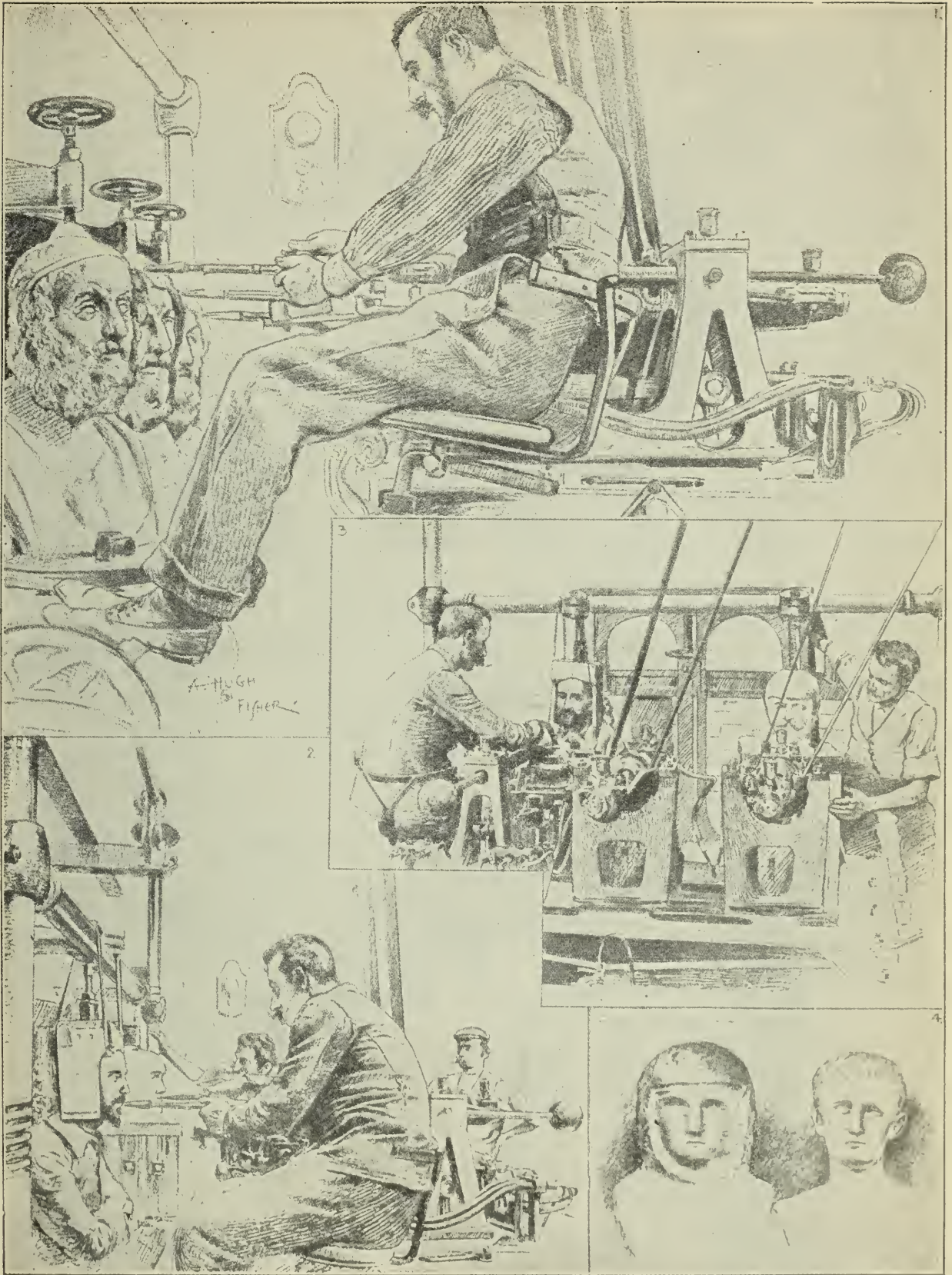
Once I traveled on an ice-boat on the Bay of Quinte twelve miles in eleven minutes! The journey was made on a day of days. The land white with snow, the trees along the shore glittering with frost, the air stirring strongly, the sun as hot as summer and as bright as a diamond, the whole world open to the eye, washed, starched, and laundered to a perfect cleanliness, and the long stretch of bay a noble race-course where the sails of the ice-boats spread like the wings of arctic birds. No complicated machinery to work, no bevel and differential wheels, no gear to change, but a skeleton beneath—two runners with a cross-piece on which to sit—and the wide shining sail above. To these the sharp, stirring air rising to a breeze, and then the steady hand, the eye keen to note any irregularity, any crack in the ice, any variation of the wind—a match with Nature and her laws upon a road-bed which she laid with an eye to illusion. It is a simple and primitive contest where dangers clutch at you every second, and you drive down the wind with strained, enthralled eye and flaming cheek, striving for first place home. That is sport, and it is speed; it is flying on the wings of the wind. Twenty-two years have passed since that ride, but even now at times the feeling of it passes over me, and I see again the light surf of snow spreading from the runners, the trees flying

past, houses far away shot suddenly into the vision and passing us like wild living things—a church spire flashing far ahead, then winking behind us, the long, long Bay ahead, and the haven where the forest suddenly breaks the wind, inflamed with life and zeal, *exalté*, at the very tip-top of doing and being. Sixty miles an hour in a motor-car cannot quite produce that; you must go to something nearer nature to find it—to a racehorse, that exquisite physical machine, endowed and beautiful—to sledding or tobogganning on the Cresta at St. Moritz, to shooting fierce rapids on the rivers of Minnesota or Finland. All these things are more human than motoring, and more natural.—*Sir Gilbert Parker in The Car.*

Sculpture by Machinery

There have been attempts from time to time in various quarters to provide a machine which will perform the task now carried out by the sculptor's workmen, but hitherto they have met with little or no success. It has been reserved for Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and Mr. W. G. Jones to bring before the public an invention which will do all the work now done by the "pointer," and in a twentieth of the time. The inventor is Signor Auguste Bontempi, of Naples. Sir A. Conan Doyle and Mr. Jones have acquired all the British rights in the invention.

The sculpturing machine is really a wonderful contrivance, and one that is probably destined to have a great effect on the art of sculpture in the immediate future. When our representative inspected the machine it was engaged in producing two marble copies of a bust of Homer. The Italian workman in charge was seated on one side of the machine. In front of him was a plaster cast. With one hand he guided a rod backward and forward over the plaster. A revolving steel drill protruded from the machine a couple of feet away, and another further on. In front of each of these drills was fixed a block of marble. A jet of water played on the point of each drill. Every movement of the rod in the workman's hand was followed by a similar movement on the part of the drills, which rapidly cut away the surface of the marble, until it corresponded



—Courtesy of Harper's Weekly

CARVING SCULPTURE BY MACHINERY

FIGURE 1 SHOWS THE SCULPTOR REPRODUCING A BUST OF HOMER IN DUPLICATE; 2 AND 3 ILLUSTRATE AN EXPERIMENT IN CARVING FROM LIFE; 4 SHOWS THE RESULT OF HALF AN HOUR'S WORK ON THE HEAD OF AUGUSTUS.

with the surface of the plaster. The machine had already roughly cut the face of the poet out of the marble and was at work on the side of the head. Some of the superabundant stone having been rapidly cleared away, the rod was applied to the fillet binding the poet's hair, and in a few minutes the ribbon was reproduced in marble. The rough outline of the hair then made its appearance, every lock being hewn out of the hard stone with astonishing celerity and marvelous fidelity.

The present machine costs only about £500, and the expense of working it is almost infinitesimal. While the invention will not do away with the necessity for the artist's finishing touches in the case of delicate work, it promises entirely to abolish the present long and costly process of "pointing." So far as architectural decoration is concerned, the effects of its introduction should be remarkable. In the opinion of one architect of experience it will reduce the price of architectural carving "from pounds to shillings." The same Corinthian capital, for instance, is reproduced in infinite numbers, and so is much of the floral work that enters largely

into the adornment of Gothic buildings. There is no reason why, when such a machine comes into common use, really good sculpture should not take the place of the inferior carvings in stone which now disfigure the portals, the windows, and the mantels of many of our suburban houses.—*London Morning Post*.

Trying It on the Child

Few who do not live in the work realize how profoundly the educational system of this country is now being revolutionized. Courses of study of almost every kind possible are on trial, and new methods and especially new topics galore are being introduced. The grammar school grades, where the legal requirements of attendance are satisfied, are falling to women teachers, one of our largest States lately reporting a little over seven per cent. of male teachers. Parents are steadily unloading more and more their duties upon the school. Even housework, darning, patching, sewing, cooking, gardening, bed-making, and washing are no longer learned at home, but in the school, so that at five or six, if not



SO READY!

SNOOKS (*coming out conversationally*)—I THINK THAT EVERY WOMAN WHO IS NOT OUT-AND-OUT PLAIN CONSIDERS HERSELF A BEAUTY.
MISS RINKLE—DOES THAT INCLUDE ME?
SNOOKS—OH, OF COURSE NOT!—*Punch*.

earlier, parents come to feel that their duties to their children are slight. Within ten years both our high schools and their population have more than doubled, and in place of the old uniformity perhaps the chief feature today is infinite diversity.

In such a metamorphic period, a mere list of the fads now in practice in various places would make a long article. Idiomatic busy work in the lower grades; learning to read without knowing the alphabet, so that occasionally children old enough to use a dictionary have to make up their arrears of knowledge to do so; blob drawing; type-writing and shorthand in the high school; four foreign languages for girls and boys in the early teens, who have almost nothing in their minds to express in the vernacular; Latin and algebra in the grammar school; wood and iron work in manual training courses that are wooden in their intelligence and iron in their inflexibility; sharply demarcated schools and theories of physical training which will not harmonize and give the children the benefit of the best of all; metaphysics of the effete German school for kindergartners, who ought to know something of nursing as now taught to high school graduates, and to know the child's body; interest in the finished product, which is used for show, rather than for educational values; everywhere, and perhaps especially in English, content and substance subordinated to form; method whipped up to a sillabub that suggests some analogy between the graduates of certain normal schools and the medieval barber's apprentice, who could set up for himself only when he could whip two ounces of soap into barrels of lather; the mechanism of marks and hearing lessons instead of teaching; the college dominating the high school, which is really the people's college, with its intrusive and excessive entrance examinations; distraction among the multiplicity of different topics—these are some of the dangers, of which some are universal and others dominant in certain places.

Despite all this, however, I, for one, am no pessimist, but find hope at the bottom of the casket. In a period of change and of marked revival in educational interest, it is inevitable that the tares should grow rankly with the wheat.—*G. Stanley Hall in Good Housekeeping.*

Are You You?

Are you a trailer, or are you a trolley?
Are you tagged to a leader through wisdom and folly?

Are you Somebody Else, or You?

Do you vote by the symbol and swallow it
"straight"?

Do you pray by the book, do you pay by the rate?
Do you tie your cravat by the calendar's date?

Do you follow a cue?

Are you a writer, or that which is worded?

Are you a shepherd, or one of the herded?

Which are you—a What or a Who?

It sounds well to call yourself "one of the flock,"
But a sheep is a sheep after all. At the block
You're nothing but mutton, or possibly stock.

Would you flavor a stew?

Are you a being and boss of your soul,

Or are you a mummy to carry a scroll?

Are you Somebody Else, or You?

When you finally pass to the heavenly wicket,
Where Peter the Scrutinous stands at his picket,
Are you going to give him a blank for a ticket?

Do you think it will do?

—*Edmund Vance Cooke in
Saturday Evening Post.*

Testing Wine by Telephone

It is stated that M. Maneuvrier, assistant director of the Laboratory of Researches of the Paris Faculty of Sciences, has just discovered an infallible method of ascertaining by the use of the telephone how much a given quantity of wine has been watered. The principle on which the invention rests is the variable conductivity of different liquids. The originality of Mr. Maneuvrier's ingenious application is his use of the telephone to determine to what degree the liquid under observation is a conductor.

The apparatus works as follows: Two vessels, one containing wine known to be pure, the other with the same quantity of the wine to be tested, are placed on an instrument outwardly resembling a pair of scales. The telephone is in contact with both liquids. If the sample of wine under observation is as pure as the standard used for comparison, no sound is heard; if, on the contrary, it contains water, the telltale telephone "speaks," and the greater the proportion of water the louder the instrument complains. A dial on which a number of figures are marked is connected with the telephone. To ascertain the proportion of water in the wine tested the operator moves a hand on the dial until

the telephone, which has been "speaking" all this time, relapses into silence. The hand has thus been brought to a certain figure on the dial. This number is then looked up in a chart, which the inventor has drawn up, and corresponding to it is found indicated the exact proportion of water contained in the quantity of wine.

M. Maneuvrier's remarkable invention can, he says, be easily applied to the testing of many other liquids, and even solids, which may be adulterated by the addition of foreign matter possessing a conductivity different to that of the original substance.—*Electrical World*.

The Tourist

"Potter hates Potter, and Poet hates Poet,"—so runs the wisdom of the ancients,—but tourist hates tourist with a cordial Christian animosity that casts all Pagan prejudices in the shade. At home we tolerate—sometimes we even love—our fellow-creatures. But abroad it is our habit

to regard all other travellers in the light of personal and unpardonable grievances. They are intruders into our chosen realms of pleasure, they jar upon our sensibilities, they lessen our meagre share of comforts, they are everywhere in our way, they are always an unnecessary feature in the landscape. The habit of classifying our distastes proves how strong is our general sense of injury. We dislike English tourists more than French, or French more than English, or Americans more than either, or Germans most of all—the last a common verdict. There is a power of universal mastery about the travelling Teuton that affronts our feebler souls. We cannot cope with him; we stand defeated at every turn by his resistless determination to secure the best. The windows of the railway carriages, the little sunny tables in the hotel dining-rooms, the back seats—commanding the view—of the Swiss funiculaires;—all these strong positions he occupies at once with the strategical genius of a great military nation. No weak concern for other people's comfort mars the simple straightforwardness of his plans, nor interferes with their prompt and masterly execution.

Great Britain sent her restless children out to see the world for many years before far-away America joined in the sport, while the overwhelming increase of German travellers dates only from the Franco-Prussian War. Now the three armies of occupation march and countermarch over the Continent, very much in one another's way, and deeply resentful of one another's intrusion. "The English"—again I venture to quote Froissart—"are affable to no other nation than their own." The Americans—so other Americans piteously lament—are noisy, self-assertive, and contemptuous. The fault of the Germans, as Canning said of the Dutch—

"Is giving too little and asking too much."

All these unlovely characteristics are stimulated and kept well to the fore by travel.—*Agnes Repplier in Lippincott's Magazine.*



REMINISCENCES

HE—HA! HA! AND DO YOU REMEMBER THE TIME YOU FELL OUT OF THE APPLE TREE AND I CAUGHT YOU?

SHE—YES, INDEED! AND DO YOU REMEMBER THE TIME WHEN I PULLED YOU OUT OF THE POND BY YOUR LONG YELLOW CURLS?—*Brooklyn Life.*

A "General" Knowledge Paper

[The "Arachne" is the name of an institution which has been formed for the benefit of domestic servants. Quarters have been taken near the Marble Arch. A teaching staff of trained gentlewomen has been organised, and examinations will be held periodically and certificates granted on good results.]

1. How do you pronounce the name "Arachne"? Is it intended to imitate a sneeze, and if so, do you propose to sniff at it?

2. Should the hitherto dependent particle "Ann" be a subject or an object under modern conditions? When may "Ann" be followed by a proper noun, e.g., "policeman"?

3. Compare "master" and "missus." Why is the latter generally and needlessly positive, while the former is usually superlative?

4. When are the following phrases to be used:

(a) It came off in my 'and.

(b) It's not been done since I've been here.

(c) I won't be put upon.

Can you suggest any plausible variations of the first two expressions?

5. What is the difference between a person who keeps her wardrobe locked and a real lady; between the decipherment of torn-up letters and a dull evening in the kitchen; between a "character" and the reality; and between a prospective employer in the registry-office and the same individual at close quarters in her own household?

6. Define a "place," and describe one or two of the many hundreds you have been in, keeping clear of the law of libel. —*Punch*.

Tattooing

The custom of tattooing originated among savage people, and was originally established, it is believed, as a substitute for writing and as a means of permanently recording facts in their lives. The significations of tattooing vary widely. Love of ornamentation, substitution for clothing, a desire to show fortitude under physical suffering, the wish to perpetuate symbolism, and, among women, the indication of marriage, are some of them.

There are two principal methods of



JAPANESE TATTOOING

Courtesy of Scientific American



UNREADY! AYE UNREADY!

(JOHN BULL ON SENTRY DUTY)

[WE REGRET TO SAY THAT WE ARE NOT SATISFIED THAT ENOUGH IS BEING DONE TO PLACE MATTERS ON A BETTER FOOTING IN THE EVENT OF ANOTHER EMERGENCY.— Extract from Report of Royal Commission on the War in South Africa.]

—Punch

L. RAVENHILL

tattooing: by making cuts in the flesh so as to leave a cauterized mark, but generally without the addition of any coloring matter; and by drawing a pattern on the skin, which is afterwards pricked in, and to which various coloring matters are applied.

In Japan tattooing is chiefly confined to the lower classes, whose shoulders, arms, and thighs are decorated with such figures as are seen on porcelain. Cinnabar and Indian ink are the pigments used. A thief who has stolen within a certain specified amount of property has a circle tattooed on his arm, and on the second offence he is beheaded.—*Scientific American*.

An Appalling Muddle

The state of unpreparedness for the South African war, or, indeed, for any war whatever, revealed by the report of the Royal Commission on the Transvaal War, can only be described as appalling. It was true we had a certain number of men with the colors and in the reserve, and a mobilization scheme which worked satisfactorily when finally put into operation. But everything else was lacking. Though it had been known for years that khaki uniforms would be required for active service, there was no reserve of anything but scarlet and blue, and some 40,000 suits of drill too thin for the South African climate. After the war broke out it was discovered that the Lee-Enfield rifles, the manufacture of which had been going on for years, were wrongly sighted. The Mark IV bullet, of which 66,000,000 rounds were in stock, was suddenly discovered to strip in the rifle and disable the men who fired with it.

The boots were bad, and the situation was saved only by drawing on the stores of the Indian army. There was practically no reserve of saddlery, very few horseshoes, no mule shoes whatever. The cavalry sword was the "very worst that could possibly be used," according to Sir J. French, and there were only eighty of these precious instruments in reserve. The two army corps for foreign service had neither transport nor transport animals, and, though it is impossible to maintain a complete supply of transport for every country and climate in which our army may be

called to wage war, not a penny of expenditure on the most essential preparations was sanctioned, in spite of the imminence of war, till September 22d, three weeks before the Boer ultimatum. With regard to remounts, there was no system of obtaining in time of peace information as to horse supplies in foreign countries for the contingency of a serious war; nor any system for the efficient working of the remount department in the field.

Our system of accounts, like our army system all through, was—and is—based on the supposition of permanent peace. There was—and is—no provision for a sufficient supply of officers after mobilization. There was—and is—no scheme for organizing the services of colonial and home volunteers. The information which the intelligence department managed to collect, though terribly handicapped by lack of money, was "for all practical purposes neglected." There was no plan of campaign. The generals successively sent to command in South Africa received no definite instructions as to what was expected of them, and were not even informed of the existing local schemes of defense. The whole of the staff arrangements had to be improvised after the war started.

To quote Sir George Goldie, "Only an extraordinary combination of fortunate circumstances, external and internal, saved the empire during the early months of 1900, and there is no reason to expect a repetition of such fortune, if, as appears probable, the next national emergency finds us still discussing our preparations."—*London Times*.

The English of Jean Baptiste

The following letter, with only the names changed, was lately received by a Montreal firm of bicycle manufacturers from one of their French-Canadian customers in a little Quebec village. It reads:

mister T. J. Jones and companee,
Notre Dame Street, P. Q.

Dear Sir:—I receev de bicykel witch I by from you alrite, but for why dont send me no saddel. wat is de use of de bicykel when She dont have no saddel. I am loose to me my kustomers sure ting by no having de saddel and dats not very pleasure for Me. wat is de matter wit you mister

jones and companee. is not my moneys so good like annoder mans. you loose to me my trade and I am verree anger for dat an now i tells to you dat you are a dam fools an no good mister T. J. Jones and companee. I send to you back at wunce your bicykel tomorro for shure bekwase you are such a dam foolishness people.

your respectfullee,

J. B. St. Denis.

P. S.—since I rite dis leter i find de saddel in de box. excuse to me.—*Four Track News.*

Lord Salisbury as John of Gaunt

There were probably never two men more utterly unlike than the late Marquis of Salisbury and old John of Gaunt—Shakespeare's "time-honour'd Lancaster"

—and yet, curiously enough, as is seen in the accompanying illustration, they are represented in the same figure sculpture on the reconstructed reredos of the Chapel of All Souls' College, Oxford, not as twain, but as one and indivisible person. There, on the right of the Crucifix, in the lowest tier of statues, and between Archbishop Wareham and Bishop Goldwell, is the figure of a mailed lay Churchman, the body of which is ideally John of Gaunt's, but the head and face is a portrait of Lord Salisbury. "In the features of the reredos figures," says Mr. Robertson, in his history of All Souls', "Geflowski, the sculptor, has 'immortalized' many of the Fellows." Lord Salisbury, at the time of the restoration of the reredos, had been for a number of years a foundation member of Archbishop Chichele's famous Chantry College, whilst also having been elected to the Chancellorship of Oxford University.—*J. G. Hall in The Living Church.*



REREDOS OF ALL SOULS' COLLEGE

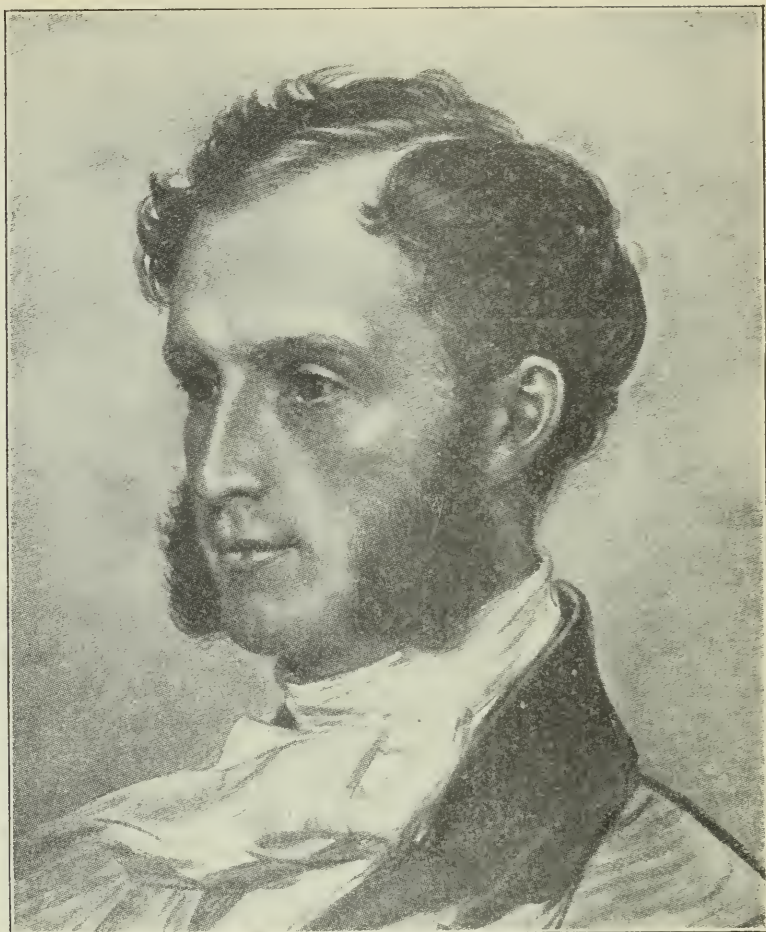
Courtesy of Living Church

After Fifty Years

No one will question the right to the first place among F. W. Robertson's principles to this: that the essential of a creed, as of a life, was not its form but its spirit. Doctrinal forms decay; the spirit lives on under new forms. With this magic, but now so commonplace, key he approached the New Testament, the doctrines of Christ, and the dogmas of his own Church. And with what spirit-freeing result, and to the roar of what orthodox cannonading, we all know. "The letter killeth, the spirit maketh alive," he cried in every sermon, every letter, every address.

Again, every lover of Robertson knows, if he knows anything at all of his hero, that Shakespeare's saying about "the soul of good in things evil" was the mastering quotation of his tolerant life. Had it not been, what sorrow and misunderstanding would have been spared to him! He *would* see his antagonist's position. No zeal should blind him to the truth concealed in the error. Channing was a Unitarian, therefore to be shunned and denounced, said the Trinitarian. Therefore to be loved and admired for his passionate devotion to Jesus Christ, corrected Robertson. Kingsley was a Socialist, and Socialism involves the denial of those social distinctions inherent in the very fabric of society. No doubt, replied Robertson; but better a thousand times the warm heart of Kingsley than the callous indifference of the well-to-do.

He founded no school; he refused to be labeled, and so was libeled instead. Men love extremists. "Take the sides," they cry; "one way or the other." "Both sides are right, if you get high enough up to look down on them," replied Robertson. And so they hated him—with cause. He repudiated the word eclectic, but an eclectic he was, as all men must be who are not prepared to go through life with but one eye and maimed—a method, be it always remembered, commended as a des-



F. W. ROBERTSON

perate means of salvation, but not of attaining full-orbed Christian perfection. —*W. Scott King in The British Monthly.*

Chicago: Half Free and Fighting On

Political grafters have been cheerful enough to tell me they have "got a lot of pointers" from the corruption articles. I trust the reformers will pick up some "pointers" from—Chicago.

Yes, Chicago. First in violence, deepest in dirt; loud, lawless, unlovely, ill-smelling, irreverent, new; an overgrown gawk of a village, the "tough" among cities; a spectacle among the nations;—I give Chicago no quarter and Chicago asks for none. "Good," they cheer, when you find fault; "give us the gaff. We deserve it and it does us good." They do deserve it. Lying low beside a great lake of pure, cold water, the city has neither enough nor good enough water. With the ingenuity and will to turn their sewer, the Chicago River, and make it run backwards and



WALTER L. FISHER

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Courtesy of McClure's Magazine

upwards out of the lake, the city cannot solve the smoke nuisance. With resources for a magnificent system of public parking, it is too poor to pave and clean the streets. They can balance high buildings on rafts floating on mud, but they can't quench the stench of the stockyards. The enterprise which carried through a World's Fair to a world's triumph is satisfied with two thousand five hundred policemen for two million inhabitants and one hundred and ninety-six square miles of territory, a force so insufficient (and inefficient) that it can not protect itself, to say nothing of handling mobs, riotous strikers, and the rest of that lawlessness which disgraces Chicago. Though the city has an extra-legal system of controlling vice and crime, which is so effective that the mayor has been able to stop any practices against which he has turned his face—the "panel game," the "hat game," "wine rooms," "safe blowing";—though gambling is limited, regulated, and fair, and prostitution orderly;

though, in short—through the power of certain political and criminal leaders—the mayor has been able to make Chicago, criminally speaking, "honest"—burglary and hold-ups are tolerated. As government all this is preposterous.

I do not cite Chicago as an example of good municipal government, nor yet of good American municipal government; New York has, for the moment, a much better administration. But neither is Chicago an example of bad government. There is grafting there, but after St. Louis it seems petty, and after Philadelphia most unprofessional. Chicago is interesting for the things it has "fixed." What is wrong there is ridiculous. Politically and morally speaking, Chicago should be celebrated among American cities for reform, real reform, not moral fits and political uprisings, not reform waves that wash the "best people" into office to make fools of themselves and subside, leaving the machine stronger than ever—none of these aristocratic disappointments—but reform that reforms, slow, sure, political, democratic reform, by the people, for the people. This is what Chicago has.

It has found a way. I don't know that it is *the* way. All that I am sure of is that Chicago has something to teach every city and town in the country—including Chicago.

The people of Chicago have beaten boodling. That is about all they have done so far, but that is about all they have tried deliberately and systematically to do, and the way they have done that proves that they can do anything they set out to do. They worry about the rest; half free, they are not satisfied and not half done. But boodling, with its backing of "big men" and "big interests," is the hardest evil a democracy has to fight, and a people who can beat it can beat anything.

... A politician? A boss. Chicago has in the Nine of the Municipal Voter's League, with their associated editors and able finance and advisory committee, a reform ring; and in Walter L. Fisher, a reform boss. Fisher is a politician. With the education, associations, and the idealism



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GOLF A CENTURY AND A QUARTER AGO

PAINTED BY L. F. ABBOTT, 1792, AND DEDICATED BY HIM "TO THE SOCIETY OF GOFFERS AT BLACKHEATH"

of the reformers who fail, this man has cunning, courage, tact, and, rarer still, faith in the people. In short, reform in Chicago has such a leader as corruption alone usually has: a first-class executive mind and a natural leader of men.—*Lincoln Steffens in McClure's Magazine.*

A Ship Brake

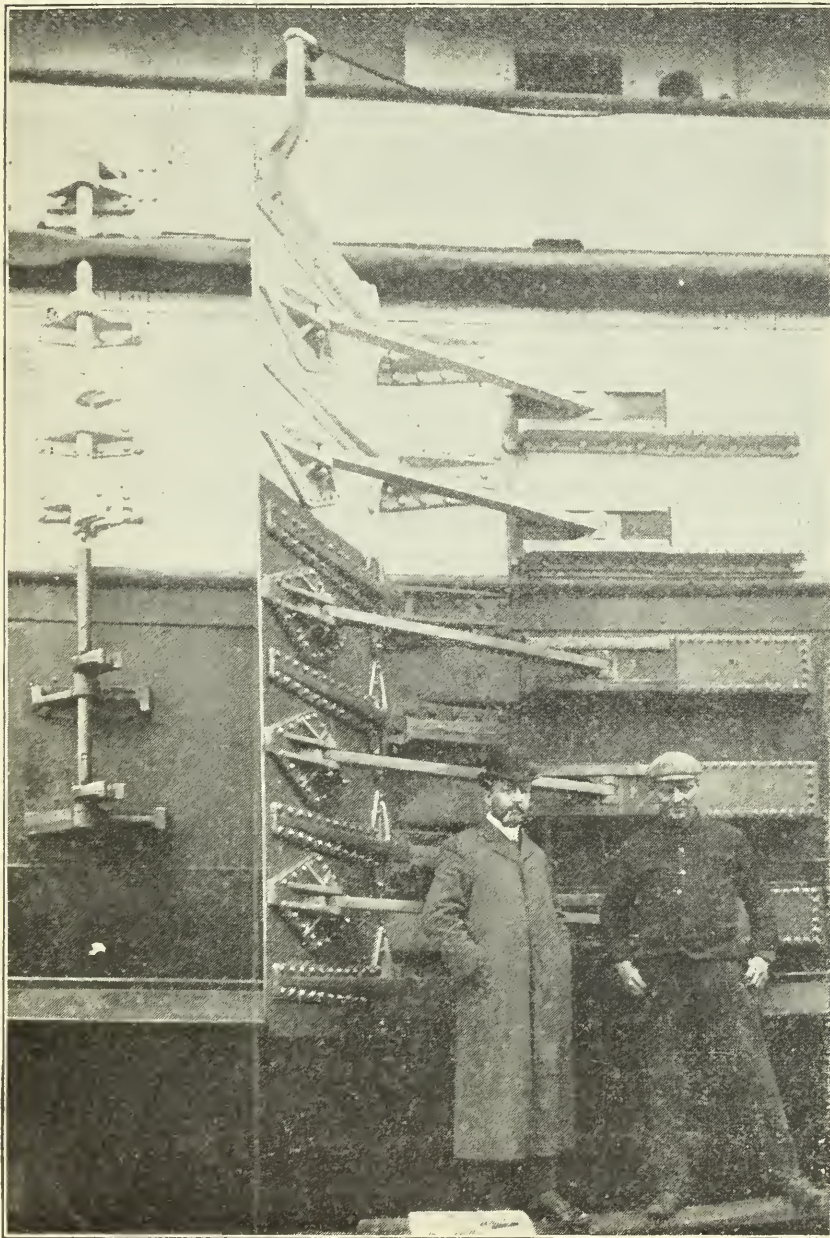
The Canadian Government has recently equipped one of its vessels—the steamer “Eureka,” plying in inland waters—with a ship brake. As the name indicates, the brake is intended to check the speed of a vessel. It can also be utilized to assist in

turning about in a limited shipway. In a trial made near Montreal, the steamer was driven ahead at an indicated speed of eleven knots an hour. Steam was then shut off, and, simultaneously, the brake on each side opened. The vessel came to a full stop within a distance equal to her own length. When the engines were reversed, all headway ceased after she had gone about half her length. In maneuvering the “Eureka” at full speed, she was turned within her own length, with one brake thrown open. An examination of the hull and brake mechanism after the tests showed apparently no harmful strain, and in operating the brakes no jar or vibration was observable by those on board.

The brake, which is placed on the sides of the hull, consists of a stout plate of steel, heavily reinforced, folded snugly against the side of the ship when not in use. The movement of the brake can be controlled entirely either from the bridge or from the engine room.—*Scientific American.*

The Woman Smuggler

Women are inveterate smugglers. Some of them do it as a business. Dress-makers and milliners can see no wickedness in furtively getting through, free of duty, goods they have honestly bought and paid for on the other side. They regard it as resistance to oppression. As for women who have been traveling for pleasure, probably nine out of every ten try to smuggle something. Often they succeed. The professional has a much harder task, for the Secret Service keeps pretty close to her, and knows when she sails for Europe as well as when she returns.



A SHIP BRAKE

Courtesy of Scientific American

I shall never forget the horrified apprehension on the face of a stout, rosy widow whom I once stopped half way up the pier on her way from the first cabin of an ocean liner. She was wearing a pink dress. She walked with a little swagger. She suggested a perambulating comet. That was what I was thinking when I saw something strange and uncanny unwinding in her wake. It was green silk. Yard after yard came out—a veritable comet's tail—and on the luckless woman strode, uncon-

you didn't. I am an inspectress. Would you mind coming with me to the examining room?"

She looked as though she were going to faint. She didn't. As a matter of fact, the amount of silk she had was not dutiable; she had nothing else that the customs law affected; and her secretiveness as well as her fright had been without a particle of excuse. She was greatly relieved when I bade her good-day. —*Cynthia W. Alden in National Progress.*



Courtesy of National Progress

“SOMETHING STRANGE UNWINDING IN HER WAKE”

scious, utterly unconscious, of the appendage. After it had apparently all unwound, I hurried up and put my hand on her shoulder.

“Aren't you losing something?” I said, as sweetly as I could.

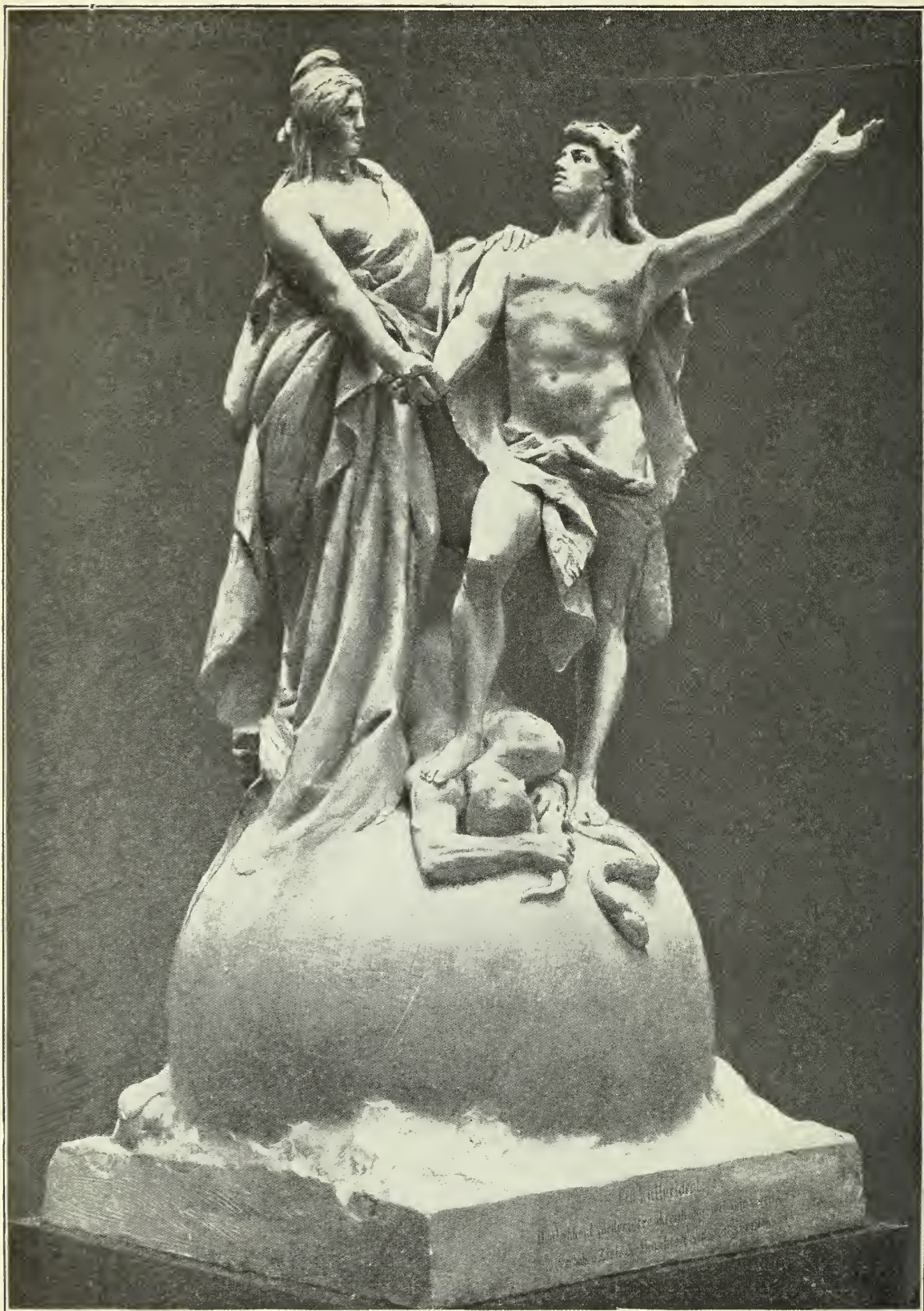
She looked back. Five yards behind her she could see the end of the green silk, but she could not see the end of her troubles.

“I—I am afraid I am,” she stammered. “I didn't know it was unwinding.”

“No,” I remarked, gravely, “I dare say

The Contagion of Work

About two years ago a Russian firm of shipbuilders sent over several workmen to learn American methods and to get the American spirit. Within six months these Russians, naturally bright and teachable, became almost the equals of the American artisans among whom they worked. They went back home. A year later they had lost all traces of the peculiar American energy and spirit with which they had returned saturated. They were Russians



Gustave Eberlein

The Sphere

AN IDEAL OF CIVILIZATION

THE FATHERLAND INVITES FRANCE TO ADVANCE WITH IT IN THE INTERESTS OF HUMANITY

again, docile, imitatively skilful, but without ambition and without a trace of individuality in their work.

In this instance are hints of many things, two notable and important: That American excellence is in the democratic American atmosphere rather than in individual men; that the most unpromising of our immigrants can be made over into men, as a rule, by breathing that atmosphere.—*Saturday Evening Post*.

Word Snobbishness

A writer for one of the magazines complains that accuracy in the use of words has given him more trouble than the thing is worth. He says there are many words which it is unsafe to use correctly—unsafe in fact, to use at all—because they “have been marked with the red flag of danger,” by compilers of books on words and their uses, and people think there must be something the matter with them. He writes too timidly for so good a cause. He should have said that there is a large class of persons who are fairly eaten up with word-snobbishness, apostles of petrification, who hate to see the language grow, mere insects of style, who insist that “Tomorrow will be Tuesday,” and say “Cannot you.” Many a man’s entire being is wrapped up in a few pet accuracies of diction; he thinks they are the whole of “culture.” Many a man looks as complacent when he says “literatyoor” as a naked Zulu in a high hat. We all have our word prejudices, and on no account should we part with them, for they add to the zest of life.

We cling to some small propriety as if to say, “By this sign ye shall know me.” You say, “His success was phenomenal,” and I sneer. I say, “T’aint either,” and you chuckle. And we each feel pleased and superior, which, no doubt, is why the angels brought us together. These innocent, unproclaimed triumphs make the heart of man beat faster, and it is often an act of kindness to use bad English to your neighbor just to give him a glow. We once made a party of Englishmen happy for a week, merely by deliberately mispronouncing a word or two in every sentence, thus giving them enough “Americanisms” to last their whole lives. But some of us have grown as conscious of our words as

Matthew Arnold said we were of our clothes on Fifth Avenue. As some men write, their faces contrast with the pains they are taking. Style to them is a martyrdom of word-etiquette. Better to eat placidly with a knife than to struggle horribly in public against doing so, and an occasional stumble in print is far pleasanter to see than the mincing steps of verbal parvenus.—*The Bookman*.

A Diagnosis of Kentucky

Kentucky’s hills are full of rills,
And all the rills are lined with stills,
And all the stills are full of gills,
And all the gills are full of thrills,
And all the thrills are full of kills.

You see, the feudists dot the hills,
And camp along the little rills,
Convenient to the busy stills,
And thirsting for the brimming gills.
And when the juice his system fills,
Each feudist whoops around and kills.

Now, if they’d only stop the stills,
They’d cure Kentucky’s many ills;
Men would be spared to climb the hills
And operate the busy stills.

However, this would mean more gills,
And that, of course, would mean more thrills.
Resulting in the same old kills.
So all the hills and rills and stills,
And all the gills and thrills and kills,
Are splendid for the coffin mills,
And make more undertaker’s bills.

—*Chicago Tribune*.

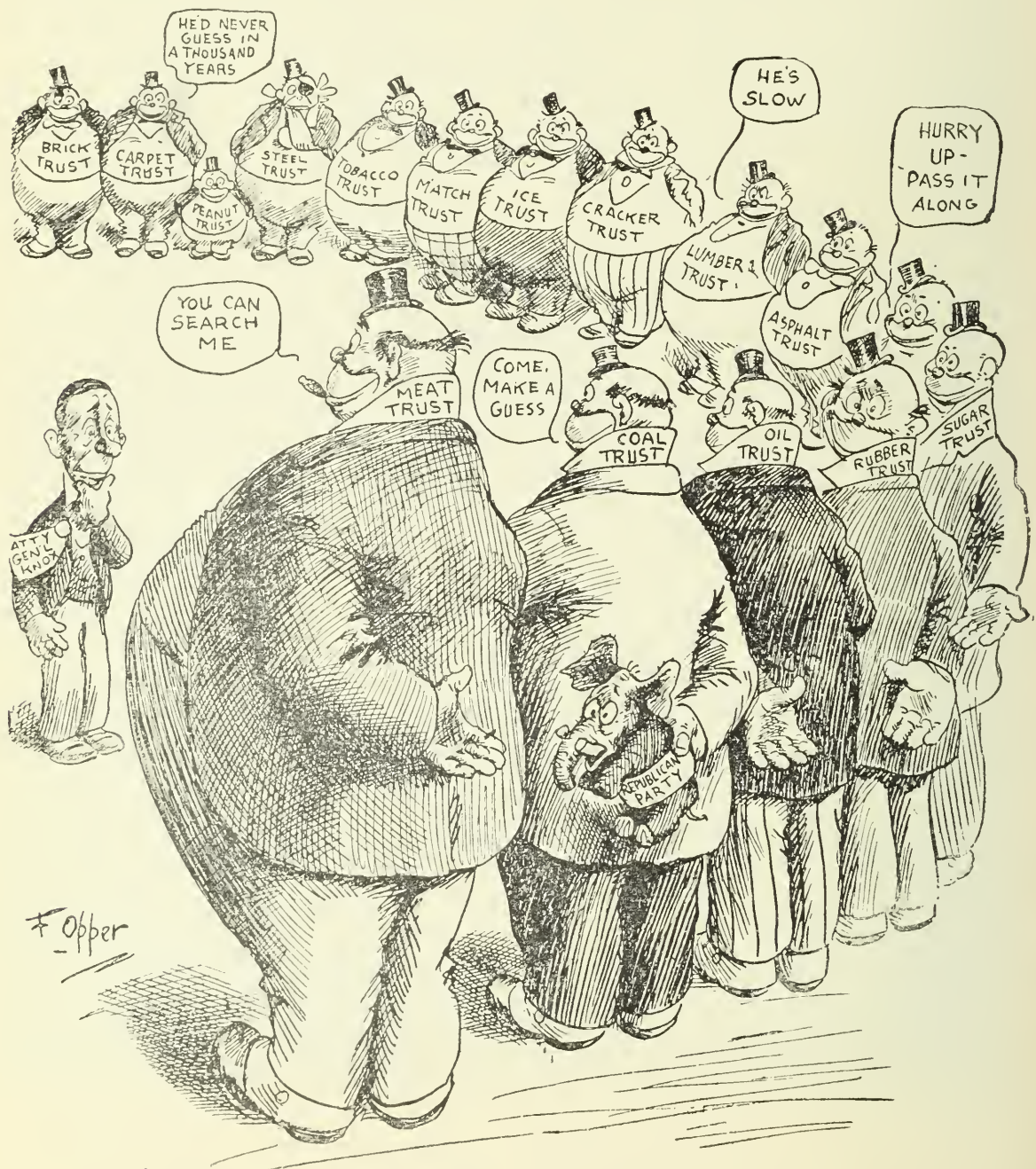
The Empire of the North

No longer is Alaska, even in popular conception, the lone land of ice and snow which fiction and tradition long presented it. Northward in the last five years, swift on the heels of the gold-seeking pioneers, have gone railroad builders and telegraph linemen, engineers, capitalists, bankers, teachers, and settlers, until not only Alaska but the whole vast stretch of the Far Northwest is repeating California’s marvelous story of development. Steamers, many of them palatial in their fittings, now navigate the Alaskan rivers; towns with organized systems of government are growing fast, with schools and banks and churches, and streets lighted by electricity, and paved. The telegraph and the telephone connect the principal settlements.

From end to end of the Yukon, mightiest of the rivers of the world, the traveler may wander during four months of the year

and never see snow. Instead there will be a tangle of rich vegetation, of great forests, of grass that grows as high as a man's shoulder, and endless fields of beautiful plant life. Wild berries in great variety—raspberries, currants, huckleberries, blackberries, etc.—beautiful ferns waving in the soft breezes, great beds of the purple lupine and the red columbine, wild celery and wild parsnip growing many feet high, ponds on which float great yellow lilies, with the purple iris bordering their banks, are everywhere.

The development of the North has only begun. When the cod banks of the coast have been exploited; the salmon industry placed on a more systematic basis; the deposits of gold, iron, nickel, copper, and coal worked by adequate modern machinery; the vast tracts of fertile land brought under cultivation, and the railroads briefly indicated have been completed, the great North will be no longer the lone *terra incognita* of the past, but will throb with an active and productive civilization.—*William R. Stewart in World's Work.*



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Courtesy New York Journal

"ELEPHANT, ELEPHANT, WHO'S GOT THE ELEPHANT?"



THE
BOOKLOVERS
MAGAZINE

DECEMBER
1903

VOL. II NO. VI

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE
THREE DOLLARS A YEAR
TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A NUMBER
PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
THE LIBRARY PUBLISHING COMPANY
1323 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA
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SIR WALTER SCOTT

FROM THE PAINTING BY SIR HENRY RAEBURN



THE LAST MINSTREL

BY T. M. PARROTT

Scott was in his time the most popular of all the great poets of the Romantic movement, and he remains today the best loved of their number. Whatever may be the received opinion as to the merit of his verse when compared with that of his contemporaries, it is impossible to feel for the cold austerity of Wordsworth, the passionate arrogance of Byron, or even the sensitive ideality of Shelley, anything like that sentiment of warm personal affection which we cherish for the kindly, generous, and broadly human personality of Scott. In part, no doubt, this sentiment is due to the unbounded reverence of boyhood for the wonderworking poet who unbarred the gates and led the way into the enchanted garden of romance. Nine out of every ten readers of English verse may, I fancy, repeat with all sincerity and truth the closing words of Lang's letter to Sir Walter: "From you first, as we followed the deer with King James, or rode with William of Deloraine on his midnight errand, did we learn what Poetry means and all the happiness that is in the gift of song. This and more than may be told you gave us, that are not forgetful, not ungrateful, though our praise be unequal to our gratitude."

But there is something more in our feeling for Scott and his work than a mere lingering of the ingenuous and uncritical admiration of boyhood. There comes a

time, indeed, in most lives when Scott's poems are thrown aside for the work of other poets, graver or more sensuous, subtler or more passionate. At such a period, too, his novels suffer under the onslaughts of the newly awakened critical sense; one is apt to pronounce them stilted in diction, clumsy in machinery, and generally wanting in technic. But this period passes, like other literary maladies, and we come back to Scott with a renewed delight in that brave spirit of adventure which bewitched our youth, and with a truer appreciation of the lyric beauty, the power of sustained narrative, the vigorous and varied gift of character portrayal which combine with his epic simplicity and his romantic charm to insure him a permanent place, not in his native language only, but among the great names of the literature of the world.

It is probable that Scott's popularity rests today, with the generality of readers, rather upon his novels than his verse. This is due in part to the almost unchallenged preëminence which fiction since Scott's day has obtained over other forms of literature and to the present almost unbroken preoccupation of the general reader with novels, and novels only. And it is due in part also to the undisputed fact that much of the best in Scott—his shrewd and sunny humor, his genial sympathy with all sorts and conditions of men,

and his firm grasp on the realities of life—is recalled more clearly in his novels than in his poetry. Yet it is no less true that the neglect which his verse suffered during the greater part of the last century was undeserved. His fame was eclipsed by the successive ascensions of Byron, Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Browning. Each of these poets became famous, and rightly famous, for qualities and effects not to be found in Scott, and as a consequence Scott's verse was underrated because it lacked these qualities and effects. A saner and more sympathetic criticism estimates a poet by what he is and does, not by what he could not be and never dreamed of doing. Toward the close of the Victorian era poetry tended more and more to become a thing of study, and the appreciation of poetry to become less popular in the true sense of the word and more narrowly limited to a small, refined, and art-loving class, in whose eyes the open-air, impetuous, and often careless verse of Scott was an unpardonable crime against the canons of true art. The world-wide vogue of Kipling's verses in the last decade would seem to indicate that a strong reaction against the later Victorian standards has already set in, and it is by no means improbable that as the critics come to realize that the last word of poetry was not spoken by Tennyson, Rossetti, or Swinburne, they may also come to recognize more generally the widely diverse merits of the great predecessor of these poets.

The truth is that Scott, although his poetic activity falls almost wholly within the nineteenth century, was absolutely unmoved by the great currents of feeling which swayed that age. His attitude toward the principles that precipitated the gigantic convulsion of the Revolution in France and brought about the bloodless, but none the less important, reform of the English constitution was from first to last that of the fighting Tory. In his fiery youth he headed a band of gentlemen who cracked the heads of Irish Jacobins in the pit of the Edinburgh theatre; in his trembling old age

he sprang from his carriage to arrest a radical rowdy at the hustings of Selkirk. His political ideas were summed up in the old Cavalier motto: "Fear God; honor the king." His attitude toward George IV. over which Thackeray makes merry was not that of a servile courtier to his sovereign, but that of a Highland bard toward the chief of his clan. Scott was the last English poet to whom the sentiment of loyalty in its old accepted meaning was something more than an idle phrase. He was in fact the last minstrel, and his muse

the Lady of the Mere

Sole-sitting by the shores of old romance.

Scott represents the culmination of the eighteenth century's interest in the romantic and medieval past. In him the tendencies that had budded in Horace Walpole and Bishop Percy and "Ossian" McPherson broke out into full and perfect flower. Our knowledge is today in many respects more accurate and well-rounded; our poets and novelists would shudder at such light-hearted anachronisms as those in which Scott leaps over the centuries to make his wizard clansman contemporary with Queen Mary's moss-troopers, or to send a Danish Viking campaigning like a Crusader "on Carmel's cliffs and Jordan's strand." And yet with all our increase of knowledge and painstaking accuracy of expression it is doubtful whether any poet since Scott's day has ever penned a passage so instinct with medievalism as the famous description of Branksome at the opening of the *Lay* or the scarcely less famous narrative of the Mass in Melrose Abbey at its close. Here as nowhere else in modern English literature the romantic past is seized and realized in two of its most dominating features, warfare and religious devotion.

Of a third great element in medievalism, romantic love, Scott is said to have had a fainter perception; and it is clear that the passion of love plays but a small part in his verse. And yet I doubt whether any later poet has reproduced so accurately the attitude of the medieval minstrel toward love both in its lighter and graver

aspects as Scott in one of the least regarded of his poems, *The Bridal of Triermain*. It would be an interesting study to compare at length the Arthur of that poem, the chivalric, adventurous, and amorous king of the old romances, with the spiritualized and allegorized Arthur of the *Idyll's of the King*. Tennyson's may be the nobler conception, but there can be no doubt that Scott's is the more truly medieval; and the perfect close of Sir Roland's love-quest in the same poem stands in admirable contrast to the hopeless muddle of medieval and modern with which Tennyson winds up a charming idyll on the love-quest of Sir Gareth. "Scott's feeling for romance," says one of the shrewdest of his later critics, "and the depth of his sympathy with all that was heroic and much that was merely ancient, enabled him to assume almost the attitude of the wandering minstrel," and in addition to the passage just noted a hundred others might be quoted to verify the truth of this assertion.

Scott's feeling for romance and sympathy with the heroic past came to him in the most natural way, through heredity and early environment. He was, to be sure, the son of a sedate and practical Edinburgh lawyer, but he was also the descendant of a famous hard-riding, hard-fighting clan, the sixth in right line from Walter of Harden, the hero of many a Border ballad, and his wife, the Flower of Yarrow—no bad genealogy, as Scott himself remarks with conscious pride, for a Border minstrel. He was born in what is still the most romantic of British towns, and his early years were spent with his grandparents in a farm-house overlooking the Tweed, where he was brought up in an atmosphere of Jacobite tales and Border legends—an atmosphere wonderfully reproduced for us in the biographic lines prefixed to the third canto of *Marmion*. The first poem that he learned by heart was the ballad of *Hardyknut*, the first book that he read aloud was Pope's *Iliad*. While still a boy he read both Ossian and Spenser, and committed to memory long passages of

the *Faerie Queene*. To a residence during his twelfth year in Kelso, "the most beautiful village in Scotland," Scott himself traced the awakening of his feeling for the beauties of nature, a feeling inextricably intertwined in him with a sense of the historic or legendary past of which these beauties were the frame. Scott was no pure nature-worshipper like Wordsworth; a landscape meant little or nothing to him unless it were associated with romantic memories. As he put it, very frankly, he would rather wander over the field of Bannockburn than survey the scene from the battlements of Stirling.

One of the most important incidents in Scott's early life was his acquaintance with Percy's ballad collection, *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*. It was not that the book opened a new field to the boy, for he had been familiar since infancy with ballads and legends; but it showed him that the collection, annotation, and imitation of these old songs was a study worthy of a scholar and a gentleman. To Scott's first reading of the *Reliques* under a huge plantanus tree in the Kelso garden, oblivious of the flight of time and the pangs of hunger, may be traced his own great collection, the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*; and the *Minstrelsy* laid the foundation for perhaps the greater portion of his later work.

Scott's schooling was limited and irregular. He declined to learn Greek, and provoked the wrath of his teacher by composing an argument to prove the superiority of Ariosto to Homer. He neglected the Latin classics to fasten eagerly upon the monkish chroniclers of the middle ages, and very properly preferred the *Stabat Mater* and the *Dies Iræ* to the neo-classicism of the Renaissance. Outside of school hours he taught himself French and Italian, for the specific purpose of mastering the romantic treasures of those languages. He attended but few classes at the university, and although he studied hard and passed with credit his examinations for entrance to the Scottish bar, his heart was never in his profession.

And yet his profession was of the greatest service to him, for it sent him wandering all over Scotland in pursuit of witnesses and testimony. He utilized those excursions to store his mind with images of romantic scenery and ruined castles and abbeys, with snatches of old songs and ballads, with anecdotes and legends of Highland and Border chieftains and cattle thieves. Before long he set himself diligently to collect the half-forgotten ballads of the Border-side, and his annual raids into Liddesdale not only secured him the treasures which he went in search of, but familiarized him with a mode of life which had changed but little since the old moss-trooping days. In after years Scott was accustomed to lament the idleness and irregular studies of his youth; but it is certain that no formal training could have fitted him half so well for the work he was to do, and all true Scott lovers will readily agree with Ruskin's charming paradox that the poet enjoyed "the blessing of a totally neglected education."

Scott's first contribution to literature was under the auspices of the new romantic school of Germany. He translated Bürger's ghostly ballads, *Lenore* and *The Wild Huntsman*, and Goethe's chivalric drama *Goetz von Berlichingen*. Proceeding to original composition he fell in with "Monk" Lewis, the recognized leader of the romantic movement in the highest circles of English society, and contributed to his *Tales of Wonder* a group of ballads, among them *Glenfinlas*, *The Eve of St. John*, and *The Fire-King*. Here we find the first true evidences of Scott's genius. The vigorous diction, lively rhythm, and picturesque imagery of these poems stand out in striking contrast with the tinsel and clap-trap of Lewis' own productions. And the strong sense of locality, the poetic use of proper names, and the mastery of supernatural effects which they exhibit were all true promises of greater things to come.

The *Minstrelsy*, Scott's next work, did not appear until three years later. The author's original intention had been to

publish a neat little book, such as might sell for four or five shillings. But the work grew on his hands. In addition to his own stores of legend and ballad, Scott drew on the resources of such scholars as Ellis and Ritson, such countryside collectors and composers as Leyden and Hogg. The result was a three-volume collection, which is simply the best ballad-book in the world. Scott never hesitated to take liberties with his originals; he combined, altered, and inserted passages at will. He did all this, however, not to tickle the palate of an untrained public in Bishop Percy's fashion, but to bring the corrupt and imperfect versions up to his own standard of taste; and his taste in ballad literature was nothing short of the highest. He treated the ballads, in fact, not like a modern editor, but like an old minstrel; and as the last and greatest of the minstrels he brought many of them into their final and most perfect form.

And the prose of the book, the introduction, the essay on fairies, the voluminous historical and legendary notes, is only a little less delightful than the ballads. It contained the material for a hundred romances, and was the storehouse whence Scott drew uncounted names, scenes, and incidents for his later work. Years afterwards when Scottish society was rent asunder over the authorship of the Waverley novels, Christopher North ridiculed the folly of those who went far afield to discover the writer. "What are they all thinking of?" said he; "have they forgotten the prose of the *Minstrelsy*?"

Scott began the composition of his first long poem, *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, in the same year that saw the publication of his Border ballads. He derived a hint for the subject from the young and beautiful wife of the nobleman who afterwards became Duke of Buccleuch, the famous title of the chief of the Scott clan. Scott has immortalized her as the Duchess of the introduction to the *Lay*, in which he himself appears under the thin disguise of the aged minstrel. It would be impossible to find in modern times a situation more

charmingly medieval. A young countess commands the minstrel of her house to sing, and even sets him a subject; the minstrel obeys, and weaves into his song the happiest of compliments to his gracious lady and the most delicate confession of his devotion and gratitude. And the song itself is such as a minstrel of the middle ages might have sung, a metrical romance of chivalry. Like most of the old romances it is deficient in construction and overcharged with episode; but the episodes are too delightful to wish away, and in poems of this sort elaborate plot-construction is perhaps the last thing that matters.

The *Lay* is, to quote Lockhart's fine phrase, "a vivid panorama of that old Border life of war and tumult and all earnest passions." Love, war, religion, and magic are woven together into one imperishable fabric of romance, while at the same time the poet never loses touch with the realities of life. William of Deloraine, Wat Tinlinn, the representatives of the English yeomanry, are veritable creatures of flesh and blood, and more than suffice to save the poem from drifting off into the dreamy land of Otherwhere, in which, for example, the scene of Coleridge's contemporary romance of *Christabel* is laid.

Marmion, the greatest of Scott's poems, appeared some three years after the *Lay*. It was composed for the most part in the saddle, during long rides over the braes or along the sands in the intervals of drilling with a volunteer regiment of cavalry. England was then in the full tide of her struggle against the gigantic power of Napoleon, and Scott, it is needless to say, delighted in the struggle with all his heart. From that struggle Scott caught more than a mere taste of

That stern joy which warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel.

The poem itself breathes full of the mighty passion of the time. Alone of Scott's tales in verse it may with some fairness lay claim to the proud epithet of epic. Had the poet been fortunate enough at this period to light upon the theme that he

took up later in the decay of his powers, the wars of Bruce, and had he developed that theme with the care which he acknowledges to have bestowed in unrivaled measure upon *Marmion*, we should perhaps have had what it now seems impossible that we shall ever see, a modern national epic poem. Even as it is, *Marmion* is many degrees above the *Lay* which precedes and *The Lady of the Lake* which follows it, in all that pertains to unity, dignity, and tragic force. The plot, though somewhat complicated, is a true plot and not a mere succession of incidents—it moves forward step by step; the fortunes of the principal figures are relieved against a well-planned background of history, and in the superb climax of the poem the fates of hero, heroine, and villain are involved in the overwhelming national catastrophe of Flodden. Words are too weak to praise the battlepiece with which the poem ends. It stands along with the battles of the *Iliad* and the slaughter of the Nibelungs in Atli's Hall, as one of the three great poetic expressions of the fighting spirit in man, ancient, medieval, and modern.

The Lady of the Lake is the most popular of Scott's poems, a fact due in large part, at least, to its happy choice of subjects. It is not too much to say that in this poem Scott opened to English readers a world entirely new, for the effusions of the pseudo-Ossian some fifty years before had been far too vague and intangible to give any conception of the life behind the Highland hills. Alien in blood and language as Scott was, he recognized in the dominating principle of this life, loyalty to the chief, one of the strongest of his own convictions; and, guided by this clue, he reconstructed and portrayed the customs and national characteristics of the Highlanders in a fashion that has been and will be the delight of generations. It was an astonishing *tour de force*, but, after all, it was little more. There is a faint flavor of artificiality about the poem; it is as if Scott's grasp on real life weakened when he deserted the narrow limits of his own peculiar land between Edinburgh and the

Border. In story and in style *The Lady of the Lake* is the simplest, most polished, and most evenly sustained of all his poems; but if it never sinks so low, it never rises within striking distance of the loftiest flights of the *Lay* and *Marmion*, and some of its best passages are weakened by our sense that the same thing has been done and better done before. The Battle of Beal' an Duine is an immeasurable distance behind Flodden. And yet when we hear that a Scotch officer in the Peninsular war read this battlepiece to his company lying exposed to the fire of the French guns, and that the men listened in breathless attention, only interrupting with a joyous hurrah as the shot struck the bank above their heads, we feel the utter futility of criticism. In poetry, as in sport or war, blood will tell, and the blood of generations of fighting men was warm in Scott's veins.

Space forbids any detailed consideration of the later poems. Yet, with the exception of the two dealing with contemporary events, and possibly the careless and ill-conceived romance *Harold the Dauntless*, they by no means deserve to be dismissed without a word. Something has already been said of *The Bridal of Triermain*. *The Lord of the Isles* contains at least one scene equal to the finest passages of the *Lay*, and many that are little below the level of *The Lady of the Lake*. *Rokeby*, of all Scott's poems, seems to me the most undeservedly neglected. Less fortunate in the choice of a subject than in any other of his romances, Scott has here laid his main stress upon characterization, and the chief figures in *Rokeby* are drawn with an attention to detail and set off against

each other in such effective contrast as prepares us for the best work of his novels. Matilda, drawn from Scott's remembrance of his first love, is the most real of all the heroines of his poems; Redmond is by long odds the strongest of his heroes; and Bertram, the central figure of the whole romance, is the most superb portrait in Scott's long gallery of heroic villains. But the crowning glory of *Rokeby* is the lovely garland of lyrics which is so deftly interwoven with the action of the tale. Long after we have forgotten the descriptions and incidents of the poem, the gay lilt of the "Cavalier Song" and the tender cadences of "O, Brignall's banks" and "A weary lot is thine, fair maid," linger in our ears. The last-named song, indeed, seems to me the very quintessence of Scott's lyric gift.

It is hard to part from Scott. There is so much over which one would gladly pause. The mingled grace and strength of his elegiac moods, the frank simplicity of his occasional outbursts of self-revelation, the loving and minute detail of his bits of landscape-painting. But the purpose of this paper has been to explain and illustrate but one aspect of Scott's poetry, and to portray Scott himself as the last of the minstrels, the restorer to English literature of the well-nigh forgotten medieval forms of the ballad and the metrical romance, the inspired awakener of an undying interest in the legendary and chivalric past, the golden link that binds us to the middle ages. And this purpose it may be hoped has already been accomplished.

T. M. Parrott



THE POETRY OF W. D. HOWELLS

BY RICHARD ARTHUR

Poetry, the literary historians say, was the first form of literature. In every country the bard seems to have preceded the writer who recorded his thought and artistic imaginings in plain prose. And as with societies, so, for the most part, with individuals. A large proportion of writers of every age have made their first literary efforts in rhythm and rhyme. Doubtless, youth considers poetry a higher, nobler form than prose, a many-colored vessel appropriate to catch and crystallize the overflowings of a fervid spirit and the mercurial fantasies of an opening heart and mind. Few, however, remain in the exclusive service of the Muses: only rarely does a Wordsworth or a Tennyson appear, a poet with an original bent strong and persistent enough and a concentration—or, if you will, a limitation—of purpose and interest sufficiently pronounced to enable him to give poetical utterance to all he wishes to express. Occasionally there comes a man like Matthew Arnold or Rudyard Kipling who continues to practice both the prose and the poetic art with unquestionable success. But nine-tenths of the writers who begin with metrical composition turn out to be indifferent poets or no poets at all.

It would be surprising if a man of Mr. Howells' temperament had proved an exception to the rule of poet first and *prosateur* afterwards. As a matter of fact, he is a notable example of the usual course of development. In that charming little autobiography, *My Literary Passions*, he tells of his youthful flirtations with the Muses. Early in his career, he collaborated with another young man and produced a

volume of verse, his part in which, as he confesses, was remarkable for little but its imitation of well-known themes and styles. Some years later, he published a volume of poems all his own. The work in this little book was neatly executed, it contained delicate poetical conceits and flights of fancy; but it was poor poetry, and failed to gain for its author acceptance as a poet of mark and eminence. Much of it was written in experimental metres unsuited to English verse. The public could not be blamed for putting Mr. Howells into the category of writers who are but indifferent poets. Certain it is that he did his future poetical reputation an injustice in electing to have it estimated from the performance and promise of these poems. This became evident when, some ten or twelve years ago, Mr. Howells published another book of verse, *Stops of Various Quills*, for it was received with some indifference: at any rate it did not get the attention and praise it merited, and consequently it never came at all under the notice of many a sympathetic mind that might have rejoiced in its high quality. High quality it surely did possess. Indeed if Mr. Howells had never published anything but *Stops of Various Quills*, the probability is that he would have taken rank as a poet of marked individuality and high achievement.

These lyrics are mostly of a philosophical character, but always truly poetical because they are always expressive of emotion, sometimes of a purely sentimental emotion, but mainly of a sort of emotion which two or three years ago in a little essay on modern art, I called "the emotion of the intellect." Mr. Howells



WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

is still with us, and long, we hope, will be. But the bulk of his work was done in the nineteenth century; he lived through the *Sturm und Drang* of the last decades of that period; and his *Stops of Various Quills* contains *in parvo* much of the nineteenth-century spirit-anguish which Tennyson voiced *in magno*, the painful perplexity and confusion produced in the sensitive, sincere, idealistic mind and soul by the impact of scientific fact and philosophical deduction on inherited and cherished religious faith and traditions, and the trouble of personal problems of life which modern conditions seem to have rendered more acute. A brooding melancholy, resultant of the unsatisfied cravings of a high, idealistic intelligence, pervades the volume. But this melancholy is lit up with a gleam here and there of vague, undefined faith and trust in things as they are, in the power behind good and evil, in the ultimate issue of all. The poems are intense but sober, often prompted by spiritual pain, but withal calm and serene. It is true that their tone seems sometimes over-morbid; but that this tone is the echo of real feeling and is no mere affectation.

With respect to form, these later poems of Mr. Howells' come very near to perfection. They are curiously simple in structure and diction, but none the less forceful, artistic, and original; they are brief and concise—not a line, not a word too many; they are as complete in themselves and as free from excrescence and angularity as a fine pearl; their imagery is fresh and striking; their coloring is warm, human, and natural; and their intention and effect are singularly identical. "The Bewildered Guest" has often been quoted. It illustrates well some of the qualities I have referred to. The proportion in it of monosyllabic Saxon words is quite remarkable:

I was not asked if I should like to come.
 I have not seen my host here since I came,
 Or had a word of welcome in his name.
 Some say that we shall never see him, and some
 That we shall see him elsewhere, and then know
 Why we were bid. How long I am to stay
 I have not the least notion. None, they say,
 Was ever told when he should come or go.

But every now and then there bursts upon
 The song and mirth a lamentable noise,
 A sound of shrieks and sobs, that strikes our joys
 Dumb in our breasts; and then some one is gone.
 They say we meet him. None knows where or when.
 We know we shall not meet him here again.

"Heredity" is a powerful little poem, unflinching in its presentation of fact and strongly dramatic in the last line, where instinctive abhorrence of physical and moral ugliness rises up and asserts itself against excusing reason:

That swollen paunch you are doomed to bear
 Your gluttonous grandsire used to wear;
 That tongue, at once so light and dull,
 Wagged in your grandma's empty skull:
 That leering of the sensual eye
 Your father, when he came to die,
 Left yours alone; and that cheap flirt,
 Your mother, gave you from the dirt
 The simper which she used upon
 So many men ere he was won.

Your vanity and greed and lust
 Are each your portion from the dust
 Of those that died, and from the tomb
 Made you what you must needs become.
 I do not hold you aught to blame
 For sin at second hand, and shame:
 Evil could but from evil spring;
 And yet, away, you charnel thing!

"Change" is a sonnet of deep emotion, rare simplicity, and fine fluency. It is written in one continuous sentence, and the terminal line is one that lingers in the memory:

Sometimes, when after spirited debate
 Of letters or affairs, in thought I go
 Smiling unto myself, and all aglow
 With some immediate purpose, and elate
 As if my little, trivial scheme were great,
 And what I would so were already so:
 Suddenly I think of her that died, and know,
 Whatever friendly or unfriendly fate
 Befall me in my hope or in my pride,
 It is all nothing but a mockery,
 And nothing can be what it used to be,
 When I could bid my happy life abide,
 And build on earth for perpetuity,
 Then, in the deathless days before she died.

I should like to quote "Hope," "Society," "Peonage," "Temperament," and other poems from the *Stops of Various Quills*, but may not do so here. It is to be hoped that Mr. Howells will soon see fit to give us another volume of true and finished poetry like this.





DAN BLACK: Editor and Proprietor

A STORY BY PAUL PIPER

I

DAN BLACK was editor and proprietor of the *Northern Yankee News*, a weekly newspaper published in the early seventies in a lumbering town in northern Michigan. I know the town, and I knew the man. I have in my possession to-day a file of the *News* covering nearly two years. The volume number as well as the name would indicate that the paper was founded during the civil war. Whether Dan Black founded the *News* or not I do not know.

Black and I sat at the same table at the Hemlock House, the pioneer hotel of the town, long since destroyed by fire; Black a man under forty and I a green college youth of twenty. My father's acquaintance at Washington had secured for me a government position, which I was filling with moderate efficiency and youthful conceit. During my residence in the town not a single reference to myself or to my position had been made in the columns of the *News*. This was the best and the only evidence which I had of Black's sympathy. I had no evidence whatever of his friendship.

The Hemlock House was a three-story white building of the usual order of pioneer hotels: hall in the middle, furnished

with a hat-rack and one chair; bar at the right, with sawdust on the floor; sitting-room on the left, with six round arm-chairs, a table, an oil lamp hanging from the ceiling, some framed advertisements on the wall, one with a fly-specked mirror in the centre; a dimly-lighted room at the back of the bar, where town and county officials mixed other people's interests with whisky in seclusion and privacy. Back of this was the dining-room, a long, cheerful room with low windows looking towards thick clumps of evergreen trees, a deep ravine, the rapids, and the newly built saw-log drive. The hotel faced the river road, which at this time and at this point was the busiest street in the town.

The dining-room was popular, not because of its sunshine, or on account of its beautiful outlook, or for the excellence of the old-time country cooking. It had a flavor all its own, something apart from the aroma of burnt spices or the fragrance of wild honeysuckle which climbed in at the windows. This flavor was Dorothy Clark, the waitress. I cannot describe her and do her justice. She was lovable every ounce, every inch, every minute. We love warm sunshine and bracing atmosphere and singing birds and beautiful flowers. In spirit Dorothy was all of these. Scarcely over twenty, small of stature but perfect in figure; an abundance of golden hair in a plait down her back; dark eyes, and the complexion of a pink rose; educated in speech and refined in manner; sweetness and frankness were reflected in face and voice and spirit. Dorothy was a princess from the wilderness in the north where lived her mother and younger brother, and where rested her father under the stately pines, one of which killed him in its fall. John Clark had moved from the suburbs of Boston to the wilds of Michigan to live, as he said, close to nature, and to forget, if possible, the misfortunes of his earlier life. Dorothy had come down to the civilization line to assist as best she could in earning the few dollars necessary to the support of the little family. Few knew her except as the pretty waitress of Hemlock House.

Dan Black and I met daily at dinner. He was invariably late, a habit of newspaper men which in his case had advantages. He usually came into the dining-room in a bustling hurry as though just off a train stopping five minutes for refreshments, bringing with him a bundle of evening mail picked up at the town post-office on the way. He ate leisurely, and delayed over his coffee and his newspapers long enough to give trouble, or perhaps pleasure, to Dorothy, in her effort to place the room in order. Black was tall, bony, awkward, rather untidy in the matter of clothes, and had about him an air of devilish recklessness. His face was moulded and lined to the point of refinement, clean shaven, determined, kindly only when he smiled, which was seldom. One arm was withered and was pocketed in a sleeve with the cuff gathered to a bunch point by a running-string; one eye was totally blind and was hidden by a leather lap, kept in place by a cord which was lost to view in a head of thick, wavy, brown hair. In riveting the attention the double deformity was as nothing compared with the commanding figure and face of the man. Black looked like a fighter who had just returned victorious from battle, or rather who was on the march from one battle to another. He was a soldier who never stood at ease, who never went on furlough, who objected to dress parade.

Dan Black varied little in daily appearance or in daily conduct. If you knew him once you knew him always and in the same degree. Whether he knew you or not made no difference to him. In spirit you liked him, though you wouldn't confess it to your closest friend; in letter you hated him even to the colored inks on the lapel of his coat. Once in three or four times he would say good morning or good day; generally he said nothing; occasionally as he stumbled into his chair he would address a forceful remark to the plate or stab the fork into the table and call the mayor or the sheriff or some other political official a damned humbug.

Dorothy Clark served him promptly, assisted him in cutting

his steak, and catered in a very kindly way to his peculiarities of appetite. She was unsophisticated, gentle, and sympathetic. On occasions when he was feeling poorly she cooked him special dishes and served them in a style a little daintier than was the custom of the Hemlock House. Black treated Dorothy with a gruff tenderness. The bark of the man was thick and rough. There was no visible sentiment. His relations with Dorothy had in them only the merest suggestion of friendliness and of affection.

In all matters of local politics, Dan Black, single and alone, was the opposition. He had no open support; not because of the principles he championed; these were always square and just and honest; but because Dan Black championed them. The causes he championed were lost, but the champion remained on the battlefield. It was impossible to take sides with Black and maintain any social standing in the community. Many citizens admired him, but the admiration was the kind one has for an antagonist in battle who wins through greater skill or nerve or strategy. Black always held a trump card and he always played it; he always struck the last blow and he always struck it hard; his paper was his club and he used it without fear or favor. The neighboring newspapers referred to him as "Yankee Doodle Black," or as "Doodle Dandy Black," or sometimes simply as "D—D Black," and throughout the county he had a reputation for daring and doing which, though very sharply defined, was not the envy of exemplary young men.

I do not know where Dan Black was born or where he hailed from. I might without much risk of mistake intimate where he went to. During my residence in the town I had heard many conflicting stories concerning Black's earlier life, but these, like common gossip, could not be traced to reliable sources. In conversation he was a man of very few words, and these were always blunt and to the point. I have a copy of the *News* before me as I write, and I quote, word for word, the official calendar which appeared as "standing matter"



H. J. Campbell

each week at the top of the first column of the editorial page:

NORTHERN YANKEE NEWS

Published every Friday

DAN BLACK

Editor and Proprietor

CALENDAR

July 4, 1834.	Born deformed.
May 6, 1840.	Lost one eye.
June 9, 1855.	Killed Tom Gulsch.
Sept. 3, 1855.	Sentenced to be hanged.
Oct. 7, 1855.	Not hanged.
June 5, 1866.	Went to jail.
May 1, 1867.	Got out of jail.

TERMS

\$2.00 a year ; 5c a copy.

Payable in advance.

What this all meant no one knew. Black refused to be questioned regarding his newspaper calendar, or, for that matter, regarding anything else pertaining to himself.

The *News* was a good seller. It was Dan Black's hobby broncho. It was a kicker of the liveliest sort. It had as many subscribers in the town as there were families, and more readers in the surrounding country than there were farms. Thumbed, greased, and smoked copies could be found in every lumber camp for fifty miles. In its own way and for its time and place the *News* was a great newspaper. It was in his weekly editorials that Black excelled. I shall not quote from these because the flavor of his most cynical cuts or of his most sarcastic thrusts would be lost on the reader without a knowledge of the local affairs of the town. But to give some little idea of the general spiciness of Black's columns, I

quote a few items of news taken at random from a half-dozen copies which I have by me as I write :

Miss Helen Roberts returned yesterday from a year in a fashionable boarding school in Detroit. It cost her father \$360. The question is was it worth the money?

The *News* is in favor of paying fixed salaries to Mayor and Councilmen. They get salaries now from God knows where, and fix the amounts themselves. The whole bunch isn't worth more than \$10 a week and whisky.

John Wentworth lies. The goods he advertised in last week's *News* were not as represented. There is lying enough in the town without paying for it at a dollar an inch.

Conrad Acker, a conceited farmer living on the south county line, left a basket of early rose potatoes with his compliments at this office on Monday. We don't want the potatoes and we have no shelf-room for compliments. The *News* favors raw religion and uncooked politics but it isn't a vegetable market. Acker's subscription will expire next month. He can have it renewed for \$2 in currency.

The ladies of the Presbyterian Church will give a church supper in Central Hall on Tuesday at 6 o'clock. Religious exercises of this kind cannot lead people far astray. Sheriff Watterson and Judge Pennock might find the stomach application just what they need. Tickets, 50 cents.

T. Fillander Brown, the new teacher, called just to make our acquaintance. He dresses beautifully, and looks as though he could spell and parse.

Job Astor owes us \$23.15 for advertising for a year and a half. It is encouraging to note that the Astors have just bought a new piano for their daughter Katharine. She is a good player if she can play as well as her father.

The *News* doesn't care a damn what the *Saginaw Herald* says about "Doodle Dandy Black's" clothes.

We wear clothes to cover nakedness, not sin, and the same quality weekdays as Sundays.

This was the *Northern Yankee News*: a four-page, badly-printed sheet with six or eight columns of reading and a miscellaneous assortment of advertisements. Its editor and proprietor was a wonderfully resourceful man. On one occasion Black's printing office was burned; he traveled forty miles to a friendly shop; worked day and night; printed his paper and had it delivered on time. On another occasion the office was broken into in advance of a local election, and, evidently to block or delay the publication of the *News*, all the small type was stolen or damaged. The paper was issued as usual. Everything was set up in varying sizes of job type. Across the top in bold face was the following line: "Truth can be spelled in any size of type." Dan Black feared nothing, heaven or hell, man or devil.

II

I was both tired and hungry that night and was rather hoping that Dorothy would welcome me with one of Mrs. Cornfield's specially good dishes. It was in the early spring and I had been out of town for a week. A very early breakfast, a twenty-mile stage ride, and an afternoon on the river steamer, with two hours' delay on account of saw-logs in the river, had given me a good Northern Michigan, lumber-camp appetite. I went straight to the Hemlock dining-room, and found it empty. Presently a new waitress, a stranger to me, came in to take my order.

"Where is Dorothy?" I asked.

"Have you not heard of the robbery, sir?"

"No!" I said. "What robbery?"

And then followed an account in a very jumbled form of the stealing of \$2000 from one of the rooms of the hotel. Suspicion had fallen on Dorothy. She had been arrested and was lodged in the county jail. The new waitress knew very

little about the matter, and the little she did know she related in a very unintelligible way.

Dorothy arrested for stealing and in jail; this was simply unthinkable. Presently Dan Black walked into the dining-room and took his accustomed seat at the head of the table; Dan Black, the editor, whose ink was blood and whose pen was a two-edged sword. His shaggy hair had not been combed, and his face was worn and wild. His lone eye, accustomed to fighting unaided its battles with darkness and deceit, seemed larger and more luminous than usual; it shone with liquid fire. Ordinarily Black was particular about his linen. His clothes were rough and threadbare and sometimes dirty, but his collar and cuff and flowing tie were always fresh and natty. Apparently he had no time for mere accessories; the minutes were too precious; there was no cuff, or collar, or tie; a woolen shirt was open at the neckband and swung back from a stiff sinewed throat; face and hands were unwashed; his whole body trembled with the tension of battle; even the withered arm jerked and twitched as though it wanted to free itself from the sleeve-bound prison.

This was Dan Black, the general, the colonel, the private soldier, all in one, single-handed and alone, in the thick of the fight, resting for mess, but with spirit and nervous force still engaged in the active strategies of war. He had been fighting for Dorothy day and night, and with the most intense physical and nervous energy. In the opinion of the citizens the battle was over, and Dan Black had not only been completely routed but his enemies looked upon him as a prisoner who dared not leave the town.

I wanted to speak. I wanted to ask a hundred questions. Black knew that I liked Dorothy, though my affection for her was the affection which any man of heart might have for a girl of lovely disposition and of beautiful form and features. Dorothy had grown up in the pine woods of the north, and the environment of her early home had given her life an unusually attractive evergreen atmosphere. Dorothy Clark in



MR. CORNFIELD

a dismal, murky cell of the county jail; I couldn't believe it. Poor child, she had little of what girls today call pleasure. Two dollars a week and board. Cornfield, the proprietor,

was a miserable old slave-driver; gruff, profane, stingy, and a go-between for all kinds of dirty political jobs. Dorothy was a maid of all work. She did almost every kind of chore outside of her duties in kitchen and dining-room. I have seen her tend bar in a pinch, and she was frequently called upon to harness a horse, to unload the stage baggage, or to carry freight from the wharf. Mrs. Cornfield was an ignorant, good-natured woman with much family sorrow and no sentiment. She was a good housekeeper and a good cook, and her success in these departments made the Hemlock the most popular hotel in the town. She was as kind to Dorothy as her nature was capable of; but the girl had no friends, unless it was the bird in the cage, or the little pet spaniel which she brought with her

from her home in the north, her constant companion and never-failing source of amusement.

I didn't ask a question. The tension was too great. It took courage to talk to Black. I hadn't the courage. His presence blocked the avenues of sound and made speech impossible. I knew that he preferred not only to be silent but to be alone. My hunger was now of an entirely different kind, and I left the dining-room without a word.

In an hour I had gathered the particulars of the robbery as they were known in the town. Colonel Haggerty, the paymaster for the North Saginaw Lumber Company, had come to the Hemlock House to meet the foremen of the river drivers and lumber-camps to check up their pay-rolls and make the

regular wage settlement for the month. The men were to meet him at ten o'clock on the morning following his arrival. The money had been forwarded in advance to the First National Bank, and it was delivered by the cashier in person to Colonel Haggerty in his bedroom on the first floor shortly after nine o'clock and before the Colonel had his breakfast. There were five sealed packages, each containing one thousand dollars. The packages were numbered and had many marks and tags, the particulars of which were entered on five separate receipts given by Colonel Haggerty to the bank cashier. The packages had been put into a little hand satchel, and this had been placed on the floor at the foot of the bed. The Colonel could not remember whether he had shut the satchel or not; the bank cashier was of the opinion that the satchel had been clasped. Both saw the money go into the satchel and were agreed as to where the satchel was placed. They left the room together, the Colonel going down to breakfast and the cashier returning to the bank. The door had a double lock, the extra lock having been put on some months before at Colonel Haggerty's request. There were two keys and both locks had been fastened, the one a modern spring lock and the other an old-fashioned ponderous box lock with a heavy key. Dorothy had the duplicate keys. These she carried with others in a bunch on a cord hanging from her waist. They were really part of her daily attire; the jingling noise which notified her coming; the rattle which served as a whistle for her dog.

Dorothy admitted having been in the room while Colonel Haggerty was at breakfast. She had gone in, she said, only for a moment to open the windows, as was her morning custom. Ordinarily she and Mrs. Cornfield worked together in doing up the rooms after the breakfast was cleared away. The Colonel had been about thirty minutes at breakfast. Dan Black was at breakfast at the same time, at the table when the Colonel entered and there when he left. There was a good deal of confusion about the hall, bar, and sitting-room,

owing to the arrival of lumber foremen, but no new guest had gone upstairs. Immediately after breakfast Colonel Haggerty had returned to his room. He had found the satchel where he left it, but open. Upon examination he had found two of the five packages of money missing. He had used both keys in unlocking the door upon returning; the two windows were raised less than six inches each; nothing else in the room appeared to have been disturbed. All these facts had come out at the magistrate's trial, and the evidence in every particular was straightforward and convincing. Dorothy had admitted frankly that she was in the room, and it was proven beyond the shadow of doubt that she was the only person who could possibly have been in the room during the Colonel's absence.

Notwithstanding that Dorothy had protested her innocence in heartbreaking distress, she was committed to the county jail to await further trial. Bail had been fixed at the impossible figure of \$5000; fifty dollars would have been quite as impossible. Dan Black had got a word with Dorothy at the close of the trial, and he was overheard to say that he would fight her cause to the death. Dorothy's only audible reply was, "Don't let my mother know." Poor girl, even if innocent, she would save her mother the disgrace of it all.

The officers of the law rather suspected that Black knew something of the stealing or in some unexplainable way had a connection with it, though there wasn't a straw of circumstantial evidence against him. The officials of the town hated Black with a bitterness beyond all reason. They refused his offer of bail and blocked his every attempt to secure bail outside. He requested permission to talk with Dorothy at the jail; he asked a conference with the lawyers; he tried to secure the coöperation of leading citizens; he met with failure at every turn. It was clear to me as I talked with the people that Black's cause had no sympathizers. In street corner gossip Black himself was the influence behind the girl, and some went even so far as to say that he had secured for her

the position at the hotel for the express purpose of robbery as soon as a favorable opportunity presented itself. What Dorothy did with the money appeared to be the only unraveled thread in the mystery.

I got the keys from Mrs. Cornfield in the morning, and examined carefully the room which Colonel Haggerty had occupied. I couldn't believe Dorothy guilty, and I wanted to satisfy myself regarding the whole situation. I found both locks of a kind quite impossible to open without the exact fitting keys. If Dorothy carried the only duplicates, Dorothy alone entered the room. There were two windows facing the street, an old-fashioned double bed, a washstand, a bureau, and three chairs. There was a stovepipe hole in the floor, covered by a loose iron plate a foot square, and looking into the sitting-room. The generally accepted theory was that Dorothy had dropped the money through this hole to an accomplice; she had become frightened or had a warning note from below; otherwise all five packages would have disappeared. I noticed in the partition between the room and the hall a little opening about eight inches by ten, about five feet from the floor, apparently cut through after the house had been built to let light into a dark corner over the stairway, where stood a low built-in set of drawers for the hotel linen. A little curtain partly covered the opening on the inside.



MRS. CORNFIELD

There was a ventilator over the door, but this I was told had not been open for two or three years. I could find nothing

else that was the least unusual in the room, and concluded that the money must either have been dropped through the stovepipe hole or out of the window. I was loth to believe Dorothy guilty, and yet I must confess that after examining the room thoroughly and gathering every scrap of exact information at hand I was left with just a little suspicion that Dan Black and Dorothy Clark were the robbers.

III

The *Northern Yankee News* was published as usual on the following Friday. I should like to have quoted Black's exact words, but this particular copy is missing from my file. There was a brief account of the robbery, with the statement that the officials had failed to find the thief. No reference whatever was made to Dorothy. The same issue contained an editorial headed "Crime," which burned with sulphur and brimstone. It had the knife-thrusts of battle. One by one it took sheriff and constable, magistrate and attorney, and consigned them, apparently out of consideration for the reputation of a warmer place, to the scorching heat of a fiery furnace. This editorial was Dan Black as I saw him in the dining-room of the Hemlock House two days before.

Dorothy Clark remained in jail; a miserably damp and gloomy stone building on the outskirts of the town; a cell in the darkest corner with a little iron-barred window too high to look through, a stone floor, an iron bed, dirty bedclothes, a three-legged stool, no table, no books or papers, and walls covered with the filthy writings and records of some of Michigan's worst criminals. The jailer was one of the ring, a man without heart or feeling, and with a hatred for Black beyond all human measurement. He treated Dorothy like a dog and permitted no one to see her.

Two weeks later the report was circulated that Dorothy Clark was seriously ill. She had been ill for some days, and at last the jailer, becoming alarmed, had called in a doctor.

Dorothy was in a very serious condition; her sweet young life was completely crushed; her body a mere shadow of its former self; a burning fever consuming her brain. The doctor ordered her removed from the jail at once, and, accompanied by sheriff and constable, she was taken to the Hemlock House and given the very room where the robbery occurred.

Dan Black arranged with Mrs. Cornfield for comfort and quiet in the sick chamber; he consulted personally with the doctor and was noticeably anxious for the girl's recovery; he sent a team back forty miles into the wilderness for Mrs. Clark and the little brother; he placed on a table by the bed a bouquet of the most beautiful roses the town florist could furnish. He proved himself a friend in need and in deed.

Dorothy lingered through the night and into the next day totally unconscious of everything and of everybody. In her delirium she was being chased by a pack of wolves, or drowning in the lake, or playing with her pet spaniel, or cutting Dan Black's steak.

Two doctors held a consultation at noon on the following day. They reported that she might live through the afternoon, but that there was no chance whatever of her living through another night.

At nine o'clock that night the report went out that Dorothy Clark was dying. The citizens hoped that at the last moment she might make a confession incriminating Black, and several of the officials, including sheriff and constable, were in or near the sick chamber. Later in the evening the morbidly curious gathered at the hotel and crowded about the hall. Inquiries for Black failed to locate him. He had not been to dinner, and his printing office had been closed early in the afternoon. Rumors with damaging inferences were freely



THE JAILER

passed about. Black had cleared out; he had committed suicide; he had given himself up; he had gone after Dorothy's mother; he had been arrested; and a dozen other improbable things.

I was in the room at the time; ashamed to be there, I confess, but determined to hear for myself Dorothy's parting message. The truth is I liked the girl. I might have fallen in love with her if it had not been for the absurd traditions of our family, which placed birth and position above brains and character. If my mother had heard that I was in love with a hotel waitress she would have had an epileptic fit. To her way of thinking it would have been a greater crime than the breaking of two or three of the ten commandments. And yet it was from Dorothy Clark that I learned the primary lessons of a natural life filled to the brim with unadulterated honesty. She had been an inspiration to me. I couldn't believe her guilty; and even if she were guilty the punishment was out of all proportion to the crime.

The minutes seemed like hours; no noticeable excitement; no talking; cold perspiration on every brow; rapid heart beats; and a general feeling of nervousness. Presently Dan Black pushed his way into the room. His commanding manner and firm, determined step silenced even the appearance of resentment or surprise. It was like the arrival of a specialist physician after an hour of anxious waiting. A feeling of general relief seemed to take possession of every one. Black went directly to the bedside, and took Dorothy by the hand. Her wide-open eyes had a glassy, appealing look as though she would ask some parting favor or blessing.

"What can I do for you, Dorothy?" he asked, his voice kindly and sympathetic beyond anything I had ever heard from his lips.

Dorothy seemed to rouse a little, and then replied in a husky, broken, parched whisper: "I want mother to pray."

This was the first rational word which she had spoken for

days; and this was scarcely rational, for her mother, so far as Dorothy knew, was forty miles distant.

The end seemed very near. Her eyes closed; her hand gripped the bed clothes as if in the tremor of a dreadful chill; the sorrow of her life expressed itself in one long heart-broken sob.

Dan Black's blood flushed his face. His great awkward frame shook with excitement. He looked on the people in and about the room, and asked if Mrs. Clark had come. He enquired for one after another of the clergymen of the town. He seemed crazed to the point of despair. Finally, in sheer desperation, he got down on his knees, his head erect and thrown back, his face twitching with passion, his lone eye tightly shut, his good arm with clenched fist pounding the air, its withered companion beating the coat sleeve like an imprisoned bird. There was a long and ominous pause before the awful stillness was broken:

"Lord God Almighty, this is Dan Black, a miserable sinner. Heaven and earth are full of Thy glory; but this Sodom and Gomorrah is full of damned scoundrels. Make me Thy servant to do Thy work. These thirsty hounds have chewed the life out of this poor helpless girl; crucified innocence to save the law; sacrificed love to cover up sin; killed for spite; killed for money; killed for selfish greed. I killed Tom Gulsch to protect a sweeter life and to save Thee the trouble, and at Thy word, O God, I'll push hot bullets through every murderer who is mixed up in this awful crime. And to Thee be the power and dominion for ever, Amen."

With the closing words of this awful prayer Black broke down completely, buried his face in the bed, and wept like a child. He clutched Dorothy's hand in his, and presently, indifferent to every one else in the room, he prayed again, this time in a voice filled with tears and in tones of the most intense sorrow and distress:

"Jesus Christ, Thou who didst heal the broken-hearted and grant deliverance to the captive, bless and comfort this poor

sick girl. She hath borne her grief and carried her sorrow. Have compassion, too, on Dan Black. He is humiliated in Thy sight and in the sight of men. He too has been maimed and imprisoned for the transgression of others. He has been bruised for their iniquities. The sympathy of the world hid as it were its face from him. Dan Black has fought the battle of life without father or mother ; with only one arm ; with but one eye. He has never asked favors not even from Thee. Surely, O Lord, it is his turn now. Dan Black needs love and sympathy and brotherly kindness and coals of fire. He needs Dorothy Clark."

Then raising his head and reaching out as though he would take the poor sick girl in the embrace of a single arm, he cried :

"Dorothy, my child, you are my mother and my sister, my arm and my eye, my life and my love."

And dropping his head again to the bed he closed the prayer in words burning with intense personal feeling :

"Jesus Christ, heal her broken heart and bring her again to health and strength, and Dan Black's miserable life will from henceforth follow Thee and be Thine, O Lord, to do Thy will for ever and ever, Amen."

The room was charged with Christian sympathy. Tears were in everyone's eyes. Even the officers of the law were unable to hide the evidences of emotion. Dan Black's request was granted. He received a double blessing. Beginning in the heat of a passionate curse against his accusers and ending in the pleadings of a broken spirit and a contrite heart, Dan Black's prayer was the mountain pass from death unto life. Two travelers climbed its heights that night. Both were weary and heavy laden. There opened up to the one a new heaven and a new earth. Dan Black caught his first glimpse of God. For the other the shadow which covered green pastures and still waters was lifted from the valley. Dorothy Clark lived again. Her eyes opened and the faintest smile passed over her face.

The door had been closed to shut out the confusion of the hotel rooms below. Black had scarcely finished his prayer when my attention was directed to the little opening in the partition between the room and the hall. There, partly covered by the curtain, stood Dorothy's dog with a package in his mouth. He jumped to a chair below, then to the floor, and in a moment he had his paws on the bed; the package was laid on the pillow, and the dumb companion and friend proceeded to lick Dorothy's cheek.

The mystery was solved. It was one of the two packages of stolen money. The little spaniel had many times before jumped through this small opening in his search for his mistress. In fact Dorothy had not only trained him in this very trick but had taught him to carry and hide packages in a sort of game of hide and seek. It is supposed that on the morning of the robbery he had gone into the room and in his playfulness had carried off and hidden the packages. He would probably have carried off the whole five thousand dollars if Colonel Haggerty had given him time. During the period of Dorothy's confinement in the jail the dog had been in great distress, and in some intuitive way had connected her absence and illness with the loss of the packages. He had been in the room when on the morning of the robbery the officers of the law made their search which in his playful spirit he considered part of the game, and now he found the same officers present and his mistress seriously ill. The little spaniel's process of reasoning will never be known. However, he put two and two together and timed the arithmetic in a way to give a fitting climax to a very dramatic situation.

IV

The morning found Dorothy greatly improved. The arrival of her mother and little brother brought the needed family affection and sympathy. She had enquiring friends by the score and admiring attention the like of which she had never known. The cloud which had settled down on the

town was entirely cleared away, and congratulations and apologies were numerous and sincere.

I found the other missing package myself on the following day. I had taken part in some of these hide and seek games and knew a few of the dog's favorite hiding places. This one was under the corner of a nearby pile of lumber. I was called out of town again for a few days, and upon my return I learned that Dan Black had taken Dorothy and her mother and brother back to their little home in the pines. When I met him again in the dining-room of the Hemlock House, he remarked incidentally that the Clarks lived in one of the prettiest spots he had ever seen, and that he had really needed the two or three days' rest which he had taken.

Three months later it was whispered about that Dan Black, editor and proprietor of the *Northern Yankee News*, and Dorothy Clark, late waitress of the Hemlock House, were to be married. The story was told also that Black's life, written by himself, was to appear in the *News* on the publication day following the wedding. Both events were looked forward to with the most intense curiosity. The marriage was solemnized quietly in a little home which Dan Black had furnished for Dorothy and her mother and little brother. The *News* was published as usual, but the only personal reference which could be found anywhere in the paper was this line added to Dan Black's Calendar :

"Sept. 3, 1873. Married a wife."



PICTURES *and* ART TALK



The interest manifested in the reproduction, in the September issue of this magazine, of a number of paintings from the gallery of Mr. Peter Schemm, has led to the inclusion of a second selection in this issue, by Mr. Schemm's courtesy. No one school or tendency is exemplified in the paintings presented. The gallery has been formed under the guidance of a taste at once catholic and conservative, and the few pictures here shown are fairly representative of the breadth and varied interest of the whole.

* * *

Nowhere is Gérôme so much at home as in the desert. His peculiar talents of color and draughtsmanship find fullest scope in the sharp contrasts of the blazing East. There every outline stands out in bold relief in the clear, dry atmosphere; the colors are as brilliant and uncompromising as if Gérôme himself had held the palette at creation. The harmony and synthesis of Gérôme's color schemes are often open to attack, but the force and cleverness of his individual colors are unchallenged.

Small as this canvas is, Gérôme has succeeded in giving in it an astonishing impression of the vastness of the illimitable desert. The figure of the lion which dominates the whole scene is finely and firmly modelled. It is characteristic of Gérôme that he shows more sympathy in his animal than in his human figures. This lord of the desert is inimitably rendered, the huge, shaggy shoulders, in powerful repose, contrasting with the tense-strung hind legs, ready to spring at instant sight of prey in the plain below.

The daring juxtaposition of yellows, purples, blues, and browns gives the paint-

ing strength, but with strength, hardness. Not all the warmth of color can prevent it from seeming cold, a set and reasoned performance, a study of problems in light and line for an "official report of the East." But this is the part that Gérôme has chosen, deliberately and well—the careful realism of the savant in paint, objective, with no twist of fervor or message. The faithful following of this part has made him at once great and an academician, best known of living artists.

* * *

Nicolaus Mathes, who has been painting in Munich for over thirty years, is probably best known by his *Christmas Eve*. In it he has succeeded in the difficult task of infusing sentiment without sentimentality. There is pathetic but repressed appeal in the tremulous lips, in the longing eyes where the tears seem but a moment behind, in the foot drawn timidly back, and in the close-wrapped hands of this little one who has no share in the joys of the Christmas world about her.

* * *

Frederic Ede is a young Parisian painter just coming into prominence. A comparison of his *The Stream* with Fritz Thaulow's *The Rippling Stream*, reproduced in a previous issue, shows clearly the rock out of which he was hewn. None but Thaulow could teach that masterly handling of flowing water, every ripple dancing in eager life. In the treatment of the red-tiled peasant cottage and of the color reflected from the luxuriant foliage on the bank, Ede also shows Thaulow's influence. The pupil's work lacks the clearness and definite light of the master's, but it has

compensating merits in its rich, soft tones and the more diffused light that makes the whole scene a restful harmony.

* * *

For fifteen years Joseph Bail has been painting scullions, red-bloused and white-aproned, scouring copper kettles, blowing soap bubbles, rolling cigarettes, or, as in his *Idle Moments*, teasing kittens. His pictures have met with large favor, culminating in the award last year of the medal of honor at the Salon. Born near Marseilles, forty years ago, Bail received his artistic training from his father. Till a year or two ago he seemed to be settling into conventional Academy grooves. But recently he has been making some daring experiments in handling interiors, flooding the canvas in spots with clear white light, condensed and accumulated in very effective fashion. It is inevitable that since all his efforts have been concentrated on perfecting his new technic, the recent pictures have lost much of the human interest of his earlier kitchen idylls.

* * *

A poet in landscape, has been the general verdict on Bruce Crane, the painter of *Sunset*. In his case landscape is a vocation, not, as with many of his contemporaries, a refuge. He has the seeing eye, the poetic insight, that enable him to interpret a commonplace scene, to give it the unity which distinguishes a picture from a cartographer's sectional view. His *Sunset* is a charmingly idyllic canvas, rich in suggestion. He has seized on the momentary splendor of that sunset burst of light and color, a glory seen rarely by even the artist's trained eye, and given it to us for a lasting heritage.

* * *

"A Zoroastrian, a Parsee enchanted with the light of the East," was the verdict Rousseau passed on his sometime comrade at Barbizon, Felix Ziem. It is the light of the Adriatic, not of the Levant, that glows in his *Fishing Boats near Venice*; but it is no less fascinating, transparently luminous with spirit, not

with pigment alone. This painting belongs to Ziem's early period. It is nearly sixty years since Ziem made the trip to Italy and the Orient that fixed the theme of his lifework, but its inspiration has not all faded yet, and at eighty the veteran still paints on.

* * *

The mantle of Vibert has fallen on his pupil, Leo Hermann. *The Cardinal's Siesta* is a masterpiece worthy of the older painter. The delicate grace and humorous naturalness of the whole composition recall Vibert, equally with the marvellous, loving finish of every slightest detail. Much of the brilliant color effect is due to the use of a peculiar chemical mixture of which Vibert alone was master.

* * *

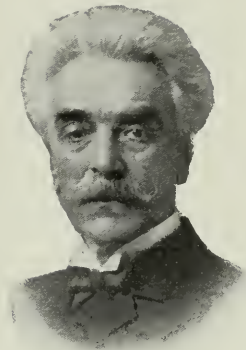
It takes a brave man to scorn the omniscient Kaiser's ultimatums on art. But Herr Fritz von Uhde dares it, and in token of his scorning adds insult to injury by giving his moustache an anti-imperial, downward twist that in Germany is synonymous with *lèse majesté*. Von Uhde has ever been a fighter. He was such at first in literal sense—Rittmeister of cavalry in the Saxon army. His apostacy from the divine profession of arms to mere art was the first cause of his incurring the Kaiser's wrath. The brand of art he adopted was another. He was a revolutionist, and with Liebermann led the Munich secession. His themes were as startling as his style—religious pictures, in which the scriptural characters were painted as men of today in garb and surroundings essentially modern.

Von Uhde has alternated with these religious pictures genre subjects of the type exemplified in *The Discussion*. In this painting he pours a flood of sunlight into the room, in the manner of the French luminarists, though in more grayly subdued fashion than is their wont. The careful finish of the still life contrasts curiously with the impressionist touch in the hazy suggestiveness of some of the figures.



CHRISTMAS EVE
BY NICOLAUS MATHES





ON THE WATCH

BY JEAN LÉON GÉRÔME



THE STREAM

By FREDERIC EDE





IDLE MOMENTS

By JOSEPH BAIL



SUNSET

BY BRUCE CRANE





FISHING BOATS NEAR VENICE

BY FELIX ZIEM

THE CARDINAL'S SIESTA

BY LEO HERMANN





THE DISCUSSION

BY FRITZ VON UHDE



BABY STUART

FROM THE PAINTING BY VAN DYCK



To tell precisely what qualities of the painter's craft are required for the successful delineation of childhood, or to explain why some artists have painted child subjects and others not, would be quite impossible. Often it seems a mere matter of accident that determines such issues. The law of supply and demand regulates more or less the artist's output. Van Dyck and Velasquez were prolific in children's portraits, not so much from their own choice as from that of their royal patrons. Other men no doubt would have been glad of similar opportunities—De Vos and Murillo, for instance, who painted children so admirably with far less encouragement. Indeed, some artists to whom circumstances allotted life-work of an altogether different nature might have become famous as child painters had the opportunity been given them, like Landseer, the English animal painter, whose occasional child pictures are so creditable.

On the other hand, psychological rather than accidental or mercenary reasons explain the rarity of Rembrandt's child pictures. His nature inclined to pathos rather than to the joy of life: the hand which painted so cunningly the wrinkled,

withered features of old age could not lend itself so readily to the pink and white prettiness of childhood. Again, Rubens, with his predilection for colossal decorative designs, would hardly be expected to care much for child portraiture; yet, in common with Rembrandt, he was moved to such work by the paternal impulse. Rembrandt's *Titus* and Rubens' *Albert and Nicholas* take high rank among the world's art children.

In the entire history of modern painting, from the thirteenth century to the nineteenth, the figure of the child is much less conspicuous than one would suppose. For several centuries the only child subject in the range of art was the Madonna and Babe, which, at first from its theological significance, and later from its human interest, was so immensely popular as to exclude every other. Yet the Madonna and Babe is a child subject only in a partial sense. The attention is divided between the two figures, and each is seen in relation to the other rather than as an object of independent interest. The child of the Madonna picture is, moreover, necessarily a young babe. Of the child in that delightful period of his life between five and twelve, we have but an occasional glimpse before the seventeenth century. It seems, indeed, a strange oversight on the part of the old masters, or rather, on the part of the ecclesiastical authorities who dictated their religious subjects, that



Pinacothek, Munich

THE GRAPE-EATERS

FROM THE PAINTING BY MURILLO

so little was made of the Boy Jesus in the Temple, and that the beautiful subject of Christ blessing little children was entirely neglected. St. Christopher bearing the Christ-child went only a little way toward filling this void.

As the Italian Renaissance liberated art from the fetters of medieval tradition the child began slowly to come into his own. He might have to hide his identity beneath celestial draperies, as in the Florentine boy-angels or the choristers of the Venetian altarpieces, but there he was, unmistakably the child, as he is known and loved in real life. An important child rôle in Italian sacred art was that of the boy St. John Baptist, introduced as a playmate of the Christ child, or occasionally treated as an independent figure. Andrea del Sarto and Raphael have both painted him as a young lad, already set apart for the life of a prophet.

It was still a long time, however, before it was generally thought worth while to paint children's portraits. Examples from the fifteenth century are exceedingly rare. It is on record that Cosimo Tura made portraits of the two little Este princesses, Isabella and Beatrice, afterwards so celebrated at the courts of Mantua and Milan. But, unhappily, these pictures are lost, and it appears that few fathers paid such attention to their daughters as the Duke Ercole of Ferrara. Nor did the fashion develop for another century. Out of all Titian's rich and noble patrons apparently only one requested a sitting for a child (the Princess Strozzi), while among the beautiful women who sat for Paris Bordone those who have children with them are conspicuous exceptions.

It was first among the families of royalty that, in the latter part of the sixteenth century, children came to take their proper place in the series of family portraits commanded of the court painters. In the family of Duke Cosmo I of Florence, Bronzino painted delightfully the little Princess Marie de' Medici and her brother Ferdinand. At the English court, Holbein was in the meantime painting at Henry VIII's

order several portraits of the boy-prince Edward, soon to become Edward VI. Properly speaking, however, the art of child portraiture was the peculiar discovery of the seventeenth century.

This was the period when painting, having fallen into decay in the land of its origin, took root in other countries and put forth many new branches, especially in Spain and in the Netherlands. In Spain Velasquez set a standard of portrait painting which successive generations of artists have ever since struggled to attain. Holding the office of court painter to Philip IV from the age of twenty-four till his death, he learned to turn his hand with equaladroitness to any subject allotted him. Fortunately for the world, the Spanish court was at that time full of children. The Prince Baltasar Carlos, heir to a throne which he did not live to attain, is better known to us than many a royal personage who rounded the years of a long reign. We see him growing in wisdom and stature from the toddling baby playing with the court dwarf to the vigorous boy setting forth with his dogs on a hunting expedition or dashing across the country on his pony. The narrow, pathetic face of Maria Theresa and the rosy beauty of Margarita—the heroine of *Las Meninas*—are other prominent features in this royal child gallery. Despite their quaint, fantastic costumes these children all exhibit the essential spirit of the child nature. Velasquez was altogether free from the common error of making the child's expression too mature. There is no overmodeling in these innocent young faces, nor is there any self-consciousness in their pose.

While Velasquez painted children by order, his fellow-countryman, Murillo, painted them from choice. What was a profession to one was a labor of love to the other. Circumstances had made Murillo a painter of religious subjects, but nature had made him a lover of children. Children he needs must paint, and lacking sacred subjects for the gratification of his passion, he forthwith invented new ones. A little boy sporting with a lamb became,

by turns, the infant St. John or the Divine Shepherd, according as he was dark haired or fair. The painter played upon this theme with the innumerable variations a musical composer weaves about a favorite air. Jesus and St. John playing together—*The Children of the Shell*—was one of his ingenious child subjects, and the education of the Virgin another.

The marketplace of Seville provided his models. The throng of beggar children and peasants who daily congregated there furnished an endless supply of child types which were transformed by idealization into the figures of his sacred pictures. The artist had likewise a keen eye for ready-made pictures about him. In all their rags and dirt the street children were charming just as he found them, playing dice on the pavement, eating fruit at street corners, or counting their day's earnings. He transferred these scenes to his canvas with faithful realism, and side by side with his religious pictures these genre studies have come down to us as a vivid presentation of happy-go-lucky vagabondage.

The development of art in the Netherlands was along more democratic lines than in any other part of Europe. Here portrait painting was not the exclusive luxury of royalty or even of the rich, but was enjoyed in full measure by the middle classes. The love of home and the sense of family unity brought forth that class of domestic and genre pictures which is the peculiar expression of the spirit of Northern peoples. The child is now everywhere in evidence—in interiors such as Douw and Pieter de Hooch loved to paint, in landscape and animal pictures like those of Cuyp and Brueghel, as an independent subject, and as an important member of the family group: mothers were painted with their daughters, fathers with their sons, and parents encircled by their boys and girls. From the long list of works which made this period so brilliant in Netherlandish art history we could gather a remarkable company of picture children. Indeed, it was now as exceptional for a Dutch or Flemish artist never to have painted a

child's portrait as it had once been for an Italian to have painted one. Artists famous as specialists turned from their customary pursuits to experiment in this attractive field; Frans Hals, painter of corporation groups, giving us the irresistible Ilpenstein baby of the Berlin gallery; Cuyp, the landscape painter, the round-faced boy of the Staedel Institute; Nicholas Maes, the genre painter, the engaging little Willem Six; Philippe de Champaigne, painter of strong men's faces, the dear little praying girl of the Louvre.

Van Dyck is, of course, the most prominent name among the seventeenth century portrait painters of the Netherlands. Though he is chiefly known in England and America for his services at the court of Charles I, it should be remembered that before going to England he had served a long apprenticeship in Italy and his native Netherlands. In both countries he had painted portraits of children which have their own charm quite as truly as the Stuart princes. *The White Boy*, precious souvenir of the Genoese sojourn, Mme. Colyn de Nole's little girl, and the young son of the so-called Richardot, have a certain ingenuousness beside which the English royal children seem almost too precocious. The aristocratic air came at last to be Van Dyck's specialty. The young Charles possesses it in the highest degree: he is the ideal prince, beautiful, graceful, winning, and of great dignity. Princess Mary is prim and somewhat self-conscious, and every inch the great lady in miniature. The chubby James, in round cap, is more charmingly babyish than his elder brother and sister, but even he does not forget that he is a prince. There are probably no children of history so well known as these three, for they appear in more or less similar grouping in nearly every gallery of Europe.

Ranking directly after Rubens and Van Dyck in Flemish art, and by some critics classed with Hals and Velasquez, is Cornelis de Vos, the Antwerp painter, who, among many excellencies, is most excellent in family portrait groups. At Brus-



National Gallery, London

THE AGE OF INNOCENCE

FROM THE PAINTING BY REYNOLDS



ROGUISHNESS

FROM THE PAINTING BY GREUZE

sels, at Brunswick, at Cassel, and Munich and Berlin may be seen some of these many delightful compositions, in which children occupy so conspicuous a place. That the little folks are dressed as miniature copies of their elders detracts not a whit from their childlikeness, but rather enhances it by contrast. The artist reserved for his own bewitching little daughters his most skilful and sympathetic touch. The two children, splendid in stiff brocade, are seen together in the double portrait of the Berlin Gallery.

In the eighteenth century the centres of European art shifted from Spain and the Netherlands to France and England. The French have not been, as a rule, particularly happy in child subjects. The immense vogue of the so-called child pictures of Greuze was due to almost every quality except childlikeness. The pretended artlessness of his pretty French misses is only too obviously artful. Their seductive charms have none of the naïveté of the genuine child. Yet Greuze could, upon occasion, paint a true child picture, as the pretty little head in the National Gallery conclusively proves.

In England the eighteenth century witnessed a veritable furore for child portraiture among the fashionable classes. Artistically and quantitatively Reynolds took the lead in this work, while Gainsborough, Lawrence, Hoppner, and Romney followed closely after. The keynote of Reynolds' child art is vivacity; he catches the child on the wing, so to speak. He was one of those choice spirits, of whom Lewis Carroll is a recent example, with whom children sported as with a playmate of their own years. It is in the playful mood that he especially delighted to portray them, though he ran the gamut of every childish emotion: mischief, wistfulness, curiosity, bashfulness, timidity, or meditation. That he was interested in child pictures for their own sake and not merely for commercial ends is evident from the number of his "fancy" pictures which were not orders. *The Age of Innocence*, *Puck*, *Cupid as Link Boy*, and *Mercury the Thief* rank with the

best of his portraits, such as *Master Bunbury*, *Miss Bowles*, and *Sylvia*.

Gainsborough, like Reynolds, was a painter of the aristocracy, and had something of Van Dyck's gift for giving distinction and elegance to his youthful subjects, of which the *Blue Boy* is undoubtedly the most famous example. There are two canvases claiming to be originals, one owned in America by Mr. Hearn and the other in the collection of the Duke of Westminster. Most of the child portraits of the eighteenth century English school are still in private collections, and not readily available for purposes of comparative study.

Though the worship of childhood was carried to an almost extravagant degree in the nineteenth century, it brought forth no group of painters like those of the two preceding centuries in England and the Netherlands, no single painter to compare with Reynolds or Van Dyck. Now, and again, in some of our annual art exhibitions in Paris, London, New York, Boston, or Philadelphia, some single child picture has attracted a season's notice and straightway been forgotten. Perhaps none has been more creditable than those of our own American artists, William M. Chase, Abbott Thayer, George De Forest Brush, and Miss Cecilia Beaux. Yet we must admit that the great child portrait artist of modern times is the camera, an artist in the service of all classes and conditions. The art of photography has been developed to an extraordinary degree of delicacy in preserving the evanescent charm of the child's expression.

Following the development of photographic art, and in some measure due to it, is the modern art of illustration. At the present time some young American illustrators are devising delightful compositions for the current magazines, destined to bring in a new era of such work. At the beginning of the new century this is the most striking form of art in which child life has found expression.

T. S. Arthur



Prado Museum, Madrid

THE DIVINE SHEPHERD

FROM THE PAINTING BY MURILLO



Pitti Palace, Florence

ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST

FROM THE PAINTING BY ANDREA DEL SARTO



Dresden Gallery

CHILDREN OF CHARLES I. OF ENGLAND

FROM THE PAINTING BY VAN DYCK



Berlin Gallery

DAUGHTERS OF THE PAINTER

FROM THE PAINTING BY CORNELIS DE VOS



Louvre, Paris

INFANTA MARGERITA

FROM THE PAINTING BY VELASQUEZ



Staedel Institute, Frankfurt

PORTRAIT OF A BOY

FROM THE PAINTING BY ALBERT CUYF



Dresden Gallery

PORTRAITS OF THE PAINTER'S SONS

FROM THE PAINTING BY RUBENS



Grosvenor House

THE BLUE BOY

FROM THE PAINTING BY GAINSBOROUGH



Photograph by Purdy

GEORGE ANGIER GORDON

THE LEADER OF NEW ENGLAND CONGREGATIONALISM. A PREACHER OF
MARKED INTELLECTUAL POWER

WHAT RELIGION STANDS FOR TODAY

BY AMORY H. BRADFORD

Religion is the most conspicuous fact in the annals of our race. It may have been a curse or a blessing; it may have inspired progress or it may have hindered it; but it has always been the ruling principle both in political and social evolution. History is hardly more than the record of its development, because conduct and character are usually expressions of religious ideals. As those ideals become ethical individuals become righteous and nations become civilized.

Religion is the answer to the deepest longings of the human soul. It is the response which a rational being receives when he interrogates the Unseen. The savage asks the same from his fetish as the Christian from the Heavenly Father. The Buddhist priest praying in the interior of China, the Hindu as he meditates in the awful silences of the Himalayas, the Parsee who prostrates himself as the sun rises in his splendor, and the peasant kneeling before his crucifix by an Alpine roadside, are all inquiring what answer the supernatural has to give to the world-wide aspirations of those who live on the earth. Religion presupposes a superhuman personality interested in and influencing earthly affairs. Without such a being there may be speculation, but in the truest sense there can be no religion.

What is religion doing for the world in our time? My answer will be strongly colored by my Christian training; and yet, sacred as that is, I trust that it will not blind my eyes to the larger aspects of this subject. Few Christian students now fail to detect intimations of the message of Jesus in the older religions. Missionaries

in these days are not sent out to condemn the non-Christian faiths. They teach that even if they are "broken lights" they are still true lights. The great missionary leaders of all schools of thought believe that Buddha, Mohammed, Zoroaster, like John the Baptist, were providentially raised up to prepare the way among their own people for clearer revelations of truth than they had known before. They recognize the common religious experience, and are endeavoring more widely to open the doors which true prophets of God in elder ages have unlocked.

Religion in our time, first of all, stands for a *spiritual interpretation of the universe*. What are we to think about the universe? This is the fundamental question not only of philosophy but also of life. If the creation is only an infinite material evolution then the doleful lines in *The Light of Asia*, by Sir Edwin Arnold, are wisely written; for, at the beginning "Life is woe," and at the end nothing better can be said of it than "The dew-drop slips into the shining sea." Then the pathway which mortals tread, starting in misery, extends through darkness to extinction of being.

But does materialism speak the final word on this subject? Any teacher who is silent when the deeper voices press their inquiries will never long command attention. "A spiritual interpretation of the universe" means that the whole creation is in the hands of personality. But personality is an indefinite word. What does it mean? Is not a person a being who thinks, chooses, feels, and who knows himself as thinking, choosing, feeling? The highest form of religion teaches that the

seas and stars, the spaces and forces, and all the creatures that live, are under the control of intelligence and love. With the growth of the conception of the unity of the creation, under the lead of modern science, belief in Infinite Personality has become more difficult. We are forced to ask, how can he be in the universe and yet transcend it? And if he be a part of it and yet transcend it, are there not then two universes? This article may not do more than state these questions. Enough now to observe that men have always believed in a Person at the heart of all things, the fountain of existence, and the ruler of sentient beings. Every system of religion is based on this assumption. And that phrase "all things" includes the smallest atom and the remotest star, the brightest angel and the most obscure peasant, the mightiest energy and the softest heart-beat. Christianity is not afraid lest the affirmation of personality limit the Deity. He is absolute personality. It fearlessly affirms that all ages and spaces, all beings and forces are in the leashes of infinite and everlasting Fatherhood. We must interpret the universe according to some hypothesis, and this is the Christian hypothesis.

Moreover, the Christian revelation presumes that human beings are persons; that in every individual intelligence, will, and feeling are united in a single self-consciousness, and therefore that every man mirrors, with more or less distinctness, the supreme Person. That is the meaning of the old saying in the Bible, "in the image of God created he him." Our time is characterized by a hitherto unknown interest in the study of the human spirit. The appearance of such books as Professor William James' *Varieties of Religious Experience*, and Myers' *Human Personality and Its Survival of Bodily Death*, show that materialism can never long satisfy thinking beings.

The loftiest type of religion assumes, as its fundamental postulate, that the universe is spiritual, that the ultimate reality is not matter but a self-conscious loving

person, and that man himself is not a mere thing intended for an evanescent existence, but a being sharing the nature of the Deity, and destined to endure as long as he endures. The trend of scientific and philosophical thought is also nearly all in this direction. Until our hearts shall crave something better than this the Christian revelation will not fail from among men.

Religion in the midst of the sin and sorrow of our mortal life maintains that *recovery, or growth toward better conditions, is possible for all*. Consciousness of loss, limitation, imperfection, or sin—it matters not what word is used—is old as history. Buddhists and Mohammedans feel it as keenly as Christians. It is the most conspicuous subject in literature. It has had a singular fascination for the dramatists: Æschylus and Sophocles, Marlowe and Shakespeare, Goethe and Browning have filled their works with studies of the struggles of souls seeking to rise above their heredity and out of their evil environment. How may he who feels himself to be wrong get right? What meant the well-nigh universal system of sacrifices, with its horrors, butcheries, and rivers of blood? It meant that millions believed that the only way to secure release from imperfection and sin was to appease the Deity by offering to him their most precious possessions. Penance, monasteries, the hermit-life, are illustrations of the means which are being used for spiritual deliverance. Who is wise enough to extract the fangs from remorse which, like the serpents on Medusa's head, bite back into the quivering flesh?

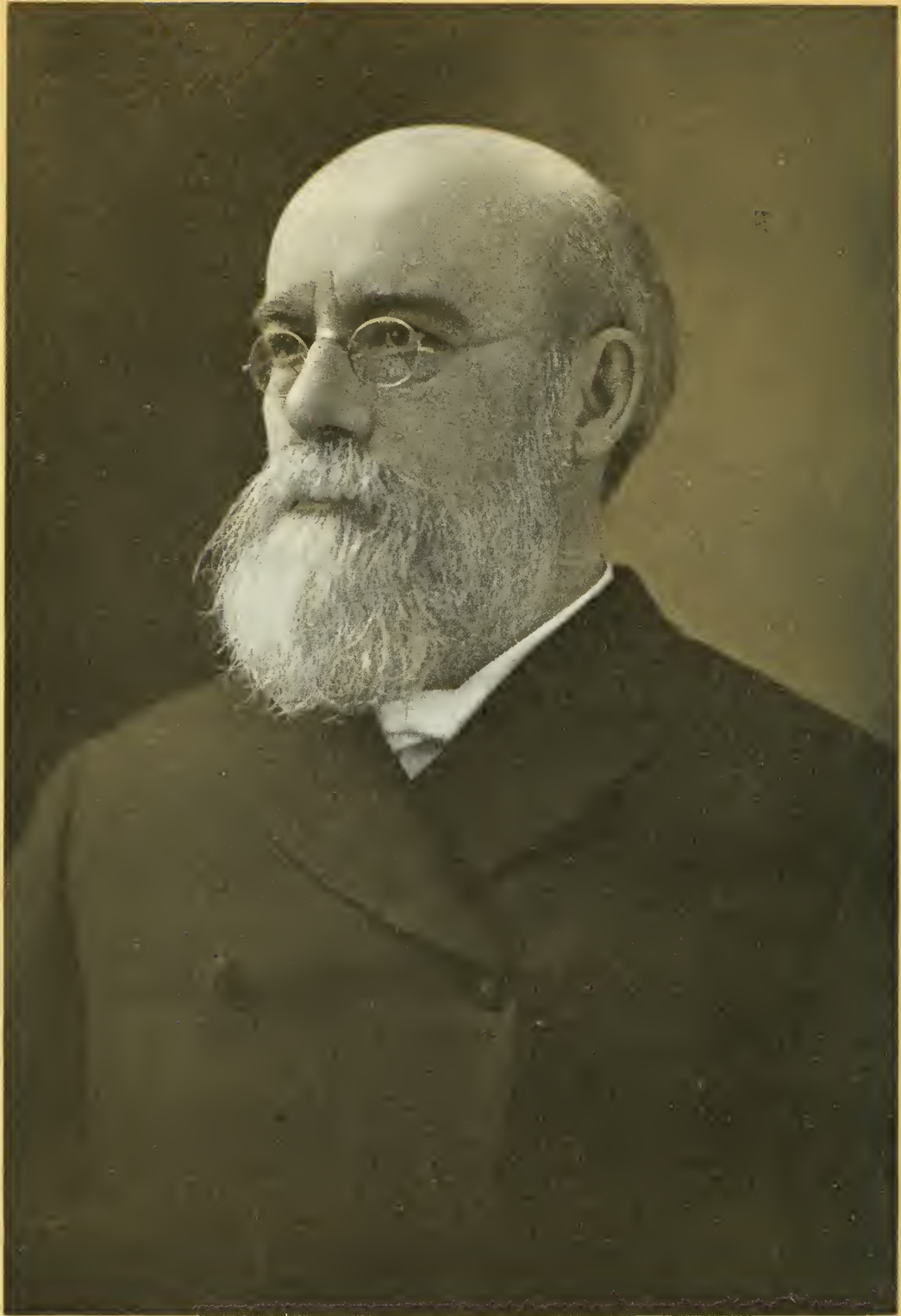
Some recent teachers have sought to convince the world of the unreality of conscience and of the feeling of guilt; others have insisted that these are but nightmares produced by surfeiting the mind with the falsehoods of effete theologies; still others have insisted that they are necessary stages in the evolution of humanity. But, whatever the explanation of this experience, there are few who do not sometime eagerly ask how they may conquer their lower natures and rise into the liberty of



From photograph by Guigoni & Bossi

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND

A REPRESENTATIVE AMERICAN PRELATE, DISTINGUISHED FOR HIS SERVICES TO
EDUCATION AND HIS ZEAL FOR SOCIAL BETTERMENT



Photograph by Randall

WASHINGTON GLADDEN

A FORCEFUL PREACHER OF SOCIAL RIGHTEOUSNESS, AND A LEADER OF
CIVIC REFORM MOVEMENTS

spiritual beings. Sakya-Muni, under the Bo-tree, meditated on the miseries of existence until enlightenment came; Zoroaster was so confused by the human conflict that he was forced to believe in an eternal warfare between good and evil; every Hindu mother who, in former times, threw her child into the Ganges did so to secure spiritual relief. Christianity treats this subject in a simple and satisfying way. It shows that the universe is on the side of those who try to do right; that the Father does not require appeasement; that all that is asked of any one oppressed by guilt is that he turn from evil, begin to do right, and trust to the eternal Goodness to complete the deliverance. The Christian revelation declares that the universe is administered by a loving Father, and that the interests of every man are dearer to that Father than to himself. The possible recovery and perfection of all who are oppressed with sorrows, and often conquered by great sins, is the brightest fact in all the history of our race.

Religion in our own time is peculiarly identified with *the service of humanity*. It has not always been so, and is not now so everywhere. As I understand the teachings of the Buddhists they inculcate such service as the only means of escape from the miseries of existence. Jesus, on the other hand, taught that we should serve our fellow-men because they are our brothers. But whatever the motive, ministry to the poor, the weak, the suffering, conspicuously distinguishes these two great religions which most properly may be called missionary religions. The history of Christianity is the history of charity. What Dean Stanley finely termed "the crusade of charity" was inspired by the Christian ideal of humanity. From the days of Constantine to the present time nearly every movement for human betterment has had its beginning and its justification in the teaching and example of Jesus. The preëminent champions of the emancipation of slaves in Great Britain and her colonies were William Wilberforce and Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, both of whom

were deeply and consistently religious. The modern effort to secure better treatment for prisoners owes its origin to Elizabeth Fry, whose spiritual vision led to her almost incomparable work in the prisons of London. From her day to that of the equally beautiful and accomplished worker in the same field in our time, Mrs. Maud Ballington Booth, those who have seen divine possibilities in the criminal have learned their lessons from Him who taught that the service of man is the service of God. And what shall be said of the care of the sick? No one can answer who does not know the story of Kaiserswerth and Pastor Fliedner, of Florence Nightingale, Agnes Jones, and Eliza Talcott, the first the reformer of the war hospitals of the world, the second of the workhouse hospitals of Great Britain, and the third the ministering angel to both sides in the last war between China and Japan. Florence Nightingale learned her lessons from that humble German pastor at Kaiserswerth-on-the-Rhine, and to him more than to any single man is credit due for the relief which has come through trained nursing to millions of the sick. Nursing is now a profession, but originally it was a Christian service; and it is not too much to say that no more beautiful and self-denying workers for humanity have lived on this earth of ours than many of the Sisters of Charity, and the equally devoted Protestant Sisters who, in nearly every land and time, "In His Name" have bound up wounds and wiped away tears.

The relief of poverty from motives of love has also been chiefly in the hands of religious people, from the days when Jesus taught in Galilee to the monasteries of the middle ages and the orphanages and asylums of the present day. Men quarrel with one another about theological beliefs, but they agree in confessing that no man can be a follower of Christ who does not bear the burdens of his less fortunate neighbors.

I know that many who are sensitive to "the cry of the human" do not call themselves Christian, but I cannot refrain from believing that all who unselfishly serve the



From photograph by Gutekunst

SAMUEL D. McCONNELL

A BROAD CHURCHMAN WITH LIBERAL VIEWS ON THE SUBJECT OF CHRISTIAN UNITY

poor and weak, in a real and vital sense, though perhaps unconsciously, are both religious and Christian. The test of Christianity is not, What do you believe? but, What are you doing for your fellow-men? The words of Jesus reach beyond all churches and institutions—"By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another." The true Church of Christ is not composed of those who confess their faith in any creed, however venerable or sacred, whether it be called Nicene, Athanasian, or even the Apostles', but it is composed of all who, in the spirit of Christ, love and serve humanity.

Religion more clearly than ever before *promises a new and better social order.* Essentially revolutionary tendencies are conspicuous in nearly every religion. Ecclesiasticism is conservative, but religion is radical. In its last analysis it represents all men, because of their relations to the Unseen, as entitled to equal rights and privileges. Whatever differentiates men in society or in the state has to do with human prejudice; of the religion of a people it is never a part, if that religion has any vitality. The assurance is still growing that the Golden Age lies somewhere in the future, and that it is bound up with faith in God and the service of man. The Christian conception of the kingdom of God is the prophecy of a time when the object of all search shall be truth, the passion of all endeavor reality, and the law of all souls love. The fascination of this doctrine is seen in the fact that so many of the laboring classes, who distrust the churches, accept Jesus as the perfect prophet of humanity. They believe in him and look for the triumph of his kingdom. There is a deep and growing conviction that religion will sometime bring a happier and better day for man. The existing social order may be the best that is possible now, but it is selfish, and therefore it is not the best for all time. Wealth and power at present are chiefly in the hands of those who inherit them, or of those who, under existing conditions, are fortunate in gaining

them. But it cannot be right that any should have the exclusive use of what has been, in large part, produced by society and the favor of Providence. In spite of academic theories the noblest spirits of our race confidently anticipate the rule of love and the sway of brotherhood.

Prophecies of better conditions are swiftly multiplying. Christian leaders are denouncing the commercialism and oppression of those in high places. The present Bishop of London, Bishop Potter of New York, and Bishop Lawrence of Boston, such non-conformists in England as John Clifford, Robert F. Horton, F. Herbert Stead, and C. Sylvester Horne; such leaders in the American churches as Washington Gladden, Edward Everett Hale, Josiah Strong, Francis G. Peabody, Dean Hodges, the Volunteers of America, the Salvation Army, and a host of other laymen and ministers are looking for a social revolution which will surely be radical as it will probably be peaceable. "The Next Great Awakening" will be a truer appreciation of the social mission of the Church. The realization of brotherhood in the life of humanity is now far more than an idle dream; it is a swiftly expanding and splendid reality.

Religion in most civilized lands *provides a rational basis for optimism.* This is imperative if life is to be regarded as worth living. Is the movement of things upward or downward? Is there any beneficent meaning hidden beneath the sorrow and suffering which make up so large a part of human existence? Are not those Buddhists right who teach that the cause of misery is being? The tendency towards pessimism is strong and wide-spread. Millions are born simply to suffer and then to die. Millions more never have food enough to satisfy hunger, and other millions die of starvation. Everyone is made for love and companionship, and no one can be happy without them, but to how many are they denied! Sickness, pain, insanity, ideals which never are realized, disappointments, and lastly death, the darkest enigma of all, face us on every hand. Will no



Photograph by Goldensky

JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF

AN ADVANCED RADICAL JEWISH RABBI

light ever penetrate the mystery which surrounds us? Then birth is the supreme irony. Philosophy faces these questions and usually ends by getting deeper in the mire. Religion alone, and I may add the Christian religion most of all, illuminates this lurid human landscape. It furnishes what all seek, but what many never discover—a reasonable basis for optimism. The optimist holds that in the end all events and all conditions will prove to have been designed to promote the welfare of the race, and of all the individual members of the race. He believes that life, death, sin, suffering, point toward the perfect humanity as the goal of the whole evolutionary process.

On what basis does this faith rest? On the conviction that personal love inspired the creation of man, and forever leads him on; that the human spirit is the offspring of the Divine Spirit, and that the one must live as long as the other. The Christian religion offers no explanation of human life's mystery; but it makes inevitable the assurance that no rational being ever lived, or ever will live, who, by any possibility can get beyond the love of God; and it does not hesitate to postulate a hereafter in which all wrongs will be righted and all processes of blessing will move to their consummation. In its faith

in God the Father, in its doctrine of deliverance through the ineffable love of that Father manifested in and through Jesus Christ, and in its refusal to believe in death as a finality, it makes optimism not only a possibility but a necessity.

Churches are changing; creeds long revered are ceasing to command respect; all authority but that of truth is dead; priests have lost their caste, and some time will lose their places; but religion, more vital and inspiring than ever, still holds the chief place in human thought and life. So long as men knock at Nature's door "heart-bare, heart-hungry, very poor," so long as they face the mysteries of poverty, suffering, sorrow, sin, and death, they will desire to know concerning the ultimate reality. Because Jesus Christ gives to the eternal and universal question the only satisfying answers, I am persuaded that Renan spoke far more truly than he dreamed when he wrote these words: "His worship will grow young without ceasing; his legend will call forth tears without end; his sufferings will melt the noblest heart; all ages will proclaim that among the sons of men there is none born greater than Jesus."

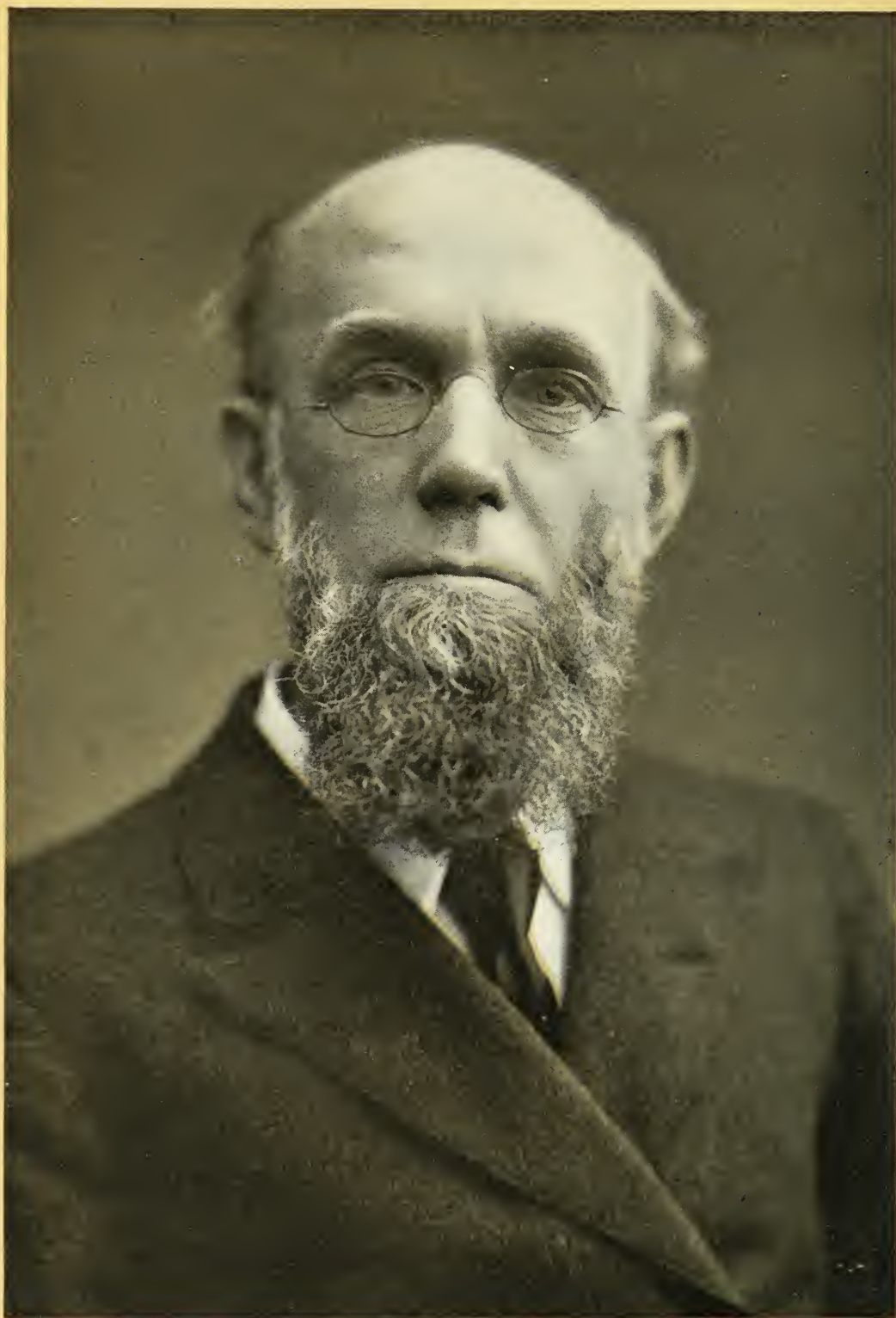
Samuel H. Bradford.

But life shall on and upward go;
Th' eternal step of Progress beats
To that great anthem, calm and slow,
Which God repeats.

Take heart!—the Waster builds again—
A charmèd life old Goodness hath;
The tares may perish—but the grain
Is not for death.

God works in all things; all obey
His first propulsion from the night;
Wake thou and watch!—the world is gray
With morning light!

—Whittier.



Photograph by London Stereoscopic Co.

JOHN CLIFFORD

THE LEADER OF THE ENGLISH PASSIVE RESISTANCE MOVEMENT.
"A LIVE THUNDERBOLT OF MORAL FIRE"

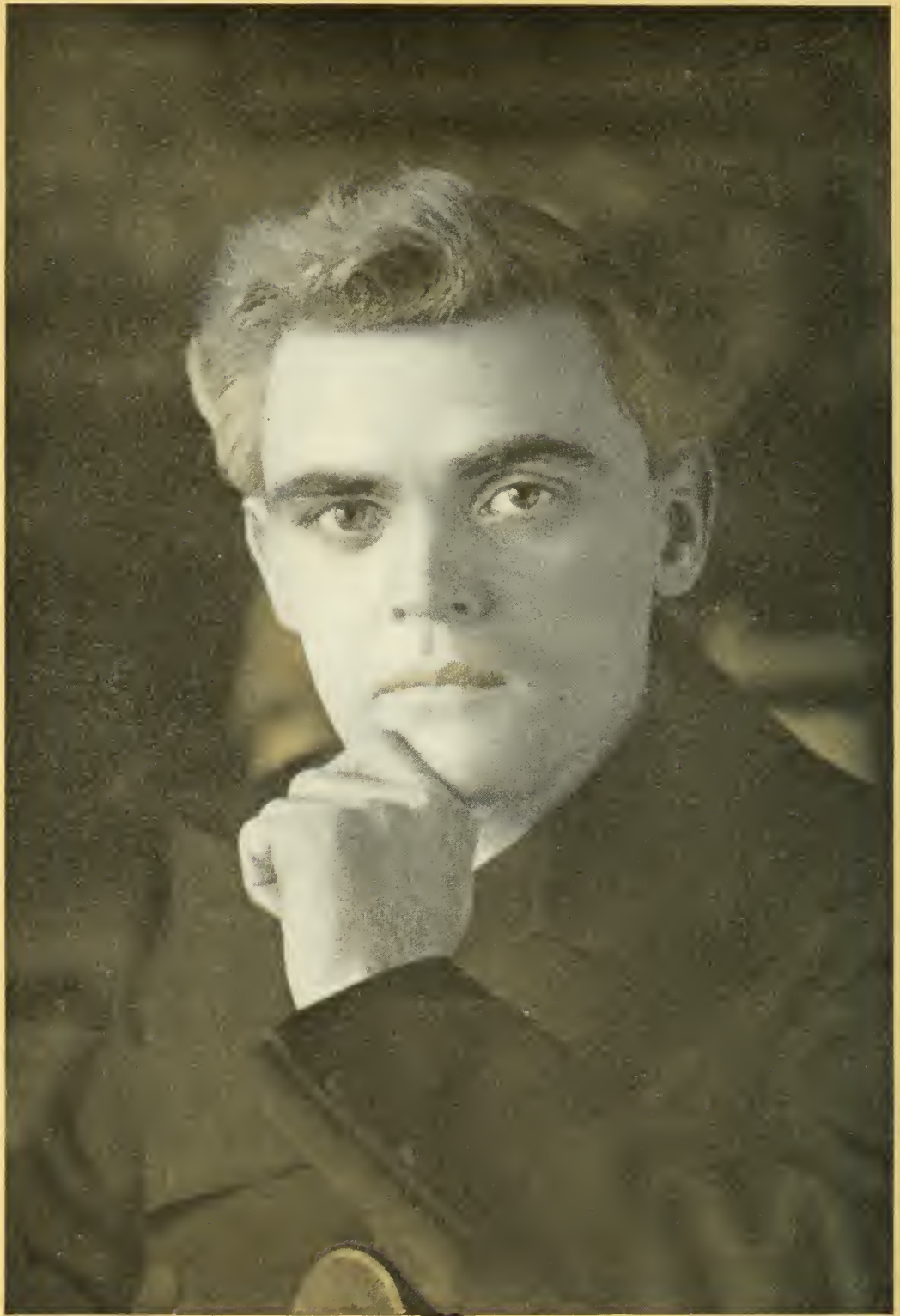
RELIGIOUS LEADERS OF ENGLAND

BY JAMES DOUGLAS

The most powerful religious leader in England is Dr. Clifford. No man living can sway the multitude as he sways it. The best proof of his tremendous influence is the fact that our Prime Minister, the most languid of Laodiceans, was forced to hurl a pamphlet against the fiery Baptist preacher. Before the Established Church had used the Unionist party to quarter her schools on the rates, Dr. Clifford's name was almost unknown outside Nonconformist circles. He was a popular preacher, but the nation at large had hardly heard of him. He flung himself into the fight against clerical aggrandizement with a flaming fury which speedily made him the John Knox of the campaign. His pilgrimages of passion through the country recall the Midlothian triumphs of Gladstone. He roused the slumbering pugnacity of dissent. He welded Baptists, Congregationalists, Methodists, and Presbyterians into an iron hammer under whose blows the Government reeled. You in America have no conception of the grim earnestness of his Passive Resisters, men and women who are steadfastly refusing to pay the Church rates, who are allowing their goods to be seized and sold, and who are cheerfully going to jail rather than submit to what they regard as clerical tyranny. So serious was the situation six months ago that Mr. Chamberlain, the Napoleon of electioneering, saw that nothing could save the Ministry except "a roaring and tearing propaganda" which would out-roar and out-tear Dr. Clifford. That is why he plunged us into a fiscal Armageddon. Politicians cannot fight on two big issues at once. This sudden shifting of the polit-

ical centre of gravity was the smartest manœuvre ever executed in the presence of a victorious enemy. Nobody save a Chamberlain could have done it. The battle, at bottom, is between Clifford and Chamberlain. If Chamberlain wins, the Established Church will be triumphant; if he fails, Dissent will recapture the clerical loot, and perhaps disestablish the Church as well.

Like John Bunyan, John Clifford sprang from the people. Bunyan was a tinker; Clifford was a factory boy. He is self-made. That is the secret of his magnetism. He understands the masses, and the masses understand him. He can turn a public meeting from an ice-house into a red-hot furnace in ten minutes. Unemotional Englishmen go mad under his furious oratory. He is a trenchant and supple newspaper controversialist, and on one occasion he forced Lord Halifax, the leader of the Romanizing Anglicans, to apologize abjectly for a misrepresentation. But in his case the tongue is mightier than the pen. Nobody can realize his power who has not seen and heard him in the pulpit or on the platform. Although he is built of steel, he is so emaciated that he looks like the shadow of a shadow. He has a head that Sargent ought to paint—all brow and bristling eyebrow, empty of animalism, full of spiritual passion. No furrows in face or forehead, but a pallid, parched ghostliness, as if white fire burned behind the skin. Two deep hatchet-marks of thought between the half-quenched needle-points of eyes. A long, square, obstinate beard greying and whitening from ear to jaw. A sharp, eager, nervously sensitive



Photograph by Elliott & Fry

REGINALD JOHN CAMPBELL

THE MOST PERSUASIVE FORCE IN ENGLISH NONCONFORMITY.
"THE LITTLE GREY ARCHANGEL"

nose; an iron mouth that opens and shuts like a vise, the mouth of a warrior, made for words of fire, not for sighing sibilants, with no curves in the thin lips whose grim edges defy compromise.

A hard man, you imagine, until you hear the tenderness in his praying tones, the yearning rhythms, the sorrowfully gentle undulations. He wrestles with God, the Lancashire dialect burring out in the stress of supplicating passion until it seems that the Deity is not a remote listener but right above the transfigured face, its streaming eyes trembling with ecstatic vision. A majestic figure, surely, this thin old man, older than his threescore years and seven, with frail neck, bald head, thin locks hanging jaggedly behind, stooped shoulders, lifting appeal of imploring eyebrows, rapt shake of beseeching countenance.

He is no polished orator uttering golden phrases, but a blunt zealot roughly hewing fierce sentences out of the deep quarry of zeal. No artifice of gesture, no gymnastics of voice; tones and gestures alike free, spontaneous, fluent. Now his right fist is flourished as if he were a soldier, sword in hand, leading a charge; now his hands are crossed in quiet exposition; now the spare body is still as stone, now shaking as if he were exploding with eloquence; his open palms are now spread out in entreaty; now he points the forefinger of menace or accusation; now his fists are dangled gently upward in joyous certitude. "I am able (fist clenched) for anything" (fierce thrust into the heart of things). In sarcasm his hands are laid lightly on his hips, his body is bent forward, his chin protrudes. His nimble voice runs through the whole range of tones, its most characteristic habit a volcanic volley of rising inflections. He is no niggler, no diletante, no hair-splitter, no sophist, but a live thunderbolt of moral fire. Well might the delicate soul of the Prime Minister shudder at Dr. Clifford's literary style. It is exactly the sort of style that smashes governments.

After Dr. Clifford, our most popular

preacher is the Rev. R. J. Campbell, who bends the mighty bow of Joseph Parker at the City Temple. Mr. Campbell is the antithesis of Dr. Clifford. "The Doctor" (to use his pet name) is a son of thunder: Mr. Campbell is all sweetness and light. The secret of Clifford is personal force; the secret of Campbell is personal charm. I have never met any man except the late Marquis of Dufferin who possessed personal charm so rich, so persuasive, so irresistible. It is almost magical. It is not a charm of intellect. Rather it is a charm of temperament, a mysterious emanation of the spirit that steals subtly over your senses and subdues them. In some respects it resembles the charm of Robert Louis Stevenson, but it evaporates in print. Mr. Campbell's sermons must be heard not read. His fascination is like that of a beautiful woman, and indeed his face is as unearthly in its beauty as a painter's dream. He could sit for a Galahad. He glides into the City Temple lapped in a cloud of stillness and soft elegance that recalls "the times of Paint and Patch." Stay, is it powder that gleams on his hair? No, the whitish grey is nature's own, not the snow of age but the snow of youth fallen in some paradoxical June. There are lines in the handsome features, not austere wrinkles but demure creases made by the gentle smile. Mystical, imaginative, delicately sensitive, nervously alert, the man does not evade life, but lets it play on his soul at all angles. There is personal history in his calm gaze—shadows of "old, unhappy, far-off things and battles long ago."

But the reigning look is peace, not sterile, but a deep, serene sweetness, half feminine but not effeminate. Sweetness in the winsome, mobile mouth, in the glowing, gentle, dark eyes, in the soft facial contours, in the shy, pensive gestures, in the caressingly melodious voice. Not a fighter, but a persuader; a wizard who wields the irresistible Celtic glamor, that affable, gracious, romantic, bewitching spell which made Stevenson the Prince Charming of literature. Yet there is iron under the velvet. Although the full face

is all oval softness, the profile is all square sharpness, with features silhouetted in acute angles. The perpendicular forehead is clean as a White Star cutwater, nose and chin zigzag trenchantly outward, and the long, square jaw juts forth with incisive energy. The lips at times harden into inflexible closure. Clearly his sweetness comes out of strength.

His preaching is unprofessional. He reasons, coaxes, appeals, persuades. He does not dogmatize, but talks as a modern man to modern men, discarding the old menaces, the old shibboleths, and taking always the standpoint of the pew, not of the pulpit. He reads the thoughts of his hearers, and expresses them before they are formed, establishing between himself and them a wonderful dual consciousness that breaks down prejudice and disarms doubt. He does not ask men to come to him; he goes to them. He searches for the spark of spirituality until he finds it, and then he fans it into a flame. To make my meaning clear, let me quote an acute remark made by Mr. Gladstone: "The fundamental distinction between English and Italian preaching is, I think, this: the mind of the English preacher or reader of sermons, however impressive, is fixed mainly on his composition, that of the Italian on his hearers."

Now it may be that the read sermon is dead in the United States. It is not dead here. Nearly all Anglican preachers read their sermons. Canon Newbolt, Canon Scott-Holland, Canon Wilberforce, Canon Hensley-Henson, the most eloquent Anglican preachers, all read their sermons. Most Nonconformist preachers, on the contrary, preach from scanty notes. That is why the Nonconformists are gaining ground while the Anglicans are losing ground. Mr. Campbell's preaching is the most direct I have ever heard. He forces his listener to think about his personal state, setting in motion the rusty machinery of conscience, aspiration, idealism. He has the faculty of fascinating minds of every color. Indeed, he owes his meteoric fame to the championship of men like

Dr. Robertson-Nicoll and Mr. Stead. The latter, in his vivid way, called him "the little grey archangel." Mr. Campbell represents the fine flower of Oxford culture, and he has many friends in the Anglican communion. Canon Hensley-Henson, greatly daring, came to his "Recognition" Service. That may not startle Americans, but it startled us. No Anglican clergyman dares to preach from a Nonconformist pulpit. His bishop would ban him. No dissenter has ever preached in Westminster Abbey. The Athenians allowed St. Paul to preach on Mars Hill. If St. Paul were to appear in London at the present moment he would not be permitted to preach in St. Paul's cathedral unless he took Anglican orders. Such is our medievalism.

Yet within the bonds of Anglican convention there are men who can let loose their originality. Dr. Winnington-Ingram, the Bishop of London, is as unconventional as President Roosevelt. He is the bosom friend of the East End costermongers. They ride with him in his carriage, and he rides with them in theirs. The accident that one is a landau drawn by a horse and the other a barrow drawn by a donkey makes no difference. His camaraderie is natural, not affected. He is an Oxford man, but he knows how to mix the Oxford accent with the Cockney dialect. The abysmal squalor of the East End seems to have touched his soul, saving him from the formalism of the ecclesiastic. His rough, practical common sense recalls that of the late Dr. Temple, but he is free from that great archbishop's famous brusquerie. He is no orator. His energy takes the English form of administrative passion. His pity and sympathy for this "City of Dreadful Night" is practical. After all, it is better that tears should turn the wheels of charity than spout in fountains of rhetoric. With his Oxford dread of emotion, Dr. Ingram makes compassion plough rather than caracole.

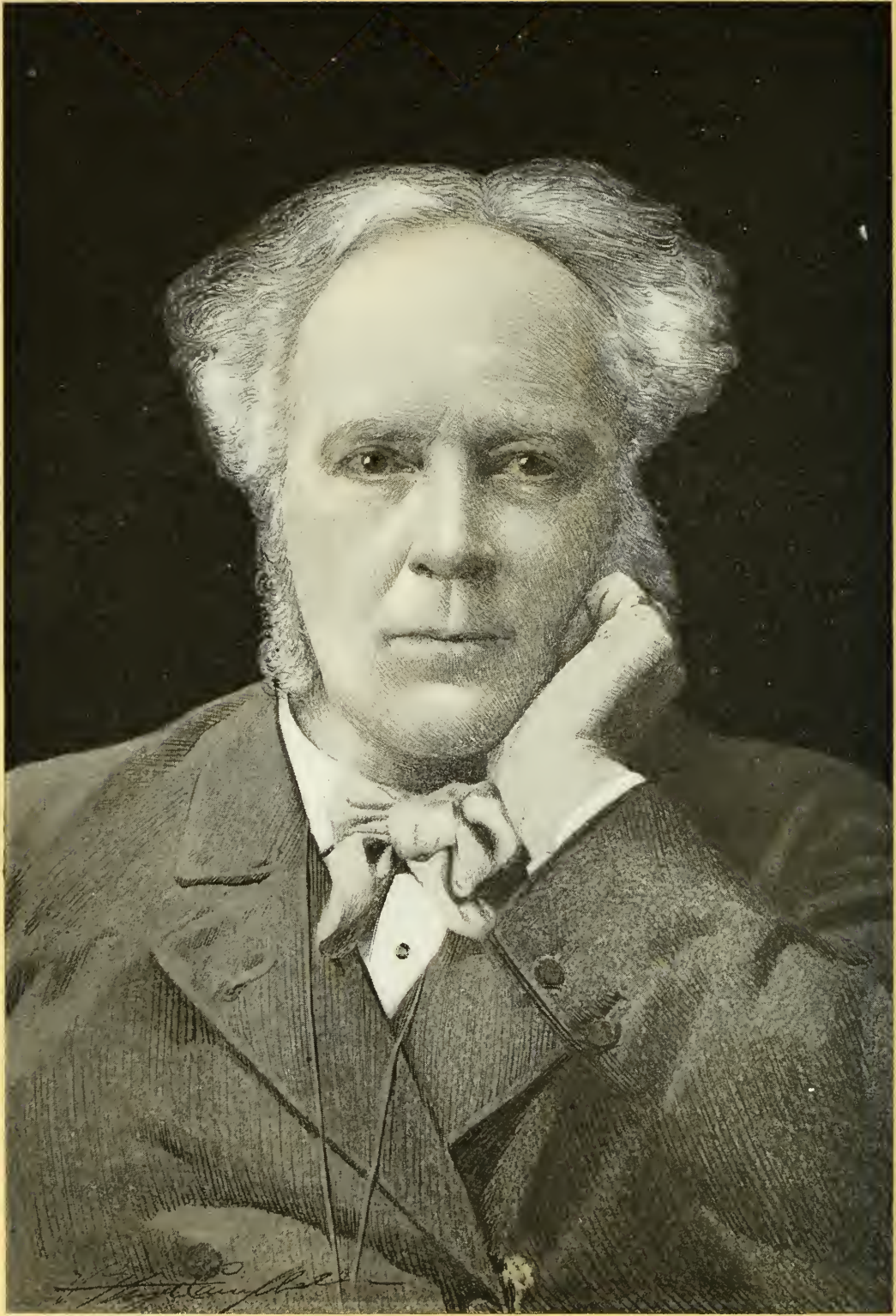
An enthusiast, nevertheless, he confronts our vast iniquity genially, with shrewdly twinkling tolerance in humorous eye and



Photograph by London Stereoscopic Co.

A. F. W. INGRAM

THE BISHOP OF LONDON: WHO "KNOWS HOW TO MIX THE OXFORD ACCENT WITH
THE COCKNEY DIALECT"



From photograph by Mendelssohn

STOPFORD AUGUSTUS BROOKE

THE LEADING ENGLISH UNITARIAN PREACHER, FORMERLY AN ANGLICAN DIVINE.
A DISTINGUISHED LITERARY CRITIC

mouth. He is a lean, laborious man, restless, quick, keen, nervous, every feature alive with intense purpose, his muscles like coiled springs ready for release. The candid flash of his eye recalls the glance of John Morley. Add to it the sharp vigilance of Anthony Hope and you have a rough sketch of his expression. His forehead slants suddenly, overhanging with violent abruptness, the line broken by the high curve of eyebrows carved in astonishment. His nose is as sharp as a razor, his mouth large, tense, strong, the central panel of the heavy upper lip sculptured clean and keen, the lower striking it with ascetic impact. The jaw is tremendously long in its angular sweep. The whole face a riot of acute angles save for the soft undulation springing from mouth to chin. His hair shows few of his forty-four years. His hands are never still, the long, sensitive fingers always turning the episcopal ring. His attitude is a perfect study in disquiet. In the pulpit he is carefully careless. In a voice as harsh as Sir Charles Wyndham's, grinding his teeth, hardening his jaws, he bites out his plain truths that make sermon-sleep difficult. He chews his words. A High Churchman, he wages war against the marriage of divorced persons and boycotts the clergy who defy him. He is a pitiful friend of the eighty thousand London Magdalens, sending every week flowers to the Lock Hospital. Altogether, a powerful force in our city of social chaos.

In the other churches there are many eminent figures but few dominant personalities. The Roman Catholics sorely need another Manning. He has not arrived yet. The Methodists need another Hugh Price Hughes; but he, too, tarries. The Unitarians make no headway, although the Rev. Stopford Brooke maintains the creed of Martineau. Among his congregation there is always a sprinkling of Americans. His laurels, however, are literary rather than religious. He reads his sermons, retaining the Anglican use in which he was trained, for he was ordained as long ago as 1857. His career has been undulating and diverse. In 1864

he was chaplain to the British Embassy in Berlin. Later he became Honorary Chaplain to the Queen, but in 1880 he abandoned Anglicanism for Unitarianism as a protest against the impotence of the old sacerdotal dogmas to satisfy the craving for a more liberal theology aroused by these wider conceptions of man which have spread from the poets and the physiologists into every sphere of thought. The truth is that in the twenty years that have passed since then the old theology has been silently sapped in every sect. The man in the street has ceased to take interest in the duels of dogma. In his article on "The Growth of Toleration," Sir Leslie Stephen has pointed out that "the old controversies in which Protestants and Catholics wrangled so long and so fiercely have become hopelessly uninteresting. . . . The modern apologist argues from the moral beauty of Christianity, not from the internal evidence." In other words, the Unitarian finds his occupation gone. He preaches to the converted. Dogma, in short, is dead, and heresy a thing of the past. There is no such thing as false doctrine, for the great religious leaders of all sects are substituting spiritual realities for doctrinal definitions. The theological duels are now relegated to trade journals, for the laity decline to be absorbed by the fine shades of speculative controversies. The same cause accounts for the decay of atheism. The destructive freethinker is extinct, because all denominations are hotbeds of free thought, and agnosticism thumps the pulpit cushion. The religious leader must rely on personal power, not on abstract dogma. It would be hard to define Mr. Campbell's beliefs. They are irrelevant, for his influence flows from his personal idealism. Men today are moulded by men, not by catechisms and articles of faith. In other words, religion is not a set of formulæ but a personal experience, and this personal experience may come to any man through any channel.

James Douglas

London England



A SLEIGH-RIDE THROUGH FAIRYLAND

THE FROST-KING AT NIAGARA



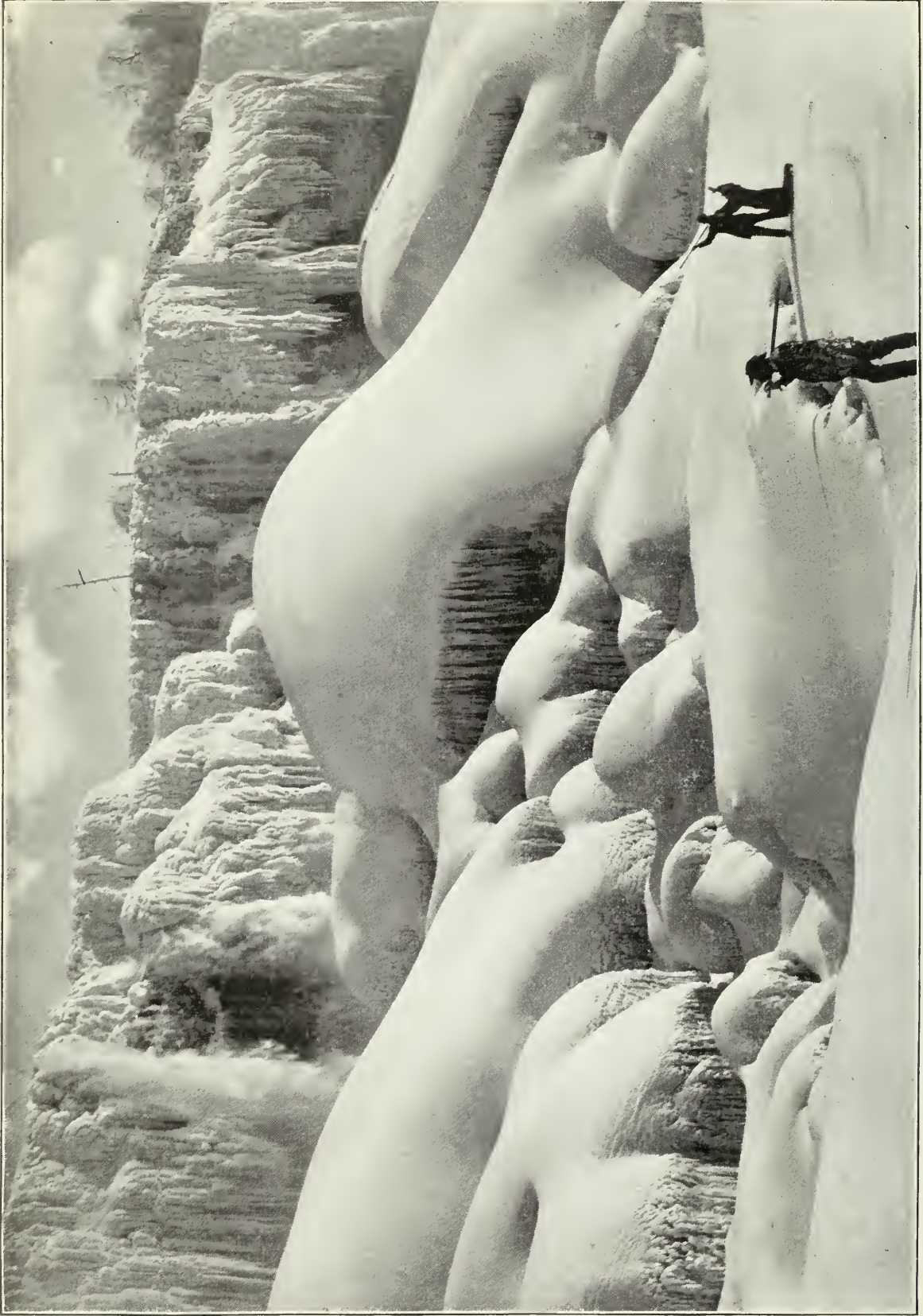
There is no place in the world where the Frost King creates a more beautiful spectacle than at Niagara Falls. People from all countries have enjoyed the summer sublimity of Niagara, and many have pictured its winter beauty in fancy, but the realization far surpasses the picture. It is astonishing what a change is created by the icy breath of winter. The wondrous formations excel anything man has wrought. A grand transformation takes place. The slender summer vine is loaded to breaking with the congealed spray which falls all about. The woods, once so green and beautiful, present the appearance of a forest hewn from purest marble, but with its beauty not a whit lessened.

As soon as the temperature drops below freezing, the icy scenery at the Falls begins to form. It may thaw several times and all the winter beauty pass away, but with the return of cold weather the white spectacle is replaced. It is when the ice bridge forms in the gorge that the highest interest is awakened by the winter creation. This ice bridge is a truly remarkable formation, and doubly so because it makes a new and temporary, but very solid, bond between two countries. The point where it usually forms is immediately at the foot of the inclined railway, a short distance below the American fall. The first intimation of its approaching formation is a heavy flow of ice over the falls from Lake Erie. The deep green surface of the lower river becomes whitened with the small icy chunks, and the eddies from the falls to the whirlpool rapids fill up until the only

movement of the river is through a channel which it makes in mid-stream. For hours these conditions are likely to exist, and the crushing, jamming, moving ice attracts much attention as it is forced down stream by the current of the river. Every now and then the ice floe will stop as though a bridge were about to be formed, but soon it will be pushed on again by the fierce rush of heaped-up waters which are driven by the force of the cataract.

When the lower Niagara river is in this condition the spectacle is most impressive. Faster and faster the ice will come pouring over the falls until the open channel of the river below is too small to allow it to pass down stream. Then comes a jam. In an instant the ice is welded by a mighty force, and so tightly does it wedge itself from shore to shore that soon all movement ceases, and the water is forced to find its way below the mass now so tightly compacted between the rocky shores. From this time on the bridge will continue extending itself up toward the Horseshoe fall, and frequently the entire river in front of the American and Horseshoe fall is covered with ice many feet in thickness.

The ice bridge formations of Niagara are peculiarly remarkable because they are not the result of the freezing over of the stream. The ice that builds them is formed in Lake Erie, many miles away, and when a thaw comes, accompanied by a favorable wind, the ice field of the lake is rushed down stream into the entrance of the river at Buffalo. For miles and miles out from Buffalo the ice field will extend,



THE AMERICAN FALL FROZEN TO STILLNESS

and the current that sucks into the river keeps breaking it away and sweeping it into the channel that leads it to the falls. From shore to shore the upper Niagara river will be one vast moving ice field, and when this occurs to ride along the river on the trains of the New York Central is to witness a grand spectacle. Once in the river it takes about six or eight hours for the ice to reach the falls. In the trip down the upper river the ice keeps in big chunks, but when it strikes the upper rapids it is hurled about with such force that it passes over the falls in very small pieces. It is these small pieces that form the great and wondrous ice bridges. In the strongest of the formations there are few pieces of ice larger than a man's hat, but the mass becomes so thoroughly impacted that its strength is truly wonderful.

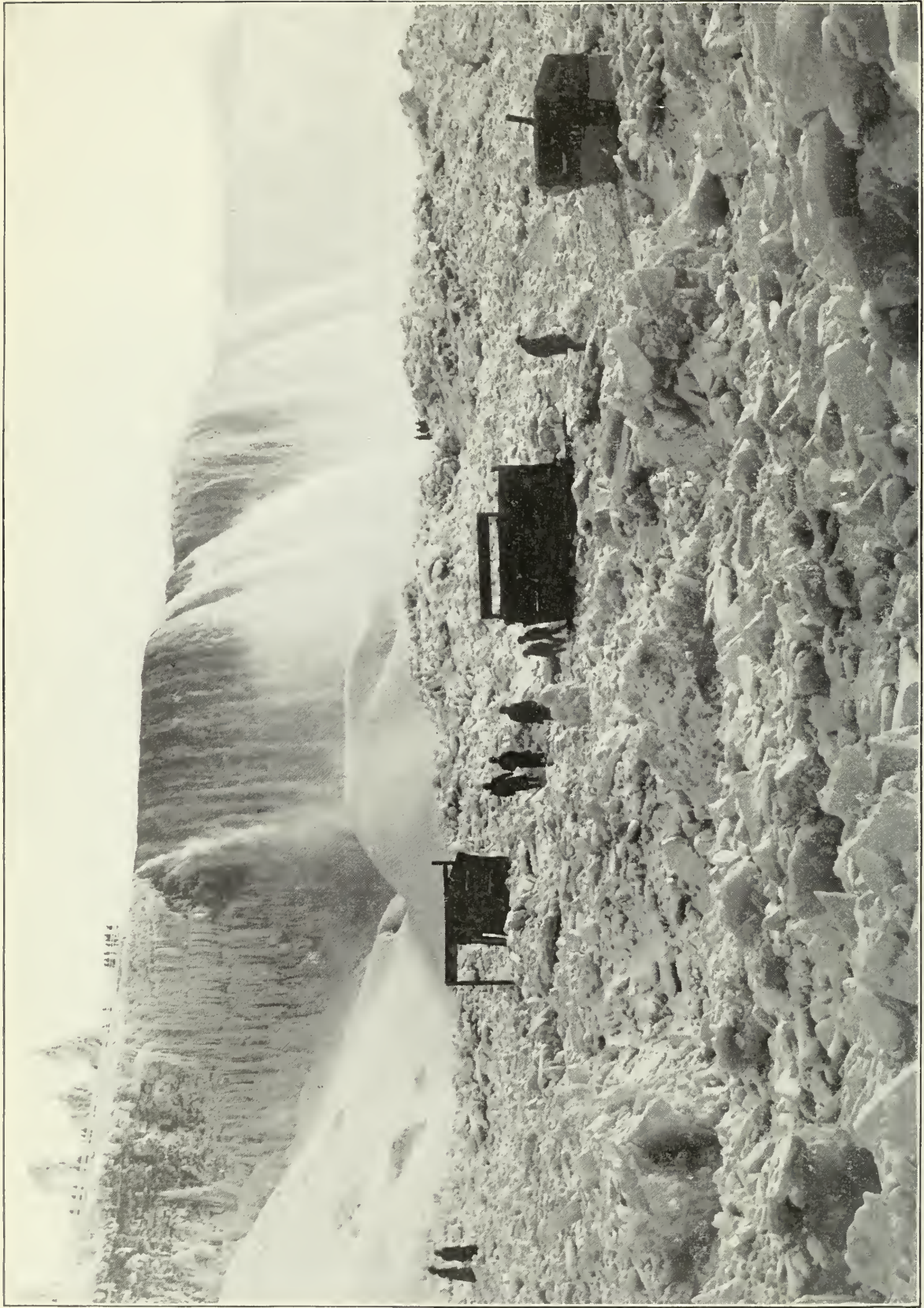
The wind that sweeps the ice down Lake Erie also creates high water conditions at Niagara, and a foot of water above the falls is understood to mean a rise of about seventeen feet in the gorge below. Most of the notable and substantial ice bridges of Niagara form during a period of high water. When the water recedes the icy mass settles down on the level of the falling river and becomes a structure that is remarkable for its strength. Very often after an ice bridge has formed in the gorge there will come another blow, hurling more water and ice down from the lake above. By this time cold weather and the spray of the falls have combined and bound the icy particles of the bridge into an almost solid mass. Thus, when the water rises it hurls the new ice far over the ice bridge, creating formations mountainous in their height and beautiful at every point. An ice bridge that has experienced no grand upheaval is lacking in value as an attraction. The perfect ice bridge has its mountains and valleys, the latter represented by deep and wonderful crevasses down which the visitor may look from thirty to fifty feet without seeing water.

It is said that not more than a third of a piece of ice will float above the surface, but the Niagara ice bridge is of such won-

derful construction that the data applicable to other rivers cannot be applied to it. Admitting that only half the thickness of the structure is revealed by the fifty-foot crevasses, that would make the bridge one hundred feet thick. Soundings taken of the river at the point where the bridges form show that the depth of water there is about one hundred and ninety feet, a depth ample enough to allow of the bridge being one hundred feet thick, but hardly leaving channel enough to carry off the downpour of water over the falls. Thus it is probable that the thickness of the Niagara ice bridge varies. It is said that two-inch ice will sustain a man or a regiment of properly spaced infantry; four-inch ice will carry a man on horseback, a squadron of cavalry, or light guns; six-inch ice, heavy field guns, such as eighty pounders; eight-inch ice, a battery of artillery, with carriages and horses, but not over one thousand pounds a square foot on sledges; ten inch-ice will sustain an army, while on fifteen-inch ice a railway can be built and operated. Of course, it is possible that the Niagara ice bridge would not have the strength that solid ice possesses, and yet, according to these calculations, the bridge might easily, while it lasted, support a twenty-story sky scraper!

No sooner has a jam occurred just below the fall at Niagara than people full of the love of adventure will be seen on the shore eagerly scanning its surface to determine if it is safe for crossing. Many times the ice bridge has been crossed within a few hours after the ice stopped moving, for there is more or less honor in being the first to make the trip. Anxious spectators watch the first adventurers from the cliff tops, and each step of progress made increases the excitement until the opposite shore is reached. Sometimes the return trip is immediately made over the ice, but there have been occasions when those first to cross an ice bridge preferred to return by way of the foot bridge that stretches from cliff to cliff.

When once an ice bridge is firmly established sightseers pour into Niagara in great



CROSSING THE ICE BRIDGE

excursion crowds. Sundays are especially busy days and at such times a serpentine line of people—men, women, and children—stretches across the ice bridge from shore to shore. It does not take long to establish a path, and thousands pass each other on the icy mass in midstream. Here and there may be seen what may be termed exploring parties, made up of those who long to do unusual feats. Far up or down the bridge they pick their way, planting a tree or bush at the climax of their exploration.

There is plenty of fun on an ice bridge, for as soon as a bridge is safely anchored men anxious to make a few dollars begin to erect hotels and shanties along the path from bank to bank. Hot drinks of all kinds, sandwiches, wieners, and other eatables and drinkables are sold in these places, while photographers embrace the opportunity to open temporary galleries, where you may have your tintype taken with the falls and its icy formation as a genuine background. Many a time the results of the sale of liquor on the ice bridge become annoying to visitors, and complaints made receive the attention of the authorities on both sides of the river. Arrests for this offense have been made, but there have been few if any convictions, as it is rather difficult to establish on which side of the border line the alleged offense was committed. However, the arrests serve to make the vendors of drinks more cautious.

Hundreds of thousands of people have crossed the Niagara river on an ice bridge, but never yet has a single life been lost thereon. The nearest approach to a fatal disaster was on the afternoon of Sunday, January 22, 1899. The ice jam of that year was remarkable, and the oldest inhabitant could not recall ever having witnessed such a bridge. The winter scene all about was beautiful. Hundreds of people were on the cliffs, and there was a goodly crowd on the ice bridge. In all about one hundred persons were crossing at the time of the incident about to be related. Suddenly the great mass of ice started to move down

stream toward the whirlpool rapids a scant mile below. The first trembling of the ice alarmed everybody on the bridge, while people on the banks became half crazed. Those nearest the Canadian side ran like mad for that shore, while others nearer the American side turned back and tried to reach safety on that side. The fleetness of many soon took them out of danger, and all but a man, a woman, and a boy were soon on shore. The boy was comparatively close to the New York side, but owing to the crushing of the ice he was unable to effect a landing. Below him a short distance was the upper steel arch bridge, and as the ice gradually moved down the river he turned toward that mighty structure. About the abutment of the bridge the ice piled many feet high, but, unmindful of this fact, the boy displayed wonderful coolness, and as the floe on which he stood was hurled against the crushing ice he leaped up and grasped the truss of the bridge and climbed along it to shore. The crowd cheered him as he made his way to shore, and then they turned to watch the progress of the man and the woman.

While the crowd on the banks had been watching the boy this couple had been making frantic efforts to reach shore. Turning their backs on the New York bank they sped as fast as their feet could carry them across the moving ice toward the Canadian shore. They ran in a diagonal direction down stream, passing under the steel arch in their flight for life. Repeatedly the woman was seen to fall. Her companion was in the lead, and could not see her every step. He was endeavoring to pick out a safe path, but when she fell and he sped on the crowd became angered, thinking he was about to desert her in his race for life. But not so. As time and time again he turned to help her along the crowd quickly changed its shouts from scorn to praise. Finally the couple succeeded in getting off the moving ice in midstream and reached the quiet ice of an eddy, over which they made their way to shore at a point fully fifteen hundred feet



SPORT ON THE ICE MOUNTAIN

below where they were when the ice started to move. The moving of the ice that Sunday afternoon was the result of the water rising in response to a wind that swept Lake Erie. That night the ice piled up about the abutments of the upper steel arch bridge to such an extent that some of the girders of the great structure were bent, while it was found necessary to blast the ice from about the abutments in order that its continued pressure might not further damage the structure. It is estimated that fifteen million cubic feet of water pass over the falls of Niagara every minute, the power represented by which is not to be deemed insignificant when in competition with a work of man.

On the 29th of March, 1848, Niagara ran dry as a result of a great ice jam at the entrance to the river near Buffalo. At that time the ice swept down the lake in such quantities that a jam of unusual proportions was created at the entrance to the river. So effective was the ice jam that no water passed around it. After the falls had drained the river channel the spectacle of the falls running dry was developed. There were many remarkable sights, and residents of the locality ventured to places that they had never expected to reach. Horses were driven far out in the river bed, and the most distant points in midstream knew the sound of footsteps. Millers, when called in the morning, were amazed at the information that there was no water in the river. People left Table Rock, on the Canadian side, and walked along the brink of the Horseshoe fall one-third of the way over to Goat Island. On March 22, 1903, a similar condition existed. An ice jam from the mainland to Goat Island diverted the water from the American channel, which ran nearly dry. People walked over the river bed above Green Island and between the mainland and Goat Island.

When the ice bridge is at its best there is usually a magnificent ice mountain to command the attention of visitors. This ice mountain forms on the debris-slope on the north or down-stream side of the

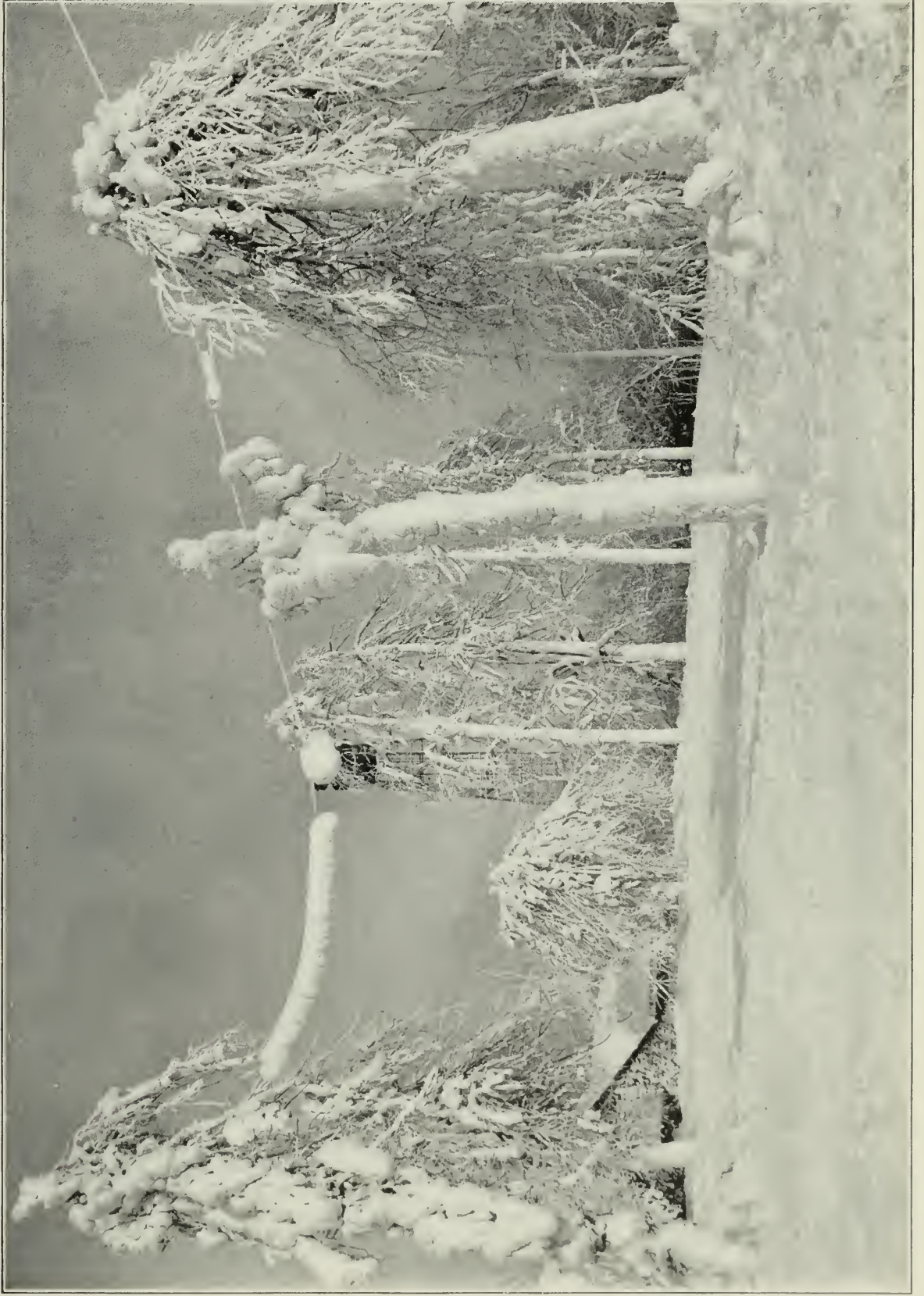
American fall, and it attains to considerable proportions. It is formed by the spray of the fall freezing, and day after day it rears its head higher and higher. Apparently its ambition is to reach such a height that it may look over the cliff top into the park beyond. The ice mountain is a delightful place for coasting, and a cosmopolitan crowd gathers there on bright winter afternoons. A barrel stave makes a first-class toboggan, but one may slide to glory on a plain board. The scene about the ice mountain is beautified by great icy stalactites, while in front of the American fall massive stalactitical masses rear their heads through the ever ascending spray. In 1896, from February the 14th to the 18th, the Cave of the Winds at Niagara was dry for four days. This strange condition was caused by the icy formations above the falls diverting the water from its usual channels. Guide John R. Barlow was the first to discover the fact and was the first to enter. During the four days he escorted many people in front of the American fall to the Cave, and there they passed between wonderful mounds of ice right into that peculiar cavern. So far as recorded the Cave of the Winds was never before entered in winter. In 1897 Andrew Wallace rode a horse across the ice bridge and up the ice mountain, a feat that was duplicated in 1887 and in 1895 by Robert Owen. On the 27th of February, 1901, a locomobile was taken across the ice bridge and up the icy slope close by the ice mountain, the unusual formation inspiring all kinds of feats.

The most delicate beauty of Niagara in winter is to be found in Prospect Park and on the islands close by the falls. Here the spray descends and as it freezes it covers everything within range with a snowy whiteness that is dazzling. The locality is a veritable fairyland and the drive about Goat Island under these conditions is a visit to paradise.

Orin E. Dunlap



THE CREST OF THE ICE MOUNTAIN



PROSPECT PARK IN WINTER DRESS



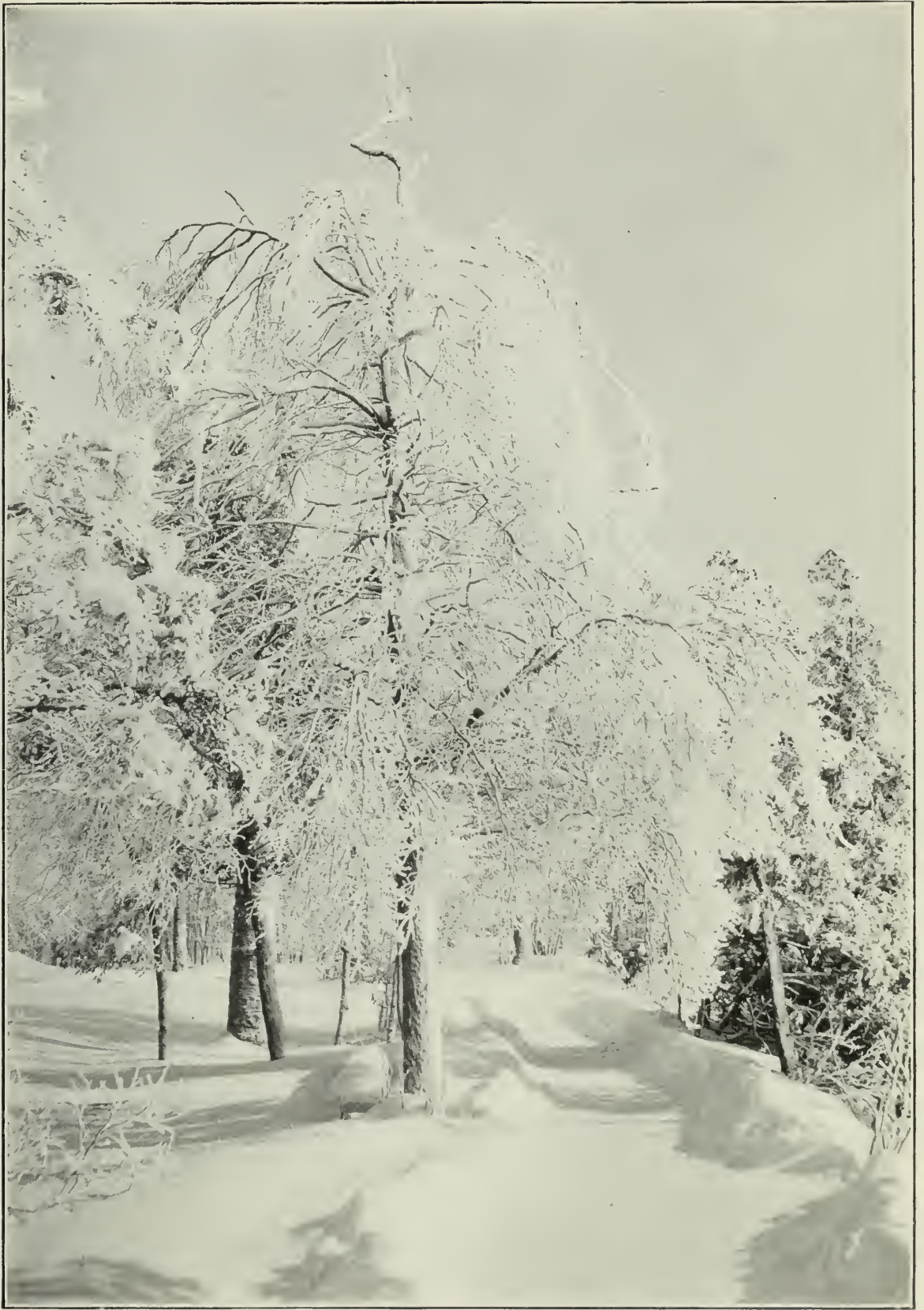
SNOW-CLAD VETERANS



JACK FROST'S TRANSFORMATION OF GOAT ISLAND



A FROZEN PATHWAY



AN ENTICING WINTER WALK

LANGUAGE IN THE MAKING

A DEFENSE OF SLANG

If the raising of spooks had not in these latter days become such an exceedingly disreputable profession, it would be interesting and perhaps profitable to invoke the aid of the mediums to coax up the ghost of Dr. Johnson to learn if possible what that eminent critic and lexicographer might think of the latest American improvements on the King's English. But suppose that such a thing were possible—that one of the modern exponents of the "damned" art, as Cotton Mather tersely described it, should summon up the Doctor, and should put into his hands one of our up-to-date newspapers. Suppose he were to open at the sporting page, or if the journal happened to be one of the yellower sort, should scan the editorial columns. Imagine the pompous condescension of the oracle giving way successively to frowning disapproval, to bewilderment, indignation, and finally paralysis, as the once dreaded eye should light upon such audacious innovations as these: "The senator must have bats in his belfry"; "*The Gazette* is the Jim Dumps of local journalism; it lacks force"; "Willie's wheels are working again"; "The Judge tries to side-step the nomination"; "St. Louis will make Buffalo look like thirty cents"; "Bishop B. makes a tee shot from the pulpit"; "Bowen has certainly been batting above three hundred"; "Germany is rubbering at the Argentine Republic"; "Germany is making goo-goo eyes at the Danish West Indies."

It is obvious that the American rather than the English newspaper is here in mind. Notwithstanding all that has recently been written concerning the Americanizing of English newspapers it is probable that in

reading them the ghostly visitor would feel perfectly at home. He would scan the pages of *Punch*, at all events, with autocratic approval, the wonted scowl relaxing as he would chuckle: "Ah, good jest! How I formerly was accustomed to promulgate that at the Club! Goldsmith used to say that it was better than either of the others. Did you get that, Boswell?"

All of which means that the English language as spoken in America has undergone some very remarkable changes in the last two hundred years. And as the inventions of science during the last fifteen or twenty years have been particularly astonishing, so are we filled with admiration when we contemplate the progress that our language has made during the same period. The language of Shakespeare and Milton, which in its antique purity still does duty as the language of England, has in its transportation to American soil suffered

a sea change
Into something rich and strange.

I

Of the several causes that have brought about this change, the most potent I submit is the great and growing vogue of slang. The use of slang is not peculiar to America and Americans. Indeed, Gautier is quoted as having said that the difference between one European country and another lies mainly in its slang and the uniform of its police. But in all European countries the use of slang seems to be reprobated by the educated classes, while our vocabulary of slang terms is at once so rich and varied, and so universally in use,

that it seldom fails to excite the amused and wondering if not derisive comment of the stranger within our gates. Neither is slang to be regarded as a modern invention; it had its prototype in the folk-speech of the comedies of Plautus and Aristophanes. They are lurid in places with just such racy, pungent phrases as our own—phrases identical in spirit with our own—but to no other people of ancient or modern times has this mode of expression been so necessary and so peculiar as to the Americans of the twentieth century.

A national language is like the language of an individual; it is the index to its character. That we talk slang is due to the fact that in a sense we *live* slang—a statement to which there will be some objection until it is understood just what this slang of ours is. It is nothing more nor less than a folk-speech, the one idiom common to this whole vast country of ours, the tongue that is understood of the people of every state. It has not always been so. Its present vogue is the growth of a few years' time. How and why it has become so, despite the lucubrations of the purist, I shall now try to point out. But any intention to present for examination a glossary of these slang terms is disavowed. More than one such lexicon has been attempted, prefaced with disquisitions on the origins and meanings of words, but they were out of date almost before they left the hands of the printer. Language is fluid; slang is gaseous. The more vigorously alive a language is, the more volatile and changeable it is. American slang, "the language of the United States," is therefore the liveliest language under the sun.

Dropping generalities and coming down to something definite, take the idea of *money*. No other idea will better illustrate the lightning quickness with which words and meanings and shades of meanings come and go. Some of these words are necessarily obsolete—some of our examples are likely to be by the time this is printed—and others are obsolescent. But every one of them has been current slang within the last five years: the coin, the scads, the

long green, the dough, the dust, the shekels, the stamps, the beans, the wafers, the simoleons, the price, the spondulics, the needful, the tin, the collateral, cart-wheels, plunks, balls (the last three limited, strictly, to dollars) the rocks, the stuff, the necessary, the boodle, and the ooks!

It is at once apparent that these words are not all from the same source. There is a western tang to some of them and a faint metropolitan fragrance clinging to some of the others. The remarkable thing is that words and phrases which in time attain an almost universal vogue should come from such widely different sources. The base-ball fan has a slang of his own; so has the horseman, the railroad man, the printer, the actor, the stock-broker, the politician, the soldier, the sailor, the cowboy, the miner, and the college youth. But none of these is to be called *American* slang; that name is to be reserved for that body of speech composed of choice specimens culled from all of these—a truly democratic body of speech in which each individual attains and maintains its place solely by dint of its inherent worth, regardless of race, color, or previous condition of servitude. Thus we are indebted to the railroad man when we say of a reform movement that it was "side-tracked," or that it couldn't "get sand on the rails"; to the base-ball rooter when we appreciatively predicate of a public official that he is "fattening his batting average"; to the college youth when one is described as "doing stunts"; to the turf when an attack of rheumatism is denominated a "dose of the Charley-horse"; to the poker player when the performance of a duty is said to be "up to" one; to the miner when a project is said to fail to "pan out"; and to the cowboy when a certainty is called a "cinch." But in addition to these, of which the origins are obvious, there is a vast number of words to which no particular source can be assigned. Such are "push" for crowd (substantive); "stand for," for to support, to endure; "peach," for a beauty; "corker," an epithet of admiration;

“jolly,” to flatter, to encourage, or to chaff. Indeed, in a list of two or three hundred of these words in actual use and collected from the newspapers of New York, Pittsburg, Chicago, and Philadelphia, the writer has been unable to identify the local habitations of more than fifty. Some few could be charged up to a particular town without any hesitation, but the great majority come from no one knows where, and after a brief career return whence they came.

Of the various cants to which the great body of American slang owes its maintenance, there are one or two deserving of special notice. One of these is the slang of base-ball. One who is not accustomed to follow the fortunes of the various exponents of the great American game may well wonder if it is English he is reading when he looks over a typical report of a game, with its perplexing references to “southpaws,” “slants,” “bunts,” “walks,” “free passes,” “fans,” “slab artists,” and the like. Over such arcana the devout rooter pores with thrills as ecstatic as those afforded of old by Pindar’s panegyrics, but to the outsider they are foolishness. For this contribution to the English language our thanks are due to the reporters, who seem to have entered into a spirited rivalry as to who can say the most startling things in the most surprising way. The results are instructive. These young men have found possibilities in the language that our most gifted authors certainly never dreamed of. They have created a dialect that to the uninitiated is as distinct and as meaningless as was the dialect of the pupils of Fagin—for which see the sporting page of your favorite daily when the season is at its height!

Poker is another national game that has been very prolific of new words and new meanings of old ones. Many of these are wonderfully forceful and picturesque, perhaps because they had their origin in the midst of picturesque environments—the Mississippi steamboat and the California mining-camp. Indeed, there seems to be something peculiarly American in

this game, of which an ardent admirer has said that “cyards is only one manifestation of it.” That is to say, it is purely and simply a game of “bluff,” which is the sort of thing in which a certain large and unregenerate class of Americans do most delight. Therefore it is that so many of our most common expressions may be traced to it. One of these—“up to”—I was grieved to find in a recent essay by a writer whom I had esteemed one of our most conservative and scrupulous purists. Charity suggests that it was a slip of the pen, but the devil suggests that he’d been playing poker; and of the two I believe the devil is right. But on any hypothesis the mere fact of its occurrence is enough to set one to thinking, for

if gold rustë, what shal iren doo?

A few others from this source are “go up against,” “up against it,” “dead game,” “pass up,” “turn down,” and “stand pat.” That these are constantly used in relations quite different from those in which they originated is significant of their forcefulness and intrinsic worth. But while most of these expressions have the quality of picturesqueness to recommend them, others are recommended only by the fact that they provide a means of escape from the old and hackneyed forms of speech. Of course the *raison d’être* of them all is, as it is one of the root causes of all slang, an insatiable desire for something new, something piquant, a “poynant sauce” to tickle the jaded appetite. The Mexicans and nearly all dwellers in the tropics season their food with things that bring tears to the eyes of the unaccustomed foreigner. We put our cayenne and garlic into our language, and with like results.

II

After the cants the most prolific source of slang words is the poetic faculty or, as Lowell made the distinction, “a sense that may be developed into faculty.” Perhaps the best specimen of this variety of slang is “peach” as commonly applied to a young woman, particularly if she be fair to look upon and amiable withal.

Has it ever occurred to you that this use of the word is poetry, pure poetry, of the very essence of poetry? Such it is, at all events; a "word poem," as Max Müller would have called it. In one of the daintiest fragments from the lost songs of Sappho, that consummate mistress of the art of poetry, she compares the maid whose charms she celebrates, not to a peach, indeed, but to a ripe and luscious sweet apple hanging from the tip-top bough of the tree. Here are her words:

As the sweet apple blushes on the end of the bough,
On the very end of the bough, which the gatherers
overlooked—
Nay, overlooked not, but could not reach—

Alas, the hiatus!

I have insisted on the poetic quality of this word because it is one of a large and important class of all the words so carelessly lumped together in one indiscriminate heap and reprobated as "slang." Such words owe not only their origin, but in great measure also their popularity, to an inherent love of poetic expression. This poetic sense manifests itself in the quick intuitive recognition of resemblances and their implication in metaphor, and that by the way is pretty nearly verbatim the definition that Aristotle gave of that most indefinable thing, genius.

These resemblances, in the recognition of which the poetic sense is manifested, are constantly being rediscovered and re-embodied in language. The word "hot," for instance, as a synonym for "angry," has, by dint of vulgar usage, become slang; but the use of the literal equivalent of the word in that sense was good Hebrew in the days of Solomon. The expression "I am onto," also undeniably slang, is good Greek, for what else does *epistamai* mean? And "lamps" for "eyes" isn't bad Latin, for Virgil sang of a man *cui lumen ademptum erat*. The poetic process by which *lumen*, a source of light, was made to mean "eye" was exactly the same as that by which Chimmie Fadden and other modern poets have made "lamp" to mean the same thing. "I see my finish" is an excellent translation of Plautus' *suspignor*

me periisse, a stock expression among the rascally slaves whose troubles afford so large a proportion of the humorous situations in Latin comedy. It has not been long since what is now commonly known as a "mark," *i.e.*, something "easy" (cf. personal sense of *facilis*), was classified as "pie." Now pie was, of course, an article of diet unknown to the ancient Hebrews, but the "doughty" Caleb expressed exactly the same idea when he said of the Anakim, "They shall be bread for us"; just as a confident base-ball rooster a few years ago would have said of a despised rival team, "They are pie." Then there is a foreshadowing of our forceful metaphor "to sit on one" in that outrageously funny line in the *Frogs* (1046), where Æschylus thus gibes at Euripides' conjugal woes:

The mighty goddess (Aphrodite) sat all over you!

But enough of "the dead ones"! There are some of our slang words that are in no sense resurrected. Here is one with no mummy dust on it: "Rubber-neck!" That phrase deserves a chapter by itself, and if the Reverend Mr. Sterne were rubbering through the States today as he did through France and Italy, he would doubtless devote a chapter to its elucidation. And his exegesis would be no less authoritative than interesting, for, if we can believe his own story, he was the original rubberer.

The delightful aptness of this word in its use as a noun is obvious; to its success in that function it doubtless owes its forced use as other parts of speech. I have heard it used as a noun, adjective, verb, and adverb. But it is only fair to the rest of the country to say that two of these usages are, to the best of my knowledge, peculiar to Chicago—that well of English pure and undefiled. But its vogue as a verb, even among people of culture, is something surprising. Among a crowd of sightseers at Niagara a few years ago the writer heard a Hindu gentleman ask the lady with him: "Shall we not descend that we may rubber from the rocks below?" It afterwards appeared that he

was a missionary, that he had learned his English in India, and that he was then at work in Chicago, where he was daily adding to his linguistic attainments. It took rubbering on my own part to find all that out, but the acquaintance of a man who could mix up Johnsonese with Chicago slang like that was worth cultivating. It was in a Chicago school, of course, that a class of young ladies of puristic ideals complained of an instructor who had asserted of one of the English kings that "he had no kick coming." Doubtless these young ladies would have the biblical statement that "Jeshurun waxed fat and kicked" revised to read: "Jeshurun acquired *embonpoint* and remonstrated."

III

There is a third class of slang words, larger than either of the two already mentioned, and indeed in a sense including them. The source of this third class lies in our national sense of humor. This being granted for the moment—I shall prove it presently—the true interpretation of slang would be a study in national psychology; the dry-as-dust philological method must fail of giving an understanding of it as it is. But this is just the method followed by all the slang lexicographers; they fail to recognize that slang, though in a sense moribund, is yet too restless a corpse to afford a satisfactory subject for a *post-mortem*. Therefore their books, being conceived in the spirit of an autopsy, are one and all egregious blunders. Slang is the language of the people. It is, therefore, if discerningly considered, a revealer of us to ourselves.

And what does it reveal? What is it in one of these words that makes it "catchy," gives it its catholic quality, makes it "sting the memory," and in short makes it the recognizedly fit expression of the thought and feeling of men so widely different in social position and degrees of culture? Nothing else than humor. It is recognized with some misgiving that humor is a literary term very

difficult of definition, as is evinced by the great variety of definitions offered. But the one that seems most nearly to cover the quality essential in all genuine humor is Mr. Howells': "the cry of pain of a well-bred man." I take that to mean an expression of discomfort aroused by anything out of place, a protest against anything out of keeping with the ideal order of things. However that may be, the variety of humor to which is here ascribed the ultimate source of slang is like that of no other modern people, a humor native to the soil, a humor in which good nature and cynical contempt are blended in equal proportions—a humor in short that can be described only as "American," that word of wondrous virtue.

That this is the spirit in which the great majority of our slang phrases are conceived may be shown by citing a few of them at random. But it must here be noted that they are not all necessarily humorous in their primal origin. Many are, as has been shown, veritable poems in miniature or forceful metaphors that might have arisen among any people of acute perceptions. Thus our word "peach," as originally and legitimately used, is poetry pure and simple, but what shall we say of it when we hear it applied, as I have heard it, to a bald-headed old lawyer, because forsooth he charged a county five thousand dollars for two hundred dollars worth of work? It is sufficiently obvious—or it would be if you could see the lawyer—that the original poetic value has here given place to something else. And so instead of setting aside as a separate class those expressions that exhibit this spirit of humor or satire we conclude that this is a class of slang words recruited from all others—that this at last is slang itself.

But here are some samples from which the reader must judge whether the diagnosis offered is correct: "there are others"; "look like thirty cents at a swell ball"; "the whole thing" (cf. the legal phrase *omnis in hoc*); "forget it"; "cut it out"; "live it down"; "chestnut"; "cheese it"; "makes me tired"; (how prehistoric

some of these sound!) "wouldn't it jar you."

It is of course impossible to show by process of analysis that the quality spoken of is in all of these, but a little reflection will convince anyone that in all of these humor of a subtly cynical sort is the vital element. Language is so elusive a thing—its bloom is so like that of the ripened grape—that our curious handling is apt to blur and deface it. One who is privileged to hear these words and phrases used will get at their true value better than by reams of tedious explanation. But if one were to attempt a definition for each in turn he would find himself using over and over again some such word as "disapproval" or "depreciation." Occasionally the word needed would be "approval," as for instance in defining such a word as "corker." But even so, a complimentary epithet is apt to be given an ironic turn.

Now it is human nature—not a very admirable trait to be sure, but a very human one—to desire to bring an object of dislike into ridicule. For ridicule is one of the most formidable weapons that an enemy can wield. If you can raise a laugh against the object of your disapproval you have won your battle. It ought not to be so, of course, but it is so. We are built that way. Of the points made in a series of lectures on evolution which the writer heard a few years ago only two can now be recalled. One was that the doctrine isn't new, and the other was that it has failed to "make good" because it doesn't explain the survival of the notoriously unfit vermiform appendix, of which the chief end was asserted to be the collection of seeds in berry-time. Not very heavy polemics perhaps, but wonderfully effective; the doctrine of evolution for that audience was simply laughed out of court.

This national love for a good "roast," this spirit of mockery, this national habit of joking, is the one great thing about us that foreigners can't understand and, failing to understand, condemn. And it must be confessed that they seem to have pretty good backing for it. What Guicciardini

said about there being "nothing worse in all the world, so far as statesmen are concerned, than levity," is only conspicuously, not peculiarly, true of statesmen. It has a more general application. Men love a joke but are apt to distrust a joker; his levity excites a suspicion of his sincerity.

But all things considered this habit is not to be unqualifiedly condemned. On the contrary, so long as it is not carried too far it is wholesome. In the last analysis the degeneracy over which Nordau lifted up the voice of lamentation is egotism. Now in this country when a man "gets too much Ego in his cosmos" there are not wanting those who rejoice to tell him of it. When a man's walk and conversation give the impression that he thinks himself "the whole thing" he is taken in hand by solicitous friends and his spirit is chastened. There are many forms in which the corrective dose may be administered, but it is not so long since it was dispensed in a pill like this: "You're not the only tin can on the dump, nor yet the only goat in Harlém." Humor of the sort that lies at the bottom of such slang as that is the pinch of salt that keeps the whole man sweet.

IV

It remains to be considered why it is that these slang expressions, once in vogue, do not achieve permanence in idiom. Many of them do. Many of our accepted words and idioms today were the slang phrases of fifteen or twenty years ago. Some one published a few years since a list of the words and phrases that William Cullen Bryant, when editor of the *Evening Post*, proscribed as vulgar. Of about thirty, nearly a third are now in the best of use, while the remainder have passed into an innocuous desuetude. So, by the way, has "innocuous desuetude," after a "strenuous" career. There need be nothing said about *that* word!—nothing save that it exemplifies the surprising fortunes of many another word of no less respectable antecedents. The word "block" for head, for instance, had

always been regarded by the writer as one of the relatively few slang words which are hopelessly vulgar. It was with no small amazement that he found it the other day in a new collection of Darwin's letters (vol. ii, page 2): "I thought it was a deuced deal too good an idea to have arisen spontaneously in my block." And that most modern phrase "nothing doing" is found in *Dombey and Son*, in De Quincey's *On the Knocking at the Door*, in *Macbeth*, and in *Woodstock*. "Kid," too, I have found in a letter of Thackeray's dated 1853. These are to be regarded as slang by adoption rather than by birth.

But as for Bryant's proscription, it included such words as "roughs," "rowdies," "ovation," "sensation," and others now generally accounted blameless. It is likely that, if he were living to-day, he would condemn "chase," "fake," and "hustle," all of which, in their slang signification, are now found in good company and without the bar sinister of the quotation mark. Most of the words that do die out in the pre-idiomatic stage of their existence do so because they have not the stamina necessary to hold their own against the constant influx of new words clamoring for recognition. In order to live in the memory, a new word must be strong, vivid, virile, pungent, picturesque. Otherwise, like the fool's laughter with which it was received, it must die out like the crackling of thorns under a pot.

And that suggests one of the causes that operate to exclude many words having all these desirable qualities from their rightful place in the new editions of our dictionaries. I refer to their idiotic exploitation by that uncatalogued anthropoid, the slang-monger. His chief pleasure in life—or hers, for its gender is epicene—seems to be the eternal iteration of the latest slang word, ringing it in on all occasions possible and impossible, till its novelty and freshness are all worn off. In his mouth alone is it true today that, as Lowell wrote in 1867: "Slang is always vulgar, because it is not a natural but an affected way of talking, and all mere tricks of speech and

writing are offensive." And if Victor Hugo's characterization of slang as "the language of misery" is in any sense true of the slang of America, as it undoubtedly is of the wretched argot of the French pauper, he is responsible for it. We owe him a grudge not only on account of the nausea he gives us but because to him we owe the loss of some of our liveliest and most picturesque idioms—prospective idioms, that is—words that are in the debatable land between slang and idiom. If left to their normal use they would soon conquer a place for themselves. But this they are not allowed to do: the slang-monger marks them for his own and soon they are debauched. The phrase "in it," now quite obsolete, but justly popular fifteen years ago, was killed by such exploitation. "A good word," as the elder Weller said of "circumvented," but worked to death. The expression "look like thirty cents at a swell ball" or, as abbreviated, "look like thirty cents," belongs to the same category. It is a "has been" because familiarity got in its deadly work and we all grew weary of it. Many another promising young idiom might be cited in our indictment of the slang-monger, but these two must suffice to exemplify the fate of dozens of others no less deserving and no more fortunate. Like the grass of the field of the Psalmist, today they grow up and flourish, and tomorrow they are cut down and wither away. Indeed it sometimes seems that it is only the mediocre sort that do survive, because I suppose their very lack of popularity keeps them from being worn out—a melancholy reflection! Certain it is that it is due to their abuse rather than to any essential vulgarity in them that they are accounted vulgar, and when we consider how much poorer the language is by reason of their reprobation the more wrathfully do we realize the deep damnation of their taking off.

But what is the legitimate function of slang in the development of American English? For such a function it undoubtedly has. There are those, of course, and

most of them, unhappily, are teachers of English, who look upon slang with a kind of holy horror. These would hold down our language to the dead level of ancient traditions of propriety. They quote with righteous unctiousness the prudish rule of Pope:

Be not the first by whom the new is tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside;

and in their own writing execute a kind of literary egg-dance in their desperate efforts to live up to it. On all such we would invoke the blessings called down by Keats on the head of "one Boileau!" There have been many of these in literary history, and with satisfaction we reflect that they always get what is coming to them. Bembo, the Italian humanist, warned one of his pupils against reading the works of St. Paul, lest he thereby "contaminate his style"! For a vindication of Paul's literary taste we have but to consider the relative places of Monsignor Bembo and St. Paul in literature—in *mere* literature. Paul wrote and talked in the idiom of the people among whom he lived—soldiers, sailors, athletes, artisans—instead of cramping his thought within the confines laid down by the rhetoricians. It was this racy element in his style that the precious Bembo objected to. It was this racy element, too, as Macaulay has pointed out, that gave to the style of Livy the snap and sparkle lacking in the diction of Tacitus and Sallust.

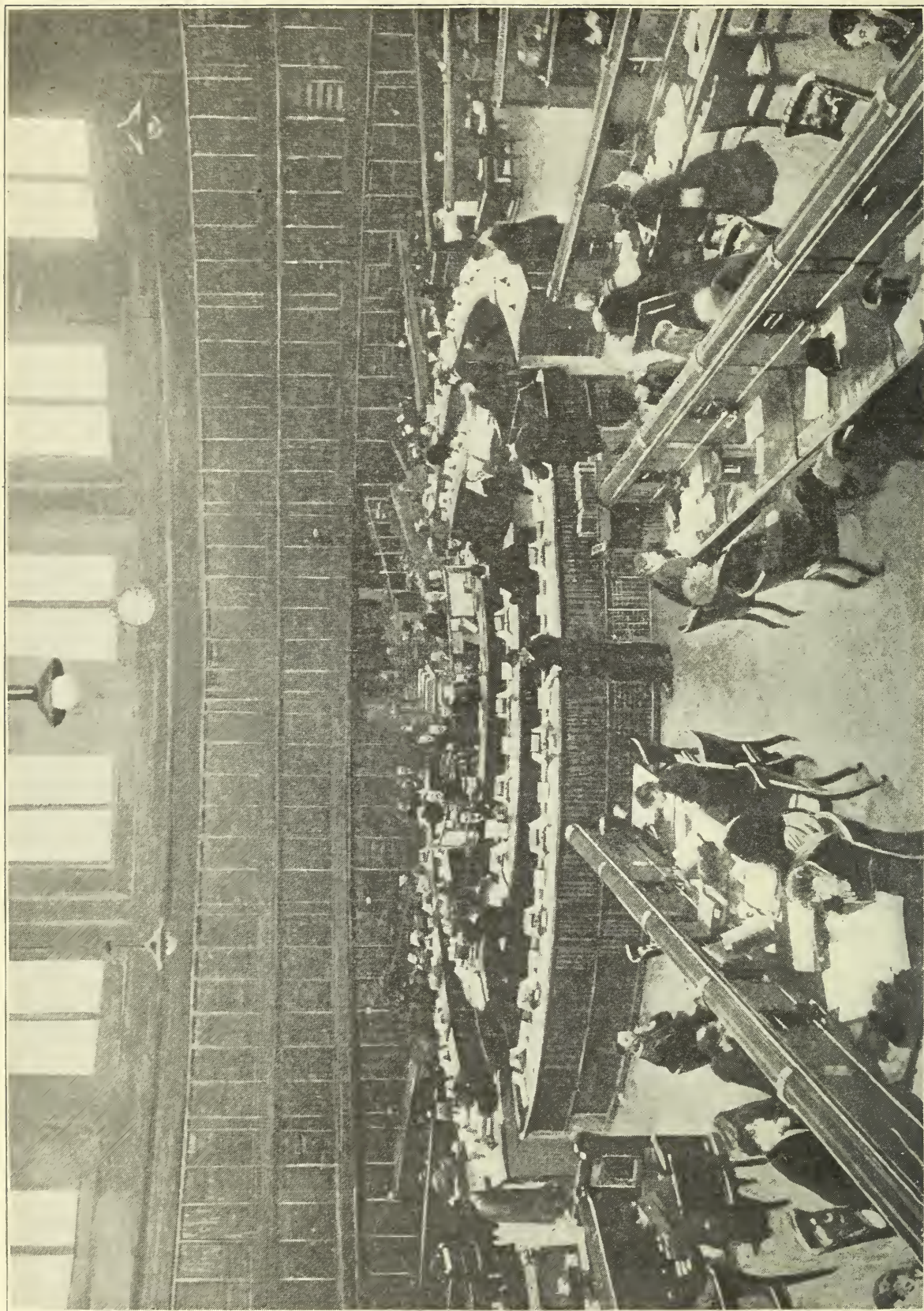
This folk-speech of ours is one of the legitimate fruits of the tree of democracy. In so far as it ignores and supplants established forms of speech it is the expression of a large impatience with all that has only antiquity to recommend it. It therefore brings forth much that is crude and bizarre and grotesque to a taste formed on classic models, much that is very strange to those for whom the law and the prophets are summed up in the reverence due to tradition. But it must be remembered what literature is and what language is—the expression of the life of the people. If we cannot adequately express ourselves in classic idiom, then we must create an idiom suited to our needs. And so it is that if a

new word or phrase commend itself to the people as native to their genius, it "goes," *maugre* the purists; and all the artificial barriers of all the "authorities" in creation will not prevail against it. Its fitness for adoption may safely be left to the collective common sense of the people.

So for our "American," as our English cousins condescendingly call it, we offer no apology. If we have sinned, it is not the sin of weakness but of strength, of vigor and vitality that must find expression. And if—to bring our Milton up to date—we have sought out inventions in language

That would have made Quintilian throw a fit it is because Quintilian is a "dead one," and with such we have no concern. And if the shade of Lindley Murray be given "the Willies," when it goes up against a new arrival in the limbo of departed rhetoricians, it is for him to admit that he is a "has-been." For ours is not a dead language but a live one, and those who would restrict its growth, merely to conform to the canons of the dead, thereby proclaim themselves unworthy of the privileges of the living. Audacious as the idea may seem, we have in slang—in its normal use—an idiom suited to our national expression. If we talk slang it is because in a certain proper sense we live slang. In slang we most vigorously and most freely express our hatred of all indirection and of all sham and hypocrisy. So far from being an evidence of a national levity and lack of seriousness it is the very language of sincerity. It is the result of an instinctive effort to get as far away as possible from everything like pretentiousness. It is the antipodes of bathos. It is the language of the whole people because it is expressive of the national sense of humor, which is never so keen as when it contemplates with a joy otherwise unutterable the spectacle afforded by a fraud exposed. It is blunt, it is crude, it is brutal sometimes, but it is always honest and it is always sane.

Herman Spencer.



THE READING ROOM OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM

A GIGANTIC READING ROOM

The Library of the British Museum, which, as all the world knows, is located in the Bloomsbury district of London—once one of the most fashionable quarters of the metropolis, but now chiefly given up to boarding houses with a curiously mixed clientele—contains probably the largest collection of books in the world. Paris, Berlin, or Vienna may be richer in certain departments of learning, but taken as a whole the British Museum Library is unapproachable. It is estimated—in truth it is impossible to count the books—that there are over two million volumes on the shelves. In the reading room on the ground floor are placed about twenty thousand books for general reference. On the galleries above are shelved fifty thousand volumes of authors most frequently in request. But the bulk of the books are stored in what is called the “New Library,” a receptacle four stories high, adjoining the reading room. Here the eye meets overwhelming masses of books, placed in double rows in cases and iron presses. The latter can be moved backward or forward, being provided with small overhead wheels which run along narrow flanges fastened to the girders supporting the floor above. They were intended to accommodate the large additions made from year to year.

A copy of every publication which appears in the United Kingdom is required by law to be sent to the British Museum Library, so the reader will find no difficulty in imagining the considerable annual increase and the difficulties of the trustees in finding room for the growing mass of printed material. It is therefore no matter for surprise that the present library is practically full, and that the building has conse-

quently to be extended in order to cope with the vast output of printed matter. Heaven only knows what will be the fate of the library in A. D. 2000, should the increase of books continue at the present rate. The total shelving of the Printed Book department extends to neither more nor less than thirty-nine miles. Therefore a walk before breakfast through the various divisions of the library might be confidently recommended as a means of whetting the physical as well as the intellectual appetite. The large and unique collections of manuscripts and newspapers have special rooms set apart for them. The newspapers have grown to such prodigious volume that all but those commonly required are being transferred to a fire-proof building at Hendon, a northwestern suburb.

The reading room in its present shape dates from 1857. With the spread of education, the number of readers rapidly increased. In 1902 the daily average of readers was 700, and the books consulted during the year numbered 1,500,000.

The new reading room, with accommodation for 458 readers, is an imposing structure. It occupies 1,250,000 cubic feet of space, and the surrounding libraries 750,000. It is circular in form, surmounted by a dome, which is only two feet less in size than the dome of the Pantheon of Rome. It is most comfortably furnished with all facilities for work. Its arrangements for heating and ventilating leave a good deal to be desired—the “Museum headache” is one of the peculiar products of the place—but on the whole the reader has little cause for complaint. The catalogues, several hundreds in number, are in the majority of cases easily consulted, and in the event of any difficulty some court-

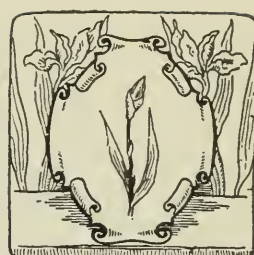
eous attendant is generally willing to give the help that may be required. A subject catalogue, in which subjects are classified under their proper heading, is in contemplation, and will be an incalculable boon when completed.

The seeker after knowledge, especially if an American, finds the Museum authorities extremely courteous, once he has passed the barrier of red tape. But there's the rub. The barrier is a real one, not lightly to be surmounted. All who enter the sacred portals do so only after rigid inspection. Neither in an irreproachable scholarly bearing nor in a surreptitious tip can an "Open, Sesame" be found. The doorkeeper is adamant if the prescribed ticket of admission is lacking. To secure this ticket the applicant must fill out a searching form, giving particulars as to his residence and profession, his training and qualifications—lest the pearls of the Museum be cast before the unappreciative—the exact scope of the special studies he intends to pursue, and that British *sine qua non*, a reference. If he makes out a good case the desired permission comes to him—in the fulness of time. Neighborhood to Egyptian papyri and dateless tablets

from Babylon tends to discourage reckless haste. A typical experience was that of an American professor of English literature who had allowed a week for the British Museum in the schedule of his European trip. Gently but firmly repulsed at the door, he bowed to necessity and sent in an application for a ticket. Next day he looked for an answer, but in vain. So the next, and the next. On the fourth day the precious ticket came, and he hied him joyfully to the Museum. But unfortunately one of London's November fogs had arrived at the same time, and the library was plunged in Egyptian darkness. A rule from time immemorial prohibits the use of artificial light near the stacks, so it was quite impossible to procure the books desired. On Friday the fog was still with them. On Saturday it lifted partly, and the patient professor managed at last to put in a half-day's work. But he found it worth the waiting and the weather to have even a half-day's glimpse into the Museum's treasures.

A. Black





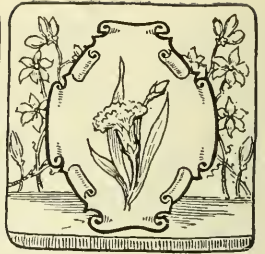
THE LITTLE LONELY LIFE OF HIM

BY EDMUND VANCE COOKE

I

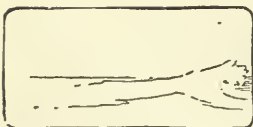
The little lonely birth of him! He made
His way to earth alone and none could aid
Him with a word of cheer,
Could reach his little unattuned ear
To tell the waiting welcome, the soft breast
Whereon his drooping little head should rest—
His to command by noon, or night,
In dark or light—
The life-milk and the bliss
Of gaining it through the long, deep-drawn kiss,
The never-tiring arms, the cuddling croon.
How could he know that all this boon
And benison were his, when he should win
The harbor-passage in,
Should reach the port of earth
Through that tempestuous voyage men call birth?

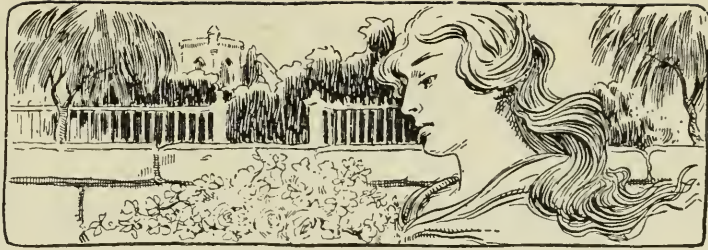
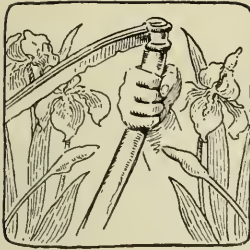




II

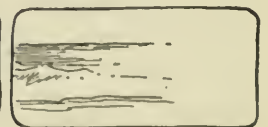
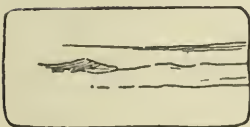
The little lonely life of him! He dwelt
Cored in our hearts, yet only partly felt
The love which folded him. How could we pour
The rapturous lore
Of love with which we bubbled to the brim,
So it might also flood the heart of him?
Our syllables and their strange ways
Came in half-foreign phrase
To little, unaccustomed ears, while his wee words
Fluttered like baby birds,
Untaught of flight.
Could he know, quite,
The meaning of the cuddling care? And did we reach
Without the definite harmonies of speech
The surest, sweetest tone
To chord his little being with our own?

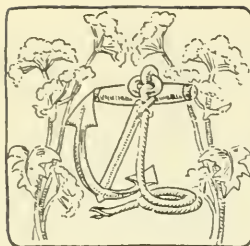




III

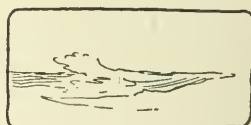
The little lonely death of him! True, at the best
All men must sup alone with the last guest.
The sweet and sun-lit living room
Is ever built beside the quiet tomb.
Between them is a passage, not so wide
That ever two may tread it side by side.
Hard, hard! yet, groping down the narrow hall,
The journeying one may hear our saddened call,
Our cheering, sympathizing cries,
Or the shared sorrow of the last goodbyes.
But he, the little, wee one, could he know
Our hearts were cloven with the woe?
The love which gilds the dark distress,
The blossom in the wilderness,
The one sweet in the bitterness,
The human murmur of the moan,
The music in the dirge men call a groan,
He could not know. Alone! alone!





IV

And is he lonely still? The dazed mind gropes
Amid a labyrinth of doubts and hopes.
The firmest-founded faith
Melts to a misty wraith
Upraising, like a wild bird's cry,
The fierce demand of "Why?"
Nay, mock me not by saying He who gave
Has cradled the wee body in the grave.
God were not good to grant such gift and then,
Capricious, filch it back again.
Life is for living. Should the lamp be torched
To break it ere the wick be scarcely scorched?
Lonely? Ah, only half I hope that he is not,
Fearing that we who loved and love him are forgot.
Selfish, I own, but love's delicious wine
Breathes ever forth the sweet bouquet of "Mine!"
Lonely? How were he else? Does not the baby flower
Droop in its tender hour,
Transplanted? Thrives it in the stranger-earth
As in the native soil which gave it birth?
Lonely? But in the sea of loneliness,
The great sea where the tide of death's distress
Rises and ebbs and rises till the press
Floods our own nostrils with its bitterness,
In that sea is a Beacon, and its flame
Kindles the heart of man today the same
As in the uncounted centuries which are fled—
Faith of reunion with the loved and dead.



THE MESSAGE OF CHRISTMAS-TIDE

THE TRIUMPH OF THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

By WASHINGTON GLADDEN

THE CHRISTMAS CHILD

By GEORGE C. LORIMER

THE TRIUMPH OF THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

By WASHINGTON GLADDEN

“And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.”—Luke ii : 13, 14.

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth,
To touch their harps of gold:
“Peace on the earth, good will to men,
From heaven’s all-gracious King”:
The earth in solemn stillness lay,
To hear the angels sing.

It is not for us to picture that angelic choir which so suddenly appeared above the plains of Bethlehem, or to attempt any account of the aerial itinerary which they had traveled in coming hither from the land that is very far off. But we may venture the imagination that such a company, coming so far, must have wished to see a little of the planet to which they had brought these good tidings; and we can hardly suppose that they would depart without sweeping once around the globe, and glancing at the continents and islands over which the good news which they had brought would, in coming years, be spread abroad. What, in such a swift flight, must their eyes have rested on? What kind of a world was this whose common air was then first thrilling with the music of heaven?

To voyagers in mid-heaven the earth presented then a contour not greatly unlike that of today; the same great

continental masses, the same wide-rolling oceans, the same ice-bound zones at either pole, the same tropical climes, beautiful with endless summer. But the traces of man’s presence and power, visible upon the earth, were quite dissimilar to those which would appear today.

The vast continent of Africa lay there beneath the genial sun, almost unclaimed by civilization. Ancient Egypt, along the lower Nile, had harvested her glories and was passing into decay; the Pyramids and the Sphinx must have appeared to the angels, as now to us, memorials of fallen greatness. Further up the Nile the ancient Ethiopia was suffering the same fate; Carthage, on the Mediterranean, had been ground to dust beneath the chariot wheels of the mistress of the world; nothing but ruin could have greeted the angelic vision from the once rich Libyan plains. The rest of the African continent could have been no less dark than it is today; naked savages huddled together in villages of huts, worshipping fetishes and feeding on human flesh, must have saluted the eyes of the celestial visitants as they glanced over its dismal expanse.

Asia, the cradle of the race, had naught but the ruins of her greatest monarchies to show; Assyria, Babylonia, Persia, Phenicia, had ceased to be world-compelling powers; China and India were lying then,

as now, under the spell of faiths that are wanting in hope, if not in love, and waiting for the impulse that should enable them to forget the things that are behind and stretch forward to the things that are before.

From Asia the star of empire had passed westward to Europe; Greece had lost her place among the powers, leaving but her art and her literature to hold the empire of the world's thought; but Rome was seated on her seven hills, ruling the world; Egypt, Phenicia, Carthage, Greece, had bowed beneath her yoke; all round the Mediterranean her galleys ranged victorious; the Imperial City was smiting the skies with the dazzling splendor of her palaces, her baths, her theaters, and her temples.

To this spot surely, of all others, the eyes of these heavenly messengers must have been drawn. Here was focused the power, the knowledge, the wealth of the then known world; the existing civilization culminated in Rome. And what a spectacle it must have presented to those pure beings as they hung above it, if by any keenness of vision they could discern the manner of the daily life of that people. The great mass of population which they looked down upon were slaves or paupers fed out of the spoils of conquered provinces; the cruelty, the perfidy, the tyranny of those who bore rule, the horrible sensuality and brutality of the patrician classes, were almost beyond our comprehension.

If you want to know what sight the angels saw, read the *Satires* of Juvenal; read Paul's *Epistle to the Romans*; read Sienkiewicz's *Quo Vadis*. The Rome of these narrations was the sight the angels saw—the great spectacle which the human race of the first century had to show to angels and men. The angels must have turned from it with blanched faces and drooping wings.

Over the rest of Europe their swift glance took in, for the most part, only forests and rude heathen races. Germany, France, Holland, Belgium, England, were

lands scarcely visited by the dawn of civilization. Our own great continent, in all its length and breadth, was not then a part of the known world; its inhabitants were probably even lower in the scale of being than those that greeted Columbus.

Such was the world as the angels saw it nineteen centuries ago.

What would they see if they came again to-day? Much, doubtless, from which they would fain turn their eyes away—poverty, suffering, cruelty, extortion, strife, greed, treachery—a pitiful array of human sin and misery. And they would not find that the promise of their earlier song had yet been fulfilled. Peace does not yet reign over all the earth, nor is good will the sovereign rule among all men. They would find, I fear, that the meaning of the message which they brought, and which the Messiah whom they announced so wonderfully declared, has been sadly misunderstood by many who have tried to repeat it; that often by theological refinements and controversies the substance of it has been missed, and the sweetness of it sadly confused and jangled. And yet, in spite of all this disappointment, the nineteen centuries have brought forth upon the earth many marvelous changes which the eyes of the angels would be quick to discern. There is no city in Christendom to-day, not one, which is not politically, socially, economically, as much better than Rome was then as light is better than darkness. Paris the Magnificent is a wicked city, but the angels could tell you that Paris today is white and clean compared with Rome when Christ was born. There is poverty and wretchedness in London and New York and Chicago, but nothing like the universal pauperism of that olden day. There is not a ruler of any great state in the world today—nor has there been for many a day—who could be classed in monstrous wickedness with many of the emperors. Abdul the Damned, even at the worst estimate of him, is an angel of light and a hero of chivalry compared with Nero or Caligula.

In the populations of Imperial Rome on which the angels looked down nineteen hundred years ago the vast majority were slaves. Today, if they are looking down, they see that that curse is wiped away from all the great nations. They hear the chiming of the bells that have rung out the age-long curse of human bondage.

The forests of Europe and North America have disappeared before the triumphal march of the Aryan races; grain fields, orchards, meadows, pastures, gardens cover these wide and fertile spaces; mighty cities, busy towns, fair villages have gathered into themselves the teeming populations of these new worlds. Surely, to any eye looking down from above on the globe as it turns swiftly on its axis today, it would appear that a far larger share of its surface is under tillage now than in the days of Imperial Rome; that it must bring forth food for uncounted millions more than could then have lived upon it.

And how marvelous have been the many conquests made by man over the forces of nature since that day! Winds and waters and vapors and lightnings—mighty energies hidden in the earth and locked up in its substances—have been caught and tamed and trained and harnessed for the service of man. Across all these continents the swift railroad trains are flying, North and South and East and West. The lonely oceans, along whose shores a few sails once crept timidly—but whose vast spaces for unknown centuries kept company only with winds and clouds and stars—now thrill through all their length and breadth to the plunging pistons that churn their waters into foam and hail the mighty children of the vapor that throng their ancient solitudes.

It is a vastly different world that the angels behold today from that which they looked upon nineteen hundred years ago, and there must be many things here which they desire to look into. It is not all a delight to them. Many and dark are the stains of sin, the blots of iniquity on earth's

sunny plains, They see cruelty, greed, extortion, excess everywhere. Still it is true that

Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn.

They see great multitudes selling their souls for gain and pouring out the energies of their lives in gross indulgences of the lower nature; they see men in high places prostituting power to selfish ambitions; they see citizens careless of the great trusts committed to them; they see cities ravaged by corruption, industries paralyzed by egoistic policies, and the very instruments of social progress used to despoil and oppress the weak; they see the Church, whose mission it is to bear witness to the universal Fatherhood, so bondaged by useless ceremonies and befogged by bad theologies that she often fails to make her message articulate and commanding. They see all this, and yet I believe that they can see over all and through all a mighty power contending, resisting, overcoming—the power of that infinite love whose advent they first sung.

Against the evils that still infest this world the love that came by Jesus Christ forever lifts up its mighty testimony. It is but a word, a breath of life, a still small voice; but it is stronger than the earthquake or the lightning, for God is in it; no power of hate or greed can stand before it. Slavery heard it and defied it and fought against it; but its manacles melted like ice before the April sun. Feudalism disappeared at the breath of its reproof, ancient political tyranny abdicated at its command, and the people were clothed with the sovereign power. There are yet great victories to win, but its power is not spent; nay, it is but just beginning to put forth its energies. Selfish politics, heartless greed, grinding monopoly, industrial feudalism that exploits the poor—the whole Satanic brood of social wrongs and curses—they must all go, for love will breathe upon them and they shall perish. Slow but sure, hasting not nor resting, resistless, unconquerable, move on the

legions of light and love to the conquest of the world. This is the vision that the angels see if they are looking down to-day upon this planet of ours and recalling what they witnessed nineteen hundred years ago.

Unseal our eyes, O Love divine, that we may see what they are beholding; lift up

our hearts that we may pray and work and wait undaunted till the vision come true; and touch our lips that we may sing with them the song that shall fill the earth with the harmonies of heaven!

Washington Gladwin

THE CHRISTMAS CHILD

By GEORGE C. LORIMER

“There is born to you this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.”—Luke ii: 11. R. V.

Lord Tennyson, in one of his most brilliant poems, impressively sings:

Here and there a cotter's babe is royal born by
right divine;
Here and there my lord is lower than his oxen or
his swine.

Such a babe, whenever and wherever born, be he called Luther, Shakespeare, Burns, or Lincoln, is a source of hope and gladness to humanity. He adds to the light streaming through town and village; he appears for the falling of the haughty and the rising of the lowly; and, though he may spring from among the least of the thousands of Judah, he shall rule with the greatest over the thoughts and destinies of mankind.

Incomparably beyond all others is this true of the Christmas Child.

The world was weary. It had lived on promises that had never been fulfilled. Poets and prophets had foretold the coming of better times, of a golden age, when the yoke of slavery should be broken, when labor should be honored, when liberty should be victorious, and when the poorest and the weakest should sit together under their own vine and fig-tree, with none to molest and make them afraid. The cynic had come to smile at such dreams; the Roman soldier, remembering Gaul and Cæsar, to mock and laugh; and the wretched and oppressed to deride and bitterly curse. Octavius Augustus was on the throne. The little that had sur-

vived of antique freedom had been stabbed to death at the foot of Pompey's statue. Government cared not for the real welfare of the citizen; and the religion of the pagan temple, with its sensationalism and sensuality, and its debauching festivals of the Lupercalia and the Floralia, cared even less than the imperial government.

It was then, at the nadir of human hope and when the tongueless multitudes had abandoned themselves to despairing discontent, that a streak of light was seen in the darkness and a sweet strain of music was heard in the night. The form of the story I am not mindful to discuss. Whether we have precise history recorded in exact terms, or whether a narrative clothed in the language of excited feeling, I shall not attempt to determine. Either way it is evident that there came to lowly shepherds watching their flocks beneath the Syrian stars melodious voices out of the unseen, assuring them that the better day was about to dawn. “I bring you,” they chorused in the shepherds' souls, “good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.”

How these poor men must have been thrilled by the announcement! With what eager ears they must have listened for the sequel! “Good tidings, indeed,” they may have murmured; “but of what? Are mines of gold to be opened at our feet? Are we to be rescued from the monotonous lot of flock-tending? Are social conditions to be changed, and is the rule of benign paternalism to begin?” But swiftly comes the answer back, sound-

ing like a depressing anti-climax, bordering on cruel mockery or a heartless jest: "Yes, a Saviour; but now only a babe, a peasant infant, sleeping in a manger—a homeless, houseless child—these are the glad tidings!"

"What, that and nothing more?" even we exclaim in these days remote from the overture of angels; "nothing more?"

Yes; but as the mighty oak is enwrapped in the acorn, as perfumes are embedded in the tiny bud, and as whole rivers are gleaming in the snowflakes, and golden harvests in a handful of grain, so in the innermost depths of this tiny being dwell the promise and potency of a salvation so comprehensive and so wonderful that it yet shall dry the tears and rejoice the lives of untold millions.

Well may we think anew of this hope on the return of each Christmastide, and with the Virgin mother, who "pondered these things in her heart," once more inquire:

And art Thou come for saving, baby-browed
And speechless Being—art Thou come for saving?
The palm that grows beside our door is bowed
By treadings of the low wind from the South,
A restless shadow through the chamber waving;
Upon its bough a bird sings in the sun:
But Thou, with Thy close slumber on Thy mouth,
Dost seem of wind and rain already weary.
Art come for saving, O my weary One?

Happy the eyes that can see in the small the possibility of the great. A poet has taught us to look for the soul of good in things evil; and we need also to seek for the signs of might in things weak. God answers the world's longing for deliverance, not by sending legions of soldiers or legions of angels, but by sending a babe, peasant-born. The cynic sneers continually at the feebleness of the means employed by Christianity for the world's redemption—penny collections, childish moral prattle, trivial debatings, tracts, and other infantile agencies. But have these critics ever thought of the difference between the insignificant Jesus in his manger and the gorgeous Octavius on his throne—what they were then, what they are now?

A bit of dynamite, a meagre piece of gun-cotton, a few drops of nitroglycerin

may work incalculable ruin, a ruin out of all proportion to the size and bulk of the explosive used. And so also the smallest, the weakest, and the most inconsiderable of means may unfold a potency that may change the face of society. A rough miner's boy and the sixteenth century reform; a modest printer in an old cathedral town and the inauguration of the Sunday-school enterprise; a studious cobbler on the bench and the inspiration of world-wide Christian missions; a Scotch youth who never had wit enough to master the catechism—but with his finger on the lid of a steaming teakettle—and the rise of an industrial revolution which has given us a hundred years of marvels.

It is sometimes jauntily and proudly said that we in America are so taken with big things that we think in continents and plan for centuries. This also may be our fault and frailty as it is our boast and brag. This straining after the vast and spectacular in business, this creation of monstrous commercial magnitudes, has had a depressing effect on multitudes of lives, has unsettled values, changed the courses of legitimate trade, and has filled the financial sky with a storm-cloud that for a season threatens to jeopardize our national prosperity. May it not be wise to imitate the pre-Raphaelites and return to the pre-Morganite age, when little things had a chance, when the small was not rudely brushed aside as though it had no right to be, and when a man's social dignity and importance did not depend on his reputed possession of millions?

It has been said lately that the characteristic of modern literature is "the apotheosis of the insignificant." More is seen now in one cowslip or clover-top than formerly in forests and waterfalls. George Gissing finds deep and pathetic meaning in a third-class ticket and a patched umbrella, and George Meredith reads a soul's tragedy in a passing phrase. "They have all become terribly impressed with, and a little bit alarmed at, the mysterious power of small things." And well may social builders, captains of industry, and religious

leaders follow in the steps of literature, and lay fitting emphasis on the worth of a child, on the value of the individual, and on the incalculable possibilities latent in every human atom that enters into the mighty fabric of civilization.

He who considers the Christmas Child, while learning not to compute forces as they appear, will also come to realize that the divine may dwell in the ordinary and the commonplace. What more prosaic, humdrum, and habitual than birth? And yet here is a birth charged through and through with the high significance of divinity. It is written "that God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself." But the people of Christ's day were not quick enough to appreciate this truth. They associated Jehovah supremely, if not exclusively, with the exceptional, the extraordinary, the marvelous, and the terrific. It was easy for them to understand how he could answer Job out of the whirlwind or how he might descend on Sinai clothed in the awful majesty of the everlasting judge. But it was not so easy for them to believe that he would reveal himself in a life not unlike their own, and would converse with them in their poor earthly speech and seek their highest good through everyday occurrences and ordinary acts of love and kindness.

Religion has always suffered from this craving for the wonderful, the stupendous, the garish. Many imagine that there is something more godlike in a purple robe and a glittering crown than there is in a peasant's habit and a naked forehead bejeweled with the dews of night; something more divine in a golden chariot than in a fisherman's boat; more in an earthquake than in a sunrise; more in magical cures than in scientific healings; more in Christ's resurrection than in Christ's life; and more in a stately cathedral, filled with incense and echoing the chanting of gorgeously clothed priests, than in quiet unpretentious meeting-houses where the people gather to hold direct communion with their God.

We deplore this infatuation. It is thor-

oughly mischievous. We are led by it to suppose that God is in the visions of the night and not in the studies of the day; that he is in some solitary act of excited heroism and not in, or hardly in, the faithful discharge of ordinary duties. Consequently, there is a craze for faith-healings, occult theosophies, re-incarnations, spirit seances, and devotion to our Lady of Lourdes and our Lady of Concord—anything but the steady-going and simple-hearted exercise of faith, hope, and charity.

The Christmas Child grew to be a man, and has been exalted above the heavens. The secret of his power over humanity is not difficult to find. It is expressed in the angel's song, "good will." Theologians may differ as to the rank of the Christ in the hierarchy of being, and they may not define alike the mysterious efficacy of his death. But they all agree, and the world with them, that he is what he is to the human heart because he embodied the spirit of good will—the good will of the All-Father towards his wayward children, and the good will that should prevail among every class, rank, and order of mankind.

For this "good will" the people sigh and pray, and to it more than to any theological system or elaborate ecclesiasticism they owe their present prosperity and happiness—such as these are. And when it shall be more generally and genuinely felt, then agencies, however weak and commonplace they may seem, shall become the very sacraments of heaven's grace, communicating divine and saving energy to the individual and to society at large.

This is the message of the Christmas Child to all Christians everywhere, as they gather round the yule-log and sing their carols, while their joyous children with shouting glee make musical the hour, and the many Christmas lights flash over the wretched, tattered dwellings of the neglected and the degraded poor.

George C. Lorimer



THE BEST NEW THINGS FROM THE WORLD OF PRINT

Why Corruption Flourishes

In one respect, indeed, there is the same fundamental difficulty and danger in the trust that there is in the labor union. In the union we have the conservative, respectable, "honest" members staying at home and leaving their collective business in the hands of a rascally walking delegate and *profiting by his management*. In the great modern trusts we have the respectable, "honest" millionaires, the Stillmans and the Vanderbilts, pillars of society, permitting the use of their influential names to float questionable companies, leaving their collective business in the hands of a manager, paying no attention to the *manner* in which he does the work if he only *gets results*, they profiting by his management.

It is all too common a belief that when a man puts his money in a corporation there his duty ends; but the investor or stockholder is exactly as responsible for the morals of his company, down to the smallest details, as the workman is for the morals of his union. Who is blamable for the corporation manager who robs innocent investors, corrupts labor, buys public officials? Who but the stockholder who gives him power. Who is responsible for the blackmailing delegate? Who but the members of the union who elect him.

How likely we are to get our causes mixed up with our effects! Sam Parks no more caused this great strike than the man in the moon. Parks is an effect. It

is not Parks who is at the bottom of the trouble, but Parkism. Parks is the visible sore of the disease, the invisible germ of which—money corruption—is circulating in the blood of the American people, and takes its victims, high and low.

Mr. Jerome has said: "This corruption in the labor unions is simply a reflection of what we find in public life. Every one who has studied our public life is appalled by the corruption that confronts him on every side. It goes through every department of the national, state, and local government.

"And this corruption in public life is a mere reflection of the sordidness of private life. Look what we find on every side of us—men whacking up with their butchers and grocers, employers carrying influential labor leaders on their pay-rolls, manufacturers bribing the superintendents of establishments to buy their goods."

The time must come when the responsibility for these dangerous conditions will be placed where it belongs; upon the stay-at-home, conservative voter who regards politics as beneath his honorable attention; upon the stay-at-home, conservative union man who does not wish to disturb his ease, to take part in the turmoil of the union meeting; upon the millionaire stockholder in the corporation who sits at home and draws his dividends without knowing or wanting to know by what trail of blood and dishonesty they have been earned.

In short, if we want self-government—not the name, but the real thing men-

tioned in the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution—we have got to work at it ourselves. President Roosevelt is right when he preaches broad morality; the necessity of each man getting down and doing something himself. We are willing to swallow any sort of patent nostrum for our disease—municipal socialism, the single tax, the referendum, coöperation—instead of getting down and doing personal work. These remedies may be good enough in their way, but we shall have no need of them if we obey the laws we already have.

“And men still call for special revolution,” says Henrik Ibsen, “for revolutions in politics, in externals. But all that sort of thing is trumpery. *It is the human soul that must revolt.*”—Ray Stannard Baker in *McClure's Magazine*.

The American Idea

The American Idea is to be more nervous than the rest of the world and to make more money. The American Idea exists in Boston, New York, Kansas, and Oyster Bay. It is composed of push, energy, restlessness, and worry.

It is fed by quick lunches, heavy dinners, and automobiles. With pie for breakfast the American Idea was pious, but with



rum omelettes and nesselrode pudding for dinner, it is now dyspeptic.

The American Idea is of recent birth, having Russell Sage for its godfather, and being baptized in the Baptist Church. It was graduated on San Juan Hill, and received part of its education in Wall Street, part in the Senate Chamber at Washington, part in the Chicago University, and part in the Philippines.

It cried aloud from its birth and can be heard for whole countries away. It is self-advertising, vulgar in spots, murderous in other spots, often wears diamonds for breakfast, and flourishes on noise, wind, and hot air.

The American Idea preaches every Sunday from the pulpit, every other day in the papers, and practices what it doesn't preach every day in the week.

It assumes that the Golden Calf has a soul and mere man has not, and is true to its belief.

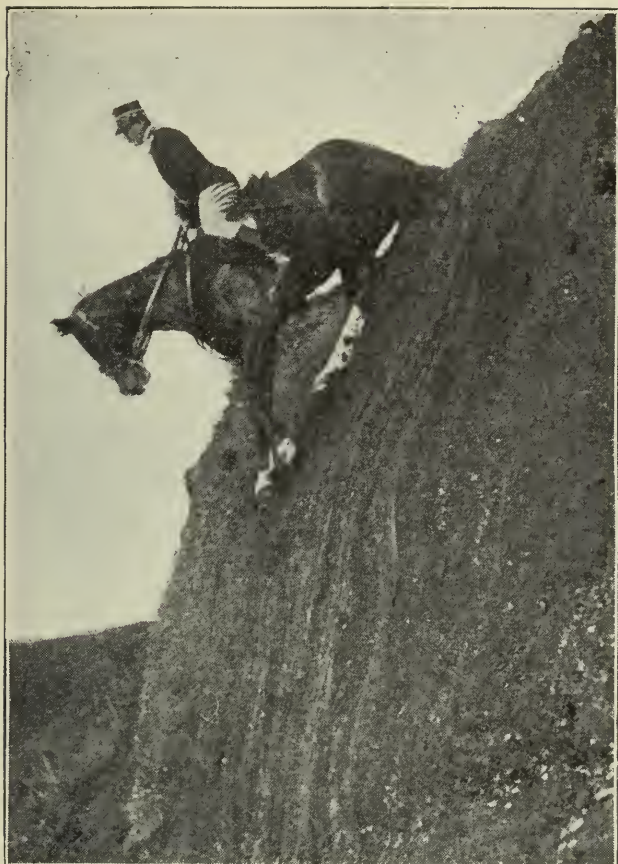
The American Idea is humorous half the time, and unhappy the other half. When it is happy it laughs at others, and when it is unhappy it laughs at itself. It is prosperous, powerful, and only hypocritical when necessary—which is most of the time.

The American Idea pays as it goes—sometimes in cash, sometimes in ginger, and sometimes in good red blood. It is no respecter of persons. It likes to be fooled, when it can do its own toadying, but too much toadying is the wrong medicine for the American Idea. It is apt to be too tragic, because too young. It glories in its own strength, and knows more than a college graduate. It is excitable and stable, scientific and flashy, lavish and penurious, unjust and overjust.

In fact, the American Idea has all the defects of its qualities.—*Life*.

The Value of Appreciation

It is the duty of every man, not only to do his work as thoroughly as possible, but to create the atmosphere in which other men and women can do their work thoroughly and well. It is the duty of every man, not only to unfold his own character freely and completely, but to create the atmosphere in which other people are able to develop their best qualities. There are



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ON HORSEBACK OVER A TWENTY-FOOT CLIFF

THE PICTURES ARE REMARKABLE SNAP-SHOTS OF AN ITALIAN CAVALRY OFFICER IN REGULAR PRACTICE

hosts of men and women who depend absolutely on others for their finest growth, who have to be drawn out, whose sweetness and charm never find expression unless they are evoked by warm affection or by generous approval. The world is full of half-starved people whose emotions are denied their legitimate expression; who are hungry for an affection which they often have, but the possession of which they do not realize because it never finds expression; who have latent possibilities of achievement of a very high order, but whose possibilities are undeveloped because nothing in the air about them summons them forth. Such people need a summer atmosphere, and they are often compelled to live in a winter chill. Many of those who diffuse the chill instead of the cheer are unconscious of the influence for repression which they put forth, simply from lack of thought about the delicate adjustments of life. They have never studied themselves, or those about them; and so there are thousands of homes that are without cheer, not because they are without love,

but because they are without the expression of love; and there are thousands of offices, workshops, and school-rooms that are without inspiration, not because they are lacking in earnestness or in integrity, but because the habit of recognition has never been formed, and there is none of that spiritual coöperation which not only gives but evokes the best.—*The Outlook.*

No American Aristocracy

An aristocracy depends chiefly upon two conditions—the continued possession and exercise of power, and the consequent unity of aims and ideals. The aristocratic body in England, for instance, is self-conscious; its members are united by mutual understanding. They acknowledge certain well-recognized laws of life and manners. They depend upon each other to uphold these laws. Individually, wealthy Americans may be both self-conscious and self-assertive, but collectively they are antagonistic to one another. The accumulation of wealth implies struggle, and struggle



DOCTOR—WELL, MRS. O'BRIEN, I HOPE YOUR HUSBAND HAS TAKEN HIS MEDICINE REGULARLY, EH?

MRS. O'BRIEN—SURE, THEN, DOCTOR, I'VE BEEN SORELY PUZZLED. THE LABEL SAYS, "ONE PILL TO BE TAKEN THREE TIMES A DAY," AND FOR THE LIFE OF ME I DON'T SEE HOW IT CAN BE TAKEN MORE THAN *ONCE!*—*Punch*

does not bring forth the kind of qualities which makes of the gentle and stately men and women of Van Dyck's canvases one great family.

One of the greatest perils of the republic, and one reason why a genuine American aristocracy can never be formed, is that a strong class has arisen, without its strength being officially recognized, as in the aristocracy of rank, and certain duties and obligations toward society are imposed upon it by that recognition. For if wealthy Americans lack social unity among themselves, they lack also to a greater degree the sense of social responsibility, that mark of a true aristocracy. The sense of his public duties inborn in an English aristocrat is owing, to be sure, largely to the law of primogeniture, a law which also insures to him that wealth without which the aristocratic ideal cannot be perfectly enforced. He is expected to take his seat in parliament, to give his aid in legislation, to perform certain public duties which have no connection with his own material prosperity. Another bar to unity of social aims and ideals among the wealthy is their frequent lack of genuine culture. To know rather than to feel is the aim, and ideals are not born of knowledge alone.

If this unity of social ideals upon which an aristocracy largely depends does not now exist, is it likely to be evolved out of the present conditions? Its evolution would depend largely upon the permanent power of one class, exercised in the right direction. But though the second condition may be possible, the first can never be. Under conditions peculiar to American life, great fortunes are constantly changing hands. Accumulated by the fathers, they are squandered by the sons, or divided among many children, or lost through mismanagement or speculation. The aristocracy of wealth constantly endangers its position by its very style of living, making large demands on even large fortunes. The law of decay, which eventually protects society from power of whatever nature, operates to disperse wealth so that the powerful class can not be the permanent class, can not therefore form an aristocracy. It is the safeguard of the aristocracy of rank that its power is mystical as well as material; can never, therefore, wholly perish. Another bar to unity

and permanency in the wealthy class is the constant inundation of newcomers. Into the rose-lighted drawing-room may stride at any moment a breezy westerner or a member of the first generation, his riches raw upon him.—*Anna McClure Sholl* in *Gunton's Magazine*.

The Vernacular

This was the conversation between the girl with the gum in her mouth and the other girl with the gum in her mouth:

"Aincha hungry?"

"Yeh."

"So my. Less go neet."

"Where?"

"Sleev go one places nuther."

"So dy. Ika neet mo stennyware. Canchoo?"

"Yeh. Gotcher money?"

"Yeh."

"So vy. Gotcher aptite?"

"Yeh. Gotchoors?"

"Yeh. Howbout place crosstreet?"

"Nothin' teet there. Lessgurround corner."

"Thattledoo zwell zennyware. Mighta thoughta that 'tfirst. Getcher hat."

"Ima gettinit. Gotcher money?"

"Yeh. Didn'cheer me say I had it? Allreddy?"

"Yeh."

"K'mon."—*Chicago Tribune*.

Appendicitis Insurance

A man was recently found unconscious in the streets of a large European city and carried to the hospital. An examination was quickly made, for appendicitis was suspected. When placed upon the operating table the patient was found to have tattooed upon his bosom, "Do not operate upon me for appendicitis, as three operations for this have already been performed." This story indicates in a measure the increasing extent of appendicitis, and in view of the danger that lurks in operations on this account it is not strange that insurance against appendicitis should have been undertaken by an English company. The Royal Exchange Assurance Company of England is apparently a pioneer in this



The Sphere

STATUE OF RICHARD WAGNER RECENTLY UNVEILED AT BERLIN

field. This company, according to European dispatches, issues policies covering appendicitis at the rate of \$1.25 a year for every \$500. The holder is guaranteed all the expenses of a medical, surgical, and nursing character up to the face of the policy in force at the time of treatment. The interesting question arises in this connection, whether our European brothers will find American imitators, and, if so, how proper answers will be made to the insurance examiners' question: "Have you or any of your family ever suffered from appendicitis, or from any of the symptoms pertaining to it?"—*The Independent*.

Wagnerian Harmony

The statue of Wagner was unveiled at Berlin during October. The great ceremonies which had been arranged for the occasion have been the subject of many discords, and none of the Wagner family was represented at the ceremony, while the Emperor took up a somewhat antagonistic position. The dissentients objected to the plebeian composition of the committee, considering it derogatory to Wagner's honor that any but aristocratic pockets should contribute to his memorial. The president of the committee, Herr Leichner, is a business man, and has subscribed most of the cost of the Wagner monument in order, as his enemies say, to attract attention. The statue, which is the work of Professor Eberlein, stands in the splendid Thiergartenstrasse in a recess surrounded by trees and shrubs. It is made from a block of white marble from Pentelicus weighing seven tons. The head is modeled on the death mask of the master. The clenched right hand, also copied from an original model, reposes on a music manuscript, while the forefinger of the left arm, which rests on the arm of a chair, seems to beat time.—*The Sphere*.

Money in College Athletics

The athletic branch of university life, from being a mere side matter, has become institutional. It takes its place along with the deeper problems of the *curricula*, whether in scholarship or physical expansion. It must have its codes, its partial supervision by the faculty, its large capital

vested in athletic fields and buildings, and, during the last decade, with the swift growth of football to a kind of popular frenzy, it has reached a fiscal magnitude with grave questions and abuses of its own which each year must press more and more on the attention of academic authorities. With from \$30,000 to \$50,000 coming in from a season of football alone, with total athletic receipts perhaps double those figures, and with ramified branches of athletics to be supported, the financial problem has become too large for the undergraduate mind — and time. The proper accounts in athletics of a large American university today match those of a good-sized college or a great factory, and are crowded, practically, into five months of the academic year; and untrained undergraduates, not averaging more than twenty-one years old, do the spending.

The natural results of wastage and extravagance follow logically. The money that comes easy, easy goes. We find, for example, in one university athletic expenses growing during five years from \$39,000 to \$67,000, in round numbers. Traveling expenses during that brief period more than double and the same is true of such items as hotel bills and sporting supplies. When we find such an entry as \$2,008 for sporting goods in one baseball season, and more than double those figures for football goods, one marvels at ingenuities of extravagance in athletic expenses. Cost of coaches shows the same scale of increase. It is a recent fact that at an Eastern university a crack football coach obtained \$5,000 for his few weeks' training; and even when the coaches charge nothing but expenses they come in numbers which — especially at training tables and hotels — add materially to the bills. It is on those training tables that athletic extravagance spells its greatest overgrowth. The football men often have two of them — for the first and second teams — and they would hardly scruple at three if a new squad and table contained the germ of a new guard or fullback.

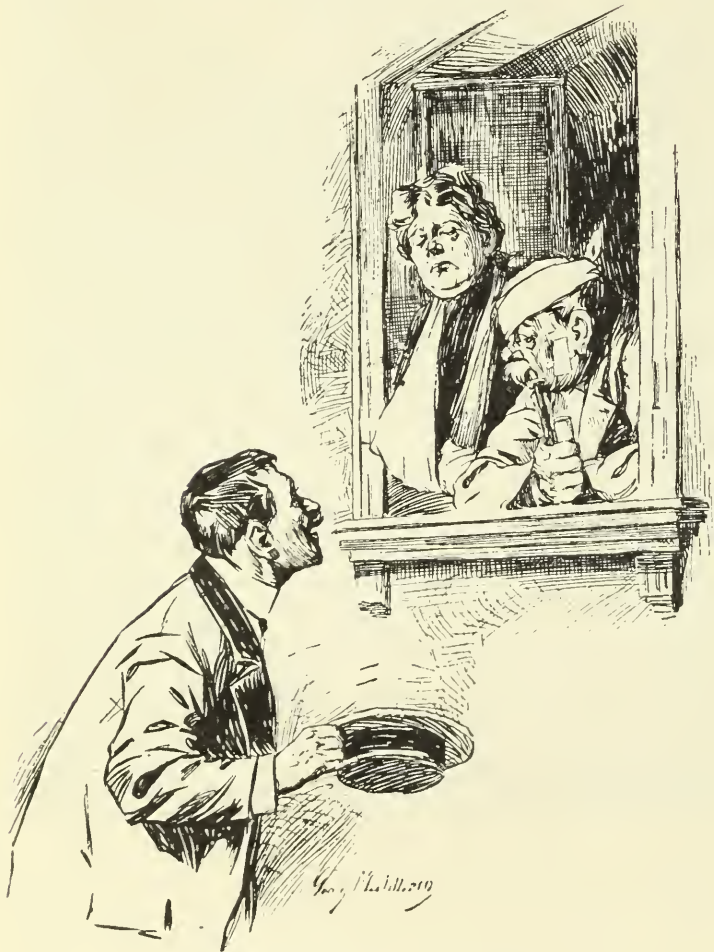
But, in broader outlines, the evil of undergraduate excess in athletic finance grows into another bad sequel — the development of a mercenary spirit distinctly opposed to academic simplicity and democracy. It is not pleasant to find the familiar

principle of "charging up to the consumer" prevailing in the cost of college sports, but it is there, visible, even vivid. It is disclosed in such matters as the refusal to put on season tickets the "big" games of the year; in loading a reserved seat at a great football match with a price prohibitory to every poor student in a university; and—at a university which could be named, though probably not an isolated one in the scheme—in the plan of pressing the undergraduates for yearly subscriptions in the face of an immense revenue from gate money, large net profits, and an expense account which shows chronic waste.—*Clarence Deming in The Independent.*

Concerning Children's Prayers

In my own experience precociously religious children are very rare exceptions, but I am assured by so many people whose word I accept unhesitatingly that they are as numerous in life as in the pages of

Charlotte Yonge's story-books, that I put aside my own experience, persisting however in my belief that the atmosphere and teaching of home and school have very little to do with this kind of character. An enchanting but irreverent four-year-old friend of mine who, on being taken to church for the first time, studied the business for half-an-hour and then demanded in a clear, firm voice: "Give me my hat," had been brought up in a most devout atmosphere. Later on he came to grief on that rock which has caused the shipwreck of numerous juvenile theologians: he prayed for a large toy yacht, and did not get it, and declined to pay the slightest attention to the explanations furnished by his mother. Having listened to and weighed them carefully, he shook his head, over which seven summers had now passed, and said almost regretfully: "I think I am too young to be religious." This simple fact of demanding something which is genuinely wanted, and not getting it, has of course been the undoing of many million small supplicants. Bewilderment and vexation are followed by indifference and doubt, mostly, I am assured, from lack of clear and insistent explanation, but I cannot believe this. No explanation, I think, is really accepted except one which appeals only to an already complete faith and devotion—viz., that God knows what is best, and does not think it good for the suppliant to grant this particular request. For the guardian to play deity and grant the prayer is not much use in the end. I remember an eight-year-old lady whose maid was wont as a rule to bring cake and milk for her final meal before she got into bed. But the meal was capriciously varied now and again by the substitution of bread and butter for cake. This unkind proceeding occurred one night when the small person was unusually antipathetic to bread and butter, and she decided to test the efficacy of prayer. At the end of murmured petitions for parents and friends came a serious supplement: "Oh, God, I pray Thee to give me



AN EXCUSABLE QUESTION

PERHAPS YOU HAVE A USED AUTOMOBILE FOR SALE?—*Fliegende Blätter.*

cake for supper to-night instead of bread and butter." But when the prayer was finished and the little petitioner looked round for results, the tray stood there without change, and Annette, the maid, was stolidly folding up clothes in a corner. This was bewildering, but she judged it worth while to make another attempt. The prayer was resumed: "Oh God, the bread and butter is still there, I pray Thee to turn Annette's hard heart." The intervention of a weak-minded human listener caused the cake to be brought on this occasion, but the unwisdom of such intervention was obvious next day.—*E. H. Cooper in The Fortnightly Review.*

rules, of which there are about seven hundred for each 125 miles between New York city and Chicago, were made for the safety of the public, but the public may look askance when it learns that one man must remember 700 of them, and that a slip on any one rule may mean a shocking loss of human life. What this means to the public, in twenty-four-hours' ride on one of these trains, can be judged from the following list of what an engineer on a certain 100-mile run has to watch, while his locomotive is going at a speed of sixty miles an hour:

Five hundred "cross-over" switch-lights, to learn whether they are red or white.



A JAPANESE LOVE STORY

The Tatler

What a Locomotive Engineer Must Remember

Officials who operate the fast trains recently put on between New York city and the West are just now facing a problem in philosophy which, on paper, looks something like this:

"How many iron-clad rules can the human mind keep within instant recall, if death is the penalty for forgetting?"

The answer is supposed to lie somewhere in the code of rules and signals which the officials have devised for the operation of these fast trains. These

Fifteen "interlocking" switch-lights, to learn whether they are red, white or green. Seven "non-interlocking" switch-lights, to know whether they are red or white. Three "non-interlocking" switch-lights, to know whether they are red or green. Semaphore arms at twenty-five way stations, for possible red lights. Four hundred highway crossings, to know whether they are "clear." Locomotives of a dozen trains approaching on parallel tracks, for red or green lights. Telegraph operators at twenty-five way stations, who may be waiting near the track with orders. For a red flag at any conceivable point in the

100 miles, displayed as a danger signal. Whether one or two torpedoes are exploded at any point in the 100 miles, signifying "caution" or "stop." Whether his clearance card is good for each of twenty-five way stations. Whether there is enough water in the engine boiler. Whether there is enough water in the engine tender. Whether there is enough coal in the engine tender. Whether the steam pressure is being kept up. Whether the fireman is obeying another long set of rules. Whether the engine-bell rings at 400 highway crossings.

These rules apply to the terminal division of a certain great railroad, where 100 miles is covered frequently at an average speed of sixty miles an hour, and spurts of eighty miles an hour are occasionally made. If the color of one of these 500-and-odd lights is overlooked or misunderstood, a train wreck is possible. But in addition to these duties the engineer must watch: The rattle of his locomotive, to detect a loose or broken part. The exact location of four water-troughs, filling the tender without stopping. The condition of the track ahead of his engine. The approach to every small hill or incline in the track.

By day the switch and signal-lights are replaced by signal boards and "blocks," the color or direction of which must be read as literally as the lamps. The engineer who notes 699 of these signs from his cab window, and misses the 700th, has taken, in race-track language, a "700 to 1 shot" with a train-load of human lives.—*Leon Edgar Reed in Harper's Weekly.*

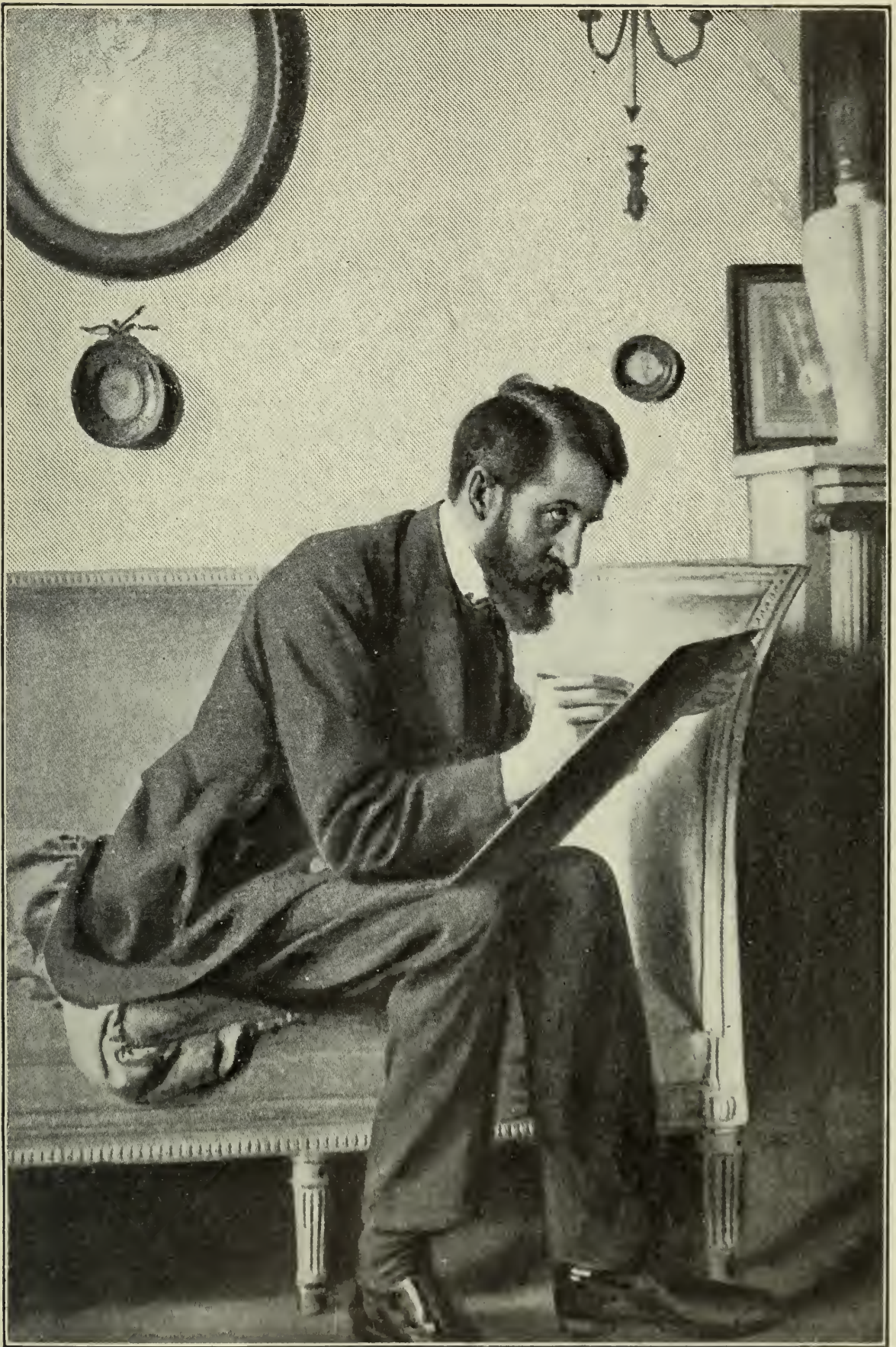
The Art of Paul Helleu

The "Helleu type" (odious term) seems fairly on its way to become as familiar (and as specious) a phrase as "The Gibson Girl"—as though there were but a single species—and it would be interesting if these reproductions should bring about that which a dozen exhibitions in New York of M. Helleu's original dry-points have failed, seemingly, to accomplish—namely, an appreciation of the fact that though M. Helleu confines himself to one theme, his variations upon it are as infinite as they are captivating. Were it necessary to name M. Helleu's supreme achievement, it should be this: that dry-point,

as he uses it, suggests not only the visible beauty, but the very poetry of hair; that indefinable, intoxicating perfume which clings about it, comparable to nothing material, a veritable incense unconsciously offered up by a thing beautiful in itself to the perfect beauty of which it is but a contributory part. As the Poet of the Beauty of Woman's Hair, M. Helleu stands unrivaled. Dry-point has a quality peculiar to itself, comparable only to a tone on the organ, inasmuch as the artist can "swell" his line from the faintest scratch that will catch ink to a richness unequaled even by mezzotint, and again let it fade away into the invisible. In dry-point, therefore, even more than in pastel, M. Helleu has a medium capable of performing all that he demands of it, and perfectly suited to his temperament. It gives him, at will, a shadow richer than velvet, or a line so delicate that no etcher—unless it be Maxine Lalanne—can rival it; and it is hardly an exaggeration to say that in his work we see displayed for the first time the full artistic possibilities of the process. Under his control it performs the seemingly impossible task of rendering not only the contour of a face, the smoothness and texture of skin, the softness of flesh, but it suggests, with even more remarkable success, the color of the eyes—"mirrors of the soul"—the lips and hair, the tint of the cheeks melting into a shadow exquisite as fresh-fallen snow blushing under the first faint thrill of awakening day. Outline there is none. With myriad links of surpassing delicacy, some crossing, some parallel to one another, he paints upon the plate. The features, the hair, and form of his sitters are enveloped in an atmosphere of their own; they seem almost to breathe beneath his magic touch.—*Fitz Roy Carrington in The Metropolitan Magazine.*

Honor Among Women

There is one good result which I firmly believe girls are going to get out of their collective life, and that is a fuller development of the sense of honor. This is a delicate subject. Every one knows that women are generally better than men. Their standards of purity and temperance and reverence and kindness and self-sacrifice are higher, and they are more in ear-



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Courtesy of The Metropolitan Magazine

M. PAUL HELLEU IN HIS STUDIO

nest about living up to them. But one thing is lacking—a clearer conception and a stronger sense of that fine flower of fair dealing which is called honor.

Women are inclined (remember, I am speaking collectively, and with full allowance for a multitude of beautiful exceptions) to think somewhat lightly of obligations which rest merely upon a tacit understanding and mutual confidence. They are not trained to a state of things in which a nod of the head amounts to a binding contract, and a gesture of the hand is a promise to pay good money. They have so long enjoyed the privilege of changing their minds that they regard it as a reserved right, only surrendered when they have actually signed a document. Within the limits of the law they will do their best to get out of things that they do not like. It is not easy for them to see why they should not take an advantage when it is for their interest to do so. They have a tendency to regard the states of love and war as perpetual and universal, and to deal with their rivals and their

enemies according to the old maxim which says that everything is fair under those conditions.—*Dr. Henry Van Dyke in Harper's Bazar.*

The Porcelain of Sèvres

It is exactly one hundred and fifty years since the porcelain manufactory at Sèvres was established under Madame de Pompadour's protection. The discovery of the secret process of manufacturing porcelain, that precious material whose proper qualities of whiteness, transparency, limpidity were made still more attractive by the brilliancy and variety of the ornamentation added to it, was one of the chief events of the time. During almost the whole of the nineteenth century the art slumbered; no effort was made to vary the monotonous succession of Etruscan vases, Mycenaean vases, Socibian vases. In 1875, under the influence of the new director, Carrier-Belleuse, new models made their appearance. About the same time striking advances were made on the technical side,



PORCELAIN FRIEZE DESIGNED BY M. JOSEPH BLANC AT SÈVRES

giving results that equalled the best products of Chinese skill. Much attention is now given the artistic side of the work, and the factory has practically become a school of industrial art.

The principal building at Sèvres contains the collection of the ceramic museum which occupies the entire first floor, the ground floor being taken up with the newly manufactured products permanently exposed, the sales rooms, the library, and the offices of the administration. On the second story we find the collection of models classified by epochs, which offer valuable material for the history of art during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. The studios are grouped behind the central building, with which a glass gallery places them in communication. First we come to the furnace hall, connected directly with the large studio for the fashioning of pieces of sculpture, the enameling studios, the studios of sculpture and decoration, the experimental studios, the technical museum, the hall of demonstration, and the different rooms for the students of the institution; finally, we reach the casting rooms, those for mounting the different pieces, and the reserve room, in which we find a collection of paintings and studies of the highest order, the dominating work being that of François Desportes. Isolated from the other buildings is the building devoted to artists, in which the work of decoration by the employment of enamel glazings, the placing of backgrounds, the work of gilding, of chiseling, and of mounting is performed.—*Le Figaro Illustré*.

The Exuberant Swinburne

One day I received a note from Charles Augustus Howell asking me to lunch with him to meet "the poet," as he invariably styled Mr. Swinburne, an invitation which I readily enough accepted. It was a memorable occasion. Howell's abode was externally commonplace enough—a little semi-detached villa, approached by a strip of garden, but inside it presented a very different aspect, the rooms being profusely adorned with Rossetti pictures and Burne-Jones drawings, some of them extremely beautiful, varied with the rarest Oriental china. Mr. Swinburne did not arrive

until lunch was over, and, before entering the house, was engaged in a prolonged difference with his cabman, who eventually snatched up his reins and drove rapidly off as if glad to get away. "The poet's got the best of it as usual," drawled Howell, who had been gleefully watching the scene. "He lives at the British Hotel in Cockspur Street, and never goes anywhere except in hansoms, which, whatever the distance, he invariably remunerates with one shilling! Consequently when, as to-day, it's a case of two miles beyond the radius, there's the devil's own row; but in the matter of imprecation the poet is more than a match for cabby, who after five minutes of it gallops off as though he had been rated by Beelzebub himself!" Here, looking, it must be owned, singularly innocent of anathema, Mr. Swinburne entered, and being fortunately in one of his characteristic veins, provided me with the most interesting hour of my existence.

Unlike many of his craft, Mr. Swinburne, who had just read Miss Rossetti's *Goblin Market and other Poems*, recently published, showed the most generous enthusiasm for the work of his fellow-poet, and after paying her a signal tribute he asked Howell if he happened to have the volume in the house. Fortunately this proved to be the case, and Mr. Swinburne, taking up the book, rapidly turned over the pages, evidently in search of some favorite poem. In vain I tried to conjecture what his choice was going to be. The volume, as readers of Miss Rossetti are aware, concludes with a series of devotional pieces which, having regard to the complexion of Mr. Swinburne's own poems at that time, would, I thought, be the last to attract him—strongly at any rate. But I was mistaken. His quest stopped almost at the end of the book, and without more ado he straightway proceeded to read aloud that singularly beautiful but profoundly devotional paraphrase of a portion of Solomon's Song, beginning with "Passing away, saith the world, passing away." The particular meter and impressive monotony of rhyme (every line in the piece is rhymed to the opening one) seemed peculiarly to lend themselves to Mr. Swinburne's measured lilt of intonation, and I then realized for the first time the almost magical effect

which Tennyson's similar method of reading was wont to exercise over his hearers. When Mr. Swinburne had finished, he put the book down with a vehement gesture, but only for an instant. After a moment's pause he took it up again, and a second time read the poem aloud with even greater expression than before. "By God!" he said, as he closed the book, "that's one of the finest things ever written!"—"*Sigma*" in *Blackwood's Magazine*.

I need not, I am sure, point out to intelligent observers. The bid for prominent schoolboy athletes grows stronger and stronger, and more open and more commercial. It has come to pass, indeed, that on occasion a boy, if thoroughbred blood happens not to run in his veins, or if his needs be urgent, does not wait recruiting, but offers his services at auction. Thus, for example, one football player I have in mind turns from the university of his first



HIS MAJESTY IS BORED

The King

Save the Schoolboys

There is no preparatory school of importance that escapes periodical visits from Harvard and Yale and Princeton and Pennsylvania captains and coaches and enthusiastic alumni, seeking to bolster their baseball or football or track teams. It is only necessary for a boy at Andover or at Lawrenceville, or elsewhere, to show up particularly well at short-stop, or to make a track record, or a brilliant touchdown, for him to be visited forthwith by the recruiting sergeants of all the colleges within hailing distance.

What this recruiting is doing to undermine the healthfulness of American sport

choice, where a scholarship and earning his board by waiting on table were offered, and enters another which also gives him a scholarship, and improves upon the waiting on table offer, as means of board earning, by organizing an eating club and placing its management in his hands.

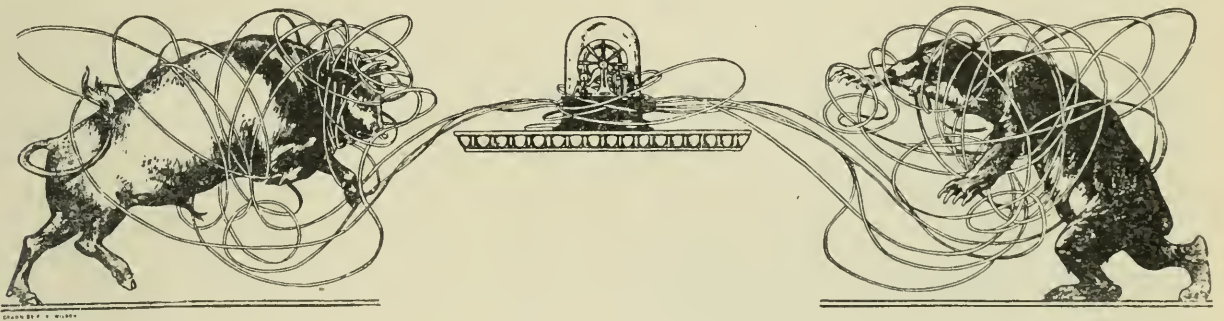
There are boys who work their way through school, and young men who work their way through college, and who are also athletes; and the more credit to them. There is no individual for whom I have greater respect than the boy who cares enough for an education to be willing to honestly work his way through school or college in order to get it. Such a one does no harm to college sport; his example is

elevating. But the pity of it, that this type should be used to give excuse for putting recruiting on its present basis.—*Caspar Whitney in Outing.*

Slaves of the Ticker

Prosperity has not been equally distributed—it never is; but the entire nation has lived well and a few have grown stupendously rich. Five years ago a prominent newspaper of the metropolis had a standing rule that the death of a man who left a million dollars behind him was to be chronicled on the first page. Today nobody having less than fifteen millions of dollars is entitled to that exquisite posthumous distinction. But quite apart from the stock-speculating end of the existing condition of affairs, one must go to Wall Street to get at the fountain

railroads have absorbed other railroads—*with an eye on the stock market.* Some years ago promoters of American enterprises took their bonds and stocks to Europe for European bankers to sell to the European public. During the boom the promoters took their nice new bonds and stocks to the New York Stock Exchange to sell to the American public. The American public at large is affected by the trusts rather than by the stock market; but the makers of the trusts are the slaves of the ticker—not that they are speculating blindly, but that they must float the stocks they manufacture. Hence this vital importance of the stock market. It was Morgan the Wall Street man, not Carnegie the ironmaster, who floated the Steel Trust. Hundreds of thousands of men, depending for a livelihood upon the Steel Trust, are employed in its coal and



head of affairs. For example, the United States Steel Corporation, the dominant power in the iron and steel industry of the United States, may in time be the dominant power in the iron and steel industry of the world. Mr. Morgan begot it. He is in Wall Street. The railways of the United States, the most important industry of the country, are under the control of a scant score of men, and the scant score have offices in Wall Street. Thus, if the causes which led to the establishment of the United States as a world-power did not originate in Wall Street, the leaders of the various enterprises which make the United States a world-power are there. The spirit of the times has found expression in every city in the land, but in Wall Street it is expressed through a megaphone. Also, in Wall Street is the greatest security market that is the Court of Last Resort. In Wall Street the trusts have been formed—*with an eye on the stock market*; there

iron mines, in its furnaces, in its steamers, in its limestone quarries, in its docks, in its railways, in its coking-ovens, in its mills, in its offices. Millions depend upon the use of its products for their livelihood—builders of bridges, of edifices, of safes, of toy pistols—users of iron and steel in every form. Why and how Mr. Morgan organized the trust became important. It is the same in other “revolutionizing” creations and consolidations. A dozen years ago this was the most individualistic nation in the world, and individuality and individualism were encouraged. Government ownership of railroads seemed practically impossible. There were then too many owners, too many interests. The present concentration of power in a few hands makes the socialist’s dream realizable. Uncle Sam might walk into a room where, seated about a table, he might find Messrs. Morgan, Hill, Cassatt, Harriman, Schiff, Vanderbilt, Gould, Rockefeller,

Reid, and, for good measure, three more. And Uncle Sam could in five minutes arrange for the purchase of all the railroads of the country!—*Edwin Lefèvre* in *The Saturday Evening Post*.

What Helen Keller Intends to Do

Since the publication of my book I have been asked what I am going to do after I graduate from Radcliffe next year. The occupations I can engage in are few, but into each one I can throw my whole self. I am much interested in work that woman may do in the world. It is a fine thing to be an American; it is a splendid thing to be an American woman. Never in the history of the world has woman held a position of such dignity, honor, and usefulness as here and now. So I shall study the economic questions relating to woman, and do my best to further her advancement; for God and his world are

for everybody. Above all must I interest myself in affairs which concern the deaf and the blind. Their needs have given me another motive for traveling. I used to idle away hours in dreams of sailing on the Rhine, climbing the Alps, and wandering amid the monuments of Greece and Rome. Every tale I read about travelers, every description that friends gave me of their experiences abroad, and especially my visit to the World's Fair at Chicago, added fire to my longing. But now I have another ambition which transcends those imagined pleasures. Travel would, it seems to me, afford valuable opportunities to act as a sort of emissary from the teachers in this country to those of Europe, and to carry a message of encouragement to those who, in face of popular prejudice and indifference, as in Italy and Sweden, are struggling to teach the blind and give them means of self-support. There are two ways in which we may work: with our own hands and through our fellow-

men. Both ways are open to me. With my own hands and voice I can teach; perhaps I can write. Through others I can do good by speaking in favor of beneficent work and by speaking against what seems to me to be wrong. I often think I shall live in the country and take into my home a deaf child, and teach him as Miss Sullivan has taught me. For years I have observed the details of her method, and her example in word and deed has inspired me so that I feel that I could impart to a child afflicted like myself the power to see with the soul and understand with the heart. All his needs and difficulties would be intelligible to me, since I know the darkness he sees and the stillness he hears. The road he must travel I have traveled; I know where the rough places are and how to help him over them. This would be the directest and most joyous way of doing for another what has been done for me. Whether I teach or not, I shall write. My subject-matter is limited. I have very little that is novel or entertaining to tell to those who see and hear, who have a vision that embraces earth and sky and water, whereas I grasp only so



Photograph by Whitman

HELEN KELLER

much of the world as I can hold in in my hand. But I may perhaps translate from the classics and from the modern languages. If opportunity offers, I shall certainly write on topics connected with the deaf and blind. If I see a plan on foot to place the blind in positions of self-support, I will advocate it. If there is a good cause that needs a word, I will speak it if I can. If an institution is projected for the relief of suffering and money is needed, I will write a timely appeal. Editors and publishers have already suggested subjects on which I might write, and I find their proposals helpful because they afford a clue to what others expect of me and indicate the various ways in which I may increase and apply my literary skill. I cannot say, however, to what extent I shall follow these suggestions.

Among the problems of the blind are two to which I shall direct my attention—more books for the blind and a universal system of raised print. My views may be erroneous, and I suggest them here merely to illustrate the kind of work which lies before me. I should like the blind in America to have a magazine of high quality and varied interest like the best periodicals published for those who see. To establish one would require much money, and the blind are poor. If they are to have a periodical, some generous friend must establish it for them. In a country where so much is done to build great libraries and provide books for those who see I should think a Mr. Carnegie might be found who would give a magazine to us who cannot see.—*Helen Keller in The Ladies' Home Journal.*

The New Stenographer

I have a new stenographer—she came to work to-day,

She told me that she wrote the latest system.

Two hundred words a minute seemed to her, she said, like play,

And word for word at that—she never missed 'em!

I gave her some dictation—a letter to a man—

And this, as I remember it, was how the letter ran:

“Dear Sir: I have your favor, and in reply would state

That I accept the offer in yours of recent date.

I wish to say, however, that under no condition

Can I afford to think of your free lance proposition.

I shall begin to-morrow to turn the matter out;
The copy will be ready by August 10th, about.
Material of this nature should not be rushed unduly.
Thanking you for your favor, I am, yours, very truly.”

She took it down in shorthand with apparent ease and grace;

She didn't call me back all in a flurry.

Thought I, “At last I have a girl worth keeping 'round the place”;

Then said, “Now write it out—you needn't hurry.”

The typewriter she tackled—now and then she struck a key,

And after thirty minutes this is what she handed me:

“Dear sir, I have the Feever, and in a Pile i Sit
And I except the Offer as you Have reasoned it.,
I wish to see however That under any condition
can I for to Think of a free lunch Preposishun?
I Shall be in tomorrow To., turn the mother out,
The cap will be red and Will costt, \$10, about.
Mateeriu of this nation should not rust N. Dooley,
Thinking you have the Feever I am Yours very
Truely.” —*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

The Value of Radium

I found M. Curie in one of the rambling sheds of the Ecole de Physique bending over a small porcelain dish, where a colorless liquid was simmering, perhaps half a teacupful, seven thousand francs' worth of radium in a fairly weak solution, and he watching it with concern, always fearful of some accident. He had lost nearly a decigramme (1.5 grains troy) of radium, he said, only a few weeks before in a curious way. He had placed some radium salts in a small tube, and this inside another tube, in which he created a vacuum. Then he began to heat both tubes over an electric furnace, when suddenly, at about 2000° (F.), there came an explosion which shattered the tubes and scattered their precious contents. There was absolutely no explanation of this explosion; it is one of the tricks that radium is apt to play on you. Here his face lightened with quite a boyish smile.

M. Curie proceeded to explain what he was doing with the little dish; he was refining some radium dissolved in it—that is, freeing it from contaminating barium by repeated crystallization, this being the last and most delicate part of the process of obtaining the pure metal.

“We have our radium works outside of Paris,” he said, “where the crude ore goes through its early stages of separation and



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Courtesy of McClure's Magazine

M. AND MME. CURIE EXPERIMENTING WITH RADIUM

DRAWING BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE

where the radium is brought to an intensity of 2000, as we express it. After that the process requires such care and involves so much risk of waste that we keep the precious stuff in our own hands and treat it ourselves, my wife and I, as I am doing now, to bring it to the higher intensities, 50,000, 200,000, 500,000, and, finally, 1,500,000. What you see here is about 100,000. It will take many more crystallizations to bring it to the maximum."

"That is the state of pure radium?"

"To the state of pure chloride of radium. You know the metal exists only as a chloride or bromide. It has never yet

been isolated, although it easily might be."

"Why has it never been isolated?"

"Because it would not be stable; it would immediately be oxidized by the air and destroyed, as happens with sodium, whereas it remains permanent as a bromide or chloride and suffers no change." . . .

It remains to mention several important services that radium may render in the cure of bodily ills, notably of lupus and other skin diseases. Here is a great new field full of promise, yet one that must be considered with guarded affirmation, lest false hopes be aroused. It is too soon as

yet to say more than this, that distinguished doctors speak with confidence of excellent results that may be looked for from the radium treatment. Dr. Danlos, for instance, has used the radium rays on lupus patients at the St. Louis Hospital in Paris for over a year, and in several cases has accomplished apparent cures. The radium used is enclosed between two small disks of copper and aluminum, the whole being about the size of a silver dollar. The aluminum disk, which is very thin, is pressed against the affected part and left there for fifteen minutes; that is all there is to the treatment, except cleansing, bandaging, etc. Day after day, for weeks or months, this contact with the disk is continued, and after a period of irritation the sores heal, leaving healthy white scars. Some patients thus treated have gone for months without a relapse, but it is too soon to declare the cures absolute. They *look like* absolute cures, that is all Dr. Danlos will say, and if time proves that they *are* absolute cures, then radium will do for lupus patients all that Finsen's lamps do, and will do it more quickly, more simply, and with no cumbersome and costly apparatus. It may be objected that radium, also, is costly, but the answer is that radium will probably become cheaper as the supply increases and as the processes of extracting it are perfected. Furthermore, the effects of radium are obtained, as already stated, by the use of indifferent bodies rendered radio-active, so that lupus patients may be treated with a piece of wood or a piece of glass possessed for the moment of the virtues of radium. And certain kinds of cancer may be similarly treated; indeed, a London physician has already reported a case of cancer cured by radium.—*Cleveland Moffett in McClure's Magazine.*

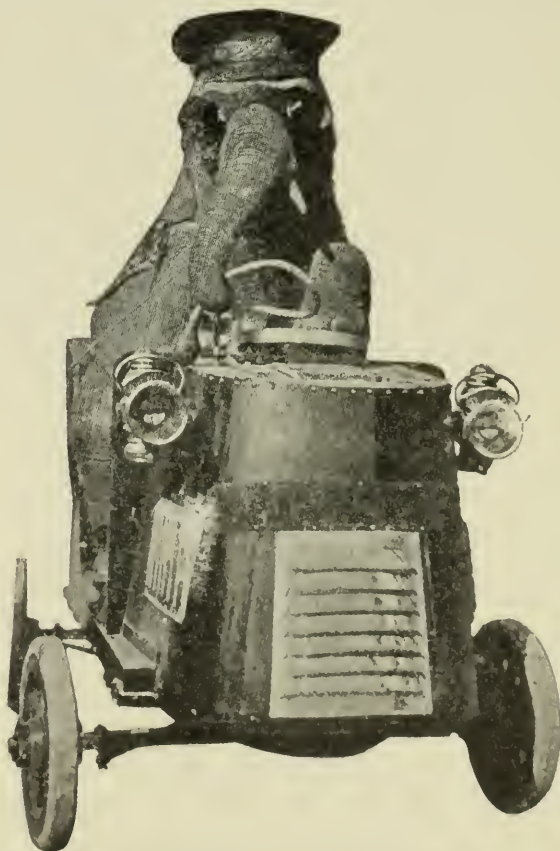
Have Metals Nerves?

In a book recently published the distinguished Hindu scientist—Jagadis Chunder Bose, Professor of Science in the Calcutta University—maintains that the true test of life in an object is its capability to respond to external stimulus; in other words, its irritability, its sensitiveness. And according to this test he proves conclusively that no essential difference exists between

animals and metals; in fine, that *a bar of iron is as irritable and sensitive as the human body!* More than that: he proves that a bar of metal can be killed—that is, deprived of its sensitiveness forever—just as the human body can be killed.

It has been found that when animal matter (for instance, a muscle or nerve) is repeatedly irritated, its sensitiveness wears off after a time; the deflection of the galvanometer needle is feebler and feebler; in fact, the muscle or nerve begins to show signs of *fatigue*. In the human body, of course, this fatigue is quite obvious; if we use a particular muscle or nerve continuously, without giving it time to rest, its original action soon becomes enfeebled. Professor Bose finds that metals betray exactly the same signs of fatigue under repeated irritation. In every-day life we have a familiar instance of fatigue in metal. A razor that is constantly used loses its keen edge and grows duller and duller, even if stropped afresh at each use; but if it be laid aside for a few days, it spontaneously recovers its keenness.

One of the most startling discoveries made by Professor Bose is the wonderful



AN ELEPHANT AS CHAUFFEUR

THE LATEST NOVELTY IN THE TRAINING OF ELEPHANTS
—*The Tatler*

similarity between the action of stimulants and narcotics on the human body and on metals. The effect of a stimulant, say alcohol, on the human body is too well known to need more than mere mention. Under its influence the increase in human irritability is a matter of general knowledge; even an isolated piece of animal muscle or nerve is found by actual experiment to be more irritable under the action of a suitable stimulant. Professor Bose proves that there is a similar increase in irritability in the case of metals.

The action of anesthetics or narcotics is still more significant. It is well known that under the influence of chloroform or opium the sensitiveness of the human body is considerably reduced; the greater the dose, the greater the loss of sensitiveness. Chloroform or opium, indeed, acts on the *brain*, the seat of actual sensation; but some anesthetics act directly on the *nerve* that conveys the message of pain to the brain. The wide use of cocaine in modern surgery is a typical example of this principle; for certain simple surgical operations it is not necessary to chloroform the patient—it is found sufficient to apply cocaine to the part to be operated upon. The action of anesthetics or narcotics is identically the same on metals; it is found that under their action the sensitiveness of metals can be reduced to any desired degree.—*A. Sarah Kumar Ghosh in Pearson's Magazine.*

Congress its Own Lobby

Scandals which have been disclosed in the Federal Government have caused public attention to be directed toward Washington with unusual intensity. The robbery of the treasury through bribery, blackmail, and petty larceny in the Post Office Department; the illegal absorption of public lands, with the suspected connivance of officials now removed, and the members of Congress still in office; the defalcations in the Department of Justice and in the office of the Commissioners of the District of Columbia; the interest of Congressmen and Senators in glove and tombstone contracts—all these have created a profound impression that something is wrong with the basic principles of our government as it has been administered for a decade. Where lies the fault?

It lies primarily with the campaign contribution, the method by which the organized wealth of the country notoriously seeks to control the national law-making power. This places the responsibility directly at the door of the power so controlled—the Congress of the United States. A government is no better than the chosen representatives of the people who make its laws. No matter how honest and fearless a Government or a President may be, if he has a Legislature or a Congress against him, controlled in notable instances by malign and unscrupulous influences, he is powerless to remedy the evil. He may hold jobbery in check here and there. He may whip a culprit to jail now and then with the scourge of the criminal law. But so long as the poison is in the veins of the men who are elected as the representatives of the citizens of the country, just so long will the government suffer.

This leads to the questions which have been stirring the public mind since this magazine began its exposition of the Great American Lobby. The Lobby of the Congress of the United States—of what does it consist? How is it constituted? What does it accomplish? As a matter of fact the Congress of the United States is its own Lobby. In nine cases out of ten the lobbyist sits in the Senate with his State behind him, or in the House of Representatives with his district and his Senator behind him. Also in nine cases out of ten the Senatorial or Representative lobbyist acts and speaks for some great corporation which is seeking some vast special privilege that is antagonistic to the public interest, and to which it has no moral right.

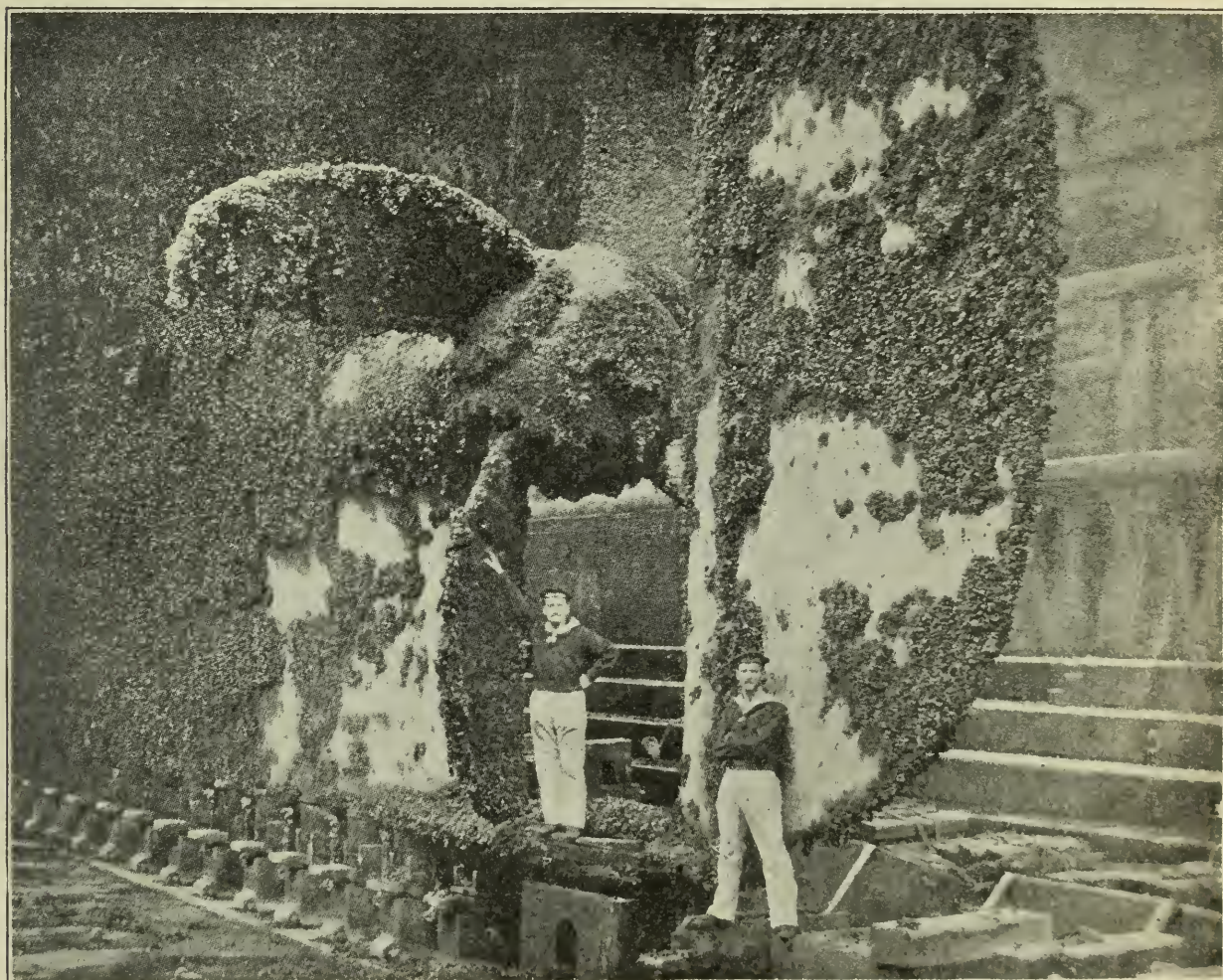
The great curse of national legislation is the campaign contribution. That has irresistibly resulted in the growth of the new system whereby Congress is its own Lobby. In a Presidential or Congressional election the great corporations pick the candidates and the party to whom they feel they can look for favors; then they contribute enormous sums to carry the election. Frequently a definite bargain is made with the National Committee that something shall be done or another one not done. It is a cold matter of business. Commercial Acumen, which has built up

vast fortunes in a generation or two, like those of the "Standard Oil crowd" or of Carnegie's coterie of young men, can usually pick a winner, or make a winner, in a national campaign. It did so in 1888, when it turned its back on Cleveland and contributed to the Harrison fund for M. S. Quay to spend. Again it did so in 1892, when it switched from Harrison back to Cleveland and gave the millions

"The Daily Female"

The publishers of the *Daily Mail* announce that they will shortly launch a daily paper devoted entirely to the interests of women.

Special features will include daily Fashion Forecast (to be read before dressing); "Hats hour by hour," and "The movement in Crinolines"; Shopping Notes (by



A GERMAN WARSHIP IN DRY DOCK

The Sphere

THE BARNACLES ARE LIVING CRUSTACEANS WHICH FASTEN THEMSELVES ON THE VESSEL'S SIDE BY THEIR HEADS AND KICK THEIR FOOD INTO THEIR MOUTHS BY A BUNCH OF JOINTED APPENDAGES WHICH DANGLE IN THE WATER AND FASTEN ON ANY PASSING FOOD.

to William C. Whitney and Don M. Dickinson, with which they swept the country. It could not choose in 1896, and in 1900, because William J. Bryan was running for President on a platform which made the corporations quake, so Commercial Acumen emptied a sum equal to a king's ransom at the feet of Marcus A. Hanna at the behest of such men as Cornelius N. Bliss, Senator Aldrich, Senator Allison, and Senator Quay.—*Leslie's Monthly*.

wire and telephone) dealing with sales and "remnant" days; "Man's Realm"; "The Nursery" (by the Football Editor); "Beauty Competition" (decision of the Fighting Editor final); "Snips about Servants"; and Agony Column (husbands lost and found, umbrellas stolen, etc., etc.).

There will be signed articles on "South Africa as a Field for Decayed Spinsters," "India as a Last Resource," "Australian Test Matches" (brought about through

our matrimonial column), and "The Fistic Problem—Should Women Box?"

"The Behind the Grille" column will contain "Last night's Orchids," "Dresses at the Full-dress Debate," and a "special" on "Eligible Bachelors in the House," with incomes and favorite vices.

Specimen Wire from our War Correspondent

CONSTANTINOPLE, TUESDAY.—The sun dreadful; my complexion *ruined*. Hospital Ball *immense* success, deficit only £53. Been flirting with Colonel of Bashi-Bazouks—(*passage erased by censor*) Lord Gus (attached to Turkish Staff) in hospital here—*such* a dear; says "the women are splendid," but deploras insufficient supply Polo ponies and playing cards. Circulation of *Daily Female* much commented on.

P.S.—*Awful* battle somewhere between Turks and somebody. Thousands of Russians massacred—no, mean Macedonians. My new parasol a *dream*. Did not accompany column; General speaks of "plague of women correspondents" (!)

Yours ever, LADY PUSSIE.

The paper folded makes a baby's bib, unfolded a pretty counterpane, and can be torn into ten full-sized handkerchiefs.—*Punch*.

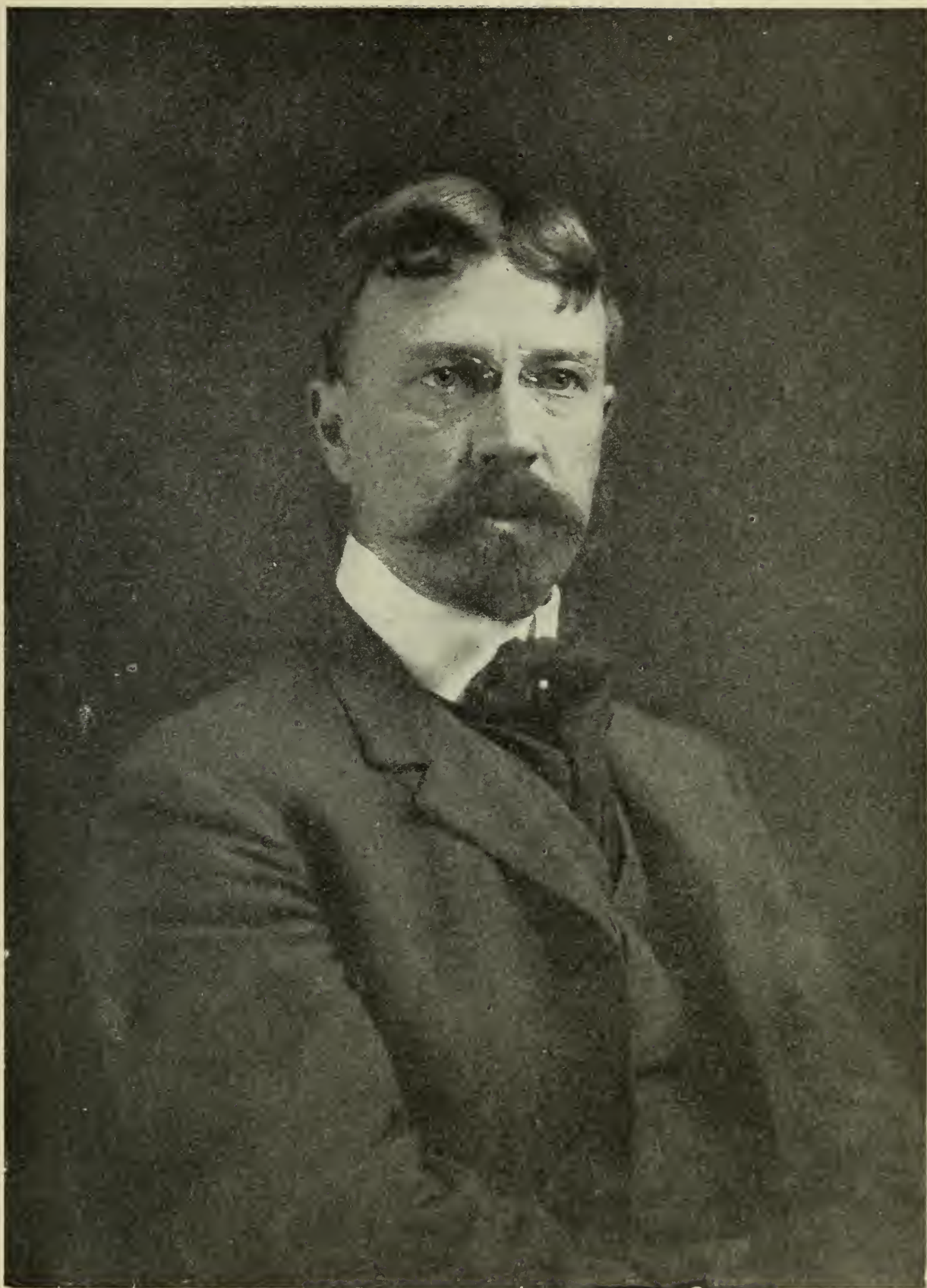
The Exposer of Graft

Few sociological articles of recent years have aroused such interest and discussion as those of Lincoln Steffens on the corruption and mismanagement in the government of the leading American cities. They have served a purpose. St. Louis was at first angry, called a mass meeting to deny everything and denounce Mr. Steffens, and raised a fund to protest and prove its innocence. Soon afterwards, when Mr. Steffens visited St. Louis, he was well received and asked to write another such article by the very man who was charged with the organization of the public's protest. The article had aroused the town. After it appeared 200,000 buttons, bearing the inscription "Folk and Good Government," were worn on the streets to make plain the public's approval of the young district attorney.

Mr. Steffens' boyhood was spent for the

most part on horseback in riding for days at a time over Sacramento Valley with gun and fishing-rod across his saddle-bow. From Sacramento, California, he went to the military school at San Mateo, then to the University of California, where he was graduated in 1889. To pursue further the study of philosophy, sociology, history, politics, and political economy he went to the Universities of Berlin, Heidelberg, Leipzig, and of France. It was his father's idea that he acquire a thorough academic training, and then prepare to engage in business. But in Leipzig he fell in love with a fellow-student at the Sorbonne, and married her secretly in London. After quietly studying at the British Museum, he sailed for New York.

It was then Mr. Steffens found himself with two people to support and no taste for dependence. He tried his hand at fiction. His first story he copied carefully, and Louis Loeb, whom he had met with other artists in Paris, illustrated it and took it to Harper's. It was accepted, and Mr. Steffens received \$45.00. "I thought," he says, "here's a living—I can write one a week. But it was two years before I had another story or article accepted by a magazine. At last I got a position on the *Evening Post* on space. They did not want me, but simply took me because of my persistency. I worked in a panic of fear. My first assignment was about a clergyman who had retired and another had taken his place. The first week I earned \$1.75. Of an indolent nature, that experience was the best possible for me. Scared, with responsibilities on my shoulders, jostled by men not theories, I 'hustled to beat the band.' I made good, and was put on rapid transit. Henry J. Wright, city editor of the *Post*, kept giving me assignments just a little over my head. Then there was a panic in Wall Street, and our financial reporter being in London, the *Post* was caught. I was asked to cover Wall Street. It was a trying assignment for a green man. First I went to a few of the principal bankers. I told them my predicament and the *Post's*, and assured them if they would give me the information I would never break their confidence, and would make up in accuracy and carefulness what I lacked in knowledge of Wall Street. In consequence the *Post* had many beats,



Photograph by Miss Ben Yusuf

Courtesy of the Bookman

LINCOLN STEFFENS

and I knew things weeks before they occurred.

"When, in 1893, Dr. Parkhurst set out upon the trail of vice and corruption in New York city which resulted in the appointment of Mr. Roosevelt as President of the Police Board, I was detailed to Police Headquarters, and remained there for several years. It was there I 'got on to' political and police methods, particularly those of corruption."—*The Bookman*.

Mrs. Leslie Carter's Opinion of Belasco

Inspiration or instruction, soul or system, the art which conceals art, or the art which instantaneously attracts and arrests appreciation—which is more to be desired? Which of the two leads more rapidly to success on the stage? In other words, which is more necessary to the woman of histrionic aspirations—temperament or application?

Frankly, the one lesson in the ultimate triumph of any great actress has been to enforce the fact that a method all technique or a method all talent is in either one or the other inadequate, and often likely to work out in close proximity to the ludicrous. There must be a combination of heart and head. Intellect inviting intuition, then inspecting it; inspiration born of instruction, and proven on the instant by acquired insight into one's own life and the life of those around one—this is the secret of success.

Mr. Belasco's method is the only one I know, and his method makes it imperative not only that there shall be study, and constant study, of great parts, but also that there shall be a study of life, a continual endeavor to conserve experience and the method of expression which it invokes.

Much has been written—mainly nonsense—of those years when I was preparing myself for my present career under the wonderful tuition of my manager and teacher. Let me say right now that the rehearsals of a Belasco play are not so strictly private that only a few of those connected directly or indirectly with the star have seen the master and author at work. His method is simplicity itself, but to comply with all its requirements—that is not quite so simple.

"You have just discovered that you are in love," he says. "The 'business' in your part has been omitted intentionally at this point. Supply it yourself—now!"

As far as I am personally concerned, as I recall those years of preparation I understand that they were one long, uninterrupted rehearsal. I lived with my dear mother, the bond between us was very close, and no one knew this better than my tutor, yet a certain day that Mr. Belasco came to our little apartment is indelibly impressed upon my memory as an example of his stringent yet wonderful manner of teaching a lesson.

He sat down and for a moment or two looked at me gravely and silently. I was beginning to feel nervous, when he suddenly said: "Suppose I told you that your mother was dead, how would you act?"

Heroic measures if you will; call them what you like. Yet here is a point which I would make, for the very reason that the measures are heroic: let a woman, young, inexperienced, undisciplined, ask herself before she undertakes the study of dramatic art, whether she is able and willing to bear them. It takes not only heroic health, but a soul nerved to heroic tests. The master can but heat the metal in the crucible. Time alone will prove whether it be pure or base. A teacher of the drama, Mr. Belasco, for instance, has given his same marvelous methods to many; how few of the many have had the courage to serve the necessary apprenticeship to realize his ideals, to present the idea as he has seen it in the marble ere he commenced to chisel!—*Mrs. Leslie Carter in The Broadway Magazine*.

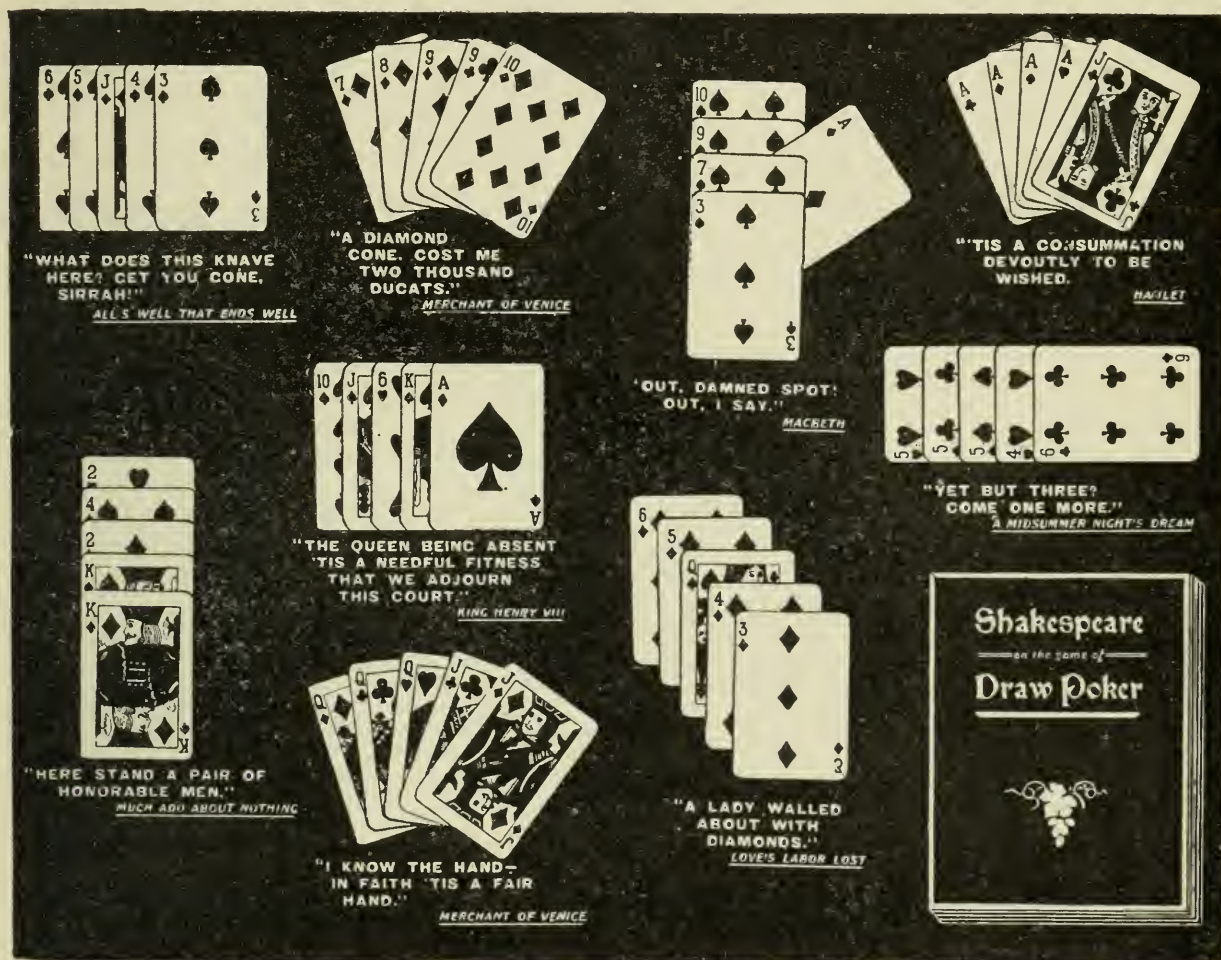
Recipes that are Gold-Mines

There is money, big money sometimes, in secret recipes. That for the making of a particular kind of pill was disposed of recently at public auction in London for the good round sum of five thousand pounds. Nor does this by any means establish a record. The original recipe for the making of absinthe, first sold by its inventor, a French chemist named Ordinaire, for a few hundred francs, changed hands shortly afterwards for ten thousand pounds, a rich distiller paying that sum for it; and he made a profit of over two hundred

thousand pounds on his investment. The Oxford Press Syndicate values the formula for making the thin, tough paper used in printing their Bibles at a quarter of a million sterling, it having cost them over twenty-five years of hard work and twenty thousand pounds in cash to discover and perfect the process. Even more valuable, probably, is the secret of the manufacture of the paper upon which the notes of the Bank of England are printed, which be-

enough, is of Huguenot descent, and its members are to this day staunch Protestants.

It was the daughter of Catharine de' Medici, afterwards Queen of Navarre, who, according to tradition, invented the lace which is called after her, "Reine Margot." To her favourite serving-maid, Marie Courtalade, she bequeathed the sealed pattern, and with it also—although of course all unwittingly—a death warrant; for poor Marie was murdered for the sake of her



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Courtesy of Noonan-Kocian Co.

SHAKESPEARE ON DRAW POKER

longs, as is pretty generally known, to the Portals of Laverstoke, who have accumulated a fortune from it inside of a couple of generations. The brilliant crimson cloth of which the cardinals' robes at the Vatican are made has been supplied for generations past by the same family of cloth-merchants at Burtscheid, near Aix-la-Chapelle, the secret process by which the dye is distilled having been handed down from father to son. The family, curiously

paper treasure by a Neapolitan adventurer—some say she was married to him—who realised a fortune from his blood-gotten knowledge. Barbara Ullmann elaborated the pattern of the now world-famous pillow-lace while spending sleepless nights sitting up waiting for a drunken husband. She lived to see her eldest son sell the product of her ingenuity for twelve thousand five hundred pounds.

Twice the last-mentioned sum, it is

averred, has been offered in vain for the secret of the ingredients and method of manufacture of a widely advertised medicinal syrup. A Wiltshire firm of bacon-curers paid no less than ten thousand pounds for the Brandenburg method of curing hams; while a certain special chutney, or rather the method of mixing it, originally bought for a few rupees from a poor Hindu trader, changed hands a few months back for seven thousand five hundred pounds. The famous Worcester sauce is made according to a recipe hundreds of years, old which was bought "for a song" from the butler of a county family by the then head of the firm of Lea and Perrins, of Worcester. To-day, the little faded scrap of yellow paper, with its almost indecipherable hieroglyphics, is valued by its owners at many thousands of pounds sterling. — *Chambers' Journal*.

England Takes Her Medicine

Mr. Kipling has generally been regarded as pre-eminently the poet of Imperialism, and he may justly claim to be the only contemporary poet who has made history. How far a representative poet is the creation of the movement he voices, and how far it is his creation, is no doubt difficult to determine; but it may be stated without much fear of contradiction that the great wave of Imperialist enthusiasm, which has been gathering strength during the last decade, could not have been quite what it has been, or done quite what it has done, had it not found its prophet in Rudyard Kipling.

But just because he is so real and strenuous an Imperialist, Mr. Kipling grows distrustful of the sudden popularity of his ideals. He sees clearly enough the real nature of the feather-headed insularity which too often passes for Imperialism amongst the mob which "thinks her Empire still is the Strand and Holborn Hill." Those who regard Mr. Kipling as a mere flag-flapping Jingo should read "The Islanders," which, in spite of the much-criticised "flannelled fools" couplet, is a strong and significant poem. Could any pro-Boer scourge the idle "maffickers" with more remorseless severity than does this prophet of Imperialism?

But ye said "Their valour shall show them";
but ye said "The end is close."
And ye sent them comfits and pictures to help
them harry your foes,
And ye vaunted your fathomless power, and ye
flaunted your iron pride,
Ere ye fawned on the Younger Nations for the
men who could shoot and ride!

Then ye returned to your trinkets; then ye contented
your souls
With the flannelled fools at the wicket and the
muddied oafs at the goals,
Given to strong delusion, wholly believing a lie,
Ye saw that the land lay fenceless and ye let the
months go by,
Waiting some easy wonder: hoping some saving
sign—
Idle—openly idle—in the lee of the forespent Line.

And then comes the tremendous warning:

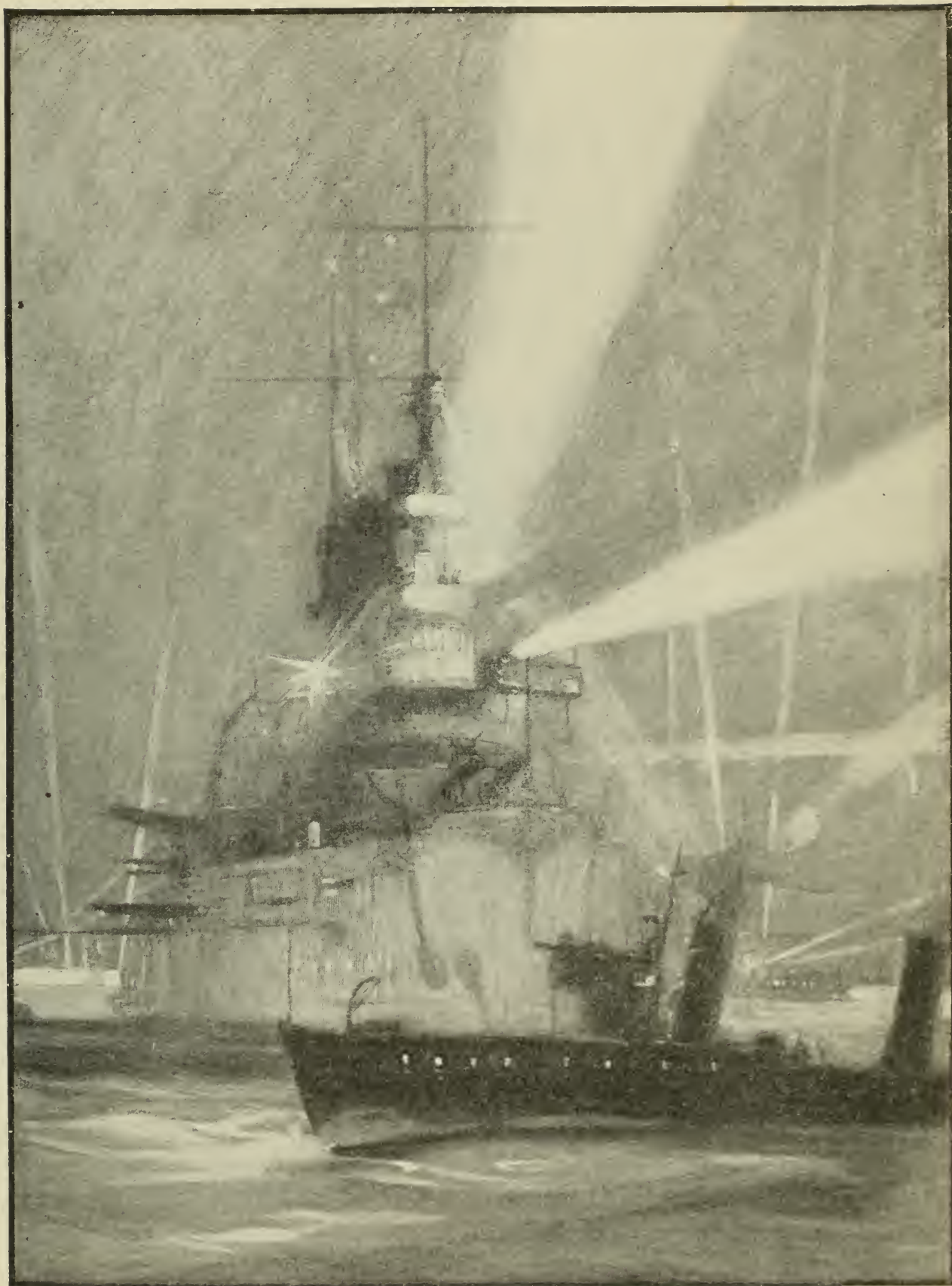
Ancient, effortless, ordered, cycle on cycle set,
Life so long untroubled, that ye who inherit forget
It was not made with the mountains, it is not one
with the deep.
Men, not gods, devised it. Men, not gods, must
keep.

It is this note of high seriousness which marks Mr. Kipling out from the easy, frivolous Jingo as a true Imperialist. And by that sign he conquers. He has swept England before him because he has had the faith and courage to hail the Empire not as a bribe, but as a "burden." For mankind is always more irresistibly drawn to the cross than to the crown.

But while we may call Mr. Kipling the poet of Imperialism, it would be a vital mistake to regard him as nothing else. His Imperialism is but one application of his profound spiritual message. He has shown modern politics generally to be as capable of poetic treatment as the most stirring ages of romance, and he has been able to do this because he sees politics in the light of a great faith, a definite religion. He is indifferent to the humanitarian horror of slaughter because human beings appear to him as nothing—infinitesimal agents in carrying on this war.—*London Outlook*.

A Sample Roosevelt Letter

Fortunately, there are some things about which President Roosevelt does not think it necessary either to parley or to be tender and considerate; and one of those things is common honesty. We will take the liberty to put on record an unpublished incident that may serve, once for all, to



Drawn by Henry Reuterdahl

Courtesy of The Outlook

OUR NAVY AT SEARCHLIGHT DRILL

illustrate exactly the way Mr. Roosevelt has been dealing with all cases of a similar nature. One day, last month, a certain Congressman visited him in the interest of a well-known man prominent in State politics, but not in the Government employ, whose relations to certain postal contracts were such that there seemed imminent danger of his being indicted for conspiracy or bribery, or both. Not content with a verbal explanation of his attitude toward the business, President Roosevelt followed up the interview with a letter to the Congressman. For our purposes the incident has a typical value, as showing the President's state of mind, but we are not at all concerned with the individuals. We publish this letter, therefore, with names omitted, and with no thought of using it to reflect in any manner upon the gentleman to whom it was addressed, or upon the man accused of wrongdoing. It is a letter never intended for the public, but rather to make perfectly clear in a private way to certain politicians (themselves free from all thought of complicity in the postal irregularities) that no further attempt must be made to use political arguments for the sake of affecting the President's conduct in his plain duty as the nation's chief executive officer, and therefore as the head of the business services of the Government. The letter, with names omitted, is as follows:

(Personal.)

WHITE HOUSE,
WASHINGTON, October —, 1903.

My Dear Congressman:

The statement, alleged to have been made by the inspector that I "ordered" the indictment of — —, or any one else, is a lie,—just as much a lie as if it had been stated that I ordered that any one should *not* be indicted. My directions have been explicit, and are explicit now. Any one who is guilty is to be prosecuted with the utmost rigor of the law, and no one who is not guilty is to be touched. I care not a rap for the political or social influence of any human being when the question is one of his guilt or innocence in

such a matter as the corruption of the Government service.

I note what you say, that the circulation of this report about me may alienate the support of many of ———'s friends from my administration. Frankly, I feel that any one who would believe such a story must be either lacking in intelligence, or else possessed of malignant credulity. If any one is to be alienated from me by the fact that I direct the prosecution of Republican or Democrat, without regard to his political or social standing, when it appears that he is guilty of gross wrongdoing,—why, all I can say is, let him be alienated.

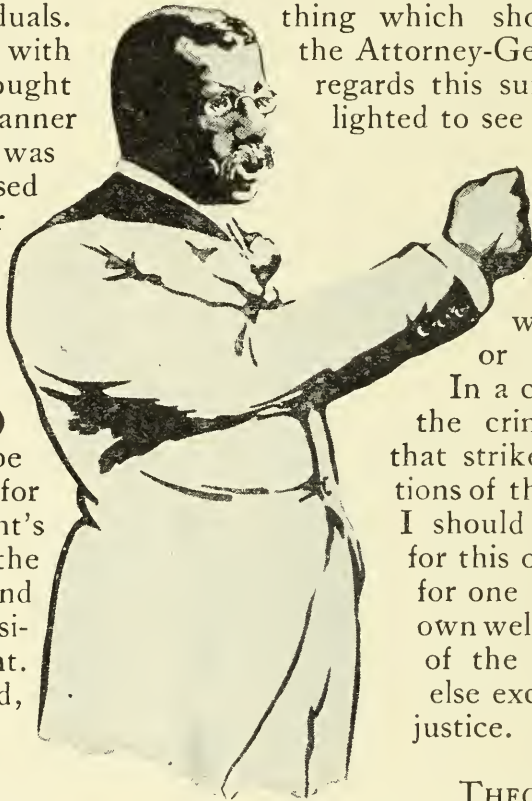
If District Attorney ——— has anything which should be known to the Attorney-General or to me as regards this suit, I should be delighted to see him. But, frankly,

I have not the slightest desire to see him if his visit is to be in the interest "of the welfare of the party," or of my "success."

In a case like this, where the crime charged is one that strikes at the foundations of the Commonwealth, I should hold myself unfit for this office if I considered for one moment either my own welfare, or the interest of the party, or anything else except the interests of justice.

Respectfully,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

—*American Review of Reviews.*



Dirge

I'm sure they'd take my manuscripts
And spare me all these pangs,
If I were called Frank Harding Peck
Or Richard Dempster Bangs.
Oh, would I were Kate Seton Hobbes,
Or Robert Caldwell Higgins,
Or Josephine McEnergy Vance,
Or Thomas Daskam Wiggins.
Each one of these sonorous names
Adds envy to my sins;
For all of them are triplets born,
While mine are only twins.

—*The Whim.*

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Appleton's magazine

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